

THE FORTYNINER



MAGAZINE OF THE
49th Batt. CO. E.F.
Edmonton Alberta
CANADA

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DID YOU EVER?
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Vol. I. No. 2. 11

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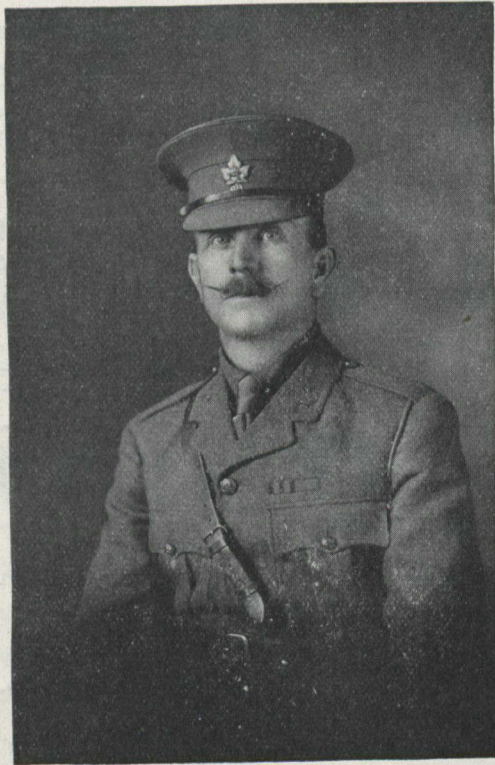
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FOLKESTONE.

THE "LITTLE SQUEEZE."

(MAJOR A. K. HOBBS.)



*Yours truly
A. K. Hobbs*

The Forty-Niner

Vol. I.

No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

It will be remembered that the last editorial was headed "Don't Knock—Boost." This one will not be so headed, for it is not necessary, as no one has knocked; and on every occasion that it has been the lot of members of the Committee to speak about the first issue, it has always been a word of praise and approbation that has been said—never a word to the contrary—and our thanks are due to the readers of this humble journal for their appreciation of our efforts, as also are our thanks due to those who have in any way contributed to the setting of our "baby journal" on its feet.

We hope, with the aid of all interested, to continue publishing this journal, wherever Fate places us—be it "Somewhere in France" or "Somewhere" somewhere. It will be a hard task, but we feel assured that, with the Battalion, from the C.O. to he who thinks himself lowest, at our back, the task set can and will be done; so put your shoulder to the wheel and "shuv." Articles of all descriptions are needed; cartoons are always welcome. We feel sure there are members of this battalion who can use pen and pencil; so get busy and let us have your efforts.

It has been proposed to keep a certain number of these magazines of every issue, with the purpose in view of binding them in volumes of about twelve numbers to each volume and offering them for sale; so would anyone wishing to procure same hand in their names to any member of the Committee?

We must consider ourselves lucky in the fact that we have lately had added to our ranks some 150 new faces, these same all having come from that other well-known Edmonton Battalion commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Harwood, and the proficiency of these men speak well of the training they received under him and his able staff of

officers. We understand that the draft came across on our old friend the Metagama under the charge of Lieutenant Raphael, with Lieutenants Coles, Walton, Taylor, and Guillon in charge of the separate platoons. We are sorry that we could not have the pleasure of seeing the whole Battalion march into Shorncliffe ready and willing to do their little bit for the Empire; but that was not to be so. We must rest content to think that it was the 49th that had the good fortune to secure an Edmonton draft, the 51st. We need have no fear that the 49th will come out at the top of the list since the arrival of these men, for one and all have the welfare of their adopted Battalion at heart, as have the original members, and we know that when the test comes we shall not be disappointed.

Our sympathy is offered to all members of the Battalion—officers or men—who through various causes have had the misfortune to be left behind. Even though they are not with us on our first trip across the water, it is to be hoped that we may soon see their faces once again in the ranks of the 49th, and may we say that, even though it is not their luck to go with us at first, they but do their duty, e'en though they stand and wait.

We shall try and give a short résumé of all the happenings of this Battalion since the publication of the first number; and if by chance should some incident have escaped our society, etc., reporters, you must forgive us, as no man is infallible.

Our late editor had the misfortune to run foul of a taxi while in London, and this has put him *hors de combat* for the time being, and his duties have fallen on the shoulders of your humble scribe, the present Editor, and any faults which may occur, you will please put down to his inexperience in the game, and if any kick is coming, please kick him (with rubber shoes), and not his confrères.

EDITOR.

WE PREPARE FOR WAR.

"The battalion will proceed to France on Saturday." This is the news that sweeps through the camp and stirs the innermost feelings of one and all.

It means action for all of us, after a stay of four months in preparation for this longed and hoped for event—action not only on the other side of the water, but on this side as well, for the issue of war impedimenta means a task for the quartermaster which needs a Hercules to tackle. Web equipment is exchanged for the old leather harness, and meets with the approval of all and sundry. Rifles of the rebored Ross pattern are issued, cleaned and made ready for the coming battles which we all long to engage in. Extra clothing of all description is flying from the Q.M.S. hands to the arms of the ready receivers, with many and trite comments; sunshades, gas helmets, soap, bread sacks, and a varied assortment of articles with uses so obscure that it would puzzle Euclid himself to find a good and sufficient cause for their being.

Transports fly here and there loaded to their utmost capacity with "returned empties," rifle cases, old equipment, and all the spare junk that accumulates wherever one finds a camp. The transport officer is heard to say things that he only is allowed to say, but he is forgiven and sympathised with in his trouble.

Take a walk down the lines, and we find a group of men with a set of the new equipment in their midst, the several parts scattered in a circle around the belt; one more bold than the other essays to catch the beast and reset its dislocated members. He starts in the right manner by putting his heel on the belt, and then endeavours to correctly place the ammunition pouches; then the haversack catches his eye, and that is examined and placed in its wrong position; then the pack comes in for its abuse; the entrenching tool is looked over and thrown on one side as no good; and so the various parts of the new issue are condemned to rest awhile, until some other bold spirit comes around and says that he knows how to tame the beast; then we sit and watch his endeavours, and give him the hew-haw.

Further on we find still more busy men, each possessed of a file, each confronted by a bayonet in a home-made clamp, and each

endeavouring to vent his wrath on its dull edge, so that when the time comes for the 49th to take part in a bayonet charge he may have an instrument that will cut the toughest hide a German can show.

Then even the cooks show a tendency to hustle now that they are provided with the active service kitchens; one can always see a cloud of smoke vomiting from the bowels of these creatures on two wheels, but, smoke or not, we notice a decided improvement in the meals turned out.

Oh! you pioneers, how the saw and the hammer goes apace providing boxes of all shapes and sizes to accommodate the various squeak instruments of the two bands, the hobby-horses of the orderly room, and all the odds and ends that go to make up fighting togs of a battalion on the warpath!

Outside the company quartermasters' tents we see a litter of cast-off garments, all of which will eventually find a resting place on the backs of other individuals, if they are not beforehand condemned to the rubbish pile or sent away in the various and curious parcels that it is the lot of the post corporal to receive.

The rank and file are not the only ones who show signs of fermentation, for in the officers' lines one sees batmen colliding with one another in their efforts to do the bidding of their bosses, who are also despatching their sundry pairs of socks, pyjamas, and unnecessary personal belongings. They assume the shapes of all the geometrical figures known before and after the flood, and some have so much that they even have to make two parcels, and even then not getting rid of all the surplus. Bedding is reduced to a minimum, air pillows are pricked to make them lighter, tooth brushes have the bristles pulled so that the sharp ends will not prick the officers' back when they wear the harness; moustache wax is tabooed in case some of these flowing whiskers should assume the shape of elongated eyebrows; in fact, all things great and small (it's not the first line of a hymn) are ditched, and every man from the C.O. down tries by all the arts of magic to make his pack as light as possible, for all realise that the row we have to hoe is full of weeds. We are ready to do our duty in whatever sphere we are placed, be it as a fatigue battalion or as an escort to Kaiser Bill.

JUNIUS.

OUR JOYS WHEN IT RAINS.

"To h—— with the rain. You fellows can think yourselves mighty lucky sleeping at the back of the tent, but look at it blowing in at that hole torn in a chunk of canvas, and meant for a door, and that's the place where I have to doss, so what are you grouching about?" The speaker looked disgusted as he started to make his bed on the floor, and tried to steal a foot of space from the man next to him, but he made so much fuss that they finally compromised on six inches. There were twelve weary souls sleeping there, and every inch was wanted, and that six inches was carried round the tent till it got to the only man who was not in; and, as usual, that was the sergeant, who was enjoying the comforts of the sergeants' mess. Later behold him coming home soon after "lights out," and seeing no place to sleep but a young lake just inside the door and everyone apparently asleep.

"Hey! you mutt, get over there."

"Git, it's not reveille yet."

"Where the devil do you think I am going

to sleep? If any of you fellows were any good you would make your sergeant's bed."

He starts to move his kit to make his bed, and piles it on the man most handy, who promptly rolls over with a snore, and everything goes into the lake. The sergeant glares, and, muttering, says:

"Wait till I get you on parade."

"Guess I need a light; where's the candle."

After much hunting he finally finds one in his spare shoes, and the matches being damp it takes him ten minutes to procure a light, then lighting a cigarette he tries to puzzle out the driest place to lay his carcass.

"Lights out, there."

"Who says so?"

"Orderly officer."

Puff! Out goes the light, and the sergeant, roundly cursing orderly officers, lights out, and everything regimental, decides that a bench in the sergeants' mess is the best place for him, and accordingly hikes there.

A subdued laugh follows him, and then nothing is heard except the rain softly falling on the tents on St. Martin's Plain.



"B" COMPANY KITCHEN.

1st Cook: "Why do the Germans always go through the streets?"

2nd Cook: "I dunno."

1st Cook: "Because they can't get through the Alleys."

PROMOTIONS, APPOINTMENTS, TRANSFERS, &c.

PROMOTIONS.

Corporal S. R. E. Jolley, of "A" Company, 49th Battalion, to be Second Lieutenant, 15th Reserve Battalion Royal Fusiliers.

Private J. R. Ardill, of "C" Company, 49th Battalion, to be Second Lieutenant 10th Reserve Battalion Royal Sussex.

Sergeant H. H. Griesbach, of the 4th Battalion C.E.F., to be Lieutenant in 49th Battalion C.E.F.

Sergeant A. Chadwick to be Lieutenant in the 15th Yorkshire Regiment (West).

C.S.M. B. Johnson to be Lieutenant in the 49th Battalion C.E.F.

Sergeant F. W. Scott to be Lieutenant in the 49th Battalion C.E.F.

Sergeant W. R. Herbert to be Lieutenant in the 49th Battalion C.E.F.

Sergeant A. A. Murray to be Lieutenant in the 49th Battalion C.E.F.

Sergeant W. E. Newton to be Lieutenant in the 49th Battalion C.E.F.

Lance-Sergeant C. G. P. Alliston to be Lieutenant in the 49th Battalion C.E.F.

Corporal R. Rankin to be Lieutenant in the C.A.S.C.T.D.

Lieutenant Harstone to be Captain, to date from March 28, 1915.

Lieutenant G. W. McLeod to be Captain, to date from March 28, 1915.

Lieutenant G. Z. Pinder to be Captain, to date from March 29, 1915.

C.Q.M.S. Floen, H. E., to be R.Q.M.S.

Sergeant H. Bissett to be C.Q.M.S.

Sergeant Smith, of "D" Company, to be C.S.M. "A" Company.

Sergeant McKay, of "D" Company, to be C.M.S. "D" Company.

Sergeant Jackson, of machine gun section, to be C.Q.M.S. "A" Company.

TO BE SERGEANTS.

Lance-Sergt. Broom, C.E., "A" Company.

Lance-Sergeant Kidd, F., "C" Company.

Lance-Sergt. Caine, M. S., "D" Compy.

Corporal Stroud, G., "D" Company.

Corporal McLeod, D., "C" Company.

Corporal Francis, "D" Company.

Corporal Downton, "D" Company.

Private Potts, C., "D" Company.

Corporal Bannerman, T. C., "B" Company.

Corporal Ross, A., "B" Company.

Corporal Sharp, E. J., to be Orderly Room Sergeant.

Lance-Sergeant Girvin, "A" Company.

Lance-Sergeant Nixon, "A" Company.

Lance-Sergt. Welbourne, "B" Company.

Lance-Sergt. Hornigold, "B" Company.

Lance-Sergt. Kingdom, "B" Company.

Corporal McPherson, "C" Company.

Corporal McDonald, "D" Company.

Corporal Edwards, A. E., Signalling Section.

TO BE LANCE-SERGEANTS.

Corporal Wallis, J., "C" Company.

Corporal Seabrook, F., "C" Company.

Corporal Blewett, J. J., "D" Company.

Corporal Freebody, "A" Company.

Corporal Haigh, "B" Company.

Corporal Hughes, "B" Company.

TO BE CORPORALS.

Lance-Corporal Templeton, W., "B" Company.

Lance-Corporal Humble, W.

Private Leiper, C. W.

Private Salmon, R. S.

Private Young, G., "D" Company,

Acting Corporal Transport Drivers.

Private Tuck, S. H., "D" Company,

Acting Corporal Transport Drivers.

Lance-Corporal Parsons, S., "C" Company.

Lance-Corporal McDonald, D., "C" Company.

Lance-Corporal Bonnett, F. W., "C" Company.

Lance-Corporal Hadgkiss, A., "D" Company.

Lance-Corporal Revill, W., "D" Company.

Lance-Corporal Russell, D. C., "D" Company.

Lance-Corporal Montgomery, F. E., "A" Company.

Lance-Corporal Page, W. G. L., "A" Company.

Lance-Corporal Muir, D., "A" Company.

Private Delmege, R. F., to be Corporal of the Sanitary Squad.

Lance-Corporal Morrison, J., "D" Company.

Lance-Corporal McConnell, J., "C" Company.

Lance-Corporal Brown, H. B., "C" Company.

Lance-Corporal Ticknor, T., "A" Company.

Lance-Corporal Gough, E. H., "A" Company.

Lance-Corporal Martin, H. G., "A" Company.

TO BE LANCE-CORPORALS.

Private Conquer "A" Company.

Private Bennett, F., "B" Company.

Private Page, H., "A" Company.

Private Messum, "A" Company.

Private Rule, J., "A" Company.

Private Blackwell, C., "C" Company.

Private Stevenson, R. B., "C" Company.

Private Pelluet, M., "C" Company.

Private Ockenden, E. F., "C" Company.

Private Hackett, G. H., "D" Company.

Private McDonald, P. M., "D" Company.

Private Pinker, G., "D" Company.

Private Bishop, W. A., "D" Company.

Private Donohoe, T., "C" Company.
(Lance-Corporal of the Water Squad.)

Private Cruickshank, B. R., "B" Company.

Private Macey, G. E., "B" Company.

Private Millar, S., "C" Company.

Private Revill, W., "D" Company.

Private Roberts, R., "D" Company.

Private Arnold, H., "D" Company.

Private Conway, T. J., "B" Company.

Private Miller, D., "B" Company.

Private Walker, C. A., "B" Company.

Private Wilkie, A., "A" Company.

Private Garner, J. F., "C" Company.

Private Smith, H., "C" Company.

Private Patrick, J. A., "C" Company.

Private Tucker, H. J., "D" Company.

Private Fazan, D. A., "D" Company.

Private Brown, L. G., "D" Company.

TRANSFERS.

The following transfers have come into effect since the last issue of the magazine:—

To the 2nd Division Canadians Surplus Baggage Stores:—

Private McBlaine, D., "C" Company.

Private Stuart, J. G., "C" Company.

Private Benton, C., "A" Company.

To the Canadian Ordnance Depôt, Ashford:—

Private Pascoe, S. J., "A" Company.

Private Smith, A., "A" Company.

To the C.A.M.C. Shorncliffe:—

Private Taylor, E. H.

Private McPherson, E. C.

Private Cousins, C. G.

Private Lindsey, J.

Private Webb, G.

Private Barton, R.

Private Ball, W. F., to the D.M.S., London, attached.

Lance-Corporal Pearch, attached to the Headquarter Sub-staff, to rank as Sergeant.

Private Cox, J., to the Headquarter Sub-staff as chauffeur to the Camp Commandant, to rank as Sergeant.

Private Delahay is transferred to the Divisional Engineers.

Privates Hensman, Bryant, and Steutal are transferred to the C.A.M.C., Cliveden, Taplow, Buckingham.

DAY DAWN.

The myriad rose-winged heralds of the day
Fly all aflame o'er fields of glimmering
green,

Some lave in silver lakes, all lucent grey,

Or stay to rest on fairy isles serene;

Till morning in her couch, all purple bright,

Draws back the curtain, and, in cloth of
gold,

O'er crimson ways of clear celestial light,

Climbs the hilltops, in glories manifold.

The music of the morning zephyr sounds,

Gentle as love speech, tuneful as the chime
Of old cathedral bells, and all around

The fragrant breeze creates a fairy clime;

And yet, though beauty fling the mantle
wide,

And dale and down are laughing with
delight,

And, condescending Paradise reside

O'er Shorncliffe woods and hills enrobed
with light,

A sunrise lovelier to behold I wait,

When Britain shall have sheathed the
fearful sword

Wherewith again it is her splendid fate

To hold the heights for honour and the
Lord,

And, back from fight on French and Flemish
plain,

Or weary vigil on the sullen sea,

Our lion-hearted lads sail home again,

In day dawn of abiding victory.

LANCE-CORPORAL HADGKISS.

"D" Co., 49th Battalion.

GROUCH McLEAN.

They were a tired, hungry-looking bunch of men that arrived back at camp after four days' bivouacking, forced marches, night attacks, bayonet charges, and scarcity of fodder that played the devil with their appetite.

The cooks had prepared a meal—for quantity good, but for quality leaving much to be desired. Notwithstanding this fact, the rush to the cookhouse when the bugle sounded might have easily been mistaken for the opening of the wet canteen. Back again to the tents came the mess orderlies with the eatables, and squatting on the floor of the tent, No. 20, like so many Indians, the "Coyotes"—for that was the name of that particular section—were silently tickling their tired palates, when a young fellow of thirty-two, dark-complexioned, with a very perceptible twinkle in his eye and a certain fascinating twitching on the upper lip, entered. "Hello, Grouch," they shouted; "when did you get out?"

"Three days ago," he said, seating himself on a pile of blankets; "and, say," says he, "what they didn't know in that hospital about sprained ankles I told them; that's all, boys, and, believe me, it was some spell."

"Well, how's your old flat wheel making it the grade anyhow?" says Julian Clark, a Yorkshire Canadian.

"Tolerably well," says Grouch.

"Who was the lady I saw you with the other night?" says one of the boys, and Grouch fell for it.

"You know, boys," says he, "that's something I didn't intend to let you in on; but, seeing that you caught me red-handed, I will tell you the whole truth. It was like this: I had just left the hospital, and was strolling down the hill to the Leas, when I heard a female voice calling 'Donald, O, Donald.' I turned and saw a lady coming towards me, but I kept on walking, as I thought it was one of the kids playing around she was calling, for, you know, I'm not much of a lady's man, and never thought for a moment that it might possibly be yours truly she was hailing. You can imagine me surprise, then, when presently I felt a gentle tug at my sleeve, and a perfectly sweet voice saying, 'Donald, why didn't you wait for me?' 'I beg your pardon, madam,' I

said, but were you speaking to me?' 'Your name is Donald McLean, isn't it?' she said. 'It is,' I answered; 'but I've no recollection of ever meeting you in my life.' 'Well, that's all right,' she said, 'I know you; so long as I'm not worrying you needn't care.' 'What shall I call you?' I protested. 'Call me Jean,' she said. 'Jean what?' I asked. 'Oh, just plain Jean will do for the present,' she said.

"How do you like England?" she continued 'isn't this a delightful country? I am sure you will never want to go back to Canada.'

"What! Back to God's country? I should say I do. I've only left it six months, and it seems as many years.'

"How did——,"

"Give me a match, Grouch," said one of the boys.

"Matches! You're always bumming matches. I bought two boxes in Canada, and I haven't a d—— one left; go and buy some, you cheap skate."

"Go ahead, Grouch," says Julian, who was so interested that he hadn't touched his dinner. So Grouch continued.

"How did you know I came from Canada?"

"By the badge on your shoulder," came the answer from the lady, but I had a strong suspicion there was another reason. Well, we ambled along the Leas, and sat down and listened to the band of the 49th, which was rendering selections. I became quite interested in her! You know, she had the prettiest eyes and cutest mouth, and I felt I could listen to her voice for ever.

"Well we went to Giromino's for tea, and I booked seats for the Pleasure Gardens Theatre that night, and that was where we were evidently going when you must have seen us. Say, boys, I just fell for her, that's all. I asked her if she would like to go back to Canada with me after the war, and she said she would be delighted; so I got a little bolder and made a fool of myself. I asked her to marry me."

"Well, go on," said the bunch. "What did she say?"

"Oh, she just said she couldn't, for she never would get married without her parents' consent, and it was impossible for either of us to get that."

"I could," I persisted, 'and I think you could with a little persuasion.'

"Oh, no, you couldn't," she said.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Well, Donald, I'll tell you," she said. 'It's like this. When Uncle Bob got your letter he told me you were down here with the Canadians, so I came to visit you, and they told me at your camp that you were in hospital, so I came over to look for you, when the nurse told me you had just been discharged and pointed to you going down the hill.'

"What do you know about that for a sell—a fellow making love to his own sister? Now, you mutts, you know who the lady was; are you happy?"

"Pass the salt," says Julian.

F. J. MILLAR.

MARRIAGES.

On September 18, at 8.30 a.m., in the Church of Our Lady of Help of Christians and Saint Aloysius, Folkestone, Lieutenant H. S. Thieme, of "Ours," was married to Miss Gladys M. Griesbach, of Portsdown Lodge, Golder's Green, London—daughter of the late Dr. Sydney Griesbach, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of Garforth, Yorkshire. In the absence of both her brothers at the front, the bride was given away by her cousin, Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Griesbach, of the 49th Battalion C.E.F. Immediately after the ceremony the bride and bridegroom left for London.

Private Arthur French, of platoon 16, "D" Company, 49th Battalion, was married to Miss Ethel Able, of London, at the Registry Office, Folkestone. This ceremony took place on August 14, and was of a very quiet nature.

On October 3, Sergeant W. Wiseman, of "C" Company, 49th Battalion, was married to Miss Margaret Forbes, of London, at St. Mary's-le-Park, Battersea.

On September 12, Drummer J. H. Waters was married to Miss Emily Polkinghorne, of Carnarthen Moor, Carn Brae, Cornwall, at the Camborne Wesleyan Chapel, Cornwall. The ceremony was one of interest to the people of Carn Brae, inasmuch that it was the first Canadian soldier wedding to take place in that town. The happy couple, after a wedding reception at the house of the bride's father, departed for a short honeymoon.

A FORTY-NINER TO HIS RIFLE.

You're a wicked-looking blighter, and you make me cuss a lot,
When I stay in camp at night to shine you up with care;
But it's worth it when the officer comes down the lines and says,
"I'll inspect the rifles, Sergeant," and I hear the others swear.

When we're marching down the roadway, and you on my shoulder lie,
No kiddie could be quieter—just at first;
But, you brute, you soon get restive, and you won't stay where you're put,
When we're coming back leg-weary with a temper—and a thirst.

You're a nasty-tempered divil, and you tear my hands to bits,
When we're jumping dummy trenches and cutting up the straw;
And the Sergeant-Major evidently thinks you light as air,
When he hounds us to a frazzle with his everlasting jaw.

On review you're far from handsome, though one would think that even you
Would try to look deserving of the figures forty-nine;
But when the Colonel roars "Present," you try to do me dirt
By catching in my shoulder badge, you swine.

At the butts you are a beauty, I will not grudge you that,
Though I've called you names and cursed you till I hope your pride I've lulled;
And I'll also say this for you, though you never say a word,
You'll always try and start a fight when you are squeezed or pulled.

So we'll call it quits, and let it go, and only hope that we
Will see some work together, and prove each other's friend;
And if we get caught in a pinch I'll take a tighter grip,
Then God help the Hun that stops your business end.

W. B. T.

DRAFT FROM THE 51st BATTALION.

Below will be found a list of the names of those lately added to our strength from the 51st Battalion:—

"A" COMPANY.

Privates M. Anderson, L. Arnott, H. Aspinall, R. G. Ayres, N. Bamber, R. Banlcroft, T. S. Bettamy, C. L. Bishop, C. D. Booth, D. L. Bowerman, S. Campbell, P. G. Chapman, W. B. Cox, B. Cogswell, W. H. Davies, W. Doreen, C. Duncan, H. Dunning, G. P. Edmond, H. Ford, F. Fountain, H. V. Goodland, C. E. Gordon, F. E. Hunter, L. Jackling, A. Kerr, J. P. Jeyes, C. J. C. Kirk, A. Laffinere, F. Langton, R. McBratney, F. O. McCardle, J. D. McMillan, S. Mossen, A. E. Miller, A. G. Newport, G. Newport, C. W. Palmer, C. Preisig, J. Rule, J. Saker, A. M. Sweeney, W. Thompson, E. Vaughan, E. Watson, P. Wells, J. Wilson, W. R. Williams, A. H. Young.

"B" COMPANY.

Privates W. Balfour, F. Brenson, J. Fowlie, T. Hodgson, A. Hunter, J. Kinsman, C. W. Leiper, J. McIntosh, F. B. Mitchell, J. Monypenny, J. Rafter, R. S. Salmon, W. L. Stuart, G. G. White, W. Whitehead.

"C" COMPANY.

Privates H. Billington, A. Boss, J. F. Brown, W. Burchell, J. Campbell, J. Carberry, J. Crawford, A. E. Duke, T. Fox, A. Ferguson, G. Goodland, G. Guthrie, D. Hamilton, E. Heaps, T. Heaps, H. Jackson, E. Jones, C. Jones, E. Lefeaux, N. W. Little, J. McNaughton, D. V. Omerod, T. Roberts, R. Silcocks, G. A. Smith, W. J. Tait, W. J. Turner, L. A. Waterhouse, A. R. Watkins, W. Warton, C. Yeomans.

"D" COMPANY.

Privates A. B. Bales, A. Eaton, E. Bowes, H. A. Brenner, W. Collander, R. H. Collander, T. Davies, C. A. Disturnal, F. L. Disturnal, W. W. Duncan, W. L. Fairbairn, G. Fazan, S. A. Fraser, W. D. Guthrie, J. E. L. Jones, D. P. Koogh, C. Koogh, J. Kerr, J. R. Lowe, P. A. McGregor, W. E. C. McIntosh, T. C. McPherson, D. Miller, P. Patterson, J. Radcliffe, E. Rathier, W. G. Rennie, R. Roberts, R. G. Simpson, A. Smith, H. Stonehewer, C. A. Sutton, H. W. Tansley, W. Thompson, G. W. Tompkinson, J. Walker, E. Ward, J. D. Watson, M. E. Willburn.

We also note that the 9th Battalion has added to their ranks a draft of the 66th, another battalion raised in Edmonton, and amongst their numbers we see some old faces once amongst the ranks of the 49th. Of these, the following have paid us a visit since arriving in England:—Sergeant Sutter, Sergeant Jones, Private Heath, and Private Olds.

"QUIPS."

Overheard at the post office.—A certain officer asking a man to do something, the officer in question using the French language, as the man was a Frenchman. A rather loud whisper emanates from the man: "Oh! go to the devil and use English, or learn to speak French first."

Sergeant entering post office.—"Do you take parcels for foreign countries?" "Why, sure, if you have the price." "Well, you might post this to Scotland."

Officer entering tent.—"Any complaints? How's the food?" "Rotten, sir; the potatoes are sunburnt, and we cannot eat them."

During our stay at — as guard to a munition factory we earned the reputation of being the best, most civil, and orderly battalion ever quartered there; and apropos of this we might mention the following incident:—Between the hours of 12 p.m. and 2 a.m. a car was seen approaching a sentry's beat. "Halt, who comes there?" The car stopped with the sentry's bayonet a few inches from the occupant's face. "Major, Imperial Army." "Pass, friend, on the other side of the road." Major, huffily: "Oh-er-er, by the way, sentry, what are your orders respecting traffic. Do you stop all traffic?" "No, sir; only suspicious-looking cars, etc." Major (offended): "What the deuce do you mean by suspicious-looking cars?" "Automobiles driving on the wrong side of the road, on low gear, with the passenger hanging out of the window." Major (smiling): "Er-er-er, well, Canadian, thank you, and good-night."

It might be mentioned that all the above incidents have their birth in actual happenings (Editor).



PHENOMENAL SUCCESS OF THE "FORTY-NINER."

THE ADVENTURES OF OUR MASCOT.

I have been requested by certain members of this Battalion to contribute an account of my experiences as keeper of the Battalion mascot, and of the trials and tribulations which befell him on his trip to the Zoo.

In the first place, let me state that the idea of loaning him to the Zoo was suggested by our worthy C.O., and was agreed to by all concerned. He had developed such growing powers that if we had taken him to France with us there would have been no chance of the 49th doing anything for distinction, as he would have reached Berlin in no doubt a "busting" condition.

Lestock, as he was named, was given to us by the station agent of Lestock, Sask., a dépôt passed on our way from Edmonton. When we first handled him he was just a babe, having to be fed with a bottle. He had his trials in England with different ailments, but in spite of the assistance of the M.O. and his orderlies, and all the different advice that was given gratis, he survived the various ordeals, and to-day he is the only representative of the 49th Battalion in the Regent's Park Zoo. (Thank you.—Editor.) Think, fellows, what an honour to have an ambassador there!

Our journey to the Zoo was full of excitement. After being paraded before the C.O. for the necessary papers, etc., we took our departure for London, leaving the camp about 10.30 a.m., Friday, September 9, all the boys being sorry to lose him. Our first exciting adventure was to receive a free ride to the station in a civilian's buzz wagon (exciting owing to the fact that it was a free ride). We arrived at Shorncliffe station, and then the fun started.

The ticket collector, not knowing to which end of the chain the mascot was tied, demanded two tickets; naturally being of a frugal turn of mind, and Scotch, I objected, and asked him if they classed dogs with human beings. He retaliated by saying that personally he could hardly realise the difference in this case, and so he would condescend to compromise matters by allowing one of us to travel half fare.

Proceeding on to the platform, we were met by a kind-hearted gentleman, who

offered us both refreshments. I and the mascot could not well refuse such an offer. We partook of the hospitality offered to us, and, although we had nothing stronger than milk (?—Editor), Lestock began to stir up a rough house by jumping on the counter and demolishing some china and scaring the sweet girl who slings the biscuits almost to death. I remonstrated with him about his awful conduct, and after a little arguing he agreed it was better to behave.

Nothing exciting on the journey occurred owing to the sleepy mode of progressing. We arrived at Charing Cross, a station so well known by the 49th. On emerging from the train I was at once surrounded by a crowd of awe-stricken people. After a little hustling we eventually arrived in the street, and then things began to hum.

Pedestrian traffic was held up in several places; several offers were made to buy him. I replied, "Millions would not buy him from the 49th." Two or three young ladies picked him up (I mean the mascot), stroked his back, and gave him chocolate—in fact, he was monarch of all he surveyed. Whether the fact had been announced that we were on the way I know not, but all of a sudden, while walking up Oxford Circus, I was suddenly confronted by what looked to me like a hundred cameras, and that called for a halt. I then came to the conclusion that it was best to ride if I wanted to get to the Zoo; so, after making lots of inquiries, I made my way back to the place where I started in London, and there I tried to take the tube to Regent's Park. On my arrival at the tube railway office I was informed that dogs were not allowed to ride on the trains (I wish people were not quite so personal). I remonstrated with the fellow, but he refused to agree, and told me to try the 'bus. I followed his advice, and on boarding I was again told the same thing. Lestock evidently overheard the conversation, for he refused to move. I told the conductor to try and persuade him to come with me, but nothing doing; he was too scared.

However, when I saw that it was going to injure his trade I used discretion, and made myself scarce. Again the mascot and I started our wanderings; by this time we were "somewhere" in London. I hailed a taxi, and asked him if he would agree to carry me and my dog to the Zoo for a remuneration; and, say, the way the clock

began to tick up the hill was something fierce. We arrived at the Zoo in the course of time, and after going through certain preliminaries we were admitted to the sanctum of the newcomers, where the mascot was entered on the books, given a room in the animals' quarters, and after discussing his good points with the keeper I bid him a fond and sorrowing farewell.

I may state here that the keeper's report was to the effect that he was a fine specimen and in the best of health. When we return to England he will be handed over to the 49th, who will take him back to Canada with them. I visited the Zoo on both of the remaining days I was in London, and every time I found my pal as tame as ever and seemingly very pleased to see me. He will find a place in the Zoo, where he will be known as "The Mascot of the 49th Battalion C.E.F." to the public of London. Already he has been visited by numerous friends, who have written me to the effect that he is as friendly as he is good-looking.

Let me take this opportunity of thanking "D" Company cooks for the meat they supplied, also the sergeants' mess for the milk freely offered, and to the boys in general for treating him with so much consideration and kindness whenever he was in the different companies' lines. He was a great favourite with our colonel and officers, and seeing recognition was given to "Lestock" by one and all it became a work of pleasure and also honour to be allowed to look after him. Thus we will leave this story, to be finished after the 49th return from the field of battle, when, having done their duty like men, they will claim their own—yes, even "Lestock."

PRIVATE A. MASON, "D" Co.

C.O. to the officers about to start on a route march.—"Have all the officers got lunches?" Chorus of "Yes, sir." Voice very much in the background: "Then let the battle commence."

General Sir Samuel Hughes was heard to remark with pride the other day as he stood outside the Savoy Hotel: "There goes a Forty-niner." A friend standing by asked him how it was possible to tell at that distance. Sir Sam's answer came like a shot: "He has the Griesbach tilt to his hat, and walks as if he owns the whole of London. There's no mistaking those boys."

NEWS FROM OVER THE SEAS.

It has always been said that one can expect anything from the 49th Battalion, and that wherever we may be we shall be heard from; and the following extracts from letters received by various members of this battalion from friends in Edmonton prove that fact:—

"We are so sorry to hear that your battalion is suffering from ptomaine poisoning, but we trust that it is not as serious as the papers say."

"Is it correct that the C.O. is on his way home again?" (We should smile!)

"All the officers are fired except three—is this true?" (How foolish!)

"We see that you are in the Dardanelles, and hope that the heat there will not affect you after this cold climate." (Is it England they refer to?)

"So you are one that took part in that bayonet charge against the Turks in the Dardanelles? We do hope that you are not wounded; please write and let us know." (Not wounded against the Turks.)

"What an awful disaster the sinking of the Royal Edward! I do hope that you were amongst those saved. We do not see your name in the list, but the 49th are reported to be on the boat." (Nothing doing; we can all swim even a mile before breakfast.)

"So your battalion is honoured again, as we hear that your colonel is to be given the position of D.O.C., Calgary. Is this correct?" (Not yet, but—.)

"Too bad to hear that all the N.C.O.s are in hot water, and have been deprived of their stripes. I hope you still have yours." (Thank you; yes.)

The above extracts form a small portion of those received, and we do not know which to wonder at most—their absurdity or the manner in which the papers of our "Home Town" seek to fill in space. Be that as it may, we have no doubt that some rumours will be spread in the future which will not be fiction but facts.

Officer.—"Any complaints, boys?"
 "Yus, sir, the spuds ain't did." "What's that he says, sergeant?" "It's only his ignorance, sir; 'e says the pertaters ain't cooked."

Manager, Lieutenant F. S. WINSER.
 Editor, Corporal JOHN L. WARD.
 Assistant Manager, Sergeant J. B. DALY.
 Sub-Editor, Sergeant W. B. THOMAS.
 Advertising Manager, Private ROBERT HUNTER.
 Circulation Manager, Corporal JOHN L. WARD.
 Financial Secretary, Staff-Sergeant CLIFFORD WRIGHT.
 Sporting Editor, Sergeant J. DOWNTON.

BATTALION FUND.

The editorial staff of THE FORTY-NINER has asked me to say a few words with regard to the Battalion Fund.

This Fund received its start from proceeds of our Canteen at the Exhibition Grounds, Edmonton, and from the rentals paid to us by the proprietors of billiard and pool tables. There was also another source of revenue which produced small sums from time to time, but this source of revenue is not to be mentioned in polite society. It may be permissible for members of the Battalion who contributed in this especial manner to feel an especial interest in the Fund.

We arrived in England with a balance of approximately \$2,200.00, and our revenue has consisted of rebates from the dry and wet canteen, and to a small extent from the other unmentionable source.

The method of rebate from the dry and wet canteen is briefly as follows:—

Where canteens are housed in permanent buildings there is a rebate of 10 per cent. on the gross takings. Canteens under canvas pay a rebate of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the gross takings. This rebate goes to the War Office, and one-fifth is deducted by the War Office for management expenses, and four-fifths of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the gross takings is paid to the Battalion Fund.

Since arriving here there has been a fairly heavy drain on the Battalion Fund in the purchase of the articles more particularly set out in the statement being prepared.

It is my idea that the Fund should be set out as intact as possible against the greater emergencies that may arise overseas.

Cheques are signed by myself, and in my absence by Major Weaver, and countersigned by Major Hobbins, the Adjutant, and in his absence by Lieutenant Walker Taylor, the Assistant Adjutant. The account is audited monthly by Major Daniel, and all

payments out must be supported by vouchers—that is to say, authorised accounts and charges. There are two fixed charges to which your attention should be directed. We are only entitled to extra pay for twelve cooks. We have sixteen cooks, or one per platoon. We therefore pay fifty cents a day extra pay to four cooks, making a fixed charge of approximately \$60.00 per month. The sum of £3 per month is paid to each Company Commander as coffee money to assist in the financing of the company messes, and this forms another fixed charge of \$60.00 a month.



OUR WORTHY REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR
H. HOBBS.

Upon arrival here each Company Commander received £10 to assist in messing. Extra grub required during musketry cost £20.

The Sergeants' Mess is in receipt of a lump sum grant of £25, this grant covering from time of organisation of the Battalion to the present time.

Other expenditures will be found in the statement.

I propose, if it is possible to arrange it, to hand each Company Commander a sum of money in French currency before going overseas, to provide against unforeseen contingencies.

On going overseas the Battalion Fund will practically be without revenue of any kind, and it is therefore desirable that every effort be made to conserve the account and hold back an amount to cover unforeseen emergencies.

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding 49th
Battalion Canadian Expeditionary
Force.

Subsistence for men transferred to the 51st Battalion :	
A Co.	0 15 0
B Co.	8 16 0
C Co.	5 6 1
D Co.	7 0 0
Expenses <i>re</i> transport	0 19 6
Baseball outfit	5 7 8
Repairs to mail carrier's bicycle	0 12 6
Stationery for orderly room	2 19 1
Baseball team fares, August 7	1 1 6
Music for band	6 15 9
Coal for use on ranges	0 19 6
Extra messing allowance for companies during musketry	20 0 0
Boxing gloves	1 0 0
Stable requisites and sundries	1 18 5
Repairs to band instruments	2 19 0
Purchase of bathing pants	9 3 4
Rubber stamps for marking kit	1 3 4
Band instruments	23 18 0
Damage to crops	4 1 8
Musketry forms	6 3 9
Sundries for the Q.M.S. stores	2 2 10
Football boots	3 19 2
Travelling for mascot to Zoo, per Private Mason	0 19 0
Repairs to band instruments	7 0 0
Football equipment	13 5 6
Expenses <i>re</i> 49th colours to Cant. Cath. Stationery for orderly room	6 19 4
Sundry hardware	3 9 0
Repairs to bicycle	1 6 8
Payment of one extra cook per company Coffee money for Aug. and Sept. ; Stock on hand	0 5 0
Instructional books	24 0 0
Balance	2 7 0
	425 10 1
	<hr/> £689 4 2

BATTALION FUND.

CREDIT.

Balance in Canada	£456 14 7
Allowance for Signalling Equipment ...	2 0 0
Rebate from Regt. Canteen (Dickinson)	12 17 11
Profits from goods sold on transport, per Captain Bidwell	20 12 6
Rebate on Canteen (Dickinson), August	68 14 0
Ditto. September	99 7 2
Sale of tobacco (old stock, Edmonton), per Captain Bidwell	28 18 0
	<hr/> £689 4 2

DEBIT.

Cable to <i>Edmonton Journal</i> safe arrival	£0 16 8
Scales for Meat Q.M. Stores	0 15 6
Leather for shoe repairs	1 3 10
Stationery A B C D Cos.	3 0 9
Sundries on journey	3 14 10
Scoring books and discs for musketry...	7 10 11
Bugle and band equipment	15 4 0
•Coffee money for July, A B C D Cos. ...	12 0 0
Fares for band to Canterbury	6 0 0
Books for scouting course	0 13 6
Gift to Sergt.-Inst. Hobson (bayonet)...	4 0 0
Part payment of sewing machine	2 0 0
Sacks for bayonet fighting	1 0 0
Signalling equipment	2 19 6

MUSKETRY.

The musketry party falls in at half-past nine in the morning, carrying rifle and bayonet, and haversack with rations, and also filled water bottle. They move off by companies in column of route with the pipe band leading. Once the step is established the pipes rest, and the boys march at ease. It is too soon yet for much talking or singing, and they swing along more or less in silence until after the first five minutes' halt. Then the boys start singing or whistling and making quite a noise.

At a certain house en route an elderly lady leans over the verandah, and holds out her hands and smiles, and calls us her brave 49th boys with very motherly affection. The officers salute her, and the boys raise a salvo of cheers as they pass.

Through the narrow streets of Hythe we

march at attention, with the pipes playing. It is very interesting to study the varied expressions on people's faces as we pass. The elderly ladies seem to look very sadly upon us, a few old men regard us admiringly, one or two cripples whom we pass seem to feel their infirmity doubly when they see us looking so strong and well, and gaze on us with almost envious eyes. For some of the girls it is very trying, and they blush and don't know where to look; others, not so shy, wave and smile and generally give us the glad eye. A few little boys here and there along the pavement stand so stiff at attention as to almost injure themselves for the rest of their lives. The children in baby carriages stare with their big round eyes, and laugh and gurgle and make frantic efforts to jump out of their carriages. A wounded soldier limps past us now and then; the look on his face is one of sympathy and appreciation. He has been through the mill, and knows what may be in store for some of us now so gaily marching to the ranges. We're through Hythe now, and are having five minutes' rest under some trees. A child comes along with a piccolo and drones out doleful imitations of the Canadian Anthem "O Canada." Another attempts an exhibition with tin rifle of "squad drill with arms," and is pretty successful at it. A whistle sounds, we fall in, and march on to the range allotted to us, arriving there about midday. After lunch the companies are split up into sections, and each section is allotted a target. A marker is told off for each section, and his section falls in behind him in single file.

The command is given, and the first line of sections advances to the firing point, fires, turns about; then the second line goes up and fires, and so on until everyone has fired. The hits are signalled by the markers in the butts; the misses are also signalled. A red and white flag indicates a miss, and the markers in the butts seem to take a fiendish delight in waving them exultingly on every possible occasion. A long line of red and white flags invariably calls forth loud cheers from the boys behind the firing point.

When a fellow has made a good score himself, he comes back among the boys and shows a great interest in their scores. He doesn't start and brag about his own scores. No. He says:

"Well, how'd you make out?"

"Pretty bum."

And with due modesty he awaits inquiries as to his own score. If these inquiries are not forthcoming he feels slightly hurt, and proceeds to rehearse the number of bulls and inners he has made.

About 450 men shoot at each practice, and consequently when you have fired your rounds you have nothing to do for an hour or so, and can sleep, read, eat, play cards, or do what you like until your turn comes round again.

The practices range from 100 to 600 yards, and include shooting in various positions—lying behind cover, kneeling, and shooting from a trench, at both stationary and disappearing targets. Unless held properly, the gun has quite an unpleasant way of side-kicking to your jaw. Some of the fellows (we won't mention any names, but we think one of them was a cook) discovered that it wasn't half so bad if they closed their eyes and held the gun very tight just as they pulled the trigger.

At five or six o'clock firing ceases, the markers pull down the targets and store them away, and the companies fall in and march off for camp. The then popular regimental ballad is taken up, and the strains of this simple, homelike song (easy to learn and bearing much repetition without causing undue fatigue) may be heard for many a long weary mile. The music is not available for publication, but the words are:

"If you wash me in the water that you wash the baby in

I shall be whiter than the whitewash on the wall.

On the wall, on the wall,

On the wall, on the wall,

Wash me in the water that you wash the baby in,

And I shall be whiter than the whitewash on the wall."

As we near the top of the hill overlooking the camp we can see the smoke rising from our cookhouse fires. Soon we're there, and the bugles play the gladsome notes of the call that every soldier knows.

So goes a day at the "butts," days that add pleasure to our lives while under canvas, days that when we are home again we can look back upon and tell our grandchildren how we did it.

CANADA'S FORTY-NINTH.

Hark to the pipes as they're skirling,
See the big drummer's arms as they're
whirling,
Hear the rub-a-dub-dub of the kettle drums;
What's up? Here's Canada's 49th.

Stand on the pavement to see the boys,
Bravely they pass. Mother England's boys,
With a song—and a smile for the lassies.
They're a fine bunch, Canada's 49th.

From the Far West they come to do, most
of them
From the prairies and Rockies—we're proud
of them.
Say! Here's vim that will tell 'gainst the
Germans.
They're a grand lot—Canada's 49th.

They were afar, but, their hearts never
failing,
They heard right enough England calling:
"You want us in France? Right; coming
at once."
True to the core! Canada's 49th.

These are true boys of the Motherland,
Tho' they've all made their homes in that
other land;
With the rose, thistle, shamrock twine
the maple leaf.
Love us—we love you—Canada's 49th.

"Send us right now to the trenches,"
They say. "Our courage naught quenches."
Yes; you'll strike against this fierce German
devilry,
You're freedom's true men, Canada's 49th.

What hosts are these passing their Sovereign?
Thirty thousand and more pass the Sove-
reign!
Canadians all—and there's more, if more's
wanted.
'Midst the finest is Canada's 49th.

Boys—you've risen to ward off our danger,
You share in the world's righteous anger.
God speed you, and shield you, and save you,
Friends of the race! Canada's 49th.

Inscribed with much respect and admira-
tion to the Forty-ninth Battalion Canadian
Expeditionary Force, by

WATER A. LIMBRICK,
National Club, Whitehall, London, S.W.

NOTES ON GOING TO PRESS,

We congratulate Lieutenant Travers on
being awarded a first-class certificate from
the Dover Officers' Training Corps.

On September 8 the C.O. received the
following message from Major Prismall:—
Major Prismall, Chief Musketry Officer:
Headquarters Canadian Training Corps,
desires to express to the officers and men
of the working party engaged on the ranges
at Hythe his thanks for the good work done
by the party in question. (The party in
question is, of course, us. No flies here—
eh! what?)

The battalion sustained a great loss when
Captain W. Ball left us to take up other
duties in France. He has done great work
amongst the boys here, more especially among
those in hospital, whom he visited on all
occasions when he had a minute to spare.
He was very popular both with officers and
men, and took a great interest in the welfare
of the battalion. He is now at the second
casualty clearing station in France, but it is
said in high places that we may have the
good fortune to have him with us when we
get to our destination. Where'er he be we
wish him the very best of luck in all his
undertakings.

It is with much regret that we have to
report the illness of two of our officers—
namely, Major H. E. Daniel and Lieutenant
McQuarrie. The first-named had the mis-
fortune while going into his tent to fall
heavily and to injure his knee, so that water
on the knee set in, this necessitating his
going to Moore Barracks Hospital. We miss
him, and only hope that by the time this
magazine sees light he may once again be
with us. It is said that this officer is re-
ported to have said that nothing less than
a rope round his neck will keep him from
being with the battalion in France. Lieu-
tenant McQuarrie went to the hospital some
weeks ago owing to an attack of appen-
dicitis, which necessitated an operation,
which we hear was very successful, and that
the patient is now well on the way to com-
plete recovery. As we all know, Lieutenant
McQuarrie was the signalling officer of this
battalion, and it is owing to his good work
that that section is now in such a splendid
shame. We hope that we shall later see him
in France with us, and that he will have a
complete recovery from his illness.

A FEW MINUTES WITH THE SICK PARADE.

Imagine a daily line up of from three to thirty men, all sizes, all shapes, some cripples, some would-be cripples, some with their eyes in a sling, some with them ready for the sling; in fact, they appear in every stage of sickness—feigned and real—and each and all wait the time and attention of the N.C.O.s who rule the roost around the M.O.s tent.

The numbers and the complaints vary to a considerable degree, according to the daily orders. Should the orders call for a route march, then the M.O. gets in a supply of crutches; but no route march, and the day Saturday, then a supply of ink to mark off the absentees.

The first man up has an angry-looking spot on his cheek, diagnosed in a sniffy manner by the orderly as a boil. Boils are of a most unreasonable character, and always locate themselves on such portions of the anatomy as most tends to interfere with the comfort of the patient; the orderly, however, takes a delight in aiding, with words of wisdom and other remarks, the speedy recovery of the patient.

The first case is followed by one who, from the description of his feelings, is about to deliver his farewell to friends and country, and depart for that particular bourn to which his past behaviour entitles him. He is greeted by some trite remarks to the effect that he should remember his failing, and that something in the way of a pill, aided by a route march, would naturally assist his memory, and back he goes to duty indulging in a monotone in which constant reference is made to the future residence of the M.O.s N.C.O., with particulars regarding the temperature of such a residence.

It is pointed out here to the uninitiated that unless the liquid diet usually indulged in by the medical orderlies has reached a low ebb no attention is paid to such remarks.

But now comes the bright and happy manner of the man just returned from his stay in one of our many resting places provided by the C.A.M.C.

"Hello, there, you back? Fit for duty, of course?"

"Gawd, no, corporal! I'm as weak as a cat, and I want to get some leave."

"You had no right to come back until you were fit, and you can get no sick leave."

"I can't. Well, I'm d——, you won't get me doing anything, I can tell you."

"Tell that to the marines."

"Oh, h——, what's the use of talking? I can't get anything from these would-be doctors."

And so departs, his face full of gloomy forebodings as to what will happen if he does not get his leave.

Then comes in the man whose face is not familiar in the medical office, and who tells his story of illness that, backed by the appearance of the speaker, stamps him as a proper subject for hospital treatment, and he is ordered to see that his kit is carefully stowed, and to be ready to leave on the arrival of the motor ambulance to take him away to the best attention that can be provided by the employment of the most skilful medical and surgical advice that can be obtained.

Again comes in one whose appearance indicates that he had tried conclusions with a trip hammer or the business end of an ammunition mule. The medical staff in solicitous tones enter into inquiries as to the final resting-place of his erstwhile antagonist, when, to their surprise, they ascertain that the patient is no other than one of our worthy cooks (far B it from us to suggest what company), who immediately tells in grievous tones how, having gotten up, as his custom is, at 2 a.m., in order to prepare breakfast by 7.30 a.m., found that the cook-house orderlies were not on the job, and rather than have breakfast late for his boys began to chop up wood for the fire; but, as on many similar occasions, the light being bad, or the wood being possessed of a devil, it did, without notice and with malice aforethought and intent to injure, rise up with a mighty rise and smite him so that his condition was as he now presented it to the admiring gaze of a spellbound audience, who knew not which to wonder at most—the appearance of the man or his nerve in trying to put over such a yarn upon an unsuspecting public. The application of hot water, and then a dressing done in the latest and most approved style, soon enables our worthy cook to retire to his cooking and regale his many confrères with the story of how he put it over the medical officer.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

On September 30, 1915, a farewell supper was held in the mess of the 49th Battalion C.E.F., when the following guests were present:—Colonel Spry, of Headquarters, Canadians; Colonel Smart, Brigadier 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifle Brigade; Colonel Moore, C.O. 9th Reserve Battalion C.E.F.; Captain Morison, C.E.F. Dental Corps; Captain McFarlane, Officer of Reinforcements C.E.F.; Captain McGilliveray, C.A.S.C., Shorncliffe; Lieutenant Raphael, in charge of 51st Draft C.E.F.; Lieutenant Taylor, 51st Battalion C.E.F.

We have also been honoured on various occasions with visits from gentlemen of other battalions, whose names are mentioned below:—Captain E. B. Mangin, of the 107th Pioneers, Indian Army. This officer, who is on his way back to the front, where he earned the Military Cross for distinguished service in the field, was here to wish his brother, in "A" Company, good-bye.

Lieutenants W. Pace and Gordan Day, of the 4th Battalion, both formerly of the 9th Battalion, paid a visit on September 28, 1915. Lieutenant W. H. Hunt, of the Royal Engineers, Chatham. Lieutenant Hunt and his wife paid a flying visit to the camp on September 25, 1915. Captain Gordan Ward, Officer in charge of Military Hospitals, Lydd, paid a visit to wish his brother God-speed before his departure to "somewhere."

We cannot conclude without a mention of a visit from another very distinguished visitor in the person of Sir Leslie Rundle, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., who paid us a visit of inspection on September 16, 1915, and expressed himself very pleased with the tidiness and cleanliness of the lines, the manner in which the men showed on parade, and the sanitary condition of the kitchens. He also expressed an opinion that the camp as a whole was a credit to any battalion. And finally we must mention the visits of the Sisters of the Canadian Army Medical Corps.



Officer's Advice: "GET THRO' THE FENCE AT THE EASIEST PLACE YOU CAN"



FIELD NOTES, KENNINGTON, 24th AUG. 1915

“ATTACHED TO THE 49TH CANADIANS.”

Owing to the energy of Major Harris, C.A.M.C., these appointments are very seldom made this side of the Channel. Once France or the Mediterranean are reached, there is always considerable risk that they may be made at any time, nor is it fair to blame our gallant commanders for the behaviour of the inhabitants of the country.

Attachments are made from two corps—viz., the Bedde-Bugges and the Lyce. From the former appointments are chiefly made as body guards to commanding officers, although they become quite friendly with N.C.O.s and men in billets. The latter delight to live with the men and share all their hardships, also their clothes. Neither are of great size; they talk little and eat less, but it cannot be denied that their constant presence is apt to give rise to a feeling of irritation, which is difficult to keep under. It must be remembered that they were in the country before you were, and are exposed to greater dangers than yourselves. They have in many cases lost friends and relatives, or have been turned out of their homes, and even slaughtered without a pretence of trial by their brutal enemies. Therefore you should do your best to show that you feel for them. But don't feel for them on parade; take your coat off afterwards and boil it.

The Bedde-Bugges (regimental motto: “Morsitans Mortuus sum”—I die biting) are quartered for choice in houses, living in chinks in the walls, and also in mattresses and wooden bedsteads. Although not liking the cold, they will even inhabit small cracks in iron bedsteads. At night they sally forth in small companies, and silently approach their foes. Having left a slight token of their attachment they retire until next time. Should these billets be wanted for any other purpose they should be sprayed with petrol or formalin, or sulphur should be burnt for some time in the room. An international convention has agreed that any of these measures are to be regarded by all Bedde-Bugges as notice to quit. Nevertheless, some of the older members of the Corps may refuse, when they may be shot at sight.

The Lyce (regimental motto—“Ubique”—Everywhere) live almost entirely in close

contact with their soldier friends, whose manners and customs they fully understand. Thus, if you put your coat down on Saturday evening as if you meant never to wear it again, they promptly deduce that you are going to wear your Sunday clothes on the morrow. As you fall asleep you will hear a rustling noise, and, if you light a match, see the Lyce moving off in close formation under their commanders to new trenches on the Sunday coat. These trenches are usually dug in the folds of the collar or the seams of other parts.—they seldom, if ever, entrench in the open, where they would be obvious to the enemy. As they wear the grey protective colouring of the Boches, openwork on khaki is particularly fatal to them.

There are several ways of dealing with them. Thus, they cannot stand a climate above the temperature of boiling water, and they dislike carbolic acid (except the few who, in their last extremity, have been seen to take it with suicidal intent). More easily are they frightened by harsh words, and “Go to h——” is to them a terrible expression, for h—— means sulphur, and sulphur means death to body and soul. It is so frightfully cheap, too. One penny will purchase enough to slay battalions. Flowers of sulphur should be sprinkled on and rubbed into all the seams. It should also be sprinkled on to blankets, caps, etc. Then, if the clothes are worn, the sulphur gets slightly warmed, and at the end of twenty-four hours there is an end of the Lyce. Then bury them decently, but keep your scalding tears for the next batch—they can't stand hot water.

HEREWARD.

People who own motor-cars and wish to keep them in the pink of condition should provide other accommodation than the swamp near camp, also a traction engine is usually harder and heavier than a car.

Should the waiter in a certain mess continue to improve in the “waitorial art” he will be able to hand the wine without the bottle, and then make sure he fills the glass, and not the neck.

Dark nights make objects very indistinct, but we did not before know that sheep looked like men. Anyhow, not like the men of this battalion.



(By Sliver.)

At the recent gymkana, held under the auspices of the Canadian Headquarters, the following soloists were chosen from amongst the seven bands rendering programmes that afternoon:—

Bandsman Robertson—Solo cornet.
 Bandsman Bellinger—Solo clarinet.
 Bandsman Robbie—Solo euphonium.

Of course, it is not necessary to say from which battalion these men are; there always was class to the 49th Band.

By the way, the 49th Battalion Band is the only band we know of in the whole of the Canadian contingent where every man supplied his own instrument and stand.

Some of the boys wonder why we always play the regimental march when passing the residence of the good lady at Hythe. Why, gee whiz! the old lady claims "Bonnie Dundee" as her regimental march, the 49th as her battalion, so it is quite right and proper that she should be so honoured.

The 49th Band has volunteered *en bloc* to go to France. Nothing very funny about that; but what an insult to ever think that they would consent to stay behind to make noise—no, music—for the edification of others than their own!

That "Under der Linden" stunt will come off yet. (Take your word for it, Sliver.—Editor.)

We notice that the pipes are now playing the regimental march on entering the camp. Good old pipes. (Some squeak.)

A great big shame, and people ought to know better, after the band making such

great and elaborate preparations for that hair-cutting inspection and then to call the whole shooting match off. Next time anyone gets own heads shaved please write home and tell mother.

The people of Canterbury were much impressed with the boys (that means the band in particular) on their march through the ancient city to deposit the colours in the cathedral. They would be more impressed if they saw the whole battalion.

Bandsmen will please not copy the example of a neighbouring battalion, and when on the way to meet the boys on their way home from a route march refrain from entering in the one door of a hostel and leaving it by another in such a condition that they were not able to march to their own music.

It is understood that a certain gentleman in the band has lost weight since his arrival in England. (Turn out the guard.)

49th BATTALION COLOURS DEPOSITED IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Once more Edmonton's Battalion, the 49th, has been shown a distinct honour in England, and as a result its colours are now hanging from the ancient walls of historic Canterbury Cathedral. Of the many Canadian regiments now overseas, this battalion holds the distinction of having its colours deposited in a shrine where the standards of many famous English units have been committed for safe keeping. The ceremony attending the event, which was impressive and unique, took place on the morning of September 23, immediately following the usual hour of worship.

These banners will hang from the stately walls of Canterbury Cathedral until peace is declared, when they will be reclaimed and taken back to Edmonton. They have been entrusted to the keeping of the Dean and Chapter, who will assign them to some suitable place in one of several famous chapels. It is more than probable that they will be given space in the "Warrior Chapel," where the colours of noble regiments have hung for generations. Among these are those belong-

ing to the famous Kentish "Bufs." The Very Rev. the Dean, Dr. Wace, is anxious that they shall be prominently displayed to all who visit the ancient place of worship.

ATTRACTS GREAT INTEREST.

Colonel Griesbach, Major and Adjutant A. K. Hobbins, Majors Palmer, Daniels, and Harris, the colour party, an armed escort, and the band were those who made up the party to Canterbury. Lieutenant P. McNaughton carried the King's colours, while Lieutenant D. D. McLeod was in charge of those emblematic of the regiment. Company Sergeant-Major N. Walsh and Drum-Major Belcher were escorts to the colour bearers. Lieutenant R. H. W. Clewes was in charge of the armed escort. The regimental band under Bandmaster Daly played suitable music as the party marched through Canterbury, and the march attracted unusual attention as the strains of such patriotic airs as "O Canada," "The Maple Leaf," and "In Old Quebec" were rendered.

As the party entered the cathedral through the south-west arch the band struck up "Bonnie Dundee," the regimental march. The colour bearers, headed by Colonel Griesbach and staff, and the armed escort marched into the nave and up the aisle to the choir steps, where they were received by Dean Wace, supported by the Rev. Canon Stuart. Here it was that the ceremony took place.

A SACRED DEPOSIT.

Colonel Griesbach stepped forward, and briefly addressed the Dean as follows: "On behalf of the 49th Battalion, I ask you to accept these colours for safe keeping during our absence overseas on active service. We consider it an honour to have the privilege of depositing them in such a famous cathedral."

Dr. Wace, on behalf of the Dean and Chapter, looked upon it as a great honour to hold the colours of the 49th Battalion for safe keeping. He would endeavour to preserve them as a sacred deposit until the battalion's return, as God might grant it would. "They will be viewed by many people," said he, "and until you again claim them our prayers for victory will be prayers for you in all you undertake and do."

The Dean then offered the Lord's Prayer and other special prayers for the welfare of the nation, after which the colour-bearers

handed over the colours to the cathedral authorities, the band playing the National Anthem.

Canon Stuart also spoke of the great pleasure it would be for the Dean and Chapter to guard the colours, and said: "I have been to Canada on special mission work, and while there was struck not only by the splendid physique of the western Canadian people, but by the moral character of Canadian manhood, which I have learned to value dearly. We welcome the Canadian contingents, and pray God will protect and bring you back safely. The fact that your colours have this day been deposited in this cathedral is ample evidence that all Engliand appreciates what Canada is doing to help in this terrible conflict. We accept your colours as a privilege and honour, and for the first time we welcome you to this cathedral."

VIEW HISTORIC EDIFICE.

After the ceremony the party was shown through the cathedral by Canon Stuart. The historic edifice proved of great interest to those who viewed it for the first time, and the different chapels, in one of which the battalion colours now hang, were also opened to the party.

It will be remembered that the colours which have now been entrusted to the keeping of the Canterbury Cathedral officials were made by the ladies of the Borden Club, of Edmonton, and presented to the 49th Battalion on Victoria Day, May 24. The ladies of the club have every reason to feel proud of the prominent place in which these handsome colours are now to be found. They, too, have been honoured in the privilege given. Mrs. W. A. Griesbach, Mrs. Dr. Harris, Mrs. Palmer, and Miss Griesbach—all members of the club—were present at the ceremony, and on its completion expressed keen satisfaction, a feeling which their sister members in Edmonton now possess.

The journey to Canterbury was made by train, the celebrated town being seventeen miles distant from Shorncliffe Camp.

After having been refused a pass by the C.O., and having secured one from your company commander in the C.O.'s absence, it must be very embarrassing to meet the colonel in the Strand, more so when a young and charming lady decorates one's arm.

SPORTING NOTES.

FOOTBALL.

Sport for the first weeks of September was not very prominent, a few football and baseball fans only having games amongst themselves, but lately sport has been given a boost, no doubt because "togs," in the shape of jerseys and boots, have arrived, and the team is able to turn out looking like business, and their actions have shown those interested that they mean business, and intend to make a name for themselves.

Company games were the first games to be played, and created a great deal of enthusiasm and good-natured rivalry between the competing teams. The chief idea in playing these games was to select players to represent the Battalion when playing against other teams. The first inter-company game was played on September 27 between B and D Company. "D," kicking off, got away to a good start, but were unfortunate in not having their full eleven with them;

and with Tweedale in shape again, "B" put up such a game that "D" Company were beaten by two goals to nil. The playing of both sides was good, and the judges will have a great time picking the men to play in the final team. "A" and "C" met on the field of battle on the Friday following to decide to whom should go the wreath of laurel. Both teams showed that the material was of the best, and the game put up was worthy of Senior League football. Both goal tenders being kept busy, could not complain of lack of work. After a fast game the boys of Major Daniels's company came out ahead by three goals to nil.

While out on field manœuvres a game against the 36th Battalion was arranged, and after a great deal of scouting to procure a ball was finally played in an adjacent field, and ended in a win for the 49th.

The team representing Kennington seeing us play were very anxious to lock horns, but this was not possible owing to brigade duty hampering our movements; but possibly a



match may be arranged when we return from Berlin. Who knows?

"STAR GAME."

The game that created the most interest was played against the 42nd Battalion on October 3 on the grounds of the 42nd, which were in good shape and well marked out. The team of the 42nd as they came on the field showed men who have figured in international games, Corporal Bailey, Privates Heron and Montgomery all having played for Scotland in international games in Montreal. As linesman we see Sergeant-Major Muirhead, an old international for Edinburgh, while the referee is a member of the Province of Quebec Football Association, and Sergeant Kennedy, who played half-back, is an old Chelsea player. The game was at all times a fast and furious one, and every few yards were hotly contested by both sides; but, in spite of the fact that Major Palmer's little daughter was adopted as our mascot, we had to quit the field as the losers, two to one being the final result. The names of the teams are given below:—

42ND BATTALION C.E.F.

Goal, Private Lane; backs, Corporal Bailey, Private Heron; half-backs, Private Montgomery, Sergeant Kennedy, Private Handly; forwards, Private Edwards, Sergeant Willett, Corporal Adamson, Private Clarke, Private J. S. Hornsby. Referee, Sergeant Milroy; linesman, Sergeant-Major Muirhead.

Goal, Private McSweeney; backs, Private Collins, Private S. Whitehead; half-backs, Private McPherson, Private Merrick, Private Hind; forwards, Private Gregory, Private Waring, Private Tweedale, Private Ockenden, Private Davidson. Linesman, Lance-Corporal H. Arnold.

Fans of the game will be pleased to hear that amongst the new arrivals with the 51st draft are the names of Jimmy Kinsman and Bill Whitehead, both of whom are old stars of the Edmonton Caledonians, and both have played in inter-city and provincial games. With these two players the 49th will surely be able to take on any opponent who thinks he is able to knock spots off them.

The names of those who played in the various company games are enumerated below, and from these men the Battalion team was picked:—

"A" Company.—Goal, Private Muir; backs, Privates Jennings and Bewsher; half-backs,

Privates Hind, Robinson, and McCafferty; forwards, Privates Gregory, Harper, Warner, Cox, and Walkeden.

"B" Company.—Goal, Private McSweeney; backs, Privates Gillespie and Collins; half-backs, Privates Boyack, Livingstone, McArthur; forwards, Private McKenzie, Hutton, Tweedale, Thompson, and Wood.

"C" Company.—Goal, Private Siggs; backs, Private Keeler, Lieutenant Alliston; half-backs, Privates Butters, Gauthier, Stevenson, R. B.; forwards, Privates Windsor, Mulholland, Ockenden, Silcocks, Tomlins.

"D" Company.—Goal, Private Pratt; backs, Lieutenant Livesey, Lieutenant Wilson; half-backs, Sergeant McDonald; Privates Crockett and Arnold; forwards, Privates Dean, White, J., Maxwell, Gilbert, and Comley.

It is understood that a box has been made for the football material by the pioneers, and that the quartermaster has promised to do his best to see it safely to "scowhere," our destination. We hope that his efforts will not be thwarted, and on arrival at the front we shall not find that the authorities have taken an interest in the game and annexed the box and its contents, so that they may be able to learn the gentle art of "football."

We could not let this opportunity pass without a word of thanks to D. McIntosh, Esq., who is in charge of the Y.M.C.A., for the paper he has supplied this battalion with and for the hospitality he has always extended to the boys whenever they wanted to use the hut or attend the entertainments which took place every week. May he have the best of luck, and the wishes of this battalion are extended to him in all his work.

Coal oil does not make a very good liquid refreshment, even though certain sergeants are in the habit of serving it with hot water as a great "pick-me-up."

Beer is good, but some people think that when it is stolen it tastes twice as good, even though it has to be diluted with water, which is a thing very hard to tell, and the best and only practical way is to taste it.

It would be advisable for officers before giving their shooting irons to batmen to clean to see that they are unloaded, or, failing that, to wear a good quality of armour plate.

OUR POST OFFICE.

Several people have asked the question. What keeps you so busy? In this short article I shall endeavour to tell readers the work done, but in the first place I would like to say that this is not written with the intention of blowing my own trumpet, but only to satisfy the curiosity of many.

In the first place, I have been post orderly of this battalion since we left Edmonton, but at that time I was not making a practice of keeping a stock of stamps, registered envelopes, newspaper wrappers, etc., on hand all the time; but since our arrival in England I have tried to do my best to supply the boys with all post office material, and below you will find a small summary of the business done. All this business has been transacted since July 15, on which date I started to keep an account.

Stamps to the value of £150 have been sold.

Registered envelopes, eight dozen packets of eight to a packet. This does not by any means mean that only sixty-four registered letters have gone from this little office, for somewhere in the neighbourhood of 459 different packets have been posted from here.

Money orders, as well as postal orders, to the value of approximately £850 have been supplied to those wanting them. These orders were both English and Colonial.

Telegrams by the score have been sent, numbering about 350, or an average of about two and a-half a day, these telegrams costing the senders about eightpence apiece.

Cheques and money orders have been cashed to a total amount of about £700. In the last week at camp money to the extent of £110 changed hands.

We next come to letters received for postage. These run into hundreds daily, and a fair average of 250 for fine days, and twice that number can be reckoned on; parcels were posted, but only amount to about three daily, except towards the end of our stay in camp, when the number soared skyward, and in one postage I have taken as many as thirty parcels.

Letters received amount to about the same as those for the outgoing mail, except when the Canadian mail is received, then more than 700 pass through my hands. Newspapers were very numerous from Canada, but those coming from England were not

nearly as numerous, and are not worth a mention. English parcels would not be excessive except for "B" company, but they would keep one man busy bringing in the good things they contain.

I have not attempted to enumerate all the business done in the office, for magazines, battalion notepaper, messages from town, bank business have kept the dull hours from becoming monotonous, and in closing I should like to thank everyone it has been my good fortune to meet for the consideration they have treated me with, and I only hope that now we are on the other side that I may be able to continue to fill the wants of all and sundry, and always be your humble

Post Corporal,

JOHN S. WARD.

OUR TRANSPORT.

Horses. Yes, everyone is a horse, and not a mule wags its ears seeking recognition. All the horses are from the Canadian remount depôt, and most of them have been attached to other battalions, and have been returned to the department as "no good," which really means that they are not of the sweetest temper, and therefore not easily handled; but, as usual, the 49th took things as they came, and conquered the difficulties, with the result one sees. We may have one or two that are balky, but let a "Jack Johnson" fall around them, and we think a different tale will be told. In all there are seventy-nine horses of all colours, except the one tabooed colour (white) and its various shades, and they all possess various tempers, and are called by various names, which names are left to the imagination of our readers.

They are divided into different divisions, the first being the first line transport.

Five ammunition teams,

Two tool teams,

Two water carts;

then follows the second line, composed as under:—

Six divisional train transport teams,

One one-horse cart for officers' mess.

One one-horse cart for the M.O.s orderlies,

Four teams for portable kitchens;

after that we have the "suicide club," or,

as the War Office calls it, the machine-gun section, who use twelve horses to tote the guns and the necessary ammunition.

Officers' horses account of the remainder, and, judging by the time these horses have been tried out by the officers (and sometimes the horse has come out on top), they have the pick of them.

Then we must not forget those all-important animals—the horses which have the honour to be aide-de-camp to the second in command of the company—namely, the two pack horses allotted to each company, and we hope that should the pack of our worthy "seconds" become too heavy, the horses will not have their burden added to.

The harness issued is of the regular Army pattern, with the horses postillion fashion; but it is whispered that Canadian harness is preferred. It is hard to beat Canada and her products.

This article cannot be considered complete without a word of approbation for the way in which those in charge have handled their mounts; all are competent men, and have handled horses from their baby days. Lieutenant Travers and Sergeant Adams are both to be congratulated on the appearance of the transport as a whole. The staff consists of two corporals (Corporal Tuck and Young, G.) and thirty-seven men.

Twelve men on headquarter work.

Three men per company.

Six for the machine guns.

Six for the division train.

One man attached (the smith).

We wish them good luck, and hope that those in charge of the kitchens will dodge all bombs, Jack Johnsons, etc., which may happen to cross their path.

JUNIUS.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever go a-camping 'longside the
silent silvery sea?

Did you ever eat your food with relish and
with glee?

Did you lie with fifteen others feet sticking
round the pole?

Did you curse your fifteen brothers when on
you they did roll?

Did you wash the greasy dishes in water cold
and pure?

Did you ever burn the "mush," and did it
make you sore?

Did you ever cook the kippers as black as
any hat?

Did you ever make the fire burn with gallons
of pure fat?

Did the wasps for ever sting you upon a
tender spot?

Did they ever bite you badly on a place you
could not swot?

Did you ever have a visit from those beasts
they call the ants?

Did they ever draw your life blood way down
beneath your pants?

Did you waken in the night with water in
your clothes?

Did the tent for ever leak like a concen-
trated hose?

Did you get up in the morning with your
blankets soaking wet?

Did the sergeant say, "You slacker, come,
out that bed you get?"

Did you curse the wind and weather, and
wish them both in—well?

Did you like that sticky feeling, did you like
that musty smell?

Did you like the pungent earth as you your
viands ate?

Did it cause your wrath to kindle and your
awful temper get?

Did you ever go a-swimming within the briny
deep?

Did you all at once remember the date you
didn't keep?

Did you ever go a-paddling in that swell
canoe,

Just to show the boys the things you couldn't
do?

Did you madly curse your luck, and say that
nevermore

You would fight for King and Country, and
die on foreign shore?

Didn't you say the Army's rotten, needs
straightening out a bit,

And that the "mugs" that run it surely
think their name is "It"?

But don't you think when England needs you
to fight the common foe

You'll be up and going to it with a great
big bunch of "go"?

You'll forget about discomforts, your duty
you will do,

You'll never be the "quitter"—that would
not credit you.

JUNIUS.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING.

It would be advisable for officers who are in the habit of falling out of bed to instruct the pioneers to construct a "non-fallable-out-of-bed" bed.

That when an officer intends to go to London by motor-car he should take particular care the machine is in good working order, otherwise Maidstone is liable to be his destination.

It is not usual to send out one's scouts to capture their own rear guard.

That nowhere in the K.R. and O.s does it say that the guard should turn out to a mounted trooper returning from a few hours' pass.

That the inspecting officer was more than surprised when the guard described an unusual occurrence as "that blooming sentry box marking time."

That the stayovers who were the cause of the passes being stopped somewhere about September 12 should crawl into a hole and then pull the hole in after them.

That lieutenants in charge of the "Hill" piquet find it hard to obtain—some people call it an eyeopener.

Was it not carrying things rather far when a certain sergeant ordered all kits to be tied so that the job would be "universal."

The duties of the Folkestone piquet do not include the art of osculation.

That a prize should be given for the best way of converting a shilling into nine.

Would it not be well if scouts used a sense of direction as well as eyesight, then we might sleep one or two hours longer.

If one should be of an inclination to sleep in, "A" Company can provide an alarm clock which never fails, and usually rings to the tune of "Rise and Stow. Rise and Stow there."

When you wish to give an excuse for overstaying your pass, be very careful that your mother dies in 1915, and not in 1911, then maybe it would be possible to "put one over."

Should you wish to settle up the estate of a deceased relative who unhappily died in Scotland, never ask that your extension of pass may be sent to the Union Jack Club; if you do you may be shy on pay day.

That the adjutant was heard to remark that the 49th Battalion took the cake in the number of births, deaths, and marriages recorded over the wire, and that some people, relatives of some of the boys, have been unlucky enough to die more than once.

ORDERED OVERSEAS.

Written for my dear brave 49th Battalion of the C.E.F. engaged in the European War of 1914-15:—

Away from home are ordered
Our soldier boys to fight,
And the bravery of their brilliant deeds
Fill our hearts with proud delight.

God bless you, my 49th—
You will make the Kaiser spin.
Cool and calm, without a blunder,
While your guns they bang like thunder;
The bullets round you sweeping,
Your hearts with pluck are leaping,
The Germans before you fleeing,
You will follow till they are crying.

Steady, boys, steady;
Ready, boys, ready;
That's the word you love to hear,
And for you it has no fear.
On you go, without a doubt,
Clearing the way, with a ringing shout;
Oh! you are a splendid band,
Fighting for our King and our dear land.

For our loved and lost we're weeping,
For our living we are praying,
That God in Heaven above
May keep and shield them with His love,
Bring them safely through the gale,
And shelter them from death's dark vale.

C. PAGET GIBBS.

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