

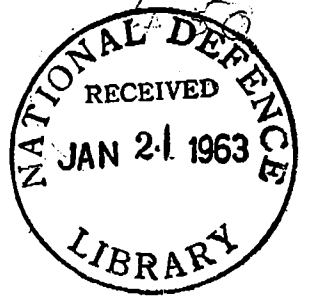
# IN & OUT

Being a Paper Published from Time to Time  
by the .....<sup>th</sup> Canadian Field Ambulance  
in the Field.

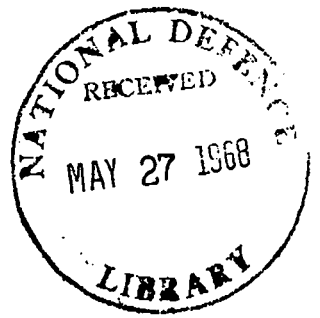
*Printed by the  
Canadian Field Ambulance*



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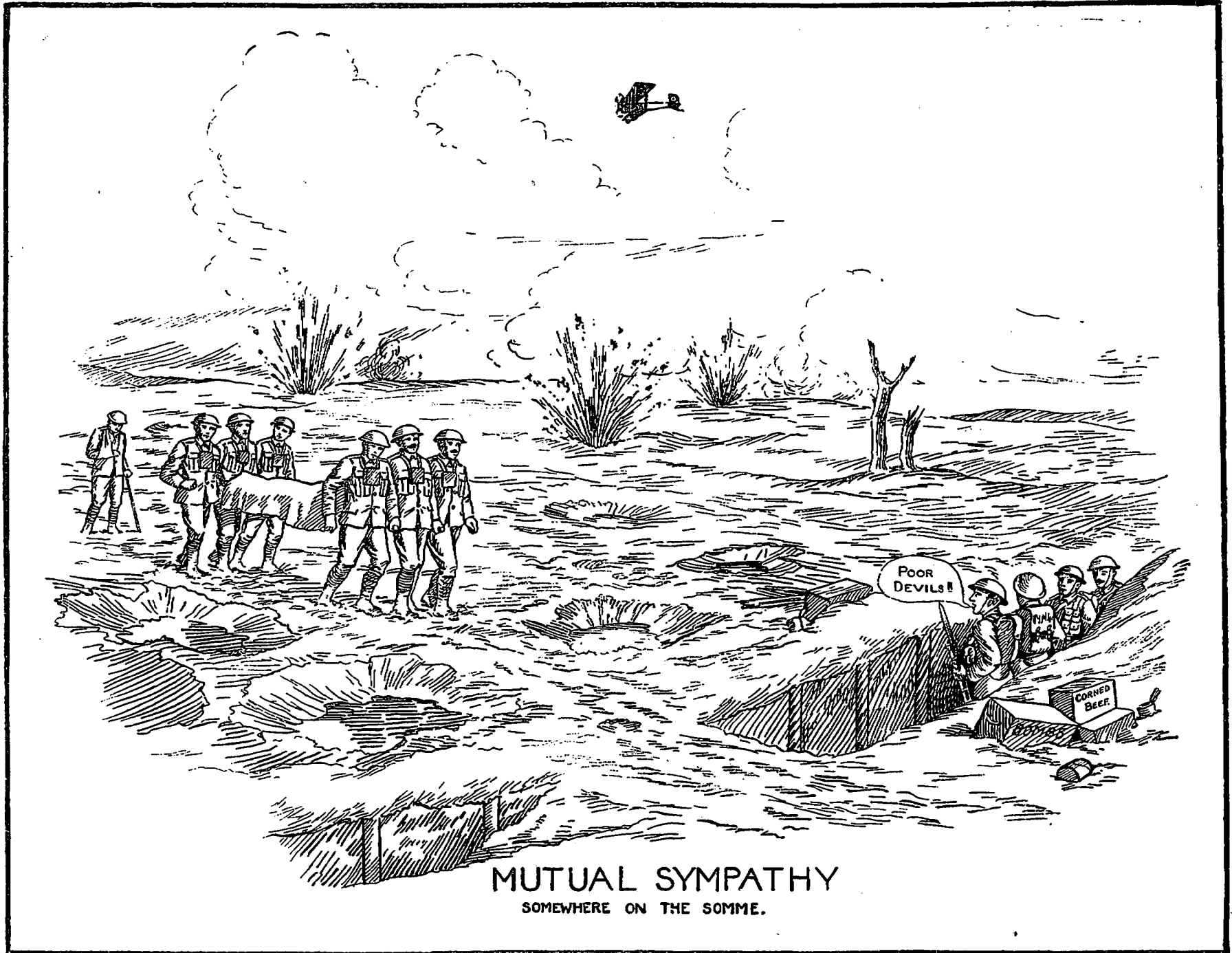
## Poem.

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“ Oh, powers of love, if still you lean  
Above a world so black with hate,  
Where still, as it has ever been,  
The loving heart is desolate,—  
Look down upon the lad I love,—  
The brave lad tramping through the mire.  
I cannot light his welcoming fire,  
Light thou the stars for him above.  
Now nights are dark and mornings dim  
Let him in his long watching know  
That I, too, count the minutes slow  
And’ light the lamp of love for him.

“ The sight of death, the sleep forlorn,  
The old homesickness vast and dumb—  
Amid these things, so bravely borne,  
Let my long thoughts about him come.  
However far he travels on,  
Thought follows like the willow-wren  
That flies the stormy seas again  
To lands where her delight is gone.  
Whatever he may be or do  
While absent far beyond my call,  
Bring him, the long day’s march being through,  
Safe home to me some evenfall.”

NOTE.—The Editors are grateful to the authoress for her kind permission to publish the above poem in “IN AND OUT.”



MUTUAL SYMPATHY  
SOMEWHERE ON THE SOMME.



# IN AND OUT

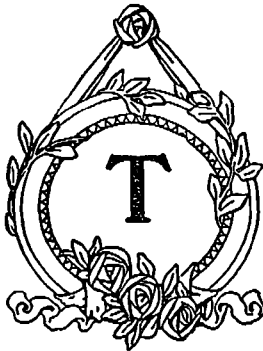


*A Journal published by the —th Canadian  
Field Ambulance—in the Field.*

No. 1.

NOVEMBER.

1918.



## FOREWORD.

THE life of a unit in France, combatant or otherwise, is naturally not conducive to mental development. For the great majority, the war-time speciality is brawn and muscle. In this respect our ambulance is not an exception to the general rule, and this fact may serve as something of an apology—if such be needed—for the present publication, our premier number.

Although we have long since “celebrated” the second anniversary of our arrival in France, only recently have we plucked up sufficient courage to attempt the publication of a magazine. Such an endeavour demands time and labour, and, subject as we are to so much interruption, it was felt that the difficulties would be great indeed. At length, however, in our desire to call forth into exercise the latent talent of our Unit and not less in the wish to possess a memoir of our “mighty deeds” for reference in later life, we have taken the plunge, and we trust your verdict may be that the attempt is justified by the results.

## CONGRATULATIONS.

WE extend our greetings to “The Sling,” and desire to congratulate a sister Ambulance. We admit the seniority of your publication, and compliment you on having produced a journal of literary and artistic merit. We dare to hope that “IN and OUT” may afford your readers as much pleasure as “The Sling” has afforded us. Our sincere wish is that “The Sling” may accomplish its mission as long as the services of a Field Ambulance are needed in France.

## Greetings from the O.C.

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11 June 64



THE Editors of "IN and OUT" have asked me to write a few words of introduction to this, their first number; I am apparently "to crack the bottle over the bows of the new craft," so to speak.

The number of trench journals produced by the War has been so large as possibly to induce in the minds of the public a wonder as to what good purpose may be served by them. In the first place, they serve as chronicles, recording a great deal of the lighter side of a Unit's daily life, and, in the second place, as an outlet for the soldier's literary skill and yearnings.

The monotony that is necessarily present at times in the work of a Field Ambulance can be dispelled in various ways. Football is a good adjunct to "packing" stretchers over the duck-boards. The man whose researches into literature consist of reading "Daily Orders" and an occasional newspaper will be none the worse for laughing over the contents of his Unit journal.

Publishing a paper in a Field Ambulance might remind one of the case of that fabled village where all the people lived by taking in each other's washing, but I know that the editors intend their copies to go out to friends and relatives at home to supplement letters that are never too long (except, possibly, to the censor).

It gives me great pleasure, therefore, to wish the Editorial Staff every success in their endeavours.

Lieut. Col. P. G. BELL, D.S.O.





Lieut.-Col. P. G. BELL, D.S.O.  
Officer Commanding.

## The March to the Somme.

Slog, slog, slog,  
 On the hard pavé my feet,  
 And I would that my pack were lighter,  
 ——— the band must have skipped a beat.

Oh, well for the swanky M.T.'s,  
 As they scoot in their Cadillac swift ;  
 Oh, well for the Eighth M.A.C.'s,  
 Only batmen are given a lift.

And the weary tramp goes on  
 To our billets on Bapaume Road ;  
 But, oh, for the sight of an omnibus,  
 Or a pack-mule to carry my load.

Slog, slog, slog,  
 On the dread pavé, my chum,  
 The curséd pain from the Kitchener boot  
 Is forgot at the sound of the drum.

*(With the humble apologies  
 of a "Spare Soldier" to Tennyson.)*

## A Lapse of Memory.

One morning Jack Stewart was searching diligently in his billet. "What are you looking for?" asked Jim Crump.

"My gas-mask, of course," Jack sharply replied.  
 "Have you seen it around anywhere?"

"Why, you have it on," said Crump, with a smile.

"So I have," remarked Jack, and added, wisely,  
 "A good thing you noticed it, or I should have gone on duty without it."

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.—How many "Leaves" will we get before the War is "fini?"

## Things that Never Happen.

"Little Joe" swings the lead.  
 "Big Ben" asks permission to attend Church Parade.  
 Morley refuses to carry on an argument.  
 Brassington gives away a Green Envelope.  
 Crawford and Randall kick up a row.  
 Bill Grant on a march without a bookstore.  
 We get paid on the first day of the month.  
 George Carruthers at a loss for something to say.  
 The Q.M.S. always can supply the right size.

## Survey and Forecast.

### WHAT WE HAVE BEEN :

Railway trainmen, tallo-w-pots, hogheads, farmers, ranchers, bookkeepers, bankers, clerks and car conductors, chauffeurs and chefs, insurance agents and commercial travellers, druggists and bartenders, architects and musicians, electricians and mechanics, journalists and printers, teachers, preachers, and doctors.

### WHAT WE ARE :

Stokers, plumbers, cooks and janitors, guards and prisoners, white-wings and black-faced comedians, dispensers and casualty-recorders, woodcutters and jack-knife carpenters, washerwomen and seamstresses, stretcher-bearers and pack-carriers, nurses and patients, sergeants, and M.O.'s.

### WHAT WE SHALL BE :

Homesteaders and hobos, prospectors and pedlars, historians and story-tellers (especially the latter), French professors and Italian peanut-vendors, old soldiers and Christian Scientists, pensioners and retired gentlemen.

Nurse (to wounded stretcher-bearer): "Poor boy, it must be terrible carrying stretchers around those shell-holes."

Bearer: "We don't mind the shell-holes, but those whole shells. Wow!"



## An Appreciation.

Lieut. Col. P. G. Bell, D.S.O., was attached to this unit while we were in training at Bramshott Camp just prior to our proceeding to France. His motto was "Efficiency"—this, together with his knowledge of active service conditions, strengthened us as a unit very considerably. We will not soon forget the day when we marched to the Review on Hanckley Common; we still can remember his kindly commendation of our effort on that memorable occasion.

Our O.C. has a distinguished record. With the First Contingent he served through the Flanders campaign, and he can tell the story of the second battle of Ypres. He was then recalled to England as Adjutant of the Eye and Ear Hospital at Folkestone, which position he held until his return to France as our Senior Major and Second-in-Command. In addition to his regular work, he performed with distinction the duties of Eye and Ear Specialist for the Canadian Forces at the Front.

Lieut. Col. Bell succeeded Lieut. Col. Gordon as the Officer commanding this unit at the beginning of 1917. Under his careful and conscientious leadership we have been able to acquit ourselves worthily at all times and in all places. His desire to promote the welfare of the men of his command has been constantly manifested. Through his initiative an Athletic Club was organized, a Fife and Drum Band heralds our parades, and the Regimental Fund has been handsomely maintained and wisely spent. He has succeeded in holding the spirit of his men "up to pitch."

As a unit we take pride in the fact that our O.C. is a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order, an honour which has been worthily bestowed upon him. Lieut. Col. Bell knows thoroughly the working of a Field Ambulance—his standard is nothing less than the highest. We assure him that our loyal support will always be gladly given to the fulfilling of every requirement. We are pleased to have this opportunity of expressing this appreciation of our able and active O.C.

## The Duties of a Field Ambulance.

One of the most important Units connected with an army in the field is a Field Ambulance. Without this Unit the lot of the fighting man would be much harder than it is.

The most responsible of the many duties is that of the treatment and care of the wounded in the forward areas of the war zone. When a man is wounded he is first attended to by the stretcher-bearers and Medical Officer of the Unit to which he belongs; he is then taken care of by a Field Ambulance and moved

to the Advanced Dressing Station (which, if possible, is situated outside the range of shell-fire). The wound is again examined by an M.O., the patient is given inoculation against tetanus, and made as comfortable as possible. From here he passes to the Main Dressing Station, and if the case be a serious one he is immediately evacuated to the Casualty Clearing Station, and is then out of the hands of the Field Ambulance.

When carrying wounded out from the Regimental Aid Posts the Ambulance stretcher-bearers are oftentimes subjected to shell and machine-gun fire, and a certain number of casualties are to be expected. Since the construction of light railways the work of the stretcher-bearers has been more or less facilitated.

Besides the wounded, there are many sick patients, and these are as a rule kept in the wards of the Main Dressing Station. Convalescent cases may be sent to a Divisional Rest Station, and light-duty patients may spend an indefinite time at the larger and more commodious Corps Rest Station.

A feature of our life at a Main Dressing Station is the daily sick parade from each of the Units in the area to which the Field Ambulance is assigned, and in this connection mention must be made of the important Dental Clinic.

In addition to the above duties, the personnel of a Field Ambulance are called upon for the work of erecting new dressing stations, preparation of dug-outs, et cetera. Our tasks are varied, our time is almost constantly employed, and we are not ashamed to belong to a Field Ambulance in France.

"G. J."

## In an English Training Camp.

There is a certain Island in the sea, and the name thereof is Britain, and the people of this Island do wage constant warfare against a barbarous people, who in the English tongue are called Huns.

And to aid them in this warfare there came to this Island many warriors from every corner of the earth, from the islands of the sea, and from the great Dominions beyond the sea.

And they came in great ships which do move with exceeding great speed, and are driven neither by wind or by oars. And these same ships are constantly harrassed by the ships of the enemy which do move by stealth under the surface of the water and possess the power to destroy.

\* \* \* \* \*

And we came to a port in Britain, and were placed in small box-like structures on wheels, which were drawn by chariots of fire, and when we had come unto the place appointed, the Captain of the Host cried, "Come forth from your chariots and prepare to march unto a place which I shall show you." And we did take upon our backs grievous burdens, and did march unto the place, where we sojourned until the days of purification had been accomplished.

At last we came with music and rejoicings to a place where were gathered together those men skilled in the arts of healing, and we did learn how to care for those who were stricken with disease and maimed in body, and our knowledge did vouchsafe the prevention of plagues such as those which once did infest the land of Egypt.

And at early dawn each morning did a horn sound forth, saying, "Arise, ye warriors! Shake the sleep from off your eyelids and come forth."

At the sound of the horn every warrior did turn himself in his bed, and many there were who cursed the sound of that horn, and did raise their eyes to Heaven, and did cry aloud for rain. And at divers times the Heavens did open and the rain fell, and there was great rejoicing in the camp. But at sundry other times the sun shone forth, and the warriors did appear, and each warrior was called by his own name, and verily, he that answered not brought upon himself the wrath of the Captain of the Host, and was condemned to answer "The Angel's Whisper" for a season. And after the warriors had refreshed themselves with a small portion of food, they shaved their beards and washed themselves with water, and did shine their brass lest the days of wrath be visited upon them.

And the Captain of the Host did walk among the warriors, and did say to some, "Why art thou not

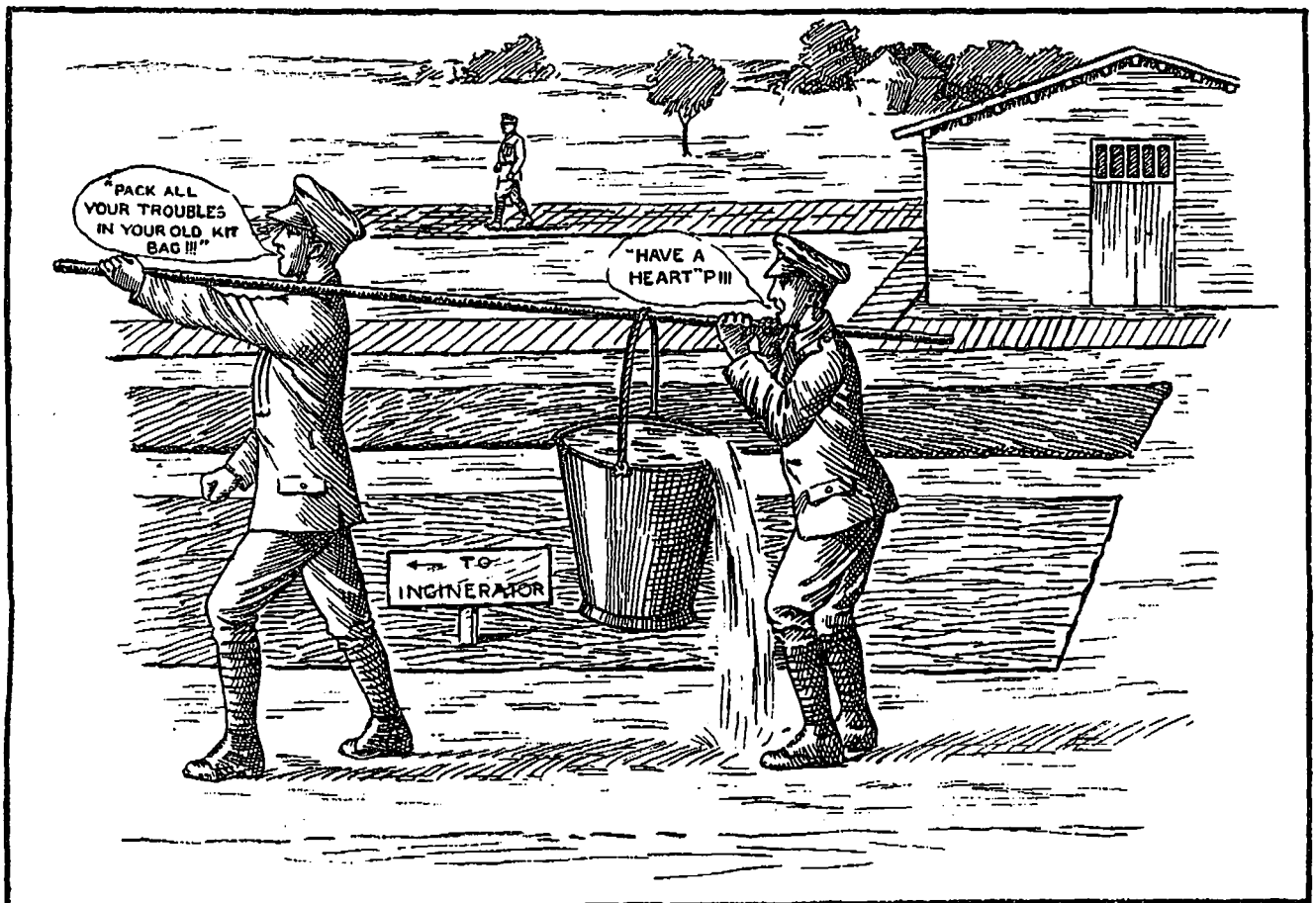
shaven?" "Why are thy locks unshorn?" "Why do thy buttons not shine?" And the warriors were exceedingly fearful, and each trembled lest he should be consigned to the awkward squad

And then the warriors went forth with music and soldier-like tread, and came into a large field, where they were divided into sections, and they did run and prostrate themselves on the ground and then did raise their arms unto Heaven, and did sway their bodies in order that they might become strong and be able to carry heavy burdens. And they were afterwards formed into ranks, and the Captain did cry in a loud voice, saying, "Go ye this way! Turn ye about! Halt! Mark time!"

And from the noonday even unto the setting sun did these warriors carry litters, and on these litters were those who had been commanded to feign wounds; and when the wounds had been bound up the leaders did say, "Well done! Carry on!" or "Thou hast not done well. Go thou and do thy task again."

And every man was equally rewarded, and the steward did give to each man a certain number of shillings when the day of reckoning had come. And there were some who murmured.

Thus did the warriors patiently endure their taskmasters, and they longed for the day when they should go into battle.



## Ravings in Rhyme.

'Tis now near twenty months ago we left the 'Peg by train,  
 Some left their wives and children, and others left their Jane ;  
 We never thought what it would be, when parting with them then,  
 We said it was a picnic, and we were lucky men.  
 The journey on the train was fine, we got the best of food,  
 And when we got to Montreal we all felt pretty good.  
 We'll ne'er forget the lectures we got upon the train,  
 From Quartermaster-Sergeant Nash and Sergeant-Major Graham ;  
 You'd think it was a bunch of kids just going to Sunday School,  
 And they the holy fathers laying down the golden rule.  
 They took us off the train one day, just for a little drill,  
 Had General Sam seen us that day, it would have made him ill.

We didn't know our right from left, we could not do " form-fours,"  
 We were like a bunch of cattle around a stockyard door.  
 On board the " Scandinavian " I thought the boys would cry,  
 One end of it was very wet, our end was very dry.  
 Of course we had a Colonel, and no drink he would allow,  
 So that's the reason why the boys did never like the bow.  
 But when we all got off the boat we gave three hearty cheers  
 For the captain of the good old ship, the cooks, and engineers.  
 We marched into the station and got places on the train,  
 The guard he blew his whistle and we were off again.  
 They landed us at Shorncliffe, then marched to Dibgate Camp,  
 For raw recruits, with kit and pack, it was a rotten tram.

We stayed a night at Dibgate, then started on the hike,  
 I'm sure the boys will ne'er forget the horrors of that night ;  
 We did not know where we were bound, some did not give a d——n,  
 We were ordered not to cough or sneeze, or speak to any man.  
 No farther than St. Martin's Plain was all the length we got,  
 Though we made more fuss going over there than men going " over the top."  
 Right quickly after landing there officials could well see  
 We were the finest Ambulance that ever crossed the sea.  
 So they sent us up to Bramshott to learn a little more,  
 Before they sent us overseas,—it really was a bore.  
 We had the finest Ambulance, we had the finest men  
 We had the finest Transport, and the youngest R.S.M.

While waiting at the landing stage—right near the boat for France—  
 A few rebellious privates kicked up a song and dance.  
 Our journey was a long one, the men had to be fed,  
 The Colonel offered on the spot to buy the tea and bread.  
 We landed at a French port, and I say without a lie,  
 Before we reached the Rest Camp I thought we all would die.  
 Since then we have been in Belgium and different parts of France,  
 We've helped the sick and wounded, we've salvaged many " tanks " ;  
 We've seen enough of this blamed War to last us all our lives,  
 We'll be thankful when we meet again our friends, sweethearts and wives.  
 But we're willing still to " carry on " and see the darned thing through,  
 And find a solace in our rhymes when life seems awful blue.

PETER McBETH.



Four o'clock Tea on the Somme.

## "Une Robe de Nuit."

My chum, Bob, had solemnly sworn that one thing he would *not* do when on leave was to sleep in his underwear. "It would feel too much as if there was a war on," he said. Consequently, our first morning in Paris found us in one of the big department stores on the hunt for a nightshirt. We found the hairpins, the handkerchiefs, the perfumery, and the petticoats, but not the men's nightwear. Nor were we likely to run into it quickly, for our fair allies behind the counters have a habit of giving away smiles free of charge, and the more and merrier the smiles the slower moved Bob. The hairpin counter reduced him to half-speed; the Parisian perfumes left him barely moving; a merry titter and "Engleesh spoken" brought him to a full-stop. I turned to find out the cause. A pretty face, with a pair of dancing, dark eyes, gazed at us over a pile of ladies' shirt-waists.

"Where is the nightwear department, Mademoiselle?" began Bob.

She looked blankly for a moment, then the dark eyes danced faster than ever.

"Ah, yess, zis one perhaps for monsieur," and she laid out a blue silk waist before us. The sporting instinct in Bob was roused.

"Bon," he cried, "combien?"

"Twenty francs, monsieur."

Bob paid the twenty francs in that reckless way in which young men handle money in the presence of ladies, and he proceeded to try on the shirt-waist. Screams of merriment greeted this effort, for the chic waist barely covered Bob's back.

"Monsieur may wish anozer for ze front," suggested Mademoiselle, and she pinned a pink one edge to edge with the blue. "Beauteefull!" was her pleased (?) comment.

I was annoyed. Being a practical man, this kind of foolishness always grated on my nerves. At any rate, Bob was occupying the stage to my complete exclusion. So I reminded him of the nightshirts.

"D—the nightshirts," said he; then, "All right, I'll get them now." "How," I asked. "Wait and see." I had always considered Bob ingenious, but his next effort at Esperanto beat anything yet.

"Mademoiselle, have you one like this?" Donning the combined shirt-waists, he lay down upon the counter and began to snore.

"Ah, oui," she cried, and, laughingly, "It is a robe de nuit that Monsieur wishes." She flew off, and returned presently with the longed for article. But our troubles were not yet over.

"How much?" asked Bob. The dark eyes danced again. "Zay are feenish," she cried. "I come from buying ze last one myself."

"But I have here a priceless souvenir," said Bob. "This lovely blue silk waist represents my only defeat

when the Queen of Beauty slipped it over me. Surely you will part with the robe de nuit in exchange for this lovely souvenir?"

"Oui, monsieur, wiz plaisir. But ze war tax?"

"And what is the war tax?" asked Bob.

"One leetle keess."

I had spent the evening alone. Bob had become restless early in the afternoon, and had gone out to buy cigarettes—at least so he said. They evidently were scarce in Paris since at seven o'clock Bob had not returned. I strolled down to the "Follies," notwithstanding my "nerves," and while passing through the foyer I suddenly came vis-à-vis with a charming young lady in a blue silk blouse, accompanied by a—discovered Bob.

## Letter Writing at the Front.

We are in a dug-out ten by twelve. There are four of us. The noise of battle is followed by an evening calm, leaving a feeling of loneliness in the air. But we are not lonely now, because we are writing home. For a short interval we are living again in the dear old Homeland, and France is a thousand miles away. The old home scenes appear before us again. Mother sits knitting before the fireplace, Dad reads the evening paper, Sis pounds the piano, while the kiddies play hide and seek as Mary prepares the evening meal.

What would we do without these letters to write? Verily many an evening would otherwise be an utter blank.

What a joy it is to forget for a little while the circumstances of war! How pleasant to attempt to visualize scenes so different, to realise the simple things that the folks at home will be doing at this very minute, to shut out the grey camp, the barbed wire, the tattered soil, and all the signs of grim Mars!

There has, in truth, come to be a peculiar fascination about these letters to the Homeland. Out of the crowded days of work, of heartache and anxiety, the letter-writing hour is indeed a blessed respite: hearts separated appear to hold communion one with another, unseen hands of comfort seem to stretch out and bridge the distance, and fresh vigour seems to be granted to the individual effort. Little wonder that the writing of these home letters has come to be considered almost a holy institution.

"HUMBLE BUCK."

A Headline in the *Canadian Record* of January 20th.  
 "WORST JAM IN 15 YEARS."  
 Correspondent wished to know if the Food Controller had been in France lately.

## Memories.

Oh, Autumn leaf, our emblem dear,  
 What memories you bring across the foam ;  
 From friends though far, in thought they're near,  
 And back again my mind doth roam.  
 From way down east you come, they say,  
 I know the spot ; I see it still ;  
 To be exact, from Georgian Bay,  
 And "Sunburn Camp" below the hill

'Tis night ; the August sun's gone down  
 With glowing tints, at close of day ;  
 And yonder maze of lights from town  
 Sends quivering shafts across the Bay ;  
 The placid moon into the night  
 Ascends in splendour to our view,  
 While round the campfire's ruddy light  
 We spin the yarns both old and new.

Or else, perchance, canoes we take,  
 In mirrored surface paddles dip,  
 And leaving shoreline in our wake  
 Along the moonbeam's path we slip ;  
 Or, it may be, the breezes blow,  
 They fill the sails, the bark doth ride,  
 We swoop, we tack—now fast, now slow,  
 A giant bird in all its pride.

Again I see : The noonday light  
 Shows maple woods most brilliant dressed.  
 We've lost the homeland view from sight ;  
 We've crossed the deep ; we've forward pressed.  
 In Flanders mud, 'neath Flanders sky,  
 These few bright leaves their message bring ;  
 They do their bit ; our bit we try,  
 Till Freedom's dove outspreads her wings.

## An Acknowledgment.

We wish to express through this Journal our sincere thanks to the various organizations which have so generously remembered us with "comforts" from time to time. Especially do we desire to express our sense of gratitude to the Ladies' Auxiliary of our Unit at W———. For socks, towels, handkerchiefs, and other articles which regularly arrive from that helpful organisation we are truly grateful, and long "apres la guerre" we shall call to mind the goodness of Canadian friends to the members of this Ambulance. We are particularly pleased to include in the first number of "IN AND OUT" an appreciative article on "Our Women of Canada."

## Our Second Christmas in France.

"Absolutely the jolliest time ever had in France," was the verdict of the some two hundred members of our Ambulance who attended the festivities at F——— on 'Xmas Day, 1917.

For many days previous "Noel" had been heralded as the bright star in our calendar of future happenings. And then one day delightful rumour spoke of the possibility of turkey. For once, *mirabile dictu*, the Phantom spoke true, and our doubts were dispelled and our fondest hopes were realised when we sat down to our Christmas dinner at 2.0 p.m. on that memorable Tuesday.

On entering the spacious hut used for the occasion, one was reminded of Yuletides of bygone days, so successfully had the bare boards of wall and ceiling been camouflaged with cheery decorations. We were plentifully supplied with false faces, paper hats, whistles, tin-horns—it would have taken a Lahore Battery to penetrate the noise ; there was an unlimited amount of good humour and sparkling wit—no Court Jester was needed there.

Not the least attraction was the class of "waitresses" employed. Gracefully and quickly (?) they flitted about, bearing the trays heavily laden with good "eats," generously supplemented by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the "Peg." It would be difficult to choose among these gaily-dressed "garçons," but special mention should be made of the "Chief," our jolly R.S.M.

But hush, you fellows, the O.C. has entered, and he is speaking. In a few words he wishes us a good 'Xmas and a "better one at home next year." He has scarcely gone when the hubbub starts again. After the soup comes the fish course—of course ; in this case "small fish," or, according to the menu, "sardines on toast." But some of the fellows weren't "having any"—more room for the turkey, you know. "Gee, this dressing's great"—"It sure reminds me of the kind mother used to make" . . . . With such remarks accompanying the most pleasing occupation known to the Tommies in France, the great banquet came much too soon to its close.

The big event of the evening was our "Christmas Concert," in which some remarkable talent was discovered. The black-faced comedians staged their "stunt" real well, while Vittie's elocution was, as usual, of the first order. It is always a delight to listen to the tales of the "habitant."

We rolled into our blankets at "Lights Out," mightily pleased with the day's activities, and wishing that Christmas came more than once a year.

"Have you ever had poached eggs in France ?"  
 "No, but I've had 'poached' chicken."

## Reminiscences of Paris Leave.

The anticipation of any pleasure very often exceeds the actual realisation. In reference to Army leave this may not always be so; and still no small amount of contentment among the troops in France is due to the expected "next leave."

It is not the dangers and discomforts which in most cases depress the spirits of the Canadian troops, but the monotony of the Army life. We all realise the necessity for the closest co-operation in the fighting machine of which we form a part. Yet we rejoice in the fact that for a short time we may return, in a large measure, to our former freedom of action.

It would not be difficult, even for an outsider, to select the individual who expected to go on leave shortly. Among other symptoms is a disinterestedness in the immediate proceedings of his Unit; varied and hurried examinations of his personal belongings, accompanied by a great anxiety as to his personal standing with the paymaster, a lavish expenditure on the latest French-English editions, with sad regrets for hours wasted in the frivolities of Army life. He will also make frantic endeavours to ascertain his actual wealth as expressed in the exchange of dollars to centimes, and if somewhat disappointed at results, he vows to economise and not to spend so much on French coffee and half-sou anties. He has a haunted look, due to apprehension that next day's orders may contain the significant statement that all leave has been cancelled indefinitely.

When he is told to be ready in a couple of hours, he finds that his pack, which seemed of tremendous proportions during the last route march, has now become quite inadequate; so he joyfully leaves with his already over-burdened comrades a quantity of old shirts, socks, and other articles.

His journey may not be altogether uneventful. He spends the greater share of the time going the shortest part of the journey, due to the fact that the miniature trains on the narrow gauge lines meander leisurely through the country, seemingly quite oblivious of the fact that the date was stamped on his pass early that morning. He may travel with a few civilians on whom he immediately tries out some of his French, usually with good results—due more to their understanding of English than to the quality of his French.

At last our traveller reaches some large centre behind the lines, and is transferred to the more commodious cars on the French main systems. Jack feels

more contented with life now, but his French becomes more useless, for when some question is asked in his best and latest French, the wearer of the blue either smilingly shakes his head and answers "no compree," or else, if the pronunciation be somewhat intelligible, he will send over such a barrage of language in answer that our friend hastily beats a retreat and offers his French comrade a cigarette in acknowledgment of his attempt to be sociable.

The last stages of the journey are soon completed, and as one nears his destination, even the most stolid can scarcely repress a slight evidence of excitement as he finds himself entering "The first City of Europe," interesting, not only because of its present importance, but because of the fact that it has been the centre of French National life through all the stages of her development.

From the time that one arrives at the station until he finds himself in a first-class hotel, everything is done by those in charge for the comfort of the soldier. His first evening may be spent quietly while he meditates on the almost forgotten comforts of modern life.

The following day, as he promenades the streets, he will no doubt be impressed by the evident extent of the cosmopolitan nature of our allied forces on the Western front. One may meet representatives from all the corners of the earth, each with their distinct characteristics, both of dress and manners. The Australians with their loose-fitting uniforms, typical of warmer climates, and their independent manner, to which is added an element of clannishness not so noticeable in the others. The New Zealanders, differing from their neighbours in hats and badges and with a seclusive manner. Then Jack Canuck, looking absolutely comfortable and quite indifferent as to whom his next door neighbour may be, not altogether boastful, but at times giving one the impression that it is his firm belief that little would have been done had it not been for the fact that he were here to do the "big stunts." We meet our latest arrival, the American, as yet his uniform savouring more of the parade ground than of the trenches, he himself asking more questions than making comments, yet in all giving the impression of strength and determination, which bids ill for Kaiser Bill and well for the future peace of the world. We see the Belgians in their khaki uniforms, presenting to the observer a most unconquerable cheerfulness, at which one is surprised when he considers their struggles and present position as a nation. Everywhere we see our dapper comrades, the French—soldiers of the highest type, neat to a fault, and displaying at all

times the inherent courage so noticeable in the French nation.

If one happens to meet an English Tommy on French leave, he presents much the same appearance as the Canadian minus the emblem of the Maple Land. He expresses his utter disgust at the methods of carrying on the war up to the present, but still has a firm belief that if it takes one year or ten we will just naturally win out sometime.

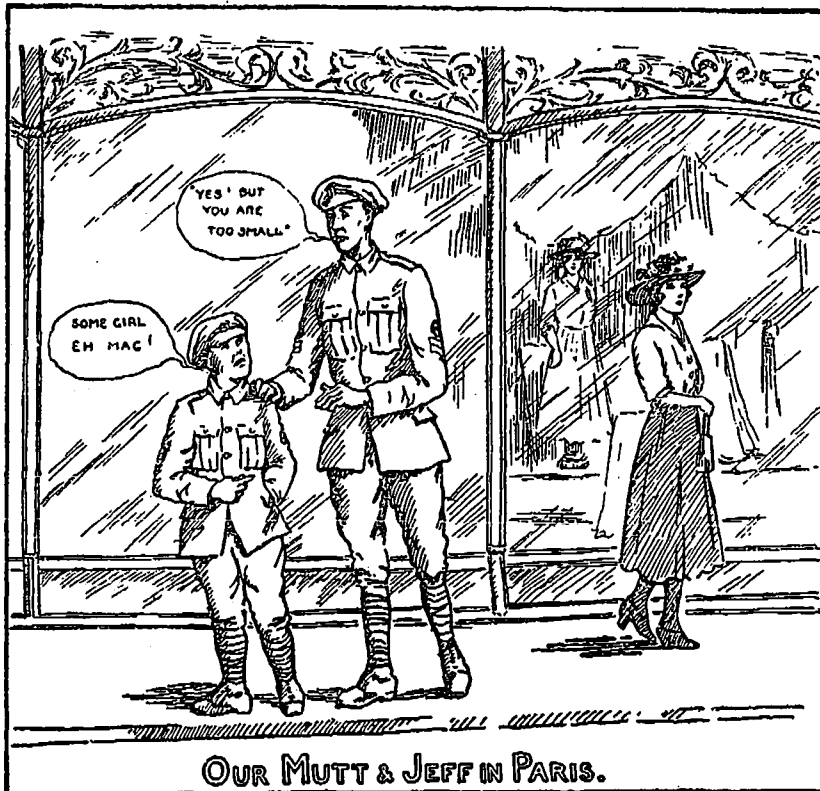
How our Canadian spends the remainder of his leave is as varied as human nature when expressed in the different ways of seeking enjoyment. Under the present conditions, one's pleasure is increased by the whole-hearted affection shown by the Parisiens to the

boys in khaki. Everywhere one is greeted with a smile of welcome.

The attractions are sufficiently varied to satisfy the most fastidious pleasure seeker. He may wander through his business houses in front of which cluster picturesque oriental halls; he may visit its secluded cafés, its enticing dance halls, its splendid theatres; he may view its magnificent statuary, its superb paintings and its harmonious architecture, intermingling of past and present ages.

Under such pleasant conditions, time passes quickly. He finds that his fourteen days were all too short, and with regrets he bids farewell to what was once and what will ever be "The city of his dreams."

W. M.





## Our Women of Canada.

Abraham Lincoln, when at the height of his wonderful career, once said, "All that I am I owe to my mother." Similarly, the Canadians in France to-day might truthfully say, "All that we have accomplished here we owe, in a great measure, to our women of Canada."

All through the ages woman has played a part in war, but not until the present has her work been so varied and extensively practical. It is well nigh impossible to overestimate the value of the services of the heroines who have crossed over to France; the gigantic tasks performed by them in hospitals, canteens, and numerous other departments behind the lines is only realised by those in France. The labour borne in factory and shop by the girls in the Homeland is none the less wonderful. But to the Tommy in France, it perhaps is the work of comfort and cheer that is done in the home that is best appreciated.

In work of this nature particularly, no women in the World have accomplished more than the women of Canada. How often do we feel the influence of their busy hands? How would we ever carry on without those parcels of comforts and those words of cheer from week to week? What a cheerless existence for the sick and wounded without those Red Cross supplies which daily leave our Canadian shores!

The French people, in their praise of the valour and daring of the Canadian soldier, are not less silent in their admiration of Canada's womanhood. They, too, have felt that which the feminine virtues have achieved—the care of the wounded, the assistance given to their wives and children, the comfort afforded their widows and orphans, the feeding, clothing, and saving from want and death the fleeing population; in short, the relief of all the distress that is part and parcel of the War of extermination waged against mankind by a ruthless Atilla. From the cultivated bank of the St. Lawrence, from the farms and fisheries of Ontario, from the agricultural and pastoral lowlands of Manitoba from the stock-farms and ploughed fields of Saskatchewan, from the ranches of Alberta, and the dairy farms of British Columbia, there have come, and are still coming, day after day tokens of friendship and devotion.

Never has womankind done more, and never has womankind suffered so much. Of all the world's sorrows, it is woman who must bear the major part. It is she who endures the pain of her loved one, she who must mourn the missing, and yet though her heart bleeds, it beats with generous anguish and patriotic pride at the accounts of the varying fortunes of a necessarily long and arduous war and silently, patiently, she "carries on" unto the day when righteousness shall triumph, and peace shall reign in every home. God Bless Our Women of Canada

"HUMBLE BUCK"

## "Pour Parlers."

Seated last night in a 'staminay,  
I was weary and bare at the knees;  
And my pockets were bursting with l'argent,  
Why spend it on Fox's puttees?

I thought of the lads in the trenches,  
I sighed for my pal up the line,  
But I started to drown all my troubles  
In a bottle of rich muscat wine.

I banked on the old "Crown and Anchor"—  
When losing, it's bad form to grouse—  
Then I paid my attention to Susie,  
The pride and the pet of the house.

This charming estaminet maiden  
Would break a battalion of hearts;  
I thought I'd be lucky at wooing—  
I'm a fish for my comrades—"aux cartes!"

I watched her fill up the glasses  
(In exchange for good money give bad);  
I thrilled as she smiled and cajoled me,  
I swore when she silenced a cad.

"Pourquoi vous regardez me comme ça?  
Eh, Jack?—Beaucoup swank soldiay—"  
"No compree, ma chérie,—a Banyuls,  
And, après la guerre, fiancée."

"Ma mère, c'est un très gentil garçon,  
Je pense qu'il m'aime bien sans doute."  
Ah, Susie, you sure drive me crazy,  
Embrasse-moi? Non? Give me a stout.

I'm learning Parisian lingo,  
Oh, la la—encore—oh, la lain;  
Trays beans, for to-night's extra cushy,  
To-morrow we'll fight in Ablain.

Eight o'clock—policeman—c'est fini;  
No bon—plenty zig-zag—allez;  
Eight o'clock—soyez tranquille—oui, vitement;  
'Tis the end of a perfect day.

We wander back slowly to billets  
Where the Corporal is reading his shirt;  
I sign a few field-cards,—and parti  
To Dreamland with Susie, the flirt.  
"SPARE SOLDIER."

Girls, girls, ye are beautiful things,  
With your sweet, saucy smile, and your native  
warblings.

(Only the reverie of a "returned Parisien.")

## A Night in a Rest Camp Ward.

The night orderly speaks:—

"What's that? Seven already? I've got to go, or there'll be no holding Mac—— No, no more, thanks, I'm on duty to-night; see you to-morrow, old man. Bon soir, Madame."

"Wow, some night; like the inside of a wolf's mouth. Where's that flash? Darn these French farmyards, anyway."

(*Splash, splash, splash.*) "Hope Mac's got lots of wood and fuel for the ward."

(*Enters door to ward.*)

"Six in the aisle already; guess we'll be putting them on the roof before midnight. Don't move, Bud, I can climb over."

"Well, Mac, how's the family? Any sick men in? No one really bad. Eh? Got the temperature and treatment lists made out? Oh, say, Mac, before you go, have you got lots of fuel and cough mixture? All right, don't get sore. Sure I know you're on to your job."

"What is it? Writing paper? Lots of it. Yes, put it in that box marked 'Mail.' No, don't seal it, you are not out of the Army yet."

"Cigarettes? Didn't get your issue? Same old story."

"Matches? Right beside you, Buddy. Water? The can and cup are on the table"

"What was your temperature to-night? Oh, normal. Yes, 98.4" (*the same question answered a dozen times.*)

"Pretty near cocoa time. Who's going to give me a hand?"

(*Crossing to cook-house.*) "All ready, Jack? Yes, 65 to-night. Is that all the biscuits you can give me? Guess we must be losing again."

(*Re-enters the ward.*) "Don't crowd, gentlemen, don't crowd, plenty for all." (*15 minutes' energetic work.*) (*Aside.*) "And that's done. Just a little for myself and then to business."

"Let's have a look at the list. Same old dope. Good old Soda Sal." (*Dishing it out.*) "No, it wouldn't hurt a child. It'll do you all the good in the world." (*Sotto voce.*) "Now for the other stuff. Yes, Bud, these will make you sleep. No, they're not No. 9's."

"Rub your back? Just in a minute, chum."

"Another blanket? You've got five? Sorry, old chap, but we're full to-night, and there's not an extra one in the ward."

"Keep this mustard plaster on as long as you can stand it, and then call me; I answer to almost anything except 'hay'"

"Well, that's done. 'Lights out' in a few minutes. Oh, shucks, what's that, more patients, Tom? I don't know where I am going to put them."

"Well I'll try to fix them up on the table. All right. Allez! Come around here again to-night and you'll get into trouble."

"Now, boys, if you'll just shove those beds up a little closer, I'll try and find a place for these new patients. All O.K.?"

(*Bugle blows.*) "Lights out, boys. By gum, those mustard plasters! Yes, the skin is still there."

"It sure is red, but they haven't blistered. You'll be a whole lot better in the morning." (*Sotto voce.*)

"Thank the Lord, the evening's over." (*Aloud.*) "Cut out the talking, fellows. There are men here who want to sleep."

(*Fixes the fire.*)

"At last I can sit down." (*Cough, cough, cough.*) "S.O.S. for cough mixture. Not much doing now until midnight."

"It's pretty near twelve o'clock. Wonder what is for supper?"

(*Goes over to the cook-house.*)

"Well, what's the menu for to-night, Jack? Huh, we had that last night. Not much originality about you cooks. Yes, that's beaucoup. What's this? O—h, tea."

(*Goes back to ward.*)

"Not much doing till six now. Guess I'll write some letters."

(*Various interruptions for cough mixture, weird questions, coaxing the stoves, etc.*)

"Six o'clock. Time to take the temperatures. Gee, what a list."

(*He starts off with the thermometers.*)

"Open your mouth. Keep it under your tongue, and don't chew it."

"Now for the Mag. Sulphs."

"Drink this, Bud. Yes, all of it. You want some too? Finest thing in the world for you. Not many ask for it. They usually wait until it is ordered."

"Time to wake, Mac, I guess. Come on, old darlin', time to get up."

(*Ten minutes later.*) "Get up, you lazy devil. Think I am going to stay up all day? Show a leg. Time for breakfast."

(*Breakfast over.*)

"And now to bed; pretty easy night, take it all round."

AN A.O.B.P.

IRON RATIONS.—Certain impenetrable articles, used chiefly as hip-shields. As such they cannot be excelled



On the Advanced Road to Courcellette, October, 1916.

## Abbreviations.

If brevity be indeed the soul of wit, then our army ought to be the very acme and essence of humour. For has it not adopted the "abbreviation," a highly concentrated form—as the tinned soup makers advertise—of brevity.

In its application it takes two principal forms, but it would be too greatly daring for anyone to lay down definite limitations.

One of the first experiences likely to happen to a young enthusiast for "the defence of the rights of small nations and the freedom of the world" is to be told to get his hair abbrev—we mean cut. They cut your clothes, they cut your hair, they cut their words, ay, and they even cut your grub, though in justice let it be said that the supply of shoe leather is ample.

They bawi at you to "shun" when they want you to stand steady. With unconscious irony they demand in ludicrously loud tones that you "stand-at-eease" or "march-eesy," when you happen to have a load on your back fit for a pack-mule.

But the second form which this passion for abbreviation takes is even more exasperating. It is frequently used when something must be written. It lacks the tone and expressiveness, the staccato or sibilance of the spoken word, and also fortunately lacks the facial contortions which usually accompany orders given soldiers on parade.

An Army order comprises, as a rule, about twelve words of ordinary English, interspersed with several mixed alphabets and liberally bespattered with numerals. A casual glance inclines one to the belief that it is Esperanto, but closer examination revealing an odd intelligible word throws one back on the possibilities of it being Scotch or Welsh. One may charitably assume that the orderly-room sergeant has been absentmindedly tapping an odd key here and there, while ruminating on the respective merits of Paris and London as a rendezvous for a "lonely soldier" on leave.

For infringing the K.R. and O. the unfortunate O.R. is paraded by an N.C.O. before the O.C., who may mercifully mete out C.B., or harshly send him to the A.P.M., who, under royal warrant and seal is empowered to inflict on him F.P., so that he may well and thoroughly understand that the way of the transgressor is hard.

It may look like a hybrid shorthand, but it isn't really, and can be learned much faster. We would suggest that if it is within the possible limits of one alphabet and one language, that a special dictionary be issued by the authorities, to which one could refer their friends, when in doubt, as to the actual translation of some strange weird sound, which they are led to believe is a command, or some curious array of letters which look like ancient cryptograms.

The War has been responsible for the addition to our language of many queer words and phrases. And even if most of us require, on occasion, considerable extensions in our vocabulary, may we hope that the return of peace will synchronise with a return to a simpler if more leisurely method of expressing ourselves.

"ALWYN."

## New Fables in Slang.

BY FIRST ADE.

The brancardiers were *en repos*. With pockets bulging with centimes, and dressed with beaucoup swank, they decided to parti in search of "Eggs and Chips and Wine." Our hero and his comrades came to a farm-house, where the Madame did not compree English, nor was she acquainted with the curious dialect invented by the Canadian soldier.

Herbert, the hero, was not to be denied, however, and he was determined to achieve his great aim, namely, the filling of the inner man. He thought that the French word for egg sounded something like "woof"; so he proceeded in this wise:—

"Madame, compree woof, woof?" Madame only smiled.

"Compree, Madame, moi—woof, woof, woof, woof?"

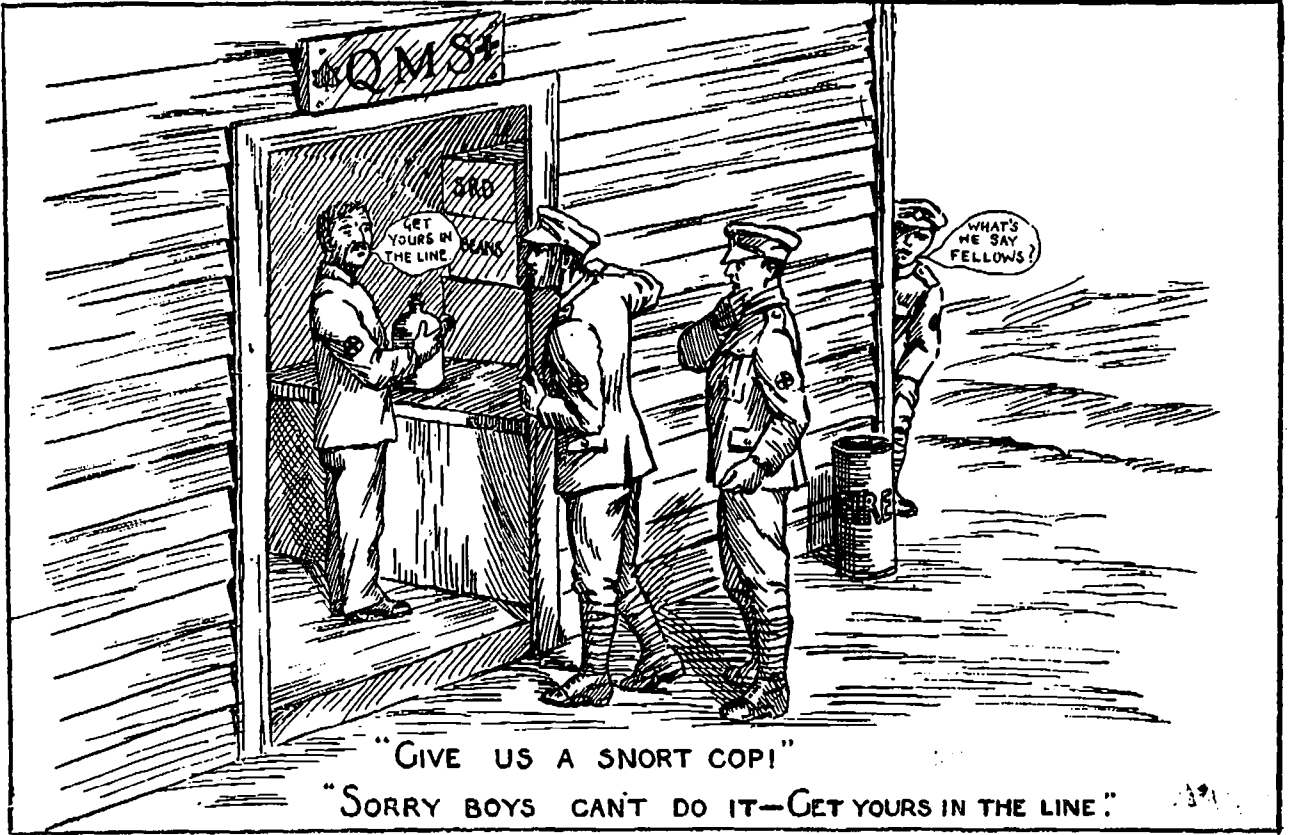
"Camarades, aussi, woof, woof, woof, woof?"

Compree-hension began to show on Madame's face, and she parleyed with the piccaninny. And without delay each brave brancardier received one big black sausage.

MORAL: "Un œuf" is as good as a feast.

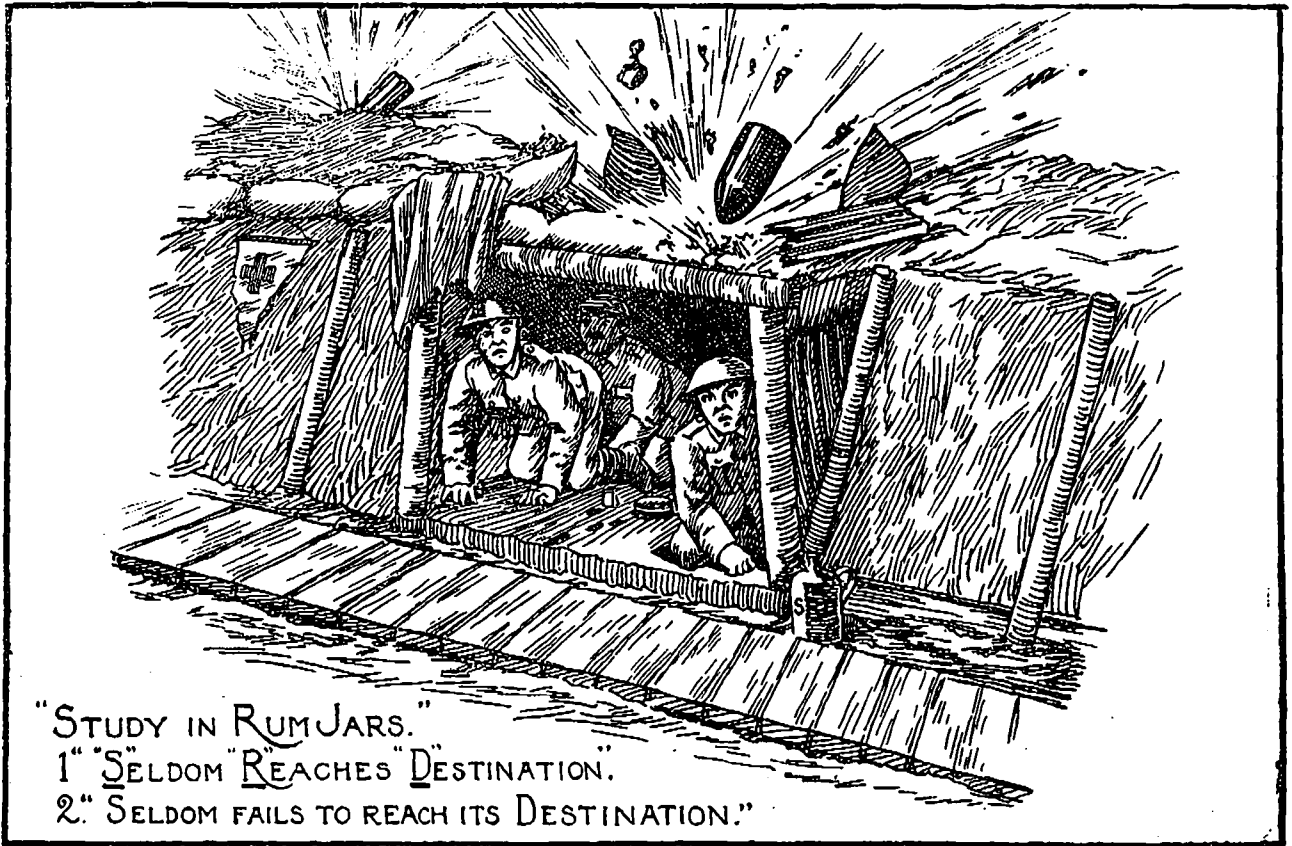
## Orders issued on "Going In" for the First Time.

1. Obey the commands of thy superiors and cheerfully perform the task assigned to thee.
2. Look not with contempt on Fritz, thine enemy, for thy scalp is precious in his sight, and his tomahawk hath a sharp edge.
3. Be not like the gopher of thy native land, which through curiosity doth love to crane its neck above the parapet.
4. Keep your head down and your spirits up, and thou shalt verily live to draw thy ration of rum.



"GIVE US A SNORT COPI"

"SORRY BOYS CANT DO IT-GET YOURS IN THE LINE."



"STUDY IN RUM JARS."

1" SELDOM REACHES DESTINATION."

2" SELDOM FAILS TO REACH ITS DESTINATION."

## L'Entente Cordiale.

The "Canada" badge is a fortunate talisman for a soldier in France; it assures him an open-hearted welcome. Without doubt the civilians of Northern France will be loath to bid "adieu" to the Bing Boys, though glad indeed when the war-drums throb no longer and the battle-flags are furled.

The clouds of war have cast long shadows over this fair Republic, and, in consequence, the traits and customs of the people have undergone a process of adaptation to war conditions. But such changes as have occurred are for the most part foreign to the genius of France, and are not likely to permanently affect the national character. For instance, where once a stranger received unstinted hospitality, now there must needs be the question of "combien?"; and if the tariff seem high, it must be remembered that "there is a war on." "C'est la guerre"—that is one of the catch-phrases of France to-day—and in that phrase is contained more than the resigned acceptance of unkind circumstance; there is also the sense of regret, and with that the confident anticipation of better days to come when the life of the nation will flow again in its accustomed channels.

France is throwing her manhood into the breach against the foe. Her Alpine Chasseurs have held Italian passes with the heroism of the Spartans at Thermopylæ. Verdun is typical of the power and morale of her poilus. The old, white-haired veterans of 1870, assisted by ambitious youths, help the British Labour Battalions to keep the high roads in first-class repair for heavy traffic. To be "called up" is an honour to be desired rather than a hardship which the conscript cannot escape.

"Business as usual" is the spirit of rural France. The business of agriculture is being carried on as extensively and as thoroughly as before the War, and many a Canadian in khaki has been shown the value of intensive farming, and will believe henceforth that industry is a secret of success. But the term "as usual" is wrong. Where once strong men ploughed and planted, garnered and threshed the grain, now women toil and sweat to produce the food for a nation at arms. Little children, when not in school, fulfil the national request: "Semez les pommes de terre pour les soldats." In many a home the taking in of washing for the troops is a source of revenue. A mother and her daughter will wash as many as seventy shirts in the forenoon; after a dinner of vegetable soup and brown bread they will hitch "Old Dobbin" to the "shay" and journey several kilometres for a load of coal and a supply of small, useful articles which are readily sold to the soldiers. In the evening a score or more of hungry men will clamour for "eggs and chips." Are these women ever weary? Invariably the reply is "Non, jamais fatigué."

"Fête" days in France are frequent, and furnish a sort of safety valve for the national spirit, being expressed in religious observances and social festivities, mainly the latter. The streets of towns and villages are thronged with holiday-makers who forget the

tragedies of war-time for the hour in the desire to add to each other's happiness. Thus they remind themselves that life is still worth living. On a "fête" day the silver lining shines through the clouds.

The New World and the Old World are meeting each other and learning to understand one another. There is so much that is different. The French civilian is thrifty; the Canadian soldier is extravagant. The one is conservative, the other is constantly adapting and improving; social customs vary; there is more of contrast than of similarity. But the heart-throb of humanity is the same the wide world over. So, in France, deep calls unto deep, and the New World is linked with the Old. The ringing of the church bells in a hamlet behind the lines will stir the soul of the soldier even as a stranger in Moslem lands is stirred by the Muezzin's "call to prayer" from a minaret at eventide.

Fraternité, Liberté, Egalité, are the symbols to designate the genius of France. These symbols are inscribed upon the three great corner-stones of the Temple of Life. The fourth great corner-stone is Hope. To defend this Temple against desecration is the "raison d'être" for the Entente Cordiale.

## Local Limericks.

I know a fine soldier named Banks,  
Whose size is twice that of the ranks,  
His arm is as thick  
As a tree, yes, avick,  
But his head's full of flywheels and cranks.

Well dressed and cheery and tall,  
Who doesn't know Corporal Hall?  
With a humorous eye  
Things dirty he'll spy.  
"Clean up" is his everyday call.

There was an old soldier called "Griff,"  
Who often a bottle did sniff,  
He was great to shoot crap  
But quite lost on the map,  
And didn't know Lens from Shorncliffe.  
Billy Pearce is the name of a youth  
Who was born near the town of Redruth;  
He's no "hell on good looks"  
But he's king of all cooks,  
And makes chicken from "bully"—'tis truth.

Now you all know the Corporal Spotton,  
And can see how fat he has gotten,  
Back to duty he sends  
His foes and his friends  
(Some say his arrangements are "rotten.")

(The editors submit an extra stanza):

To the postman we tender our thanks,  
He turns foreign coin into francs,  
He is ruddy of cheek  
But in body not weak,  
And his business beats that of the banks.



## Baseball.

It was a beautiful afternoon in July. The second clash of a three-game series was about to commence. Our team had been "nosed out" by 7-6 in the first game, and so, after rearranging the line-up, we were anxious for the next battle. Our opponents, the —th Ambulance, were naturally quite confident that Fortune would smile on them again.

Along the first-base line the Officers were seated, while on all sides were grouped the N.C.O.'s and men—each one eagerly awaiting the approaching struggle. The pitchers were warming up, each team spent five minutes of snappy practice, and the whistle sounded. Winning the toss, we took the field, and the game was on. Barker, in the box, soon retired his opponents. Everything went smoothly until the fifth inning, when we made ten runs. The "balloon was up," and the opposing team remained in the flying corps for the rest of the game. The final score was 16-3 in our favour.

We were sorry that circumstances of War prevented the play-off of the third game of the series. We believe, however, that the prevention was fortunate for our sister ambulance, and we are curious to know whether they still retain their confidence in the world of baseball.

On the whole, our games of last summer were of a local nature, and, from that standpoint, of a special interest. Our season's average was approximately .500.

The inter-sectional games were keenly contested, "B" section eventually pulling out on top.

Mention must be made of what proved to be perhaps the most exciting game of the season. The Officers had taken a great deal of interest in indoor baseball, and the result was that on a certain afternoon a game was scheduled between the Officers and the Sergeants. The former's battery, composed of Lieut. Col. Bell and Major Greer, was too much for the unskilled Sergeants, and the Officers won by a good margin. However, Sergt.-Major Brown and Sergt. Rynex deserve credit for putting up a very good game.

The baseball prospects for this summer look most rosy. The addition of Capt. Maynard to our unit has meant a great impetus to the general interest in this game, and with a live "Sports Committee," we are assured of a good season. Thus far our game-average has been very fair, and at the season's conclusion we hope to be the possessors of a creditable record.

A closely-contested inter-sectional series is in progress as we go to press.

(NOTE.—A complete record of this summer's sport will appear in the next number of "IN AND OUT.")

## Football.

Football was a prime favourite among the Unit's Sports last year. Keen rivalry, which was a feature of every game, was all the more commendable because of the sportsmanlike spirit shown by the players and spectators of the various sections. "A" and "B" were always out to win from each other—the final game being so closely contested that it was only after two hours' play that "B" forged ahead, winning by two goals to nil. "C" section deserve great credit for the way in which their team improved towards the latter part of the season.

The season's record of our Ambulance team stood:—Won 2; Lost 1; Drawn 3; a standing not to be ashamed of.

Particular mention must be made of the Divisional Ambulance Team. Besides being the Divisional Champions, they were Runners-up in the Corps Final, ultimately losing out in the last game by one goal to nil. The team's record for the season's games was:—Won 7; Lost 1; Drawn 2. The goal average was 18-3. Medals were presented to the team for the Championship of the Division.

This year the sectional teams are strengthened by new material, the contests are closer, and rivalry keener than ever before, and we confidently predict a laurel-winning unit team.



A typical Regimental Aid Post on the Lens Front.



## Boxing.

Boxing, or the art of self-defence, is a somewhat difficult subject to write on. As far as our ambulance is concerned, the record of the past summer shows that we have quite a few "hopefuls." At the time of writing there are not many enthusiasts, but we trust that things will revive once more, and that by the time that summer has come round again we will have plenty of fighting—I should say—boxing blood. But I should not mix these two words. Whereas scientific boxing is an art and something worth our interest, mere fighting is the opposite. A man may be a good, clean boxer, and still retain the finest character, if he be a good sportsman.

There is one thing which a learner must learn, and that is to be a good sportsman, to enter into the game for sport alone, to watch and appreciate every move that is new to him, to grin and bear it, and to hold no malice. It is not necessary in amateur boxing to rush in and beat your opponent to a pulp in order to show what you are made of.

A word as to keeping fit. "Keeping fit" is half the battle. Under present conditions, where we haven't much manual labour, nor a gymnasium, a man must adopt his own methods of keeping fit. There is a saying that if one can run up three flights of stairs without its affecting his ordinary breathing, his wind is "not too bad." A cushy job, and My Lady Nicotine, soon ruin a man's lungs. Therefore it is up to every man who is interested in boxing or some other form of "sports," to see that he is always fit. In order to do this, excessive smoking and drinking must be banned.

Moderation in all things is a good all-round maxim which should be adhered to by everyone. "Physical jerks," or Swedish drill, every morning is good "dope." Muscle is more beneficial than fat.

To be merely a spectator is tame sport for a normal man. So get into the ring, men, and exhibit your abilities and also your deficiencies, in order to improve the first and remove the latter.

After you have learned to keep fit, "tous les jours," you must learn how to take care of yourself in the ring—how to duck, side-step, step in, step out, etc., without making the bout merely a running match. Also learn how to move every part of your body while keeping the feet in the same position. This will give plenty of swing to your movements. Learn how to hit properly, making every "punch" a "winner," and using your shoulder as well as your arm. Throw the

whole weight of the body along with the blow "right from the toes."

When in-fighting, using the "short arm jab," try to keep the arm bent at an angle of 90 degrees, and let the shoulder supply the necessary force. This requires a little practice at first, but you can get on to it, and you will find that you can put a great deal of force and weight behind a "jab." The "short arm jab" can be used with effect on the kidneys and the solar-plexus, also as uppercut to the point of the jaw.

Just one more word. Find the exact location of the weak spots on a man's body in order that you may never waste a blow. Know where to hit without looking, for it is a fatal mistake to look where you are going to hit. Watch his eyes.

N. P. WALKER.

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## "His Hobby."

Merry, the naturalist, spends his leisure hours playing with bees and trapping moles. He is a hunter of things which creep and things which fly. He diligently searches the earth, then eagerly scans the sky. I found him one day setting a "trap" near a shell-hole. In a minute or two a Boche æroplane buzzed overhead. Merry's interest went immediately from moles to æroplanes, and he remarked, "I wish I could set my traps up there."

Merry has decided to offer his services to the Director of Pests, as he believes that the extermination of the flying "Rats" can safely be left in the hands of the Air Council.

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## Issue is Best.

Some people simply have to improve on things. They are not content to let well enough alone, and sometimes the last state is worse than the first.

A member of "C" Section was once unfortunately caught in a gas attack. He scorned to use the "Soda Bicarb." which is prescribed for the prevention of blisters; he had something "superior." Now it happened that the candles were finished, and the dug-out in darkness as dug-outs usually are. Groping in his haversack, he got out what he supposed was a tin of the famous Mecca ointment. To his misfortune he had used a tin of black boot-polish. The mistake was only discovered the next morning, since when "Old Joe" demands issue and refuses all "substitutes."



# DIRECTORY.

Lieut. Col. P. G. Bell, D.S.O.

Major G. Hall.

" F. C. Clarke.

Captain H. C. Mersereau.

" D. A. Clark.

" J. G. Shaw.

" S. E. Holmes.

" J. C. Maynard.

" L. C. Reid.

" R. J. Godfrey, C.A.D.C.

Hon. Capt. and Q.M. J. A. Brook.

Sergeant-Major T. M. Brown, D.C.M.

Q.M. Sergeant J. Arthur.

Staff-Sergeant G. C. Dodds.

" T. Sharp.

Sergeant F. W. F. Dodds.

" G. G. Hall.

" W. Hampson, M.M.

" W. Hunter.

" D. C. McRae.

" A. A. Saxton.

" T. Scorer.

" J. Tait.

" J. S. Whyte.

" R. J. Witty.

Corporal D. P. Ewen, M.M.

" W. C. M. Grant.

" F. M. Hall.

" L. V. Martin.

" W. Pearce.

" J. H. Pasmore.

" J. H. Stacey.

" A. H. Spotton.

" J. T. Wilson.

Lance-Corporal H. R. McLean

Private R. W. Abraham.

" W. Addy.

" A. Anthony.

" J. Arthur.

" J. Brassington.

" W. A. Bailey.

" A. L. Barker.

" W. J. Beck.

" J. C. Broadfoot.

" C. T. Boyd.

" C. Buhlin.

" E. J. Bourque.

" L. A. Burpee.

" A. O. Blain.

" C. W. Burnman.

" W. P. Bell.

" W. H. Bruneau.

" G. Carruthers.

Private J. A. Chagnon.

" J. F. Chapman.

" S. F. Cooke.

" C. Cornish.

" A. Crawford.

" C. R. Carter.

" W. R. Copp.

" V. E. Clemons.

" L. Carp.

" F. Cohen.

" J. J. Close.

" H. A. Dunlop.

" J. Cook.

" R. W. Cozens.

" T. Douglas.

" S. Dow.

" J. S. Dugdale.

" J. Duncan.

" A. J. Dinsmore.

" J. Elder.

" J. Eccles.

" F. M. Emond.

" G. S. Elkins.

" C. Eaton.

" R. J. Ferguson.

" R. C. Fish.

" G. Foster.

" F. L. Figgins.

" J. Mc. I. Falla.

" G. E. Foster.

" J. M. Graham.

" J. Grant.

" A. A. Gugin.

" H. L. Greenwood.

" W. J. Gilpin.

" T. F. Gibbons.

" J. H. Gibson.

" W. J. Healey.

" P. W. Hall.

" J. S. Hamilton.

" W. G. Harris.

" A. Hamilton.

" H. W. Hawes.

" A. C. Henderson.

" G. O. W. Hicks.

" W. Hillcoat.

" C. Holman.

" G. G. Heffelfinger.

" A. D. Henderson.

" N. A. Houston.

" S. W. Houston.

" C. B. Harding.

" R. W. Irwin.

" A. W. Intrepidi.

Private F. Johnson.  
 " G. Johnston.  
 " E. E. Judd.  
 " W. R. James.  
 " H. K. Kent.  
 " W. J. Kingston.  
 " W. H. Killingbeck.  
 " A. S. Keyes.  
 " J. A. Kennedy.  
 " F. Knudson.  
 " W. G. Langston.  
 " F. H. W. Lawless.  
 " A. Legg.  
 " G. Leslie.  
 " H. Lewis, M.M.  
 " S. G. Lowes.  
 " J. Longthorne  
 " A. J. Lewis.  
 " P. McBeth.  
 " G. Miller.  
 " B. R. Maddams.  
 " G. E. Manchester.  
 " W. I. Manchester.  
 " W. Mathers.  
 " G. F. Melrose.  
 " T. H. Melbourne.  
 " E. W. K. Meredith.  
 " F. L. Montgomery.  
 " H. G. Michell.  
 " R. Moore.  
 " W. C. Morley.  
 " H. K. Morren.  
 " J. H. Muldoon.  
 " M. Musy.  
 " T. G. McCartney.  
 " R. C. Neil.  
 " P. Nevin.  
 " H. R. Nickelson.  
 " A. Oatway.  
 " A. S. Ogilvy.  
 " W. L. Overton.  
 " F. C. Peabody.  
 " H. Poulton.  
 " W. L. Pratt.  
 " R. B. Prosser.  
 " D. F. Quiggin, M.M.  
 " M. J. Roche.  
 " A. G. Randal.  
 " A. Reeves.  
 " E. J. Riley.  
 " F. R. Roberts.  
 " A. E. Reeves.  
 " A. H. Robertson.  
 " O. Rourke.  
 " J. P. Russell.  
 " I. Schooley.  
 " F. Staples.  
 " H. Smith.  
 " A. E. Smith.  
 " G. W. Smith.  
 " A. Spence.  
 " C. A. Shier.  
 " F. P. Sibley.

Private J. A. St. Pierre.  
 " J. Stonrock.  
 " H. A. Shutt.  
 " J. M. Sorenson.  
 " H. P. Stanley.  
 " J. A. Toole.  
 " J. F. Taylor.  
 " W. A. Tucker.  
 " W. Vickers.  
 " K. C. Vittie.  
 " J. C. Van Alstyne.  
 " W. F. Van Alstyne.  
 " W. C. Waldie.  
 " M. H. Walker.  
 " R. M. Wilson.  
 " J. S. Wallace.  
 " K. F. Walton.  
 " C. R. Weaver.  
 " R. Williams.  
 " J. A. Wright.  
 " H. Wright.  
 " A. Walls.  
 " B. H. Wallace.  
 " F. W. Warren.  
 " R. M. Webster.  
 " M. Zebrok.

**C.A.S.C. Horse Transport, Attached.**

Staff Sergt.-Major J. McAskill, D.C.M.  
 Sergeant A. E. Clayton.  
 " L. Fisher.  
 Corporal H. McKenzie.

Driver W. Boyd.	Driver D. McPherson.
" N. E. Burwash.	" H. M. Mayor.
" G. O. Burwash.	" W. Mead.
" L. Cruickshanks.	" M. Moody.
" J. E. Crump.	" W. H. Mustard.
" W. C. Dunlop.	" J. A. McCoomb.
" J. Dennis.	" G. Pyle.
" W. J. Doyle.	" S. Richmond.
" H. Fowlie.	" C. A. Sear.
" D. C. Graham.	" D. Shearer
" R. D. Grey.	" A. G. Smith
" H. Haines.	" W. S. Spencer
" C. Ingerfield.	" J. M. Stewart
" H. W. Irwin.	" C. Sparks
" G. Kelly.	" J. W. Vass
" G. McKenzie..	" N. P. Walker.

**C.A.S.C. Motor Transport, Attached.**

Sergeant J. W. Dowell.	Driver G. Lovatt.
" J. Banks.	" R. H. Sherman.
Driver A. G. Boyce.	" M. Selby.
" E. Delcorde.	" R. W. Minton.
" S. E. Fletcher.	" A. McCormick.
" E. Garness.	" L. W. Shaw.
" G. L. Kennedy.	" W. A. Thompson.

**C.A.D.C., Attached.**

Sergeant F. Jacob. Private J. C. Audette.

## Here and There.

News of old pals who are no longer forming fours or humping stretchers in France filters through somewhat slowly, and it would be impossible for us to give a complete "history" of each case. The information which does come to hand is very encouraging, and is proof positive that "Blighty" is a sure cure for those who need New Life. Should rumour bring ill-tidings, it would be well to bear in mind the story of the "Three Black Crows," and to allow a considerable discount for the exaggerations which are sure to attach to any rumour circulated by our Society Gossips.

Spotless Charlie D—— came through his experiences in France and Flanders "unspotted from the world," and is now once more in the spotlight, lucky boy. "More power to his elbow."

We are glad to know that Scotch Hughie's lung power is unimpaired. We hope that, should he ever return to France, he will not be accused of being unable to "spik the verra good Engleesh."

When last we heard from "Big Bill K——" he was taking a course in P.T. (Somewhat like "painting the lily," eh?) Bill may not be able to sing, but his muscles should be worth seeing.

Bob H——d wishes to inform his old chums that he is now at liberty to indulge in his pet hobby of writing "billets-doux." That is the only *soft* spot about old Bob.

As was naturally to be expected in a unit composed of "gentlemen," we have had with us two distinguished "Cecils." Both now have their own "motahs," one on solid earth and the other up among the clouds. Here's hoping the Bosche will stub his toes.

Another of our ambitious airmen is of Norman blood. The Saxons will have to go through "Hastings" once again when Graeme gets after them with his war-whoop and a machine-gun. We wonder whether Graeme will make his morning toilet in the cockpit of his aeroplane.

And Frank the Fusser is still another aspirant for ærial honours. May he always be "one up" and never get stalled in a bunker. He ought to be able to "hit the ball."

Tommy Harris is now Corporal in charge of certain equipment; doubtless he still keeps on hand a good supply of A.B.S. and C.'s.

Our Dicky-Bird reports that he prefers squad-drill to beating the big bass drum; the reason for this is that he is now privileged to give orders instead of having to execute them.

Worthy Mr. M——d has been promoted to the rank of Captain, and is now doing his duty as a Chaplain in Blighty.

We wish to assure the "Old Boys" of this Unit that, even though it is impossible to mention each one by name, yet none are forgotten, and it is always a pleasure to get news of their welfare. In our dug-out up the line we often dream of the "little grey home in the west," and in our thoughts dear friends across the sea are linked with the rest of us who still remain here to "carry on."

## Honours and Awards.

To past and present members of this Unit who have been signally honoured, and who wear the ribbon of their respective decoration, we extend our heartiest congratulations. The awards have been earned right well, and the number of honours which have been "earned," in addition to the decorations conferred, greatly exceeds the necessarily limited number allotted to this Unit.

The recently promoted N.C.O.'s deserve our good wishes and wholeheartedness. They are worthy of office, and are all good men and true. May they never grow round-shouldered through bearing the responsibilities of their positions.

And here's to the Boys of the U.D.C. "What the eye doth not see the heart doth not grieve over," says the sage.

## Things We Want to Know.

- What became of Captain Gordon's iron chest?
- Why the Scotch Druggist can't cure his own cough?
- How many birthdays Peabody celebrates per year?
- If oranges are regarded as "perishable" fruit?
- When are we going to have a Canteen?
- What kind of bait does Luke the Fisher use?
- Who gave "Doc's" picture to the *Daily Mirror*?
- If Charlie Ingerfield's middle name is "Arbuckle"?
- Did our Official baseball-scorer use an adding-machine on May 16th?

## Ward Waggings.

A dozen patients had just arrived in the dressing station from the line, and were being cross-examined by the Doctor. One man had a bad case of trench feet, and was in much agony. The following dialogue took place:

- "How many days have you been in the line this trip?"
- "Nine, sir."
- "How many times have you had your boots off in the nine days?"
- "None, sir."
- "How many times have you changed your socks?"
- "Three, sir."

The M.O. turned away with a smile, and said to the A. and D. clerk: "Send him to C.C.S."

## A Welcome Relief.

One afternoon, in the company of an Old Original, we strolled toward the memorable Vimy Ridge, which we could see in the distance. The conversation centred round the work of the Canadians and the capture of the Ridge in the spring of '17. I had heard him say that in all his experiences the relief he had most welcomed took place on this very Ridge, and I ventured to ask him about it. He was silent for a moment or two, and then began :

The spring campaign was beginning. There was no doubt of that, judging from the increased shell-fire which left no spot within range a safe hiding place. The fields, which a few days before had shown green with evidences of approaching spring, were torn and disfigured by huge shell-holes, which quickly filled with water, making the ground, so far as one could see, a great, slimy quagmire of sickly yellow mud, which clung and sucked at every living thing that tried to make a passage through it.

We had taken over a comparatively quiet post, described to us as a "cushy place," and a regular "old man's rest." We had not, however, counted on the rapid developments which took place within twenty-four hours after our arrival, converting our "cushy place" into a very arduous and decidedly unhealthy one.

A little dug-out in the shelter of a terrace near the top of the hill became a haven of refuge, in which at intervals we sat and shivered, and in subdued voices asked, "Where did that one land?" or remarked, "He's coming closer now." Short periods of silence would ensue, or hurried footsteps on the duck-boards outside would force our attention. Everyone would be quiet, anxiously straining to hear whether the messenger would stop or not, a sigh of relief being made whenever we were assured that he had gone by. Finally, however, one did stop, and we heard that too familiar call, "Stretcher bearers, stretcher case." Everyone knew what that meant, and little was said, yet one, bracing himself for the trip, remarked, "Well, it's better taking a chance in the open than to stick in this hole." No one ventured a reply, and a couple of minutes later the four of us were in the dressing station ready for the more exciting part of the journey.

A lull in the shell-bursts seemed to be our opportunity, and so, leaving the shelter of the dressing station, we began the descent of the hill. Slipping and sliding at every step, doing our best to avoid the wires, which seemed to lie in hundreds of strands, and all the time listening for that nerve-racking scream of an on-coming shell, we made the foot of the hill.

No rest there. The valley was even worse, so with energy redoubled we hurried along. "Whiz—bang—whiz bang," a terrible report on either side of us, and some more of mother earth was scattered far and wide, while patient and stretcher bearers were covered with mud and slime. A forced sprint of a hundred yards and we made a railway embankment, where, trusting in a rather doubtful shelter, we slackened our pace, and

tried to give some ease to our tired lungs and shoulders. The remainder of the journey was uneventful, and a few minutes later we handed our patient over to the relay.

Receiving a stretcher and blanket in return, we started at once on our return trip. The first half mile was quiet enough, but none of the four will ever forget the race across that shell-torn valley, picking out, in hopes of a footing, what bits of duck-board had escaped Fritz's shells; then up the hill, which never seemed to end, until, with lungs bursting and limbs cramped, we reached our dug-out and flung ourselves down in utter exhaustion.

Seven days and nights, with short periods of relief, we ran the gauntlet down the hill and across the valley and up the hill again. Some of the trips, of course, were quiet, some were termed as "not too bad," and then there were some "narrow shaves." Rumours came, as rumours always do, that a push was preparing, and we gave up all hope of being relieved before the rush was over. Acting more like machines than human beings, eating and sleeping when we had a few moments between trips, the days passed by.

We were sitting in our dug-out one evening, having just returned from a trip with a stretcher case, when we heard someone stop at the entrance. Intense silence within, then a well-known voice called, "Hello, is that —th Field Ambulance? In a chorus we answered "Yes." He came inside, and from a list read off our names—"Jordon, McNabb, Trueman, Calder, report at once at the relay station. Your relief is here. The big push is to start in the morning."

No silence now. Everyone was moving. "Hand me my water bottle." "Where is my mess tin?" All ready, and we are away. One more slide down that never-to-be-forgotten hill, tripping over wires in our hurry, then across the valley and down the track. Reaching the quiet road, we paused, and one expressed the thoughts of all in asking, "Who says we don't wear horse-shoes, after all?"

## "The Man on the Stretcher."

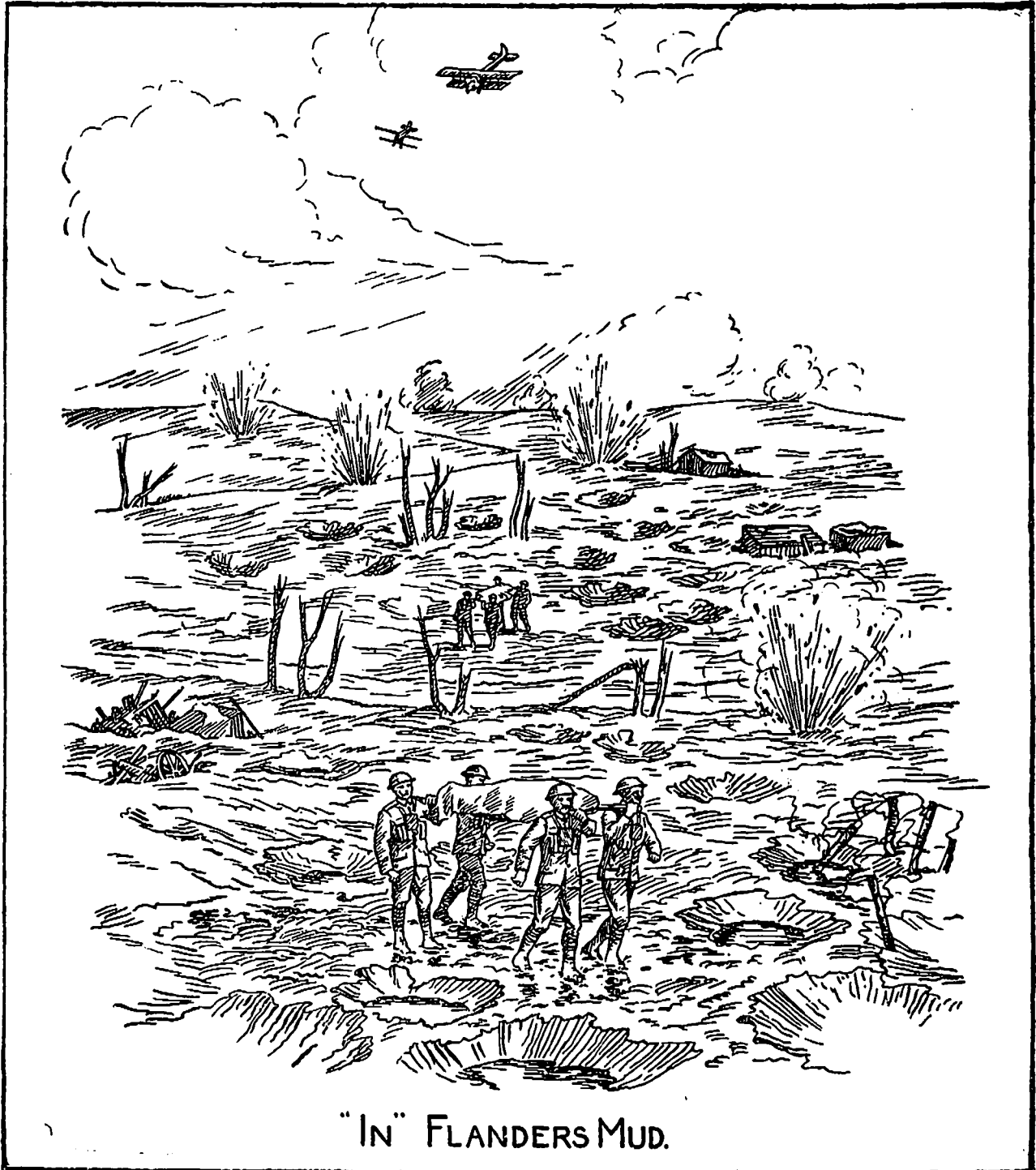
The trail may be rough and uncertain,  
It seldom is found otherwise,  
For the pathway to glory in wartime  
Leads often through mud to the eyes.  
The shells may be bursting around you,  
You cannot flop down in the mud;  
Just think of the man on the stretcher,  
And hope that the next one's a dud.

RATIONS.—(From the Latin *ratio*, meaning "reason.")  
Why this term is used in the Army is unknown.

## In Flanders.

In Flanders, where the mud is glue,  
Where five-point-nines and whizz-bangs, too,  
Come whistling, bursting close by you,  
Till you've a hunch you'll not get thru'.  
Why worry?

Keep on, ye stretcher-bearers brave,  
Your wounded comrades try to save  
From lonely death in shell-hole grave,  
Such rescue may a pathway pave—  
To Blighty.



"IN" FLANDERS MUD.

## “The Relay Post.”

—

I've lived in snug cabooses on the prairies of the West,  
 I've wintered in log cabins 'mong the pine ;  
 I've tented in the foothills, as my wanderings attest,  
 And I've slept in lousy dug-outs “up the line.”  
 But for cosy, cushy comfort, when the night is closing in,  
 And our guns are hurling greetings at the foe,  
 When Fritzie's shells are falling ——— well, amid the general din,  
 Give me a certain relay-post I know.

It's bomb-proof, it is spacious, you can almost stand upright,  
 It is like an umpty-second-rate hotel ;  
 With its kitchenette and cardroom, and its candles burning bright,  
 While up on top old Fritz is raising hell.  
 Comes a clattering of mess-tins, and a line-up 'gainst the wall,  
 Comes the appetising aroma of stew,  
 And we joke with good old Sammy, as we linger for the call,  
 The cheery voice of Private Ingledew.

He's a slender, smiling Cockney, and his close-cropped hair is red,  
 On occasion he can sing a little song,  
 And he's busy at the cook-stove ere the boys are out of bed,  
 And he's sure to bring the rations-bag along.  
 Then there's Sammy with his corn-cob, and Davy with his pen,  
 And Tommy telling tales of gay Paree,  
 And I marvel as I listen at the mustering of men,  
 And war seems just a holiday to me.

For the coffee-can is boiling, and we'll sit and drink our fill,  
 'Round the table where the Army blanket's spread,  
 And we'll talk of Scotia's poet, and of pretty girls until  
 Old Sammy thinks it's time to make his bed.  
 Then there comes the well-known rattle, and the booming of the guns,  
 And the whizz-bangs fall in bunches near the door ;  
 They're wide awake along the line—the restless, sleepless ones—  
 Friend Heine's at his shelling stunt once more.

A voice from out the darkness—“Stretcher-bearers, are you there ?  
 Two men are badly wounded close at hand ” \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Two men have made the sacrifice—have said farewell to care,  
 Have passed on to the wondrous “summer land,”  
 Ay, the land of sweet oblivion, the land that knows not strife,  
 The Elysian fields we hear of just beyond.  
 They've left behind war's havoc—the uncertainties of life—  
 And for them a day of perfect peace has dawned.

Oh, it's not all fun and frolic, as the Unit record tells,  
 But we surely have a cook that knows his job,  
 And we manage for a moment to forget the bloomin' shells  
 While a mess-tin hums and bubbles on the hob.  
 Now I hear that decorations are being issued by the King,  
 And I've reason to believe the story's true,  
 And I'd like to ask a favour—just a simple, trifling thing—  
 A D.C.M. for Private Ingledew.

K. C. VITTIE.

## Who's Who—and Why.

It was at a dinner one evening in the Sergeants' Mess of a most efficient Field Ambulance, "Somewhere in France," that a wordy barrage was in progress, relative to the various amounts of REAL work accomplished during the day by the participants.

"Who is the Orderly Sergeant? Surely he wouldn't be busy," someone suggested innocently.

"Wouldn't he, though? You just suggest that again and I'll—I'll swing on you. I have never ceased chasing round this camp since reveille. You fellows are continually going round—Orderly Sergeant this, that, and the other thing, all day long. Why, that Boy Dispenser actually had the audacity to halt me in my busy career to enquire whether I could suggest the whereabouts of any chocolate. Isn't that right, Sergeant-Major?" The wee Orderly Sergeant seemed peeved.

"That a boy Orderly Sergeant! That's the stuff to gie 'em," answered the Sergeant-Major, promptly and energetically, amid roars of laughter.

The Boy Dispenser is noted for his insatiable desire for chocolate in any form—preferably by the pound—and likewise for the doubtful methods employed in the procuring of this delicacy. It is on record that when the Old Grey Mule, of transport fame, was taken seriously ill with some fearful disease comparable to scabies, that the two indefatigable sergeants of that Section approached the Boy Dispenser with a view to obtaining some necessary medicament for the alleviation of its wretchedness and suffering. "Have you brought any chocolate?" was his query. "N—o, but we might bring some in the near future," they suggested, affably. "Then I am afraid the Old Grey Mule must suffer and die in the meantime," was the unyielding response. They had first to cajole, then to argue with the inexorable apothecary without avail, and left with the parting remark, "Gee, but you are a hard guy to get along with." Outside they held a consultation with the Transport Sergeant-Major. Then they collected all the chocolate from the latest Canadian parcels and presented the sum total as a peace offering to the Chocolate Fiend. The required Medicament for the Old Grey Mule was forthcoming.

"Well, there is no possibility of an argument as to work. The members of the Transport are undoubtedly the only REAL workers in the Unit. You cannot compare a pen-pusher or a sick parade Jollier with REAL working men. To-day we hauled rations, hauled

wood, hauled shale, hauled stone, and hauled coal, and now in the evening, in their spare time, they are polishing chains, cleaning harness, washing waggons, not to mention grooming their horses and mules by moonlight." This from the Transport Sergeant-Major, with chesty pride that must once be seen in order to be really appreciated. It produced a chorus of vigorous protest.

"Auld Mac o' the Horrre Trrransport," growled the Scotch Dispenser, between violent coughing spells.

"Yes," retorted the Sergeant-Major, quizzically.

"And what did you do in the Great War, Daddy?"

"A'm no' varra weel the day, Mac, no weel a' ta'. I ha'e a verra severe carrbuncle un ma neck, and the Medical Oofficerr tauld me tae rrest forr otherr twa days, so am jist rresting afterr ma arrduous labourrs."

Hoots and laughter of a most unsympathetic nature greeted this declaration of restfulness.

"I beg to rise on a point of orderr," protested the restful member, smilingly.

"Ah, you only think you do," cut in the Motor Transport representative. "You cannot take a rise out of us A-Tall. As caterer of this Mess, I'd like to know how you, the Treasurer, managed to acquire new cap, new boots, etc., while I can't get enough cash to produce even apple sauce occasionally, as an addition to our regular menu. Please explain your working methods. Mr. President, what have you to say to this?"

"As the incumbent from the 'Honest' Section, I can spare but scant time from the duty of guarding the 'Honest' Section's equipment from the deplorably acquisitive depredations of my 'Friend' from 'C' Section, and the gentlemen of 'A' Section. One Scot and a Yorkshireman are quite sufficient to keep track of at once. I turned my back on our equipment for but a few moments the other day, and returning, found our nest of new saucepans had been molested, each saucepan being decorated with a large 'C,' and our bale of new blankets branded with a huge 'A.' As a mark of questionable possession, please note the fine 'C' upon our new mess stove. To 'B' situated between a Sharp and a Witty Section is to 'B' most unfortunate."

"Yes, yes, friend."

"That's mentioning no names, but therre's no harrum in looking."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, what of honesty in Nissen Hut construction?" enquired the Sergeant-Major of our new building expert.



"Nothing very startling, except that when the hut collapsed in a wind storm both you and I, Sergeant-Major, were very honestly upset."

"Was it a busy day at the Dental Parlours, or was it Jake?"

"It was Jake, and he very busy," was the smiling answer.

"Why, man, that suah wath some parade. It reached from our door to the cross-roads corner of the next town. You can't beat that, I'll bet."

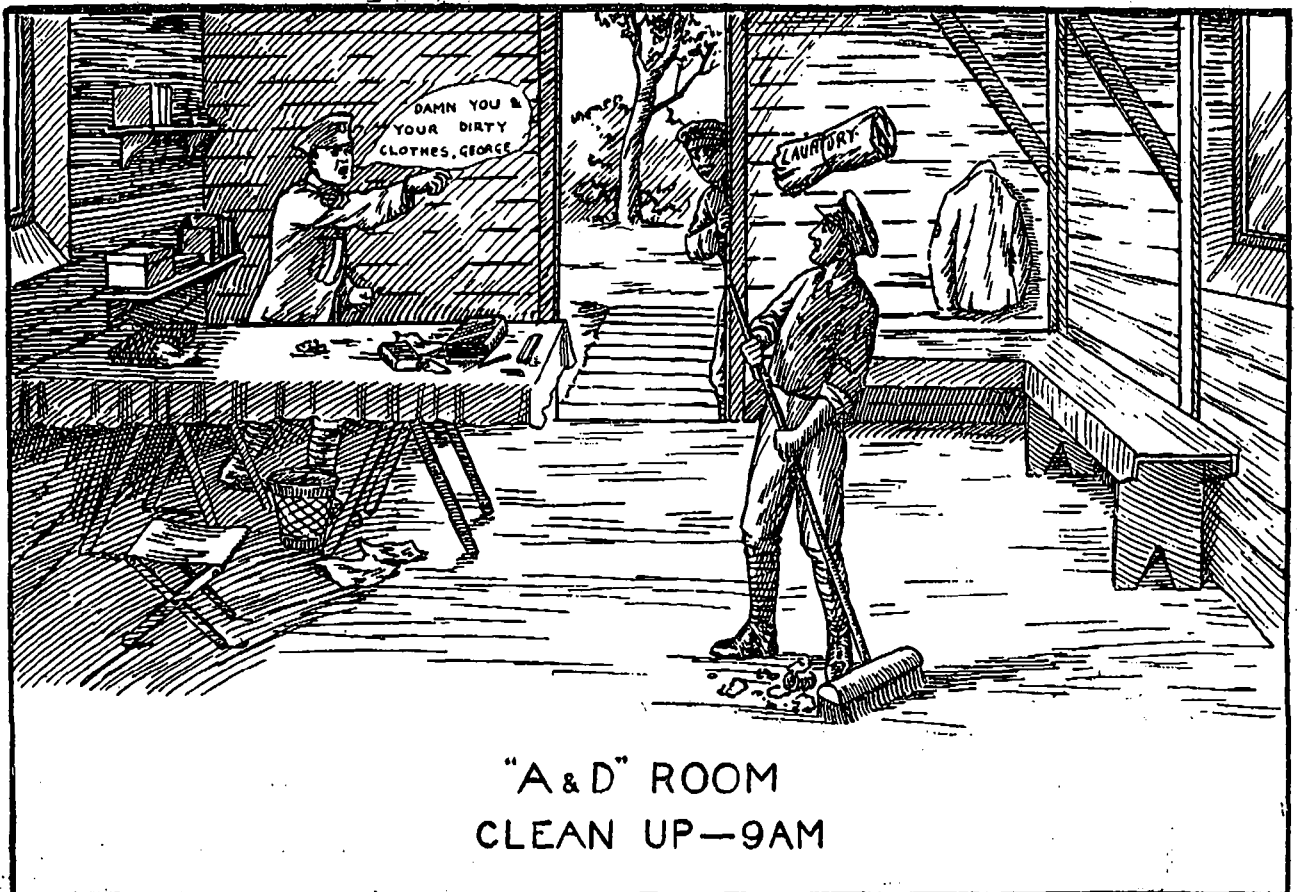
"I have no betting proclivities whatsoever, but our sick parade extended from the dressing-room to the cross-roads corner of the next town and around it," stated the sick parade Jollier, emphatically.

"You win, man. You sure do, man," admitted the chair artist.

"Well, in so far as I can judge, the orderly-room staff is accomplishing the only official work in connection with the Unit," remarked their member judiciously.

"And what is our Sergeant-Major's biggest work?" came the question.

"Keeping the balance of power and fair play in the bunch," was his prompt reply. This, and the ability to keep things humming along smartly, characterises our Sergeant-Major.



"A & D" ROOM  
CLEAN UP—9AM

## Society Notes from the Horse Transport.

Pte. R. G. Moore left us some time ago to take a Commission in the R.F.C. Pte. Arthur Smith is another aspirant after military honours, and seeks a Commission in a fighting battalion. He is "on the job again" after "doing his bit" in the line with the —th, and he is now awaiting further orders.



Pte. Davy Graham spent another vacation in Paris. After knocking around, and having a good time generally, he *finally* found his way back, and is once more with us.



Pte. Harry Coates is now in the Tuxedo Convalescent Camp, and is slowly recovering from his illness. Billy Malcolm is with a Forestry Battalion in Blighty. "How are you logging, Bill?"



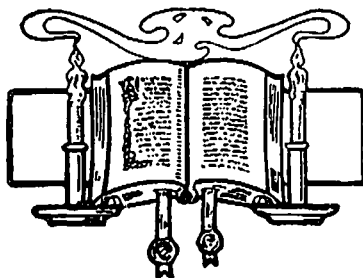
Corpl. Charlie Martin paid us a visit the other day. His chief form of recreation still consists in prophesying when the War is going to end.



Dunc. had another letter from Bill Bonar lately. He is doing well, and sends his compliments to the boys. His warlike spirit is not satisfied, however, for he maintains that the happiest time of his life was when he was driving the old grey mule.



The Transport Baseball Team at present looks very promising, and should make a close run for first place in the inter-sectional series this summer. Wendell's hand has not lost its cunning.



## To Our Mules.

You half-bred beast 'twixt horse and ass,  
Your good points here I'm going to pass,  
They are so few that I could state  
You'd think the devil your only mate.

But, just the same, to get your chance,  
We brought you with us here to France;  
On box-cars first you all were placed,  
Like tinned sardines you there were spaced.

And in this state you were more contented  
Than on any line we've yet invented.  
You've chewed our ropes and ate our nets,  
A source of trouble to our "Vets."

We built you many a decent stable;  
You tear it down for all you're able.  
This is the way you choose to show  
Your thanks for shelter from rain and snow.

And then it comes, the long, dark night,  
To guard you all without a light.  
When one or more of you gets loose,  
You sure do "raise the very deuce."

We fix you up just like a horse,  
Although your looks are very coarse.  
Your grooms have tried to keep you clean,  
But their hard work can scarce be seen.

If Army rules regarding mules  
Could be at once suspended,  
The men would sing, "Long live the King,"  
And feel their troubles ended.

Just one more word we'd like to add;  
We think the man an awful cad  
Who first brought in the funny rule  
To clean the harness of a mule.

Someone wants to know whether, when a chap succeeds in borrowing five francs from a Scotsman, it would be rightly considered a "victory loan."

A COMING EVENT OF THE FUTURE.—The reunion of the —th "toughs," après la guerre. "Pea" suggests the Occidental.



Daylight "clearing" through a Trench.



## The Reveries of an Old Plug.

Time was when I roamed the wide prairies, within sight of the white-crested monarchs, the silent sentinels, that have watched, unmoved, the progress of the world for a hundred thousand years or so. Free, I was, to come and go, when and where I would. In the summer time I cropped the lucious grasses that grew so thickly, slaking my thirst at some lonely creek which gurgled its way from the foothills. When the wind blew strongly my mates and I would set off at a wild gallop, with manes and tails flowing, kicking our heels in the air; and then, suddenly, we would stop and sniff the breeze, and pronounce our independence with a snort. In the winter you could see us pawing at the snow to get at the grass below, or hammering away with our hoofs at the thin ice to get at the water below. Nothing ever came to disturb our peace, except the howl of the prowling coyote, or the hoot of the "hoo-hoo" owl.

But dark days were ahead; man, that proud despot, came to curb our liberty. It was a fight for freedom, and I knew it from the start. Nature said, "Beware!"

So I bucked, bit, bolted, balked, and performed any and every trick of devilment I knew, and the arts which my free life had taught me. But all to no purpose, and I decided at last that it did not pay to be so wild. I had found a master, yes, and he was a good one, too. I roamed the paddock and lived in a cosy barn, and made friends with my new "pals," and sometimes my master's daughter would come and place her curly head against mine, and pat my nose gently. She never came empty handed; sometimes she would bring a lump of sugar, and would whisper kind words to me. Oh! how I looked for her comings, and now I am far from those quiet scenes of my youth, a conscript in a strange country. My experiences of long journeys in trains and on the rolling billows have left me sadder and wiser.

But I am known still as "Jim," and they term me a willing horse. Some who don't understand me call me a "good old plug." Who is it that brings up the rations or tugs at the heavy guns? Poor old plugs, conscripts like myself, pulling through the deep mud or digging our hoofs into the slippery, frozen roads, straining up the hills, through poisonous gas and bursting shrapnel. I am part of the machinery of the Empire, they tell me, though I can't understand what it all means, but, perhaps, that is because I have good "horse-sense." Little the world thinks of me or of all

the risks we take, for if a horse is "napooed" there's another to take his place. Maybe I shall be stiff and cold one day in Flanders, or in a corner of Northern France. The old plug did his "bit."

Shall I ever gallop over the prairies again—who can tell?

How the old horses would laugh to see me with my tail docked, my mane and coat clipped. I felt it very badly at first, but I have learned now to treat life with a philosophic indifference and take things as they come. Many little incidents amuse me, and I often laugh to myself as I hear of men's love affairs, and of the charming "mademoiselles" of France. But none of them can come up to my master's daughter back on the old farm, and I guess I am better off without all these extra troubles.

I was asked the other day when the War is going to end; but what can an old plug say? I look into the distance with wistful eyes, as if to say, though I may be a bit of a philosopher, "that's not within a horse's ken." I wish I could say "to-morrow." But this much I can do, I rub my nose in an understanding way against my master's shoulder. He knows—"Carry on, master, carry on!"

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## For Sale.

A.D.S. for sale, or would be let furnished (less technical equipment) at a nominal rental. Charmingly situated near a main thoroughfare, but away from the dust of motors. The mansion, with southern aspect, dates from about the year 1800, and is replete with almost every modern comfort. Stands on chalk soil. At present only the cellars are occupied. The upper stories, consisting of a number of splendidly ventilated rooms, afford a wide view over extremely interesting country. Gas is (frequently) laid on, and water is plentiful. The grounds are large, and the earth has recently been turned over, and the trees pruned. Valuable mineral deposits exist on the property. The present tenants have been in possession for a month, but are expecting to leave shortly for London. For full particulars, apply to —th Field Ambulance, "Somewhere—far, far from home."

## Blighty Leave.

Dear old Blighty. Memories and pleasant thoughts of it make the Overseas soldier homesick—even though their home is not there. For is not the most frequent wish of all men who know the line work at all—"If I could just get a nice 'Blighty.'" But, indeed, few there are who find them, so, old-timers or not, we all look forward eagerly to "Leave," and Blighty still holds the popular taste.

London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Belfast—why the very names conjure up busy streets, with real stores, whole and handsome buildings, English-speaking folk, and, oh! boy, an honest-to-goodness bed. If this be not Heaven to a fed-up soldier, well, it seems mighty like it for a time at least.

To most of us "Colonial" troops, Blighty simply means London. The swiftest soldier will find it quite enough too, if he desires to get round and see it all in fourteen days, particularly if he wishes to see both old and new London. The observer will note many curious transitions, and one cannot do better than get a guide. At this point a tribute must be paid to the various Overseas Clubs—"The Maple Leaf," "The Union Jack," "Peel House," etc., not to mention the splendid work of the "Y," where a welcome is sure to be had. Not only are excellent meals to be had at reasonable prices, and luxurious reading and smoking rooms, but guides are provided to take parties of soldiers around to see the sights.

It is decidedly advisable to go on a sight-seeing tour through London for one or two days at least, otherwise one might simply wander about without learning anything of the heart and soul of the mighty City. Here we might learn something of the spirit that sent our forefathers to cross oceans and continents, and ever to stand up for Liberty, Truth, and Democracy. Even a brief visit to the Tower of London, the British Museum, Art Galleries, St. Paul's, the Houses of Parliament, and the historic palaces, is an inspiration as well as an education. However, if the historical sense is not very keen, you may get tired of these ancient places, as did one of our party, when he asked the guide, "Why don't they paint St. Paul's and those other old buildings to freshen 'em up a bit?" If feeling like this, get out. There are lots of other places to be seen besides remains of bygone glories.

You may take a trip to the Green Isle and visit Old Ireland, where the kindly Irish folk will give you a royal welcome. Here you may kiss the Blarney Stone, see the fair City of Dublin, and gaze on the lovely

Lakes of Killarney, or go up to the "Black North," get informed on the Irish question by talking it over with one of Ireland's fair daughters in Belfast or Derry, where the girls are indeed winsome and pretty.

If you prefer a tour to "Auld Scotia," you will find much to interest, amuse, and instruct. As the Scotch Express rushes up North one can soon tell—in the winter by the cold, and in the summer by the sight and perfume of the Heather Hills—that one has arrived in the Land o' Cakes. Go to Aberdeen, the Granite City—that old yarn about the Aberdeen Jew is slightly exaggerated; a visit will prove this. Of course Edinburgh is the chief attraction in Scotland, even as London is in England. Its classic old Castle, Holyrood Palace, with Arthur's Seat overlooking all; St. Giles' Cathedral, and its queer old streets, are all rich with memories of days of struggle and stress in the history of a sturdy, independent people, while even to-day Princess Street is one of the finest thoroughfares in the world.

Then, bustling commercial Glasgow, with the busy River Clyde, whose shipyards and munition factories are surely doing their "bit," must be seen to be appreciated. As a tonic for war-weariness, stand up upon the heather hills above the Firth of Clyde, and look upon the scene below. Up the River, Dunbarton Rock stands out, with its Castle still on sentinel duty. Across the river the green-covered hills look away upon three peaceful lochs, which reflect to one the sun's last rays. Let the stillness and peace slip deep into your soul, then refreshed and renewed, you will return to France, more willing to fight, and, if need be, die, for an Empire which holds so many treasured memories and such natural loveliness.

## Sayings of "Great Men."

- 1 "Orders is orders and them's me orders."
- 2 "No, we haven't any in stock just now"
- 3 "Aw, sergeant, I was on that job yesterday."
- 4 "Oh! You're awful."
- 5 "Zowie."
- 6 "You old dear."
- 7 "What are you looking at?"
- 8 "What's the name of the game?"
- 9 "He's all right; he looks pretty comfortable."
- 10 "All paid, well paid and off we go to War again."
- 11 "Good morning, sir, it looks like we'll have another fine day to-day, sir."
- 12 "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

## A Day in the Life of a Ward Orderly.

BY VASELINE ANODYNE DOVÈRE.

This article has been written largely for the benefit of those who, through lack of personal experience, imagine that the life of a ward orderly in the war zone is, in addition to being (temporarily) "bomb-proof," full of "beer and skittles."

For our illustration we have taken a ward, run in connection with a Main Dressing Station, through which "Blighties" and "Canadas" must necessarily pass. In this ward, the capacity of which is, say, anywhere from fifty to eighty patients, we have an orderly in charge, an assistant, and any convalescents who are capable of doing a little light duty. The old saw, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," stands good in war work, and usually the regular orderlies prefer to shoulder the little heavier burden rather than have the broth spoilt.

I could never have imagined such a vast concourse of people, and there was I in the very centre, on a little dias kneeling before my King. Touching me lightly on the shoulder with a naked sword, he uttered the words, "Arise, Sir Richard."

Alas and alack, in order to obtain a little fresh air, I had taken a trip as an orderly on a car to C.C.S. the night before, and I had dreamed dreams, but now the heavy hand of the night orderly was dragging me back to the world of grim reality. "Come on, Dick, it's 6.30. Time you were up." A stretch and a yawn, a little tittivating, and the day commences.

First of all we get the report from the orderly we are relieving regarding anything unusual which has occurred during the night, incidentally commiserating with him on the fact that he was unable to get an hour or two's "flop" during the night, the sympathy being entirely insincere, as you are already wishing you were in his shoes, ready to go off to sleep. Then after an examination of the temperature charts, we wend our weary way down the wards to make sure that all the "up" patients are up and ready to go to breakfast. It is now 7.30 a.m., and the breakfasts which have been brought over for the bed-patients are being served. We have to see that all are fed, and fed according to the diets prescribed. By eight o'clock the meal is over, and the cleaning up starts, and this has to be over by nine o'clock. Perhaps in the meantime another car load of patients from up the line has been dumped on us, and these have all to be attended to. Should we be so unlucky as to not secure a broom, we carry on, and a facetious patient will suggest "Tatcho," "Harlene," or "Herpicide," as a remedy for that which serves as an apology for a broom. By dint of much hustling we manage to have things in apple-pie order by the prescribed hour.

Nine o'clock, and we are ready for the M.O. A silence we can almost feel falls on the ward as in steps the N.C.O. in charge of the hospital. "How's

everything this morning?" are the first words he utters. Our reply satisfies him for the moment, and then he proceeds to make assurance doubly sure by means of a tour of the ward. A few minutes later he is back and informs us that some of the coats or blankets of the "up" patients are not properly folded. So down we go to do a little sleuthing on our own, and find a cavalry coat, folded, but with no buttons showing. Then there are the treatments to be given, and from now on we have to pose as a human encyclopædia. We are called over to the bedside of some patient and he exhibits, half shyly, half hopefully, a rash on his chest—shyly because for all he knows it may be due to certain small denizens of his underclothing; hopefully, because it may mean a trip to No. 7 General, with measles. However, you assure him that it is simply due to the inoculation he received after being wounded. He has started the ball rolling, and we have to try to stop a torrent of questions, such as, "What does P.U.O. mean? What is I.C.T.? What was my temperature this morning? Any chance of a bath? How can I get my mail? When will the M.O. be in?"

"Ward, 'shun," rings out the command, and the M.O. enters. We proceed to business. The first patient is suffering from, let us say, boils, and hot compresses are ordered for him. Then we have two or three wounded men, a case of pleurisy, whom the M.O. examines thoroughly and orders to be sent to the C.C.S. The following dialogue is next heard. "What are you complaining of?" "Appendicitis, sir." "Oh! Who said you had appendicitis?" "My M.O., sir." "Have you any pain?" "Yes, sir, here." "Anywhere else?" "No, sir." Unfortunately our patient has placed his finger so as to make his appendix a south-paw. The M.O. turns to you with the words, "All right, Orderly, you know what to do," and you have to turn away to hide your grin. So we go round the ward, the M.O. picking out those fit for duty again, and those whose ailments are serious enough to take them to C.C.S. We listen to the stories of those we know are "swinging it," the M.O. weighing up each case carefully. Here must be recorded one of the most humorous diagnoses met with in our experience. We had a notorious "lead swinger" in the ward, who was being kept there under sufferance. This morning in particular, however, the M.O. listened carefully to what he had to say. The poor fellow was apparently quite unable to move properly, but by means of a little stagecraft he was turned over face downwards; certain movements were performed unconsciously by the patient, and these were carefully noted. Then, after an exhaustive examination, the M.O. stepped back from the bed, and just as if he had actually been examining an anatomical freak, he said, "Oh, send him down. He's useless, no backbone, and no guts." A few more patients to be seen, the parade is over, and the M.O. makes his exit. Talk about your hustling, this is where it starts. We are expecting the C.C.S. convoy (M.A.C. to be correct) to drive up to the door at any minute. Six of those going down are stretcher cases, and the balance, say eight, are walking cases. Perhaps half of these have to be dressed, the



" Kultur " exemplified in the Suburbs of Lens.

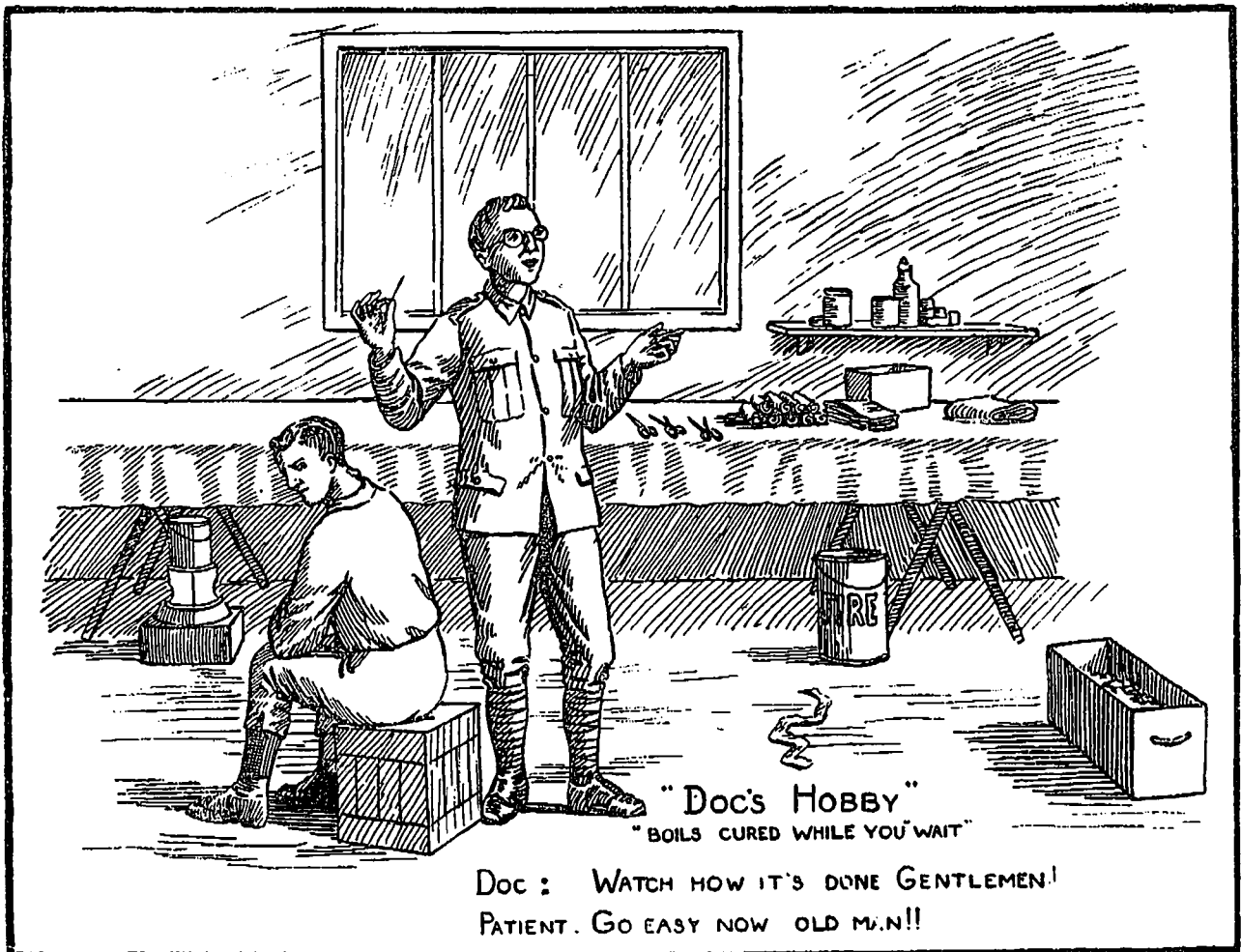


stretchers to bring up and the kits to be fetched. At last the convoy is loaded and starts off, and in we come again to commence our dressings and give the treatments prescribed a short time ago by the M.O., and before we are aware of it, dinner time has arrived. While we are engaged in bringing in the diets for the bed patients, the door of the ward swings open, and a stretcher case is brought in. The first glance at the patient recalls Robert Service's description of the miner in his "Shooting of Dan McGrew." He is "dog dirty and loaded for bear." The poor beggar is lying on the stretcher with his wet, muddy clothes still on, and these must be removed, and the patient put to bed. Meanwhile, our dinner has gradually become cold, greasy, and unappetising. We push it aside, because, under the circumstances in which we work, our appetites become fickle.

After the dishes have been washed, and the place cleaned up, we start again on our treatments and dressings. Now we must start in to re-write the ward book. This is a very necessary part of the work, since, on account of the floating population of the ward, the records would very soon become untidy and untraceable were we to let it go very long. The carrying forward

is no small job, as all the necessary information has to be ready for the M.O. next morning. Naturally, while we are doing this, we are interrupted many times. Perhaps one chap may have taken a turn for the worse, and the M.O. must be called in. He may order an immediate evacuation to C.C.S., and this means getting the patient and his equipment ready. None of these little jobs may be particularly strenuous or tiring, but every little bit makes a little bit more. Four-thirty and supper is now on. Again there are dishes to wash and the ward to tidy. More treatments and dressings, and then we have to take the temperatures. This is a job that cannot well be rushed. A few finishing touches to the ward book, and the night orderly shows up. In answer to a few pointed enquiries, we assure him that we have drawn sufficient coal, wood, oil, drugs, etc., to last him until morning, and we pass on to him any special instructions which we think will be of use to him. And now for us is that delightful feeling of being relieved of all responsibility for another twelve hours.

Yes, take it on the whole, a ward orderly has a lot of responsibility. Not only has he to do his best for those under his care, and sometimes his conscience is



his sole judge, but he has to do his duty towards the Unit to which he is attached. He has to keep before him always the following imaginary conversation:—

"Hullo, where have you been?"

"Oh, in the hospital," is the usual reply

"Which Ambulance were you with?"

"So and so—and they're a pretty rotten outfit."

Now what gives him that impression? Why, simply that, perhaps, the few orderlies with whom he has come in contact have treated him badly in one way or another. It is very hard, sometimes, to control one's temper and be tactful, especially when one is a little "under the weather," or when one's nerves are a little frayed by overwork or worry, but it must be done. Authority must be exercised, and yet there must be no hint of the "mailed fist," even though one has the satisfaction of knowing that the "Powers that be" are behind one.

## Peter Pan.

Oh, Peter, the pestering Piper,  
Oh, man with the clarion call,  
Oh, would that the morning were riper  
Before the reveille you call.

For I was just kissing my Mary,  
I was thousands of miles from the morn;  
Oh, Pete, I was back on the prairie,  
When you blew the tempestuous horn

The echo has scarce left your trumpet,  
When the hut fills with terrible din,  
And some nervous recruit shouts "Jump it!"  
The bugler is sounding "Fall in!"

Then we double out shivering and cross,  
And line up as well as we can;  
Of my kiss I'm still grieving the loss,  
And I'm blaming the bugler man.

But after two calls so unwelcome,  
Comes one that makes us less sore,  
For now with your bugle you yell, "Come."  
Oh, come to the cook-house door!"

Then we smile at the bacon adorning  
Our porridge, three slices plus one;  
Thus passes each early morning—  
So they will, till the War is done

Oh, bugler, with tones so strident,  
Be good to the boys if you can,  
See that night into day has widened,  
Ere you call any soldier man

## Spring Fever

(May, '18).

Springtime has ever been the busy season. In Canada it is the seeding-time, and the mere mention of Spring calls to mind great stretches of rolling prairie over which mighty forces toil to prepare and seed the virgin soil. It is the constructive period, as it were—the days during which is planted the great golden harvest of the West. In France, Springtime has come to be considered the fighting season, and "Spring Drive" is a universal and immortal term. Consequently, the Spring months necessarily form a destructive era, but they are also, in a sense, the season of the sower—the time when are sown the seeds of a righteous conquest, which must eventually produce the priceless harvest of free democracy and world liberty. And in this year, 1918, just as Canada is planting a record crop of foodstuffs, so the British and French troops here in France are fighting the record battle of the War.

The other great characteristic of Spring is the superb loveliness with which she fashions and adorns all nature. She showers her wealth of colour generously, recklessly, until the lowliest herb acquires a grace of its own. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Hence the tendency of this first season of the year to dispel all care and gloom from our midst. How pleasing to leave the grim, shell-torn waste with its stuffy dug-outs and close confines, and spend a few weeks back amid Nature's beauties of rural France at this spring-tide! Certainly there is no greater balm to the tired body, mind, and soul. A delightful drowsiness creeps over us as we lazily stretch ourselves on some grassy turf beneath the shade of ancient trees these sunny, sunny days. Our thoughts travel backward to the days of long ago, when, as care-free children, we romped in the cool meadows of our own or our Motherland.

Oh, the joys of these fresh, clear mornings, when reveille drives us from our cosy, straw mats in some spacious, well-aired "écurie." Less and less grudgingly do we listen to this call of morning; for to the great majority it is this early hour which gives a glimpse of the real joy of living. The roll-call on the green, the race down the cobbled-stone highway, the dismiss, the cold dash of sparkling water drawn with the old oaken bucket, the simple morning meal beneath the trees—surely such a programme of health must be the envy of many. And then the morning parades, the afternoon sport and pleasure, the evening strolls and solitudes—these mingle delightfully together to fill up the days which one loathes to leave.

From the scream of shells to the music of the birds, from the shattered grey soil to the smooth green meadow, from the hell of the battlefield to the paradise of Nature—only those who have experienced such an ascent can realise the resultant joy.

"The little cares that fretted me,  
I lost them yesterday.  
Among the fields, down o'er the lea  
Among the winds at play;  
Among the lowing of the herds,  
The rustling of the trees,  
Among the singing of the birds  
The humming of the bees."

We march back to the line with renewed hope and courage, thoroughly refreshed and ready.

## Billets.

Billets—the soldier's home. We shall never hear the word without it calling up memories. Most of us, I imagine, had heard it used in pre-war days, yet anyone who has not been on active service is unable to appreciate the full significance of the term. It may stand for so much, or so little.

Two years spent in France. We have had experience with innumerable kinds of billets, and still we are told that there are others. It may be true, but most of us are more than satisfied, knowing what we do of crowded billets, billets that leak, billets that the wind blows through, and sometimes, to be honest, a cosy billet. Anything from a few square feet under a tree to a comfortable room in a house may be termed a billet; but the favourite places are barns or tin huts.

One learns much about billets while on the march. As we tramp along over these seemingly endless kilometres of France, it is a matter of much conjecture what our billets for the night will be like. Which section will be lucky—lucky in being allotted a clean, dry place, preferably near an estaminet? It is rather a useless query, for the other fellow always gets the best. After doing many miles—and always a "bit" more—we arrive at our intended home, usually in a very small village, or occasionally a farm, which it requires no great stretch of the imagination to associate with a well-known picture of Bairnsfather's.

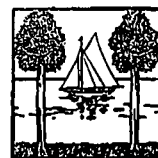
We stop, so tired that we are willing to drop anywhere, provided that we are allowed to rest. A few minutes, and then someone calls: "Twenty men here, and if you are lucky enough to be in the first twenty you move along and file into a dilapidated-looking shed. It might have been used years and years ago for something else, but at present it is only fit for

the billeting of soldiers. The door, if any, is usually off its hinges, and there are holes in the walls which serve as a system of ventilation. The inside view does not appear so hopeless, however, for the abundance of fresh, clean straw is a "sight for weary backs." The roof looks more like a net than a protective covering, but these tile roofs are deceiving, and may not leak so badly as one might think. Fatal optimism, however, for after moving fifteen times during the night to escape the drip, you wake in the morning to find your boots half-filled with water.

The march may be short, or we may spend several nights under similar circumstances before reaching the place where our headquarters are likely to be for some time. A difference is noted in our billets here. As a rule, they are more substantial, being usually tin huts with boarded floors. On taking possession, there is little else than the huts themselves, unless you mention the rats, which are always on hand to welcome us. After the lapse of a few weeks, appearances will have changed considerably, however. One of the characteristics of a good soldier is his ability to acquire anything and everything, and here is an excellent field for "rustling." The once bare hut is now furnished, rudely, perhaps, but serviceably, with a table, benches, perhaps a stove, and various other articles which contribute to our comfort.

Weeks and months pass, and we begin to look on our camp as a permanent home. It is always open to us on our return from "up the line." We know every nook and corner of it, and just the best place to dodge the Orderly Sergeant. When the Order to move comes, we pack our "kits" regretfully, and yet in a sense we are glad to proceed to pastures new, for every soldier gets the "wanderlust," and is always eager to explore fresh fields.

We have learned to sleep soundly, and be not anxious for the morrow. It may rain, it may blow, there may be no roof, but the sky, yet—"ish ka bible." True, we will grouch—that is a soldier's privilege—but we will "carry on."





## In Memoriam.

PRIVATE SMALL, W. W.  
 „ SEUME, H. T.  
 „ MOORHOUSE, E. N.  
 „ HEMBROFF, E.  
 „ DAVIDSON, S. S.  
 „ LOVATT, C. W.  
 „ DAVIDSON, R.  
 „ SWEENEY, C.  
 „ FISHER, I. S.  
 „ BROWN, J.  
 „ SCHELL, L. R.  
 „ HUGHES, W. J.

“ Not a soul has fallen in vain,  
 Here was no useless sacrifice ;  
 From this red sowing of white seed  
 New life shall rise.

“ All that for which they fought lives on,  
 And flourishes triumphantly ;  
 Watered with blood and hopeful tears,  
 It could not die.

“ So——comfort to the stricken heart !  
 Take solace in the fact that they  
 You mourn were called by God to such  
 High dignity.”