

THE BRAZIER

Passed by
THE CHIEF CENSOR
1st CANADIAN DIVISION



Published by
permission of
Lt.-Col. J. E. Leckie, D.S.O.

A REGIMENTAL JOURNAL PRINTED AT THE FRONT BY THE 16TH BATT., THE CANADIAN SCOTTISH

No. 2

FRANCE, MARCH 25, 1916

PRICE 2d.

TRANSPORTS GYMKHANA PROVIDED GOOD SPORT

CAPITAL SPORT, close finishes and clever exhibitions of horsemanship were the features that went to make a rattling fine card at the second Gymkhana held in Flanders by the Transport Section on the afternoon of February 20. The two courses laid out for the sports—one a quarter-mile oval and the other a straightaway—were sufficiently rough to test the skill of both rider and driver. Entries were numerous, most of the events being run in heats. On page three the results of the finals are given. Captain C. Marshall, who organized the affair, could not be denied the pleasure of being present with his boys, notwithstanding he was suffering from a very painful injury to his ankle and had been condemned to bed by the M.O. Lt.-Col. J. Edwards Leckie, D.S.O., officiated as referee. The judges were Major Peck, Captain Kemp and Capt. Brown. Lieut. Sachs combined the duties of starter and scorer, and Lieut. Tupper ably assisted Capt. Marshall in making the afternoon the success it was from the spectators point of view.

Puddy came romping home with the coin, capturing three firsts and one second. Congratulations, Old-timer.

By a short head McDonald won out in the bending race for saddle ponies, Puddy running a mighty close second.

The team driven by Weatherstone at Essars with so much success, again cleaned up the money in both ammunition and bending races, under the skillful handling of "Oak Bay" Gravlin. Incidentally, Gravlin is not only some driver, but can pitch a baseball farther than any man in the battalion.

With nine entries, the bareback mule race was one of the most popular events on the card. "Shorty" with Corpl. Crafer up, scored a win by half a length, with Newlings a close second.

As a fun provoker, Ronald Goodlet

was the life of the meet, and his strenuous efforts aboard "Brownie" were worthy of greater success.

Langhorn, the machine gun driver, was up against a hard proposition in Gravlin, having to be content with second place both in the S.A.A. loading race and the bending race for team and limbers.



LT.-COL. J. EDWARDS LECKIE, D.S.O.,
O.C. 16th Batt., The Canadian Scottish

Who tampered with the avoirdupois of the dummies used in the V.C. race? We've heard of men going into a decline but this was too rapid to be natural.

Archdale, who had a popular following among the spectators, was instrumental in helping Gravlin win the S.A.A.

"Carry on" to Page Eight

FRENCH DECORATIONS FOR CANADIAN TROOPS

AN INTERESTING ceremony was witnessed by a large number of soldiers and civilians at Corps Headquarters on Friday, 17th last. The occasion was the decorating of Canadian officers and men who had been awarded French military honors. The presentation of medals was made by General de division D'Oissel on behalf of the French Government. The presence of a company of French infantry of the line, with their colors and drum and bugle band, added considerably to the interest taken in the afternoon's proceedings. The French troops the blue color of their uniforms blending harmoniously with the predominant khaki of the British forces, were loudly cheered as they swung onto the parade ground and took up their position on one side of the historic square. Directly opposite, facing them was a guard of honor, with pipe band, from one of the Canadian battalions. The colors of the French troops, with their escort, occupied the centre of the square. After inspecting the guard General d'Oissel proceeded with the presentation of the decorations. Among the recipients was C.S.M. J. A. Scroggie of The Canadian Scottish, who received the Medaille Militaire. Sergeant Scroggie has the honor of being the first member of the battalion to receive a French decoration. Lt.-Gen. Sir E. A. H. Alderson, K.C.B., and a number of officers from the headquarters staff witnessed the ceremony.

A recently arrived battalion at the front had their baptism when a H.E. hit in the "midden" of their farm billet. The O.C. No. 1 says they have nothing on him. The genial Hun put it all over him at Fort —.

The Tommies in the trenches
And the men behind the guns,
In the lulls between the fighting
Find their inclination runs
To writing bits of poetry,
Just to pass away the time.
So, if you will kindly pardon
Us, we'll fill this page with rhyme.

A Page of Poetry

Though the rhyming may be punk,
And the metre out of joint,
You will find it pleasant reading
And—perhaps you'll see the point—
You will read it, as its written,
Just to pass away the time,
Then perchance you will be grateful
That we filled this page with rhyme.

"CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTIONS"

When you're busy shoving Belgium into sandbags,
And wiping chunks of Flanders off your nose —
At a part you cannot reach, your back is itching—
And the feet within your boots are nearly froze.

When you're building up a traverse for protection
Against the wicked Hun and all his hate,
And you wonder while you're feeling like an ice box,
Why the sergeant with the rum is always late.

When the Huns are busy strafing you with whizz bangs,
And digging blooming mines beneath your feet,
While the water in your trench is quickly rising,
Till its almost deep enough to float the fleet.

Did you ever think to go and tell the Colonel
To send you where you'll never hear the guns,
As your conscience has a very strong objection
To exterminating all the wicked Huns?

—G. I.

THE BRAZIER

(By R.M.E.)



Hands that but lack a fillip to applause,
Bellies that need the teeny-est, ween-est drappie,
Feet that are cold because, well just because,
Hearts some four thousand miles of being happy.
The Brazier warms them.

Questions whose answers we may ne'er receive,
Hopes to see dear old Canada once more,
Desires for London and a second leave,
Vows that we ne'er again will form a four.
The Brazier burns them.

Hashes of all kinds à la militaire,
Entrees (per cubic foot dug) ad valorem,
Accounts of things that happen here and there,
Geese that mad Kaisers would have set before 'em.
The Brazier cooks them.

Hot water that one gets in now and then,
Rages against the devastating Bosches,
Owls (from the custom not saying when)
Linen the dirty that the public washes.
The Brazier boils them.

THE CANADIAN SCOTS

There's a hefty bunch of boys who've crossed the ocean,
Indulging in a little game of war;
Just because they went and took a notion,
If the Empire fought, they must be to the fore.

They are men of multiple denomination,
Drawn from every trade and station in the land,
But they very quickly quit their occupation
At the war call—and they didn't need a band.

There's surveyors, miners, lumberjacks and drummers,
There are men who've peddled real estate in lots,
There's old-timers and the greenest of the newcomers,
Mix them up and there you'll find Canadian Scots.

You will find them doing duty in the trenches,
Or perhaps they will be "resting" in the huts,
But there's not a man among them all who bleaches
When there's something doing—for they've got the guts.

They have left their mark upon the fields of Flanders,
For they're officered by men, not figureheads;
They've the ablest and the bravest of commanders,
And none of them have missed their feather beds.

There are some of them have disobeyed an order,
They were never plaster saints but only men;
There are scores of them have crossed the last great border,
See the "Casualty Lists" for how and when.

Others are in Blighty and the bases,
Some have even made their native shore;
Take a look at individual cases,
And you'll find them through with war for evermore.

Though we are sadly thinned by war's attrition,
Still there's plenty left to "Carry-on",
Ready to maintain the flag's tradition,
And to fill the ranks of those already gone.

When the war has reached its termination,
And each of them has put aside his gun,
Don't forget the boys who backed the nation
And saved the British Empire from the Hun.

When the shell-strewn fields again are seeded
And peace's blessing war-scarred memory blots,
When widowed wives and orphans funds are needed,
Just think of the 16th Canadian Scots.

—A. H. H.

DOGGEREL (By Sox)

Our O.C. Company, Number Four,
Stood still in his dug-out, by the door,
Watching how thunderous explosions rent
Trenches to atoms, whilst others spent
Their venom and spite on twisted wire.
Searching his gangways with sheets of fire,
Extinguishing candles, spilling tea,
Flattening cook shack, flinging a tree,
Where boxes of bombs sent with a roar
Their shrapnel missiles the trenches o'er.
This he could pass with an easy laugh—
T'was but a part of the daily strife—
But that which made his eyebrows rise
In utmost despair into the skies
As if seeking some explanation
To official communication,
Handed to him in the midst of strife,
By a man who held but cheap his life
Else would he not have bearded then
Our O.C. Company in his den—
"Adjutant wants to know how many
Tins of strawberry jam, if any,
Were issued YOU on 15th instant.
Reply at once, Brigade insistant."

Sing a song of five francs,
Tommy feeling dry,
Four and twenty camarades
Standing all close by;
When the place was opened
Tommy shouts, Hurray!
Up comes an M.P.
And orders them away.

Regimental Sporting Notes

By R.T.S.S.

During the recent rest, soccer enthusiasts had the good fortune to take part in or follow a number of inter-company games. Luckily the necessary footer togs arrived in time, and the fact that each team wore a distinctive shirt, undoubtedly added to the interest taken in these events, which will be continued as soon as the weather clears up. We also fielded a battalion team against the 14th Battalion and after a most exciting game, on a very heavy field, succeeded in drawing with them. Score, 1-1. When opportunity occurs it is hoped to replay this game, the winners then to play the 13th—who beat the 15th by 4-0 for the Brigade Championship.

The 16th team lined up as follows: Gibson, Wearmouth, Sutherland, Atkinson, Reddibough and Warnock; Taylor, Sharrock, Dann, McMurdy, Gemmel. Reserves, Ramshaw and Stokes.

BRIGADE SPORTS POSTPONED

Unfortunately, on account of inclement weather conditions, the proposed two days Brigade Sports to have opened February 18 had to be indefinitely postponed. A good programme of track and athletic events had been arranged by the committee of officers in charge and substantial prizes allotted. However, the season for training was a bit early, and the long turn the battalion have had in the trenches was certainly not conducive to any particular form being shown had the events been run off.

TRANSPORT GYMKHANA

The writer is not a horseman, a statement which will go uncontradicted. Indeed he feels somewhat timid at approaching this subject at all, yet the afternoon's entertainment provided by Capt. C. Marshall and his merry men on the 20th ult. was so unmistakably enjoyed by both competitors and spectators, that the results at least and our few words of appreciation will not come amiss.

The money lifters and events were as follows:

V.C. Race, bare-back (saddle ponies), 100 yards and return: 1st, Puddy; 2nd, Mulvin.

S.A.A. Loading Race, harness, hitch-up, trot 100 yards to ammunition pile, load and return: 1st, Gravlin's team—Archdale and Weatherstone assistants.

Mule Race, bare-back, 250 yards: 1st, Crafer; 2nd, Newlings.

Cigarette Race, 100 yards and return: 1st, Puddy; 2nd, Capt. Hall.

S.A.A. Mule Race, saddle, lead 100 yards to ammunition pile, load 2000 rounds and return: 1st, Glendinning, with Archdale assistant.

Potato Race, saddle ponies, 150 yds.: 1st, Puddy; 2nd, Walton.

Wrestling on Mules, bare-back, four men a side. Winning team: Scott, Langhorn, Thompson and Jessiman.

Bending Race, saddle ponies, 150 yards: 1st, McDonald; 2nd, Puddy.

Bending Race, team and limbers: 1st, Gravlin; 2nd, Langhorn.

REGIMENTAL SPORTS

Postponed for one day, on account of the weather, the Battalion Sports were held on the 17th ult. On account of the brigade football match being held the same afternoon the attendance was not as large as on former field days. Notwithstanding the lack of training by reason of our long sojourn in the trenches the fifteen events on the programme were well contested and some excellent sport was furnished the spectators. With four firsts and three seconds to his credit, Corpl. Burke of the Medical Section carried off the honours of the meet in handy style. The prize winners of the finals in the different events were as follows:

100 yards: First, Corpl. Little, No. 4 Co.; second, Corpl. Burke, Staff.

Half-mile: First, Pte. Stuart, No. 2 Co.; second, Pte. H. J. McDonald, No. 4 Co.

Putting 16-lb. Shot: First, Corpl. Burke, 34ft. 6ins., Staff; second, Sergt. McLennan, 33ft. 8ins., No. 4 Co.

Broad Jump: Corpl. Burke, 15ft. 10ins.; second, Pte. Weighton, 14ft. 11ins., No. 3.

Sack Race: First, Pte. Payne, Staff; second, Pte. Eidle, Staff.

Officers 100 yards: First, Lieut. Wallace; second, Capt. Fingland.

220 yards: First, Corpl. Burke, Staff; second, Pte. W. L. Thompson, Staff.

Three-legged Race: First, Ptes. Clark

and Dunn, Transport; second, Corpl. Burke and Pte. Barrie, Staff.

440 yards: First, Pte. Stuart, No. 2 Co.; second, Corpl. Burke, Staff.

Throwing Baseball: First, Pte. Gravlin, 310ft. 5ins., Transport; second, Pte. McLean, 270ft. 1in.

Tug-of-War: First, No. 3 Co.; second, No. 4 Co.

Relay Race: First, Staff; second, No. 4 Co.

Boxing, 140-lbs.: Draw between Lce.-Corpl. Minchin, Staff, and Corpl. Macdonald, No. 4 Co. Middle weight: First, Pte. Winney, No. 3 Co.; second, Pte. R. Strathan, No. 3 Co.

In the first try-out of the tug-of-war No. 3 Co. defeated No. 2 Co., and No. 4 Co. beat No. 1 Co., the finals resulted in No. 3 Co. winning from No. 4.

In the relay race Corpl. Burke, Ptes. Payne, Thompson and Barrie performed successfully for the Staff, and Corpl. Little, Corpl. Jones and Pte. Elliott represented No. 4 Co.

Referee: Lt.-Col. J. Edwards Leckie. Judges: Major Peck, Capt. Kemp, Capt. Fingland.

Starters: Capt. Marshall, Lt. Strang. Clerks of Course: Capt. Hall, Lieut. Tupper, Lieut. Forbes.

Recorder: Lieut. P. M. Wallis. Boxing: Capt. Woods, Capt. Bell-
Irving, Capt. Knight.

Sports Committee: Capt. Muirhead, Capt. Fingland, Lieut. Bell.

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME

On the 14th inst. an interesting soccer game was pulled off between the regimental pipers and drummers, and the 15th Batt. pipers and drummers. The weather was ideal and after an evenly contested game the 15th musicians held the long end of a 3 to 1 score. As two of their goals were scored late in the game it would look as if our "pipes and drums" could give their opponents a close run for it with a little more practice. Bandy was certainly the envy of the younger bloods, and George showed a fine turn of speed throughout the game. The 15th music makers have a good team and the next match should prove even more interesting than the last.

We will be pleased to receive any sport items of interest to the battalion. Send them in to the Sport Editor, care of Pte. Godenrath.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE TABLE

	Glyd.	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals		Points
					For	Against	
No. 3 Co. - - -	3	2	0	1	5	4	4
No. 4 Co. - - -	2	1	1	0	5	3	3
No. 1 Co. - - -	1	1	0	0	4	0	2
Grenadiers - -	2	1	0	1	5	2	2
Staff - - - - -	2	0	2	0	3	3	2
Machine Gun -	2	0	1	1	3	7	1
No. 2 Co. - - -	2	0	0	2	0	6	0

Two points for a win, one for a draw.



The Brazier

Printed and Published at the Front
for THE CANADIAN SCOTTISH, 16TH BATT.,
C.E.F., while on active service.

PT. PERCY F. CODENRATH, Manager.

MECHANICAL STAFF
DRUMMER A. R. MCCREADIE
PIPER GEO. INGLIS

MARCH, 1916.

THE suggestion that "A country worth living in is a country worth fighting for," is causing Americans residing in Canada to respond nobly to the call. The Canadian-American battalion is completed at Toronto and the above phrase has been adopted as its regimental motto.

THE BRAZIER voices the sentiment of the rank and file in wishing a speedy recovery to Brig.-Gen. R. C. Edwards Leckie, C.M.G., commander of the 3rd Brigade, who was painfully wounded last month. The General suffered severely from loss of blood and shock and was in a precarious condition for some days. He is now in a base hospital where he was recently visited by his brother, Lt.-Col. J. Edwards Leckie, D.S.O. He brought back the welcome news that the General was making a slow but satisfactory recovery.

IT WOULD have done Toronto folk good to have heard the appreciative remarks passed by the boys when those handsome tins of biscuits were distributed. Christie Brown & Co., Ltd., packed an excellent assortment of their best makes, which came to hand fresh and crisp. The tins were eagerly sought after as souvenirs. In years to come many a home in Canada and the British Isles will proudly display this token of the generosity of the great Queen City.

THOUGH a little late, The Brazier extends hearty congratulations to Hon. Major Rev. Canon F. G. Scott on his being awarded a Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The major is one of the most popular and hard-working chaplains in the Canadian army and has endeared himself to the troops since the first contingent was organized at Valcartier. A poet of no mean order, his verses written at the front have attracted much merited attention in the press of Canada and England.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CANADA IN FLANDERS; by Col. SIR MAX AITKEN, M.P., Canadian Record Officer.

This is the first volume of the official story of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. It deals in an interesting manner with the work of the First Division from its mobilization at Valcartier to November 30, 1915. It is a plain, unvarnished, but vigorous narrative of Canada's citizen army, and will appeal particularly to the non-combatant for its lucid style and freedom from military technique. To those who participated in the several stirring events set forth by the author, a perusal will unfold much that, up to the present, was mere-

are his poems, good honest stuff, brave in thought and patriotic in ideal, as befits a soldier of the Empire."

SAMPSON, LOW, MARSTON & Co., LTD., London. Price: One Shilling. Can be obtained at The Soldiers' Institute, Corps Headquarters.

FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE, by CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNFATHER.

Nothing funnier has emanated from the trenches than this book of humorous sketches. It is a sure guarantee against melancholy. The artist-author is a joy provoker irresistible.

THE BYSTANDER, Publishers, London. Price: One Sh.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE TRENCHES, by CORP. J. F. CADENHEAD, 16th Batt.

A human interest document with a moral.

THE ABERDEEN PRESS, Aberdeen. Price: 2d.



LT.-GEN. SIR E. A. H. ALDERSON, K.C.B., commander of the Canadians in France.

ly conjecture. The book contains a preface by the Rt. Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., and an introduction by the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G., M.P.

HODDER & STOUTON, Publishers, London. Price: One Shilling.

CONTINGENT DITTIES, by the late FRANK S. BROWN—Sergeant, P.P.C.L.I. ("The Pats").

A small volume of verse by a Canadian soldier-poet who met his death on the field of honour at St. Eloi during his first period in the trenches. Mr. Holbrook Jackson, who edits the selection, has written a charming preface and says of the dead author's verse: "Here

LIST OF HONORS AND REWARDS

Since The Canadian Scottish came to France the following honors and rewards have been bestowed on members of the regiment for deeds of bravery or meritorious service in the field.

C.M.G.

Lt.-Col. R. G. Edwards Leckie—now Brigadier-General, The 3rd Brigade, C.E.F.

D.S.O.

Major G. Godson—now Camp Commandant at Corps Headquarters
Major William Rae—now Military Instructor
Capt. F. Morison

Military Cross

Capt. V. J. Hastings
Lient. Donald McGugan

Order of St. Ann, 4th class (RUSSIA)

Lieut. V. A. McLean—now prisoner of war in Germany.

D.C.M.

R.S.M. J. Kay: Sergt. Dougall, now Coy.-S.M.
Sergt. B. C. Lunn; Sergt. A. Denholm, now Lieut. in 15th Batt.; Sergt. W. Le Maitre;
Corpl. A. Lyons, now Lce.-Sergt.

Medaille Militaire

Acting-C.S.M. J. A. Scroggie

Mentioned in Despatches

Lt.-Col. R. G. Edwards Leckie, C.M.G., Major G. Godson-Godson, D.S.O., Major W. Rae, D.S.O., Major F. Morison, D.S.O., Capt. E. M. Merritt (killed in action), Capt. V. J. Hastings, Corpl. G. C. Heath (killed in action), Lce.-Cpl. A. W. Minchin, Pte. J. W. Bieley, Pte. E. Appleton, Pte. P. M. Grant, Pte. C. Payne.

NO. 1 COMPANY NOTES

(By J. F.)

No. 3 Platoon celebrated the Kaiser's birthday late in the evening, when Wee Bobbie fell into the shell hole with the rum ration and it became Na Poo. Sergt. Tommy Gallon broke the loss very gently and we were all thankful to hear that Bobbie did not break his valuable watch.

'Butter Riots in Berlin,'—vide the wireless. There were also riots of the same nature in the sergeants' mess at the rest camp and poor acting-Quarters got all the blame.

Who were the two men who saluted the colonel's charger with the groom up? Someone unkindly whispers they were not privates but sergeants.

Where did the marquee and the fires get to at M—? We hunted for them for three weeks, but nothing doin'.

March justified the old saw. It came in like a lion. Will it go out like a lamb?

QUERIES FROM NO. 2

(By R. M. B.)

Who is the popular N.C.O. who went to the O.C. and suggested that men on listening post and barricade guard should work at filling sandbags for two hours, as the men needed exercise? And what the said N.C.O. is looking for?

Does the climate of Northern France affect rum in quantity and quality?

A capital concert was given by the members of the company on the 24th ult. in No. 7 Platoon hut. The moving picture operator delivered the goods and a programme of song and recitation demonstrated that we have excellent talent. Thanks are due Corpl. Buchan for organizing the entertainment.

Did the M.O. hear all the pleasant (?) things said about him the morning after the inoculation?

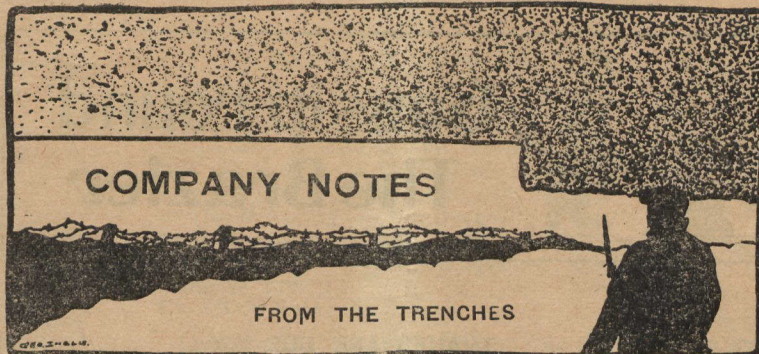
The boys of No. 2 were quite proud of the fact that Sergeant B— was acting Camp Commandant, but he didn't hold the job down long enough.

The boys appreciate the thoughtfulness and kindness of the citizens of Toronto for the gift of biscuits and chocolates, as also the colonies of Trinidad, Grenada and St. Lucia for the gift of chocolate.

NEWS FROM NO. 3 COMPANY

(By C. S. C.)

During that rest—was it a rest—the officers of the company royally entertained the boys in No. 11's "Palace of Straw." No marble hall, cut glass or silverware was ours, but never was such a jolly gathering. After a splendid repast the vocal talent was brought



COMPANY NOTES

FROM THE TRENCHES

forth with varying effects, the Skipper aiding with a banjo and a beautiful baritone. The merry evening terminated joyously with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Weren't the lucid calculations of the Bombers football team upset? Hurrah for us. Our intelligence department has it that they are now trying to lure the battalion's star centre-half into their midst. Don't you listen to them, Reddy.

When one of our noble ex-cooks went out on listening post the section looked in vain for its beefsteak. One wonders if it was one of those habits once cultivated can't be denied, but inside information says he thought it was his respirator. Hoot mon, Sandy.

In a hurried rush to be in time for the rum ration, or was it that Fritz was issuing "Iron Rations", that caused one of Number Nine's valiant road patrol to leave his raincoat and part of his nether garments on the barb wire? (Finder to be rewarded). But is it really true that once in the trench he pulled out his ever-welcome whistle and played, "Will ye no come back again"?

The company tender their deepest and sincerest sympathies to Sergeant Neal, who at this writing is not improving so well as was hoped, but we are glad to hear that he is pronounced out of critical danger. Cheer-o, Mannie.

NO. 4 COMES ACROSS

(By a Near N.C.O.)

We apologize for being so late with our notes for the initial issue, but we were truly busy at Listening Post training. Do you get it?

Let us introduce to you our tug-of-war team Nos. 1, 2 and 3 companies. Who would have thought it? We still have that team.

TO OUR LEAVE

Oh, you little elusive leave,
You cause me one continual "beef."
Now that you're stopped till further orders,
I'm darned if Well,
I suppose I shall have to wait.

The C.S.M. and the C.Q.M.S. wear a broad grin these days. Guess that leave did it. Eh?

FROM THE MEDS:

(By C. C.)

Strathspey are no longer whistled by the section, having given place to a gay French air, learned from a fair mademoiselle when out on the long rest. In return Spud Tamson showed Mlle. Francaise how to toss a flap-jack during the cooking of a farewell dinner, which, thanks to the said Spud, was a grand success.

The battalion sports were "money from home" to the section. Corpl. Burke romped in with four first and three seconds and the relay race was also gathered in.

It is regrettable how Dame Amour gets busy when anyone wounded passes through our hands. Without the slightest foundation in fact a story gets launched of a man's injury and speedily becomes magnified out of all proportions, causing infinite mental worry to all the sufferer's comrades. Rumours connected with casualties should be taken with the proverbial pinch of salt.

Meanwhile the section is doing nicely, thank you.

WITH THE Q.M. STAFF

(By J. C. K.)

Did the Q.M.S. have a good time whilst on leave? Sh—h—.

Who gave the cook lesson on the triangle?

Say the tailor sure has a snip of a job. What?

No. 1 Company are certainly artists at throwing blankets around. For further particulars remember M

There is ONE man in the Transport who can sure drive. Who is he? Don't all speak at once.

Who was the pet vocalist at the dinner given by the sergeants' mess of No. 1 Company?

When leaving good old M the Q.M. of No. 1

Was walking off so gaily when he certainly did have some fun.

His blankets were so tidy, and he had an ideal load,

But he had to take the d n things off in the middle of the road.

Congratulations to Sergt.-Piper Groat on obtaining his third stripe.

Mac D. the butcher is a rattling good sort,

So take it from me that cutting beef is his forte.

Mac N. is a piper who surely can play. He chirrup his chantie the live long day.

The Pipe Band now boasts a football team and have visions of becoming brigade champions.

After transferring to the signalling branch of the First Division as a cyclist W. C. Butler is now a staff-sergeant at Corps Headquarters.

S. McL. Norton is holding down a job in the administration department at Division Headquarters, with the rank of sergeant.

Pte. Colin Campbell of No. 1, who was wounded at Ypres and after being in hospital for four months in Blighty returned to the front, is acting regimental tailor. Colin was on the staff of Sergt.-Tailor Fitzgerald in the early days of the regiment. The latter is now a C.S.M. in the 43rd Batt.

Sergt. Morley, a former private in No. 1 is now chief draftsman at Division Headquarters.

Pte. J. Morley, of No. 2 Co., is acting orderly for Major G. Godson-Godson, D.S.O., Camp Commandant, Canadian Corps.

Capt. Victor Hastings on the 4th inst. had the honor of being received by His Majesty at Buckingham Palace and being decorated with the Military Cross.

Major Frank Morison, D.S.O., formerly of No. 3, has been appointed Chief Compensation Officer for the C.E.F.

Sergt. D. T. Jones is an instructor at the recently established division gas school.

Corpl. J. F. Cadenhead has been transferred to Col. Sir Max Aitken's department.

Owing to the illness of Capt. R. M. Luton, M.O., Capt. L. M. Rice is again attached to the battalion as M.O.

Sergt. J. A. Boyd is now the senior shoemaker sergeant of the First Division by reason of being the oldest in point of continuous service since the division was formed at Valcartier. He learnt the trade after enlisting for active service.

A BIBLICAL INTERPRETATION

Assuredly the bible means the Bail-leul-Boulogne railway when it tells of the creation of all "creeping things."

THEY SOUND THE SAME

A lady writes to know what is a brazier? On page two a versifier tells of its many functions. To Tommy in the trenches it means any old metal receptacle in which he can make a fire to cook his rations or to warm his dug-out. Spelt braiser, the dictionary authorities say it is a pan for holding coals. Spelt brassière, it is a piece of dainty lingerie to hold the form. There are braziers galore in the trenches, but usually coke is Na Poo.



Gossip round The Brazier

THANKS ARE DUE

The thanks of the battalion are due to a host of friends in Canada and the British Isles for countless gifts since The Canadian Scottish arrived in France. The Brazier, on behalf of all ranks, takes this opportunity to cordially acknowledge and express the appreciation felt to those in both Home-lands for their great generosity, and also for the countless good wishes that accompanied the different consignments of clothing, eatables, smokes and other comforts for the boys in the trenches. The Officer Commanding has endeavored in the following list to include all who have sent parcels, but there may be several whose names do not appear and to whom this appreciation is also extended:

The Citizens of Toronto; The Canadian War Contingent Assn.; Canadian Field Comforts Commission; National Service Committee representing the Women of Canada; Daughters of the Empire of Victoria, Winnipeg and Prince Rupert; The Red Cross of Montreal and Vancouver; Athletic Committee of Winnipeg; The World and Province of Vancouver; The Gazette of Montreal; Miss Meeker, Mrs. Jellett, D. Nicholson, Judge Crowley and Robt. Jacobs of Montreal; Mrs. Hamber, Mrs. Gillies and H. Bell-Irving of Vancouver; Mrs. J. H. Logan of St. Johns, Nfld.; D. Rothschild of Sudbury; Jos. A. Leckie of Walsall; Mrs. T. R. Finneane of Cobalt, Ontario; A. W. Patmore; A. H. Noble (formerly of the 7th Batt.), H. Peck, W. Creelman, A. Belknap, D. W. Peck and R. S. Wright of Prince Rupert; Lockerbie Women's Guild of Scotland; Miss M. E. Harris of Enfield; Girl Guides of Nanaimo; Mrs. J. Ross, 36 Fellows Road, South Hampstead, London, N.W.; Mrs. Goodhart, 35 Portland Place and the "Men on the March" Society, London; Messrs. Moore Bros., Halifax.



A SPLENDID GIFT

Recent battalion orders contain the Commanding Officer's thanks to Messrs. Moore Bros., Ltd., Halifax, for a gift of 500 tins of toffee which were greatly appreciated by all ranks.

FOR COMMISSIONS

Pte. R. M. Clarke, signaller; Pte. A. S. Low, No. 3 Co., and Lee-Cpl. C. A. McCool have been transferred to England for the purpose of training for commissions. Pte. C. W. Gammon of the Medical section is to attend the cadet school, assembling May 3, for a similar purpose.

WINS FRENCH HONOUR

Hearty congratulations to Acting-C.S.M. J. A. Scroggie of the Grenade section on his being awarded the French decoration of the Medaille Militaire. It is the first French award to be bestowed on a member of the battalion.

WHAT THE BOYS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

If the rumour that the First Canadian Division is going back for a real rest is true.

If those nifty brass buttons and shoulder badges are an issue or a purchase.

Who was the piper that invited two friends to an estaminet to have a "shot" and on proceeding to dig up the necessary centimes exclaimed, "Excuse me, boys, I left my money in my other tunic"—and does he come from Aberdeen?

Who is to write the War-r Diary in the absence of the battalion's historian?

How many bomb-proof jobs are included in the establishment of an army corps?

Will a prize be offered for a title for the proposed Brigade paper?

Does Fritz intend to make a splash on our front before the Pioneer Battalion has a chance to make good in practice its strenuous period of theoretical training?

Is it possible to make Blighty on a football knee?

When will the adjourned Brigade Sports be pulled off?

Why doesn't the Flying Corps import a few of those new Canadian aeroplanes to tackle the Fokkers?

If The Brazier will publish an Xmas annual every year?

SCOUTING

I. On Leaving the Parapet and Penetrating Our Barbed Wire

The night was dark, which was unusual, a darkness that could be felt, still more unusual; a pale moon shone brightly on my prismatic compass as I halted breathlessly, one foot on the parapet, our parapet, whilst my keen nostrils sniffed the air for signs of hostile presence. Nothing however disturbed the terrible quietness of a lost world. A terrific wind whistled noisily overhead, huge cannon reverberated through the rain sodden air. Noiselessly knocking over a clattering sheet iron, I planted my second foot on a friendly rat and slid silently over the parapet bringing with me the sentry's periscope, an empty brazier and three billy cans.

The unusual stillness aroused the watchful foe and the darkness was pierced by a flare of enormous brilliance, which fortunately failed to light. I fell in a fashion which has ever deceived our enemies—flat—and nestled snugly in our wire, pretending, with a pretence successfully adopted on many hair-raising occasions, that I was not in Flanders at all.

An hour later, leaving my balmoral, gloves and various lengths of torn breeches cloth on the barbs to mark my progress and to note my place of return, I crawled on knees and elbows stealthily forward E. by N.E. in the direction of Brussels, and at the end of an eventful hour found myself not less than three hundred yards from the enemy parapet. Here I stayed, to take notes of the general route taken, the direction of the wind which had long since died away, and to speculate upon the hacking cough possessed by one of our listening posts, whose form I could dimly distinguish through the inky blackness some one hundred yards ahead.

BUFFALO BILL ii.

To be continued, perhaps?

NOTE: I feel I must place on record my gratefulness to the Intelligence Officer, whose voluminous reports upon the gallant evolutions of our brave men in No Man's Land have enabled me to glean much useful information for this and, I trust, subsequent articles.

B. B. ii.



IN RAMSGATE HOSPITAL

Pte. Jack Frost, one of the popular members of the medical section, who was badly wounded last summer and has since been in several hospitals in England undergoing treatment, writes to The Brazier from the Granville Canadian Special Hospital at Ramsgate. He says that among the patients at this hospital are the following from The Canadian Scottish:

Q.M.S. J. Stewart, Q.M.S. J. B. McClure; Ptes. J. Boulanger, J. K. Frost, J. S. Goulding, W. Hutchings, C. H. Kirchin, A. Kirkwood, H. Knox, C.



"Hi, there! leave them buttons alone. He's mine."

Lander, B. Leask, J. McEachern, R. Rideout, J. Rankin.

In addition to the above there is Pte. Chiverol, who was in the M.G. Section and is a Vancouver boy. He was wounded at Ypres and taken prisoner. Subsequently had to have his left leg amputated below the knee. It was neglected after the operation and when he was sent to England the bone was found to be diseased and another operation was necessary. He is now, except for the missing limb, almost well again.

There was a young man of (deleted) Who went to enlist at (name censored) He shouldered his gun, Went forth on the run And was wounded three times at (a certain place in Northern France).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

R.S.D.: Sorry we can't give you the words of "The Face on the Bar-room Floor." We even forget what the bar-room floor looks like.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR: In our opinion the M.O. would simply give you a No. 9. Try rheumatic fever in the left elbow.

ALWAYS BROKE: We will put your suggestion in front of the Paymaster, but we are not at all hopeful of the result. Perhaps a better remedy would be to cut out poker altogether. Try Crown and Anchor for a change.

OPTIMIST: Your idea that the leave was stopped because the authorities figured we'd all be home soon enough anyway, says a lot for your optimism, but suppose the leave starts again where's your "bloomin' optimism?"

STUNG: You sure were easy. Did you come out with the last draft?

MAC: Your alleged poem commencing, "Lend me half a franc till pay day," is very touching but altogether too tragic. If you recited that to the Paymaster he might have you pinched.

HISTORIAN; We do not pretend to know very much about the childhood of the Kaiser, Little Willie, or old Von Tirp. We have heard, however, that the Kaiser had to be spanked frequently for walloping his young sister, and Little Willie had a habit of pinching the contents of his younger brother's money box. The youthful exploits of Old Von T. are somewhat hazy, but we understand his horror of having his daily bath when a child is only equalled by his present dislike to going to sea.

HOPEFUL: Yes, Lloyd George intends using "Scotch" in the manufacture of munitions. Apply to the O.C. of your company re a transfer to the Ammunition Column.

BATMAN: A good substitute for macaroni can be made with barbed wire and a file.

Other answers held over until after the war.



COMMANDS THIRD BRIGADE

Lt.-Col. G. S. Tuxford, of the 5th Battalion, has been appointed to the command of the Third Infantry Brigade vice Brig.-Gen. R. G. Edwards Leckie, C.M.G., who was seriously wounded last month. At the time of going to press The Brazier was informed that the Brigadier-General was safely on the road to recovery.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

The Seventeenth of March was not allowed to go unnoticed by the sons of the Emerald Isle. Sure there are not a large number in the battalion, but every one proudly wore a sprig of Shamrock in celebration of Ireland's national day. A year ago the day was celebrated in the trenches at Fleurbaix.

HOW IT ORIGINATED

The military salute has a curious origin. It dates back to the days of the tournaments, which were presided over by a Queen of Beauty. The knights and their esquires and all who took part in the tourney, on presenting themselves before the queen, lifted each one a hand level with the brows, as though dazzled by the light of her presence. From this custom came the soldier's salute to his superior officer.

LEFT FORTUNE TO CITY

Prince Rupert newspapers announced that Lieut.-Corpl. J. P. Ensch, who died from wounds received last November bequeathed all his property to his adopted city to be used as playgrounds or public parks. Jack Ensch was a pioneer prospector of Northern British Columbia and when the call came joined the 30th Battalion. He crossed with the first draft under Major C. W. Peck, last April. Both in civil and army life, he was a firm believer in Socialism—a belief that he put into practice by offering his life to his country and leaving his property to future generations. His splendid devotion to duty and stirring qualities endeared him to his comrades.



WAS CUPID RESPONSIBLE?

Was Cupid responsible? At least Dame Rumour suggests that congratulations are in order now that Capt. C. Marshall has at last gone on leave after thirteen months continuous service in France. During the popular officer's absence Lieut. N. A. D. Armstrong is acting transport officer.

There was a young lady of Wipers
Who was terribly fond of the pipers,
At the very first sound
She would follow them round,
In spite of the shells and the sniper.

The O.C. No. 3 says that his "poisonous infantry are afraid to cross "No Man's Land" is all Bosche.



Tommy (during digging operations): "Say, Fritz, if you don't quit throwing your Looming earth over into our trench, there's going to be trouble."

TRANSPORT GYMKHANA

Continued from Page One.

race, also Glendinning in the mule loading contest. Archie knows the game, having been transport sergeant of the 30th before coming to the 16th.

We regret that the Duke of Westminster's colours shone only among the "also rans." Better luck next time. By-the-way, we hear that Edwards' horse "Hungry Ben" died of wounds received at Festubert. The boys would like to know who is the present bearer of that name?

Nothing quite so funny was pulled off as the wrestling on mules. The mokes grimly bore the strain of their bareback warriors who rode their chargers in the fray sans upper garments. Tommy, we blushed for you.

HERE AND THERE

This happened when the battalion was in the trenches. Passing down the row of dug-outs at headquarters the Colonel paused at the door of the orderlies abode. Inside a group were having tea and his quick eye noted that the menu included strawberry jam. Later on the Colonel and his staff sat down to dinner. There being no sweets following the meat course the O.C. asked for some jam. "What have you got?" he queried the orderly. "Oh, Plum, Damson and Apple, Sir," came the prompt reply. "No Strawberry, eh," elicited the Colonel. "Then bring me in the batman's jam," he ordered, with a quiet smile.

CALLING THE CORPORAL

The Brigadier-General of the 2nd Canadian Brigade was making his way past one of the transport lines and requested the picket to call the corporal. The picket put his hand to his mouth and yelled, "Smithy." The General said; "I asked you to call the corporal."

"Yes, sir," answered the picket, and putting his hand to his mouth, the soldier with all the force of his lungs, shouted: "Smithy, you North American Chinaman, you're wanted."

Smithy came and, needless to say, he does not now allow the privates to indulge in such familiarity.

—CHRISTMAS GARLANDS

HOT AIR

Washington dispatch: White House issues orders for necessary war supplies:

Carload penholders.

Two carloads penpoints.

Four tankers of ink.

Hundred gross diplomatic transmitting codes.

— LIFE

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