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THE EDITOR

« LA VIE CANADIENNE »

CANADIAN SECTION, G. H. Q.

3rd ECHELON, B. E. F. FRANCE.

Editor, Lieut. M. C. COCKSHOT.

Assistant. Editor, L/Cp. MORAN.

« *To the Boys of the First* ».

Reader who takes this little book in hand,
Knowing full well, whence most its contents come,
Regard with patience, not with rude remarks
The efforts made herein to light some sparks
Of memory; nor let your mind be numb.
Connect them, reading, with arrival in this foreign land;
With comrades, some, alas, beyond the veil,
Whose bodies spent, whose spirits yet prevail
To strengthen others, living, now to pen,
A tribute to them in *La Vie Canadienne*.

Land of France, what mystic changes thou hast undergone.
 Thou who hadst made, midst conquests, one of self.
 Whom revolution rent, and war still scourges.
 Land of fair dreams, gay songs, laments, and dirges,
 Who, in adversity, surprised the world with wealth.
 Let no one say, for thee, the sun has shone
 To depart into the night forever : nay, there's a meeting —
 Thou, in the victory of Allies for Right, now greeting
 Comrades in arms, Sons of a noble Empire —

Again shall see the brightness hid by war-clouds sheeting.
 Here we commemorate a day of days.
 Britain outpouring strength of Empire's blood —
 Truly, Republic and Monarchial sway
 Are joined together, in one grand array,
 To quell th'inimic War Lord's thirsty flood.
 Mileage, nor sea, nor threats, nor Devil's ways
 Shall daunt our courage; these Canadians aim
 To help the cause, and mingle with the shame
 Of violations, devastations, war and demolition.
 The strength of righteous might, that shall wring from Huns'contrition.

There's man from the East, mid-west and West
 Of the new world's hemisphere.
 Britons and Frenchmen-Canadians all,
 Short men, thin men, fat men, and tall
 Now to the fight draw near.
 A first contingent of the best.
 They're gay but they're grim, and keen to keep from invasion's further harm
 Their two old Motherlands; alike, they come from town and farm.
 For men must fight, and women weep, when the God of Mars decrees,
 And fear, or wrong shall not prevail, 'gainst the men from Overseas.

Now, today, we think of those who rest from the din of battle's roar.
 For many who stepped from the ship that day
 When Phoebus brightly shone, have fought their fight.
 E'en then as the women churchward went, their dress was a sombre sight.
 Oh, France, in mourning, what didst thou say?
 The total of lives not spent in vain, shall show us a nation's core.
 « Canadians, comrades, we know you come
 To share our trouble, yea, to the tomb :
 You'll carry the honour of men in arms,
 Till Peace shall silence grim War's alarms. »

Yes; today, we'll think of those who sleep,
'Neath the cannon's deafening roar.
The hands we shook, the tongues we heard
That we'll shake, and hear no more.
God bless their martial spirit, and the land that gave them birth.
The breed of the brand,
Who, on foreign strand,
Wrought deeds that astonished the earth.

J. P. STUBBS.

CANADIANS ARRIVAL IN FRANCE.

FEBRUARY 1915.

We left England on February 11th. 1915, and after four days stormy voyage landed at St. Nazaire (Loire-Inférieure) on the Bay of Biscay. After a pleasant stay of one night and day in this town, during which we were treated with every consideration by the inhabitants, we commenced our journey to the front. This was by no means a pleasure jaunt. We had two days and two nights train travel, forty men in a box car. If you stop to consider it, you will not be surprised, when I say that we were glad to reach our destination. — Hazebrouck, as French box cars are not by any means as big as the C. P. R. type.

The journey was uneventful, during the day time the railway trip through southern Brittany and Normandy was very enjoyable, and with the help of cards, songs and music, the time passed quickly. But at night, it was the limit. There was not room for us to sit down, let alone stretch out and sleep, and not five minutes passed without someone requesting someone else to kindly take his feet out of his stomach, or face as the case might be.

On the night of the third day we reached Hazebrouck, and had our first sight of the ravages of war, as a German aeroplane had a few days previously paid the town a visit, and the results of the visiting card it left were plainly evident.

The sound of the guns and crackling of machine guns and rifles could be faintly heard in the distance, and the darkened and dreary aspect of the town led most of us to believe that the firing line was not more than a few miles distance. This idea was soon dispelled. As soon as we had unloaded our kit and transports, we commenced what proved to be a dreary hike. The night being pitch dark, and having no one acquainted with the roads, we managed to lose ourselves three times, and finally at about three o'clock in the morning, tired hungry and dreary, we reached the little town of Caestre, we were billeted for a few days. This was a nice little place, and the inhabitants took kindly to us because we were Canadians, (I strongly suspect, because we spent our money freely) also because we were the first kilted troops to be billeted there.

After a few days our regiment was ordered to move, and early one morning we commenced what turned out to be a twenty mile march, over the cobble-stoned roads of France, to the town of Armentieres. Here we billeted again, this time in a great convent, which had been sadly battered by shrapnel. It was in this town that we had our first experience of shell fire, the enemy dropping a few stray shells among our transport, which was billeted on the other side of the river. After a rest here of one day, we went for our first spell in the trenches. A wonderful experience that was then.

We went in by companies for stretches of twenty-four hours being introduced to the life by one of the famous old English regiments, the Yorks and Lincs. In the darkness going in, we passed through the destroyed village of Bois Grenier, and I never saw a more thorough piece of destruction; hardly one stone was left on another. From this village we struch through the fields to the front line, in our « greenness » hardly daring to breath as we plugged in single file through the mud, and what mud it was too. Two steps forward and one step back, and then start all over again. A stray bullet zipped overhead, and we ducked with a gasp, while the regular, who was guiding us, no doubt grinned in the darkness. Again we ducked and crouched into the mud (guide as well this time), as a star-shell whizzed up and burst into a brilliant light. I do not think the road to success is any harder travelling than was this first trip of ours, but after what seemed an almost endless march we finally reached our destination the front line trenches.

That night we were initiated into the mysteries of listening post, and

trench sentry, and proud were the men who were told off as sentry, great interest being aroused as to who would be the first man to fire a shot for England. As far as I know, the matter was never definitely settled, the honour being claimed by no less than fifteen men. One thing that I am fairly certain of, and that is, that the bullet did not do much damage, most of the boys having what is known in Canada as « Buck-fever », and it is safe to say that the bullet pierced a cloud. It did not take us long to settle down, however, and by morning the majority of us felt quite like old soldiers. At daybreak, we heard a voice booming up the trench « Stand to Arms », and great was our excitement. Visions of going over the top, or at the very least repelling a desperate German attack flitting through our minds, and our disappointment can be easily imagined when our trench comrades told us that this was an every morning occurrence, to prepare against surprise, as the grey light of dawn is very favourable to attacks. Since then I have seen many cold grey dawns, some merely cold and some miserably cold and wet.

Nothing eventful happened during the day. We loafed and lazed around, the Yorks and Lancs treating us handsomely, and never allowing the tea to run low in the canteen, and when night fell we made our way back to our billets, passing on the way another company of our regiment, who were due for their initiation that night. I think we were to be excused if we held our heads just a little higher and swung by a bit more cockily, for we were veterans now, and they were still greenies.

Now, however, this is all changed. We are veterans in every sense of the word, and take our trips in the trenches as a matter of course, creeping along more like a school boy on his way to school on the morning a circus hits town, cursing every slip, and our officers also behind their backs when thought necessary.

After about a weeks stay in Armentieres, we moved south and relieved the seventh Division. We found ourselves on the north of Neuve Chapelle, facing the village of Vomelles, behind the German lines. It was while we were in rest billets here, preparatory to going into the trenches, that we had the sad duty of forming our first regimental cemetery; a duty which since then, sad to relate, has got to be an all too common affair.

Our billets were just a short way behind the trenches, and the enemy one day took it into his head to send us a few shells, the third

one striking the billets of « C » company, killing two men and wounding three others. We held these trenches with periods of relief for one month, and during this time received our baptism of shell fire, no doubt with the intention of holding us in our trenches while the British commenced the first attack of what was afterwards to be known as the « Battle of Neuve-Chapelle ».

We had quite a few casualties this trip in, but evidently not as many as were expected, for on visiting the village cemetery (a place of great curiosity) after being relieved, what was my shocked surprise to find two large newly dug graves capable of containing fifty bodies each, one with a sign marked « Imperials » the other with a sign marked « Canadians ».

We enjoyed a well earned rest in the town of Estairies, and it was in this town that we held our first bath parade, and never was water so welcome to a lot of tired, dirty, men. We also received a change of clottrng, some of which, I am sorry to say, contained as much live stock as that which we handed in. We also had our first experience of aircraft in this town, a Taube paying us a visit one morning, and dropping a couple of bombs, which, however, did no damage.

By this time, there are no more shining morning faces on parade, Our khaki is dirty and stained, and our packs are heavy, but our rifles are always clean and well oiled, and our baytrets are brightly polished, as we plod along the road for our spell in. Our faces are red, and the rain drips from our bonnets and runs down our cheeks or drips from our noses. We don't look like a bunch of « bleeding'eroes » but we are not at all downhearted. We now commenced a long march to the famous town of Ypres, through Wieltje and St. Julien, both behind the German lines now, and no matter which way we turned our heads we could see the German star shells. We entered this town with drums beating and pipes skirling, crowds of children and civilians at our heels.

The town at this time as far as we could see then, was not badly damaged, although the effects of shrapnel could be plainly seen; business was still being done. We did not stop in the town, but marched through and out into the country to our billets, which proved to be a big rambling barn.

It was during the second day of our stay here, that the Battle of Hill 60 commenced, and a more glorious sight I never witnessed in my life. The noise of the firing was thunderous, and German seventeen

inch shells were being thrown into Ypres by the score, bursting with an earsplitting noise, and emitting great volumes of dense black smoke, the rifle and machine gun fire adding its share in one continuous burst of rapid fire.

That night we relieved the 14th Battalion, and started one of the greatest Battles the Canadians have ever fought, against odds which now seem almost incredible. The left of our Battalion joined the right of the French line, which at that time was held by the Algerians. What happened has been fully chronicled in the Press of all the World (together with a good many things that never happened). During this battle, I was wounded, and after a pleasant stay in Hospital of over a month, I rejoined the regiment, on the day we were due to enter the trenches at Givenchy on the La Basse canal. It seemed as if a streak of ill luck had commenced for me here, as I just entered the trenches when a German Gas shell threw me flat, and the next I remember was waking up in a Hospital train again in route for the Base. And here, kind reader, I must leave my personal experiences and the fortunes of my Battalion to one whose luck was better than mine. There are not many of the boys now left with the regiment that landed at St. Nazaire on that February afternoon two years ago, and what the next anniversary of this occasion will bring we do not know. We hope in our heart of hearts that it will be peace, not a patched up affair, but the kind we have sacrificed and are willing to continue sacrificing ourselves and everything we hold dear to us, for.

B. J. D.

HARD ON THE SCOTCH.

Scotland is a braw wee land, on the north of England. It has water nearly all around it, and whisky over a large part of it. The population is about four and a half millions, including Mr Carnegie. It has a peculiar language of its own, and if one can pronounce it coherently, it is an infallible test of sobriety. It possesses considerable wealth of minerals, but very little of it finds its way out of the country. Gold has at times been discovered in certain districts, as well as in the pockets of certain natives, but in both cases it has been found difficult to work.

The best known exports of Scotland are Harry Lauder and Scotch Whisky, though sufficient of the latter is retained in the home country to satisfy the demands of home consumption.

The national dress of Scotland is the kilt, which is a kind of short petticoat, in pattern it resembles a chess board, though in cold weather the wearer finds it more like a draught board. It is believed to have been originally invented because the aborigines were unable to find trousers big enough to get their feet through.

The bag-pipe provides the chief music of the country. It is a wind instrument which is said, when blown, to produce a tune. On occasions in the History of War, Scotch regiments have marched to death listening to the strains of the bagpipes, though it is not known if their willingness to meet death was inspired by their desire to escape the bagpipes.

Scotland has produced many well known men, among them being Robert Burns, believed to have been a poet. His most famous poems are « Scots Wha Hae », and « Stop Your Tickling, Jock ».

The national characteristic of Scotland is usually « Reckless Expenditure ».

M. W. P.

PULLS AND PUFFS.

Towley-Burner so they say,
Goes to bed at 8 each day.
On the side, please don't repeat,
Sometimes he walks in his sleep.

Since I've worn my Service Stripe,
The girls I meet all say good night.
And M. P's turn away from me,
I never go astray you see.

Should you want to beat the Guy,
Who takes your name as you go by.
Bend your knees and duck your nut,
Don't wake the Sentry in the Hut.

ODE TO « BILLETS ».

This was the song of Sergeant K.
 As he crouched in the dark alone,
 And the fire went out, and the cold crept in,
 And the Haggis ceased to moan.
 « Oh I'm getting auld, and I'm awfu cauld,
 And my heid is splittin' in twa,
 I'll be sairly greived, if I'm not relieved,
 For I'm anxious to get awa.
 Oh I never thocht when relief I sought,
 From Bacchus the god of beer,
 That I'd land forsooth on a place uncouth,
 But the trouble is I'm here.
 So I'm going straight, you watch my gait,
 For here's where they break your heart,
 You may talk as you please, ('scuse me while I sneeze)
 From now on I'm « on the cart ».

REINFORCED BY K. R.

One of a draft, marching towards railway station, to Canadian on passing street-car :

« *Hey ! mate, you're well dug in, aint yuh.* »

Canuck (who has already been up and had some) :

« *You bet, and so will you be, tomorrow night.* »

STAFF-OFFICER : — « Do we know the reason why they dropped that application. »

REINFORCEMENT CLERK : — « Yes, Sir. »

S. O. : — « Well then, we have no fault to find with them. »

R. C. (stuttering) : — « Yessir, but it isn't a reasonable reason. »

Things we Want to Know.

Whether « D. D. W. » in K. R. is any relation to Uncle Sam » as he is fully qualified both in speech making (e. g. K. R's Dinner) and in Note Sending.

The result of the Battle Royal for a typewriter in K. T. recently.

What the French people thought of the Canadian's skating last Sunday afternoon.

The correct way to « Right Dress » a section.

If it is true that one of the boys who was doing 8 p. m. Bed punishment, had a W'hell of a time the first night after his sentence was completed.

If the members of K. R. look any better for the extra « Beauty Sleep » they get in the mornings now.

If the poor dear B'Hoys in billets are not having a most enjoyable time time these cold days.

If it is true that O. C. Cobwebs is *Giving Away* bedroom slippers.

Whether *Ainslie* works any harder for seeing his « Little Ray of Sunshine » every day.

If a certain Corporal has not improved his appearance since he obtained a new « *Casket* ».

If the following is not a favorite saying of K. R's stenographer :— « Such a Department for Stateaments, Allotaments and Moveaments, I never seen it ».

What a certain O. R. C. did, when he found he had lost an Officer « Somewhere in France », and if he has found him yet.

A rough idea of how many stripes were indented for in January.

For whom was that « *grass hockey stick* » that an Officer's batman was promenading with, and was the practice a success.

If anyone has seen Batting since he left for Blighty, and if it is true that it is a case of *Grape-Nuts*, that he has not returned.

When the Rudnicki-Madden Concert is it coming off.

DAILY NEWS.

(By Commercial Cable to France.)

Canada, Jan. 30/17.

Heavy snow storms are raging throughout the Dominion. The C. P. R. Express from Toronto to Chicago, travelling at a high rate of speed, slipped on the icy rails at a sharp turning near Denver, Colorado, and fell into the Niagara River. Very few lives were lost as the train was composed of Frozen meat.

Ottawa, Jan. 30/17.

The Tartan Great Coats for the Bantams, which were made from the discarded Kilts of the Highland Regiments in France, have now been found to be unsuitable. It is expected that they will be re-made into Kilts and issued to the Canadian Navy now serving in Toronto Bay.

Western Canada, Jan. 30/17.

Following upon the suggestion of Mayor Leatherhead of Banff, Alberta, a Mobile Company of coloured Shoe Shiners has been raised in Western Canada. This Unit will be commanded by the Managing Director of the Slop and Iron Tips Quick Repairing Company Ltd., of Lulu Island, Vancouver, B. C., who will first parade his Unit before the G. O. C. of the Conscientious Objectors Division, who has promised to come down from Dawson City, Yukon, for that purpose. Recruiting for this Unit is proceeding briskly, already, 40 have been nailed. The Rev'd and Hon. Capt. Snaggs will look after the souls of the men.

Sloux-Look-Out, Fort William, Ont. Jan. 30/17.

It is reported that the 8th Bn. (90th Pegs), who are at present employed repairing the roadways, ditches, etc, in France, will be returned to Canada for the purpose of making Mud-Guards for Aeroplanes.

Can. Naval Hdqtrs., Ottawa, Jan. 30/17.

A scheme for drastic economy has now been adopted in the Canadian Navy's Western Coast Flotilla Command. All destroyers and Submarines off the Coast of British Columbia at present not engaged in warfare with Germany have adapted all weapons to the killing of wild Goose and Duck. As these birds abound in vast flocks, it is estimated by the Naval Department that this special squadron will not only relieve the food question but will pay for the entire Canadian Navy during the present fiscal year.

Ottawa, Jan. 30/17.

Official information from Ottawa states that all boys called home from France as MINORS will not receive their discharge, but will be employed in the capacity of hollering out stations on Ocean Liners to soldiers being returned to Canada.

Canada, Jan. 30/17.

A suggestion has been submitted to the Authorities in Charge of Returned Soldiers for forming a gold mining colony N. W. of Hudson Bay Lake, were soldiers suffering from delusional insanity might be allowed to dig for gold and gamble amongst themselves.

A Bit too Much!

Although one reads much of humour on the battlefield, most of those who have « been there » fail to see or appreciate at the time, much of it.

In attempting to laugh when one's knees are knocking together and every muscle is quivering absolutely beyond the controlling power of their owner's brain, the result is usually-sickly.

Yet one meets men in whom the sense of humour is irrepressible and who seem completely devoid of « nerves ». These are the men to be envied, on the Field at any rate, although perhaps in more peaceful pursuits they miss some of the finer touches of life. However it is men of this breed who make our heroes.

There were many such in the 1st Canadian Division at Ypres in April 1915, when the first gas attack in history was launched against them, which as all the world knows, proved utterly futile and very costly to the Huns, and at the same time gave to Canada the right to place her sons along side the finest troops in the world.

A private of one of the Western Battalions, who had distinguished himself in many ways during the first couple of days of that memorable fight by bringing in wounded, carrying ammunition and important messages, all the time under a terrible bombardment and machine gun fire, was finally hit pretty badly and was forced to retire from his gallant work.

In crawling back he had a very perilous trip, as the exact position of the enemy was not known, and his Battalion was almost surrounded. However he struck a ditch which was running in the right direction and followed it until having passed through the temporary line of Huns, which was in the rear of his Unit, and emerged on to the main road to Ypres.

At the junction of the ditch and the road he encountered a group of six or seven French Colonials, black men, huddled together terrified, afraid to take their chance and run the gauntlet of shells which pounded the roadway all the way back to Ypres.

Our Western friend, however, thought that the chance of getting a « Daisy pusher » was just as great by staying there as by keeping on the move, so having by dint of every kind of persuasion, roused the natives out on to the roadway, a wild race started.

By this time it was dark and the only illumination was afforded by the numerous star shells which both sides were using freely. Every time the bur-r-r-r of a shell was heard, down they would go into the ditch along side the road and stay there until kicked out again by the gentleman in Khaki, who by this time was just as black and hardly distinguishable from any of them.

Finally the odd looking crowd arrived at a building which was fairly intact, apparently a Brigade Headquarters, and were corralled by a party of officers who wanted to know whither they were bound.

Judge of the Officers' surprise when one of the party of niggers exclaimed in broad Irish Canadian.

« Begorra, I can stand all their gas works and 'lectric light plants. but when the blighters throw Iron Foundries at you — I want to go home ».

TEACHER TO CLASS ;— Give a sentence illustrating the meaning of the word « Notwithstanding ».

SMALL BOY :— Johnny wore a hole in his trousers.

TEACHER :— How does that explain it ?

SMALL BOY :— He wore the hole « Not with standing ».

THE KAYEYE CIRCUS COMPANY

Will present a daily performance from now until the cessation of hostilities.

The greatest Collection of Beauty, Art, and Talent
on the Continent !!!!

FOUR. MAMMOTH. RINGS, not including our world-famed Picture Gallery of life-like portraits of celebrities, Charles Peace, the Kaiser, and other disciples of the PEACE movement.

Ring No. 1. Conducted by Signor MACCI, whose reputation, unfortunately, is only too well known !!!

Ring No. 2. Under Prof. LOWGANWEISER, the famous animal tamer successfully handles some of the Toughest Propositions now extant.

Ring No. 3. The YONSSON-BAEKER DUO, the notorious equilibrists!!! They risk life and limb in juggling with ponderous Files and weighty Tomes.

Ring No. 4. A marvellous collection of Wild Animals, from the depths of the Canadian Jungle. These Animals were captured by the Dominion Government during the war with terrible difficulty. These fierce beasts are held in leash by Prof. Knowall, of Smith Falls.

THE NUMEROUS SIDE-SHOWS INCLUDE,

- “ ARRESSEM ”, the Rubber-Necked Man.
- “ RENO RUTH ”, the talented Danseuse, makes Gaby Deslys look like a “ P. B ” Man.
- “ THE BEARDED MAN ”, who is compelled to shave EVERY DAY to keep out of trouble.
- “ THE VILLAGE FIDDLER ”, Will play the SPIRITED melody,
“ In the evening by the firelight, Dear Terese ”.

SEE THE PARADE.

THE MAMMOTH PROCESSION will leave the grounds at 12.05
and return in time for the MATINEE.

Civilians dogs and children in arms are NOT ADMITTED.

**Visit the
Basement Clothing Emporium !!!!**

Military Outfitters.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES !!!

No Cash Required. Your Indent Accepted.

EXPERIENCED ADVICE ON OUT-FITS.

We guarantee that you will be burdened with a surplus of kit !!!!

Second-Hand Clothing and worn-out Uniforms TAKEN in exchange.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY. Ours is strictly a British Institution.

Visit our BOOT & SHOE DEPARTMENT !!!!!. Our patrons will receive courtesy, Discrimination, and celerity at the hands of our experienced Clarke.

WE SUPPLY CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

Our "Ammunition" Shoe is a Great Cellar.

Boot and Shoe Repairing Done.

**OUR GIGANTIC BARGAIN SALE will commence Monday, 8. A. M.
COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.**

HERB. LITTOLBAUM & SON. Sole Proprietors.

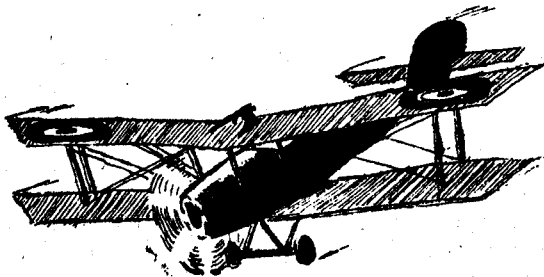
Then and now, Britain's First Flying Meeting

Three mille record.

In 1908 the first flying meeting ever held in Britain took place on the Doncaster Race Course. Foremost among its organizers were Harry de Windt, the famous explorer; Cody, the Pioneer aviator; William le Quex, the popular novelist, Hewitt-Myring, financier, of Norfolk Street Park Lane; J. C. Caspar, a Hungarian-American adventurer of no fixed abode and others whose names I cannot at the moment recall.

The first event advertised, I remember, was described as « An attempt to fly three times round the St-Leger course without landing. » This was open to all comers and 6 and 7 to 4 were freely offered against this « feat » being accomplished. Eleven thousand hefty Yorkshiremen had each paid his « bob a nob » for admission and from the roofs of the grand-stand a serried mass of human beings could be seen completely surrounding the course, wedged tightly against the rails.

Eight years ago to attempt to fly in a wind of over eight or nine miles an hour was deemed suicidal. It was blowing twelve miles an hour at least, on that memorable morning and as hour after hour passed we could hear the murmurs and groans of the impatient crowd gradually increasing, but still the wind blew and by one o'clock it had risen to fourteen miles an hour.



Twice already the crowd had tried to break through the cordon of police. Reinforcements were telephoned for and arrived in cars and lorries. A Yorkshire mob which thinks it has been « had » is a formidable thing to face and now, look where we would, that sea of faces met us. It completely hemmed us in; there was no way of escape.

Said Cody suddenly. « Say I'll give 'em a run, I guess, if some one don't they'll bust us up.

Acting upon the advice of the police, by this time Directors, Committees, of Management and Press and all others who valued their safety had scrambled to the top of the Stand, barricading the entrances and stairways behind the mas best they could.

As Cody's big machine rolled out of its huge shed a ringing cheer went up from the crowd. Six attempts were made to leave the ground, then suddenly the great plane rose. Swaying this way and that, the engines making a terrible racket, it wobbled towards the ring of spectators. As it gradually came over them men could be heard shouting at it and crying out in alarm, while women screamed. Now the machine was well away, fighting against the heavy gusts. Eleven thousand pairs of eyes watched it intently and so great was the strain that every voice was hushed. All at once, when half a mile away it seemed to hover; then it staggered in mid air. A heavy gust caught it on the off-side and a moment later it had dropped into a sandpit and there it lay, half hidden in a cloud that looked like dust. The crowd howled — I won't say with delight — but it seemed that they felt they were at last getting their mone's worth.

Next came Le Blond— tall, slim, with pointed beard, smiling cheerfully as he scrambled into his machine smoking a cigarette. Over the very heads of the packed throng his engine began to miss-fire, then it stopped abruptly. This time there came a cry of terror. In a flash, however the plucky airman realized the peril of the crowd and at the same time forgot his own. Instead of planing down on the people below he kept his machine horizontal; its impetus and the wind carried it a few yards further, just clear of the crowd, then it fell like a stone. It was a splendid act of courage and self-sacrifice and in few minutes machine and pilot were surrounded by a cheering and excited mob. Fortunately though the machine was smashed beyond repair, Le Blond was to all intents and purposes uninjured. Poor fellow! he was killed some weeks later, while flying in France.

Then came Delagrange, but he failed to cover the course. He too met his death soon afterwards, another of the brave little band of pioneers who sacrificed their lives in the interests of aviation in those days.

The next to attempt to fly was Sommer. I can see him still—his wife hanging onto his arm and beseeching him in voluble French, with tears

streaming down her face not to try to fly that day; but he did try. Three times in the growing twilight his biplane hummed round the course and when at last he landed safely, opposite the stand, the crowd broke through the police and carried him shoulder high, amid deafening cheers.

Over one hundred representatives of newspapers and news agencies and forty press photographers were on the course that day and the news was flashed all over the world of the wonderful feat.

Might years ago a British flying record of three miles. What is the record today? Eight hundred miles? A thousand miles? What will it be eight years hence? Shall we have flown the Atlantic? Shall we have circled the world?

I wonder!

HORSE TRANSPORT.

A Typical Western Canadian Advertisement « Wanted good appearing young man to sell Specialty on liberal terms, one rejected for Army or over age not objected to ».

Advertisements of Canadian Real Estate have always been fascinating reading by virtue of their hard hitting originality. After the War we may expect to see something after the style of the following :—

« For exchange Large Modern Office Block in Centre of City on busy corner of two main thoroughfares, 132 Ft. X 132 Ft. to lane, Phones, elevators, electric light, 20 stories, etc. Would consider trading for partially ruined Cathedral in France or Belgium with some cash. »

WESTERN STUFF.

There were some wild and woolly members in the First Contingent, but I think the Alberta Dragoons carried more than the ordinary quota.

I was standing in the « R. B. » Bar, in Edinburgh (they had some pretty Scotch barmaids there) when a commotion took place at the rotating door. Turning around I saw a most amusing sight. One of the « Drags », a typical son of the prairie, two endeavoring to enter not with the scoring of the door, but against it!

Naturally he was having a tough time but ultimately all puffing and blowing he entered triumphant; looking around, much pleased with himself, he proceeded to shock the Bar thus : « By golly, she was a tough old son of a gun, but I made it. » (*Duly modified for censorial reasons*).

D. D. W.

16-1-17 Juin.

DEAREST ED :—

I now take mine pen and ink in hand and write you mit a lead pencil on the typewriter. We no longer live where we used to, but we live where we have moved. I hate to tell you dear Ed, I had to tell you, your old auntie you luffed so well is dead. She died of New Monia on New Years Day in New Orleans at fifteen minutes in front Five. You know she always luffed new things so well. Some people think she had a population of the heart. The Doctor gave up all hopes of saving her life when she died, her heart breath all leaked out. She leaves af amily of two boys and one cow. They found S 500.00 sewed up in her bustle, it was an awful lot of money to leave behind. She willed it all to you but in case you get half shot and die, she leaves it to the cow.

Old Mrs. Oferblock is very sick. She is a death's door. The Doctort hinks he can pull her through (the door). I took him to the Hospital last week to see the sick people and we had such a lovely time.

Your brother took our dog down to the saw-mills yesterday to have a fight, he fought a circular saw and only lasted one round.

All the Grossellbacks have the mumps, and they say their having a swell time.

I am sending you some sausages, home made. Mother made them yesterday and the neighbors are looking for their dogs.

I am going to college now, getting real smart. I am learning electrocution and physical torture. Going to be a regular stingygrafter too, and can now tickle a typewriter.

Pat Mulligan has been sick for some time now. He went to see a Doctor, who told him to take something. Pat went down the street met a small boy and took his watch. They had Pat arrested and he got a lawyer. The Lawyer got the case and Pat got the works.

We now have thirty chickens and a bull dog. The chickens are laying four eggs a day and the dog is laying behind the sotve. We are having a little more weather than last year. Raining like the deuce to-day. Since writing this letter I heard they had performed an opération on Mrs. Oferblock between 8.00 a. m. and 9.00 a. m. but she died between the back door and the kitchen. There is a lot of people dying now that never died before.

In case you can't read this, bring it over to Georgie Style, he will read it for you. Oh! how I wish we were closed apart, for I've been so lonesome since we have been separated together. Your brother Frank is getting well with small-pox, and hopes this finds you the same. Well I can't think of anything, so hoping that you write sooner than I did, I remain,

Yours affectionately,

A. MUTT.

P.-S. — If you don't get this letter, let me know and I will write another.

P.-S. (No. 2). — I have just received S 40.00. I owe you but have closed up this letter and can't get it in.

Georgie Style is going on leave this year and has not time to read it.-Editor.

The Song of the Exile

BY ONE OF THEM.

If you're waking, call me early,
Call me early, Sergeant dear.
For tomorrow on that eight parade,
They say I must appear,

One morning in the « Palais »
In my « cushy » little bed,
The alarm forgot to wake me,
So I'm living here instead.

The boys fell in without me,
The S. M. took my name.
And when at last I hurried up,
The Captain did the same.

So up before the beak I went.
And when he read my crime,
Said, « Have you anything to say »;
My heart was marking time,

« Nothing, Sir, » I answered,
With a quiver in my spech.
« Then I'll stop your billet money »,
Was the answer of the beak.

« So yqu will move your kit away,
And live with Imperial men,
Till you can learn to come on time »
Oh : how my heart sank then.

I tried to say it was the first
Time I had ever erred.
But my voice was gone ; I couldn't speak.
So I stumbled out, unheard.

So here I am in billets,
Sleeping on the floor.
The wind comes blowing through the roof,
In a hundred spots or more.

For breakfast we have bacon,
For dinner preserved meat,
At supper time it's mulligan,
But it's never fit to eat.

So take a tip from me, boys,
And come to work on time,
Or you will get the very same,
As I got for my crime.

But now my story's ended,
I have no more to say.
The bugle's Sounded « lights ont »
I guess I'll hit the hay.

(Pardon, Monsieur, I mean « boards »)

R. M. C.

A TRENCH TRAGEDY

The parcel was splendidly bulging,
But the day that it chose to arrive
Set its war-worn receiver indulging,
In language both luscious and live,
(For though you've a passion for dainties,
Your joy it will certainly quench.
If they wander your way on the morn of the day,
You are due to come out of the trench.)
To tackle the task of its transport,
Which baffled his overfilled pack,
He hunted (common in France sport)
And captured a sandbag (or sack)
He crammed all his goodies within it.
Ye Gods; 'Twas a glorious stock —
Tinned lobsters and crabs, thick toffee in slabs,
And crowbars of peppermint rock.
The thought of a gorge as a guerdon,
For this his additional toil,
Supported him under the burden,
While the sweat on his brow seemed to boil.

And the terrible strain upon muscles,
 Which life in a trench had made slack,
 Made a chocolate drop seem that straw at the top
 Which busted the poor camel's back.
 At last we arrived at our station,
 He opened his bag with a zest;
 (I, too felt a sense of elation
 For I was his principal guest)
 But alas; for his piteous error,
 In his haste to be leaving full soon,
 He had got the sacks mixed, and we found our hopes fixed,
 On the dustbin of Seven Platoon.

DONT'S FOR NEW ARRIVALS.

When you are first introduced to the Adjutant, DON'T fail to greet him as an old pal. Your affectionate impulses are sure to be appreciated and reciprocated.

DON'T spend all your money during the first two or three days. You may get hungry before the 15 th.

DON'T shine your shoes in the morning. The « matin Steeplechase » is sure to make 'em muddy again.

DON'T polish your buttons more than three times a day. It is in the interests of the Nation to study economy.

DON'T read any of the Orders on the Notice-board. « La Vie Parisienne » is much more interesting.

DON'T tell us what you have already done in the Great War. We all know.

DON'T Anzac.

FRANC

VIOLIA

Advertisement from local newspaper :—

« 2 YOUNG GIRLS WISH,
marriage w. English soldier.
Very ser. Write VIOLIA.
Journal... (1105).

*Dear, Darling, sweet Viola,
My own cute pink magnolia ;
Don't deem me bold, or pas gentil,
Because I write these lines to thee.
Proposals are without my sphere.
(My heart is throbbing, now,
With fear
You may not lend your tiny ear
To this, my plea.)
When before my thrice enchanted eyes,
This very morn, your ad. I saw,
Shyly hidden, among the blatant blares
Of commerce. On one side flanked
By Gothic lettering, which shrieked
The various virtues of Margarine
To all the world,
And on the other,
A huge, appalling wonder of the printer's art,
Extolling the scented soothing of
Vinolia ;
And then, modestly peeping like a rose
'Tween worthless weeds, I 'spied
Thy magic name
Violia.
Fain would I grant your light desire,
And make your life henceforth
A Paradise ; but I am sore afraid
I do not fill the bill.
England is not my native land, I come
From off afar, from Lands of Snow,
Where Red Men do run wild.
And then again, my child,
I must confess, that into
A polygamous state
I could not enter.*

*Such is my mind, evidemment,
 Naturellement, avec beaucoup de certainement,
 I'm « very ser. »
 And yet, perchance, if no one else applies
 You'll throw your Mormon instincts to the winds
 And marry me
 Toute seule.*

**

*With this fond hope, dear Viola, I leave
 My first proposal. Trusting that it will receive
 Your approbation.
 But should we marry, the contract will be
 For the Duration
 Only, as, when I return chez moi,
 Ma femme et toi,
 Might not agree.
 Voilà!*

FRANC.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Daily Mail*, 15-11-16 :—

- « *The German captain taking no notice, the torpedo-boat (Norwegian) fired two blank shots as a warning to « heavy » to...* »
 Personally, we never regard these weighty matters with unseemly levity.

The *Hamilton Spectator*, 18-10-16, referring to the Food situation in Germany :—

« *It is the absence of fate, not the absence of meat, that hurts the people...* »

But John Bull & Co. are working overtime to supply this long-felt want.

The *Vancouver Province* (advertisement) :—

« *Japanese woman wants washing...* »

Another example of the purifying influence of War.

The Spirit of the Times

A woman of fifty odd years, noble, clean-minded, but with a sad smile on her face, accompanied by a girl, just budding into woman-hood, entered the car and seated herself beside me.

Being a stranger in a strange land, she was not very familiar with the money of the country.

She accosted me asking for information regardin the currency of the country, and I enlightened her as best I could. Then one word led to another and she related her sad tale.

She had come to see her son, wounded unto death, who was lying in one of our great base hospitals. He was the last of three to make the great sacrifice for those principles so dear to all of us.

She told me of his sweetheart who accompaigned her, and of the happiness of which she was now robbed.

The few words of sympathy which one can extend, seem so pitiful when confronted by a sorrow such as this, but on leaving her, she said with a cheery smile that succesfully broke throught the veil of tears, « My consolation is the victory that will bring to all, such great and lasting happiness ».

Is that not the noble spirit ?

To smile when things go wrong, when sacrifices must be made, when reverses come, a spirit such as had that Roman in Rome's Imperial day, who hearing a coward croaker before the castle say, « They are safe in such a castle, there is no way to take it. » « On on » cried the hero, « I'll find a way or make one. »

Down with the piratical flag of pessimism ; and it is such a flag. Hoist on high the banner of optimism.

« We'll also find a way or make one. »

G. H. F.

THE SPY CATCHERS.

There may be better all round Battalions up the line than the Umteenth Canadians, although its members would require to be shown, but as spy hunters they claim to have just a little on the rest.

It was in March 1916 that elaborate regulations were drawn up for the discomforture of such of the native population as might be in the pay of the enemy. The hands of all church clocks not in use to be put at 12 o'clock; windmill arms at a true bearing of 87 degrees, etc., and persistent rumours had it, that 10 days leave to « Blighty » accompanied by some real money would go to anybody capturing a genuine spy.

11 o'clock one morning found « Dave », a bomber, « Mac » of the Pipe Band, and « Shorty », a mere buck private, all of the Umteenth, in their favorite Estaminet trying to drown a 10 franc thirst with eight pence in Belgian currency. Hardly had they seated themselves when the door opened to admit the figure of a man in khaki wearing a long rain-coat, and the badges of a Brigadier, who, hurriedly ordered and drank a glass of beer and went out again. Immediately he had gone the buxom girl behind the bar, who was by way of being a friend of Dave's, beckoned to the latter and imparted the information that the last visitor looked exactly like a German officer who had stayed in the Estaminet when the Huns were in possession of the village in the early days of the war.

After a brief heart-to-heart talk, in which the superior claims of patriotism — to say nothing of Leave and pecuniary reward — overcame the fear of awkward questions being asked as to their presence in an Estaminet during prohibited hours, it was decided to nab the Brigadier, and take a chance, and the chums got outside just in time to see their quarry disappearing down the lane at a brisk walk. « Mac » was all for a mass attack, but, wiser counsel prevailing, tactics as laid down in Infantry Training 1914 were agreed upon, and he took a short cut in hopes of outflanking the enemy while « Dave » followed down the lane at a jog trot, and « Shorty » was sent across lots to Battalion Headquarters for reinforcements.

In less time than it takes to tell « Dave » came upon the « Brigadier » calmly seated by the roadside making notes in his pocketbook, but having found him was rather at a loss to know what to do, so simply stood still and stared.

A minute later « Mac », appearing from behind a farmhouse, joined forces with the bomber, and at this further development the object of their interest began to sit up and take notice. « I suppose you chaps think I'm a spy » he said, and receiving no answer, added « I am making a tour of inspection, and left my chaffeur with the motor car in a lane back there a bit ». Before they could frame up a suitable reply their hearts were gladdened by the sight of « Shorty » accompanied by the C. O. making excellent time across a ploughed field, and, feeling that with reinforcements at hand everything would be « jake », grinned at one another openly. The C. O., who found the going a bit heavy, and was breathing hard, reached the group to be greeted with « Ah, Colonel, one of your bombers is rather annoying me ». To this the Colonel had nothing to say, but after giving the stranger a very deliberate « once-over », remarked « I think you had better come down to Battalion Headquarters and be identified ». « Oh » was the answer. « I'll be down that way afterwards and will drop in and see you ». « You 'll come now » said the Colonel. And come he did, with his three captors trailing along behind as escort.

Five minutes later Brigadier and C. O. were seated on a bench in front of the Orderly Room while somebody inside was phoning the Division, and, the good news having spread through the adjoining billets, an ever-increasing number of Other Ranks found they had pressing business near the Orderly Room, where, in the intervals of listening to « Shorty's » account of how it happened, they glared at the cause of all the excitement and passed audible comments upon his personal appearance ; ignoring entirely the Sergeant M. P., who, conscious of the Colonel's presence, was loudly demanding to know what they were doing there, and why they did'nt move on. The upshot of the whole affair came, when the Orderly Officer was detailed to see that the Brigadier reached Divisional Headquarters safely, and they disappeared together down the dusty main road.

There was nothing doing on rewards, worse luck, because the captive turned out to be a *real*, if somewhat erratic, Brigadier, and while he undoubtedly was told some home truths at Headquarters, the incident was closed in so far as the Umteenth was concerned. About the only satisfaction « Mac », « Dave » and « Shorty » have is the knowledge that when, in years to come, the inevitable « Daddy » question is sprung on them, they can say « Well, son, I captured a Brigadier, and got away with it »

A Passing View. The Fag-Picker and Others.

Imagine a Man well worn by years in physique and in clothing; with legs that seem ever uncertain of sustaining his bony frame; not unlike in type to an aged American Farmer with his proverbial magnifying spectacles, and you will have our « Fag-picker ».

Sometimes on the morning parades, ever on the afternoon ones, you will see him. He appears carefully studying the ground, Suddenly he stoops, picks up something, and puts it in his pocket. It is a cigarette end. And then turning round to the rows of erect and rigid soldiers, he at first stares inanely, then seeming to see his benefactor, he sometimes smiles his thanks. Thus he continues until he satisfies himself that none of his little treasures are left for any of his rivals. It is noticeable that he does not smoke, at least in public. In response to a questioner, curious to know what he did with his street-gotten gains, he replied; « Oh I am all alone in the world, I have nothing to do, and I amuse myself thus. My little pipe is my only friend. And I get my tobacco from these cigarettes. » He pulled out a hand ful of cigarette ends, his collection so far for the day. Then he went on to venture information about himself that was unrequested.

He had fought in the Crimean War side by side with English; and proudly drew your attention to two little strips of ribbon he wore in the Crimean colours; the other he explained was the service ribbon of the Italian campaign against the Austrians. He had also survived the Franco-Prussian War. And now-well in his own words « Je suis tout seul. J'ai ma pipe, c'est mon ami, et en ramassant ces bouts des cigarettes, je m'amuse ».

In contrast to him we take the little « Bonne ». Unlike many of her race, her eyes do not wander in public to the handsome faces that front her morning and afternoon; but covertly they do. Shadowed against the curtained window, her silhouette can often be seen. Sometimes the curtains are stealthily drawn apart, and a smiling face appears. It has been noticed that the « long yarn » Corporal always responds to this form of saying « Good-morning ».

Evidently she believes with the Major that a morning run is a good tonic for a hard day's work. For she makes an apparance at the gate every morning; her eyes at first glancing up and down the street; then she sets off at a double towards the Rue Elbeuf. Sometimes she returns with a roll, sometimes with a loaf of bread; at other times without anything at all. Where she actually goes is not known. For few there are (if there are any at all) who darb to have that cutting cry « Stand-still » directed at them.

Another type is the Munition worker. Slim, sharp-featured, dressed always in black, she is ever to be seen accompanied by a French soldier. She has one thing in common with us all. Our Bugle can set her little feet whirling in a « double » Fortunately for her our Clock as a time-keeper has been relegated to the chaos of oblivion. Otherwise our Bugle-might sometimes cause her extra physical efforts that would hardly be appreciated by her. For it is certain that strenous exercise, almost immediately after breakfast, is not universally considered a tonic.

And then at mid-day we have always with us the two « Newsies », Sufficiently proficient in the English language, they can anticipate the Officers' command « Right wheel », by yelling « Right turn ».

Thanks to a Sergeant once a shining light of the old-time « Tin-whistle Band », one of them is always willing to oblige us with a song, preferably « Marguerite ». But Business is ever foremost with him, and the words generally become interspersed with frequent crie of « Mail-Daily Mail ». The other meanwhile watches carefully his sous, seeming to be afraid that, in familiar language « you might put one over him ».

These are but few of those that pass us day by day as we stand on parade. Many more there used to be; Children, and Mothers with their little ones on the way to school, But now we are dismissed before they arrive. They belong to the past.

SCRIBE.

No, « C. A. V. C. » does not stand for « Canadian-American Vaseline Company », neither does « E. F. C. » mean « Egyptian Flying Corps ».

HOW RANKIN GOT HIS NICK-NAME.

It was on the second night of the battle of Ypres and the Canadian Troops were retiring from a destroyed trench which it was found impossible to repair further.

The men were all retiring with full kit, and as it was dark, and the ground was well pitted with shell-holes, you can easily imagine the difficulty of the task.

I had for my companion a little fiery Scotch fellow named Rankin, who among other things was Officer's Mess Cook.

He was heavily packed with his own kit, and in addition had his kitchen utensils. We were just about to move off, when Lieut. XXX called to him to take a bag along with him that was lying alongside of the trench wall. Rankin, being a good soldier, didn't say anything (Until the Officer moved out of earshot) when he unburdened himself to the Universe, and when he had finished his oration, he grabbed the bag by one corner and began dragging it after him, helter skelter, over stones, empty ammunition cases, into shell-holes, and flopped on top of it every time a flare went off.

To make matters worse, a strap on his kit-bag broke and between that and the extra weight of the bag, Rankin's temper gave way. Talk about cursing, he was sure a past master at the art, and after about three solid minutes without a breath, he finally finished up with « And damn an Officer who thinks more of a damned old bag of Ticklers jam than he does of his men's lives. »

After this outbreak, we managed to struggle on a few yards further, but as we were getting left further behind every minute, I suggested to Rankin to chuck the bag of jam into a shell-hole, and beat it. For all his temper, it went against his Scotch blood to throw anything away, but finally seeing that it was impossible to drag it any further, he compromised with himself, and said he would take as many as possible in his overcoat pocket, I to do the same, and the rest we would chuck.

So he stopped and opened the bag, and grabbed two of the tins. You can easily imagine the look that came over his face, when he found

that the bag of Ticklers Jam he had been bumping over stones logs and boxes for nearly half a mile, turned out to be home-made bombs. He gave the two he had in his hand one fling, and started to run, and that was the last I saw of him for four days. On the third day of the battle, I was wounded, and the day after was carried into a ward of a Canadian hospital, and whilst behind the screen receiving a welcome bath, before being put to bed, I heard a familiar voice saying « So I volunteered to carry the bag, of bombs, and a damned dangerous job it was too. » I could not hold myself any longer so yelled out « Ticklers ». He stopped his story so suddenly he nearly bit his tongue, and from that day on his name in the hospital was « Ticklers », a name which even followed him back to the regiment ; and a letter I had from London some time ago referred to « Tickler » being invalided to Canada (So does a man's fame follow him).

B. J. D.

OVERHEARD IN THE OFFICE.

M. B. : — Do you drink ?

B. T. (*Rather snappy*). : — That's my business ! !

M. B. (*toute de suite*). : — Have you any other business ?

THE LEWADSINGER

The Daily Route March of an hour had just been introduced and the wise old soldier Pte. Blink of the sub-registry much flustered, paraded sick. In his excitement and anxiety he forgot to pay the proper compliments to the M. O. but commenced by saying « I've got an awful pain in my bowels ».

« Now, look here » said the Military Dispenser of bodily cures « you know better than to approach and address an Officer. » They changed places and after saluting Pte. Blink in most approved style the Medical Officer said « Sir ! I have very severe pains in my stomach ». « Ah ! g'wan » replied Blink « you are only trying to dodge the Route March. »

Tales from the West.

Thirty years ago Jimmy Simpson was new to British Columbia, and had hit his first job on a Logging outfit near Alberni.

One morning Jimmy who was working by himself near the old Jap Trail came running up to the Foreman « Say » said he « there's a Cougar on the Trail near the Stables ». Mac Pherson the Foreman laughed at this statement and Jimmy's excitement, as there were not supposed to be any Cougars in the District, and knowing Jimmy as a « cheechako » handed him a length of rope and told him to catch it and lash it up.

Jimmy took the rope and made off in all seriousness. Half an hour afterwards he returned hot and dishevelled « I've got the Cougar alright » said he. The crowd immediately went to see what he had got, thinking probably he had roped up someone's dog. To their astonishment sure enough, he had got the Cougar and had it lashed up to a tree, hard and fast. How he had caught it remains a mystery. He refused to say, and has never told a soul to this day.

There is another yarn of Jimmy and a Bear.

He was out hunting one morning when it came on to rain very heavily. Seeing an old burnt out cedar, he crawled into it for shelter. Now it happened that a small black bear had also taken a fancy to this same cedar.

Suddenly there was a rush and a roar and Jimmy and the Bear tumbled out. For a moment there was a confused mass of man and bear rolling over and over, then each tore off in a different direction and did not stop running until they had put a good distance between themselves. Jimmy afterwards owned he did not know who was the more frightened. He or the Bear.

One night he was camped out near Cameron Lake and he decided to do a little « pit lamping ». This is an illegal method of shooting and is done by means of wearing a small lamp in the hat. Deer are attracted by the light and they come to investigate and can be shot at a few yards distance. Jimmy saw what he took for a pair of eyes and let blaze. The eyes still remained there so he shot twice again but the eyes were still there. This was too much for the old Timer so he went ahead to investigate the reason. The lights grew nearer and merged into one.

He found he had been shooting at his own camp fire which he had seen thro the trees, and had succeeded in putting a hole thro his frying pan and another thro the kettle.

He only told this story once at a very convivial meeting, and now gets very much annoyed if anyone asks him about « pit lamping » his own camp fire.

JEALOUSY.

Pte. Jones, V. C. the vanquisher of a hundred or more Huns, the hero of a dozen fierce encounters died, and went to Heaven. Upon arriving at the Golden Gates he was joyfully received by St. Peter. The gates were thrown wide open and he was bidden to enter and make himself at home and was informed that the joys of the Pearly City were his.

The arrival of such a great Hero caused considerable stir within the Realms of that glorious place and everywhere he went he found himself surrounded by a curious and very friendly crowd and was forced to tell time and time again the story of how he overthrew so many of the enemy.

Everytime he finished the tale a little old man who always pushed himself up as close as possible would say in a small squeaky voice « Rats ! Rats ! » This continued for some days, when one day Jones, who was strolling near the Golden Gates was accosted by St. Peter who inquired very congenially as to his health and as to how the inhabitants of the Kingdom of Bliss were treating him.

« Fine » replied Jones « with the exception of one old man who, every time that I finish the tale of my deeds on earth, says Rats ! Rats ! » « Oh » said Peter « you must not pay any attention to him, that's only Napoleon and he is always a trifle peeved when a new Hero arrives ».

AN ECHO OF THE SALIENT.

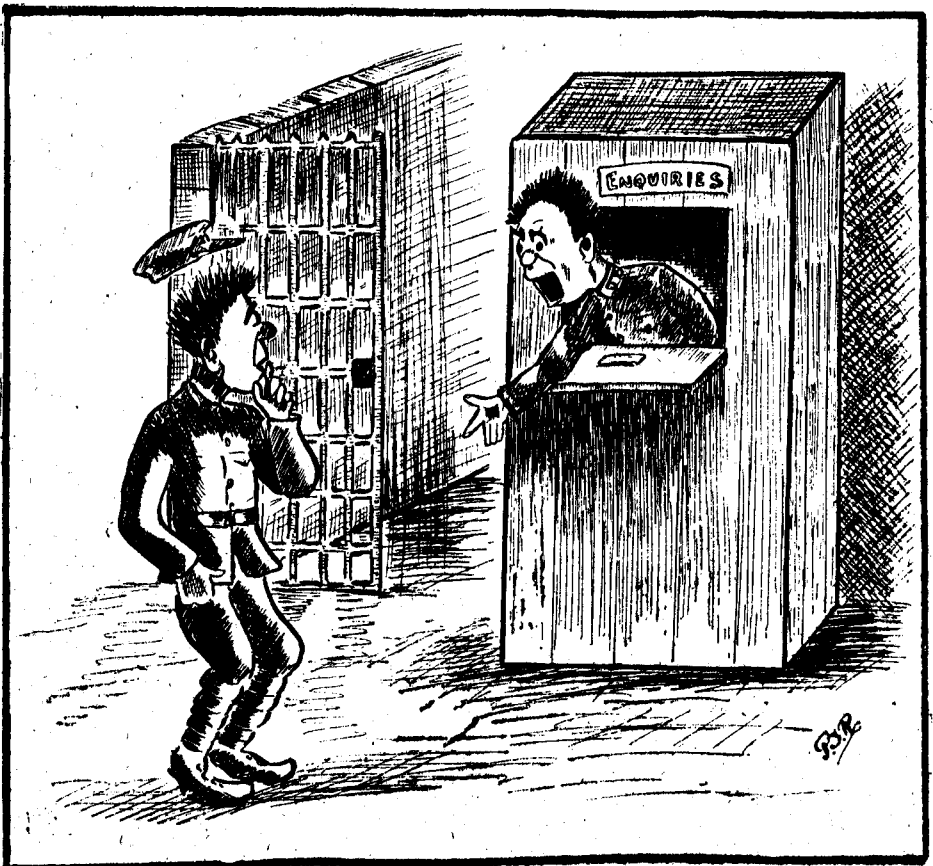
The « Mail » says there's no change in the West,
 But for all that, don't think that we rest :
 For up goes every noon,
 Fritz's Sausage Balloon,
 And « Whizz Bangs » come over with zest.
 Yet the papers continue to say
 That there's nothing been doing to-day,
 But between Hell and Hooge,
 It's the former I'd choose,
 For my little grey Home in the West.

WATCH YOUR « PEP »

Pep is a slang word invented to convey the idea of those who are always up and about, who are full of ginger, who never go to sleep at the switch. When you are full of pep you can go a long way towards doing almost anything. But pep runs out. If your stomach goes back on you because you don't know how to take care of it; if you consort with weak-minded people, taking on the colour of their weak-mindedness; if you burn the candle at both ends, then your pep runs low.

Watch your « Pep ».

K. L.



GATE KEEPER. "WHERE YER GOIN'?"

NEW. O.R.C. "BAYTH"

 PETIT ANNONCES WE HAVE SEEN.

« ... Good opportunities for advancement for smart, pushing, young N. C. Os... » (*From a B. 213.*)

« ... I am kicking my heels, and wasting time around the Base, please send me up the Line... » (*From an Officer.*)

« ... Smart and intelligent man or youth required as Bugler at... No aliens or Nootrals need apply... »

 UP THE LINE WITH THE BEST OF LUCK.

Here I am at the C. B. D.,
 In the mud and slush and rain,
 The M. O's marked me with an « A »,
 So I'm off up the line again.

Up, they say with the best of luck,
 But I can't see it that way.
 Back again through the wet and muck,
 For another twelve months stay.

I thought I sure had a « Blighty » touch,
 A « G. S. » in the knee ;
 But Doc. just smiled, said « That's not much »,
 Send him down to the C. B. D.

Say ; tell me why I can't stay here,
 I like the Bully and Jam.
 I don't object to Canteen beer,
 That's the Guy I am.

I ain't kicking on the cook-house fare,
 Although it's pretty bum.
 I've been up there and done my share,
 Send up the boys just come.

« Fall in », you say ; « All right I'm here »,
 Oh ; hear those pipers moan.
 Farewell you good old Canteen beer,
 I'm going back up home.

THE FIRST CONTINGENT.

Brave hearts and true ! Myriad souls acclaim
 Their gratitude and love, to you-The FIRST !
 Who, when the country was in War immersed,
 Came forth at once to uphold England's name.
 Far from each corner of the land you came,
 With willing hearts, to conquer Prussia's might ;
 That Liberty, throughout the years, our Right,
 Might still be ours, and rule this vast Domain.
 Both Ypres and Festubert are names that you
 Have written in the History of War,
 And at the Somme ; in other places too
 The FIRST has fought and been well to the fore.
 Your valiant deeds wherever Men may go,
 Forever through the ages Men will know.

SCRIBE.

Say Sergeant, you are here early this morning ?

Yes I was lucky I caught the No. 12 Tram that left the St. Maur Bre at 10 P. M. last night.

Many a man says he does'nt want stripes but only Q. M. Sergeants turn them down.

1ST. MATE. : — « Oh, there goes eight Bells., excuse me its my watch below. »

LADY PASSENGER. : — « Good Gracious » Fancy your watch striking as loud as that.

HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

During my stay on the Plains, I, like most of my fortunate or unfortunate comrades, managed to obtain a couple of spells of leave. And like all good free and easy Canucks of the first bunch I took a few days more on my own.

On the first occasion, deciding to return duly busted I found myself along with about 30 others, ranging from Sgt-Majors to Buck Cooks en route for the Plains.

On arrival at the jumping-off point for the Camp, we were duly rounded up by a budding A. P. M. and half a dozen of his trusty men, cooped up in the Town Hall lockup until the evening, when amid ringing cheers from the inhabitants and songs from the boys we rode off —. A jollier bunch never went to the Guard-tent.

On the second occasion when I got my leave, naturally I was wise to the « Lates », and being of a retiring disposition I had no desire to be handed over to my Battalion, via the A. P. M., with full ceremonial honors. So when the train stopped at Salisbury, I lay low, got off at Amesbury « a stop further on » thus beating the picket. Voila!

It was up to me to hike back to Camp the best way I could. So, fortifying myself at the nearest Inn with a couple of « Johnny Walkers » I set out for Bustard some 5 or 6 miles way.

I had been slugging along in the dark, thru mud and water, for about half an hour or so, when I heard the welcome sound of an oncoming Motor Lorry. I stepped aside, then taking a flying run and a leap caught the back-board just as it (the car) was passing. Strong hands yanked me up with a cheery « All right old boy », and I was safely on board. What? the overdues car bound for the A. P. M's, loaded for bear, I had come home to roost.

D. D. W.



YPRES

« In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
 « And by it a pale, weeping maiden is praying.

The ancient city has at last crumbled into the dust; but though blotted out amongst the cities of Belgium she will forever live in the hearts, and history, of Canada and the Empire.

Ypres has passed through many changes. During the thirteenth century it was the metropolis of Flanders having a population of 20,000 people. Then was built the famous Drapers Guild Hall or now better known as the Cloth Hall.

Merchants from all parts of the continent had their offices within its confines.

The Kings of France and England and the Emperors of Germany granted special privileges to the men of Ypres who came to trade in their Kingdoms. Soon came the numerous wars against the Counts of Flanders and against the Kings of France; after being besieged by English troops under Richard II in 1383 the town had its suburbs destroyed and the industrial population depleted by exile; later, in the sixteenth century the city was the scene of religious persecutions, massacres and pillage. In 1566 it was sacked by a mob and again in 1578. Ypres was besieged by the Spaniards for eight months, before it fell, during which time the population decreased to 5,000 people; sieges and bombardments continued until the French Revolution, when the city fell into the hands of the troops of the Convention and as the historian says « For the last time became the victim of destruction » But not the last.

Roughly that is the story of Ypres and yet through all it has passed it has risen and confronted the world again.

Is it possible that this unfortunate city should again rise?

The glorious Cloth Hall, the Cathedral, the mediaeval churches all but levelled to the ground, most of its houses are but heaps of brick and mortar and but for the booming of guns in the distance one might be in a buried city such as Pompei, and now exhumed to display the memories of the past.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Owing to the shortage of printers' labour, it has been found impossible to issue « La Vie » monthly as was previously hoped. Its appearance will therefore in future be somewhat irregular, but every effort will be made to produce as many numbers as possible.

The Xmas number was a great success, comprising fifty pages of reading and pictures; so far it is the largest edition we have produced. It should be possible to have an equally good number, of as many pages in every issue. This can only be achieved by the help of everyone in the Section.

At present the majority of the contributions we get are from a small and enthusiastic circle of individuals, but it is certain that there is enough talent in the Section to fill the contribution box every week.

Come forward the (at present) « Mute Inglorious Miltons » and justify your existence.

There are vacancies on our staff for several Cartoonists and Caricaturists.
Another poet also required.

WHO WAS IT?

1st STAFF CAPTAIN (examining a document): — « My signatures' been, forged. »

2nd STAFF CAPTAIN :— « How do you know. Can you read it? »

Would the gentleman who will persist in sending contributions in Chinese kindly enclose a literal translation.

The Editor wishes to thank him for the compliment paid, but at this stage of the campaign and not coming from Vancouver ; has been unable to master the Celestial language.

It is also pointed out, that a Chink Dictionary is not included in the list of books issued by H. M. Stationary Office.

A Night Wi' Burns.

Aw th' auld cronies o' Rabbie gin celebrate the occasion o' his anniversary th' last 25 th. o' Janwar' the year o' oor Lord 1917.

Th' scene o' the conflict wus the Hotel de France, and oor esteemed confrere. Major Mac Archibald, ably assisted by Captain Mac Logan, occupied the chair.

Captain Mac Gugan and Lieutenant Mac Maxwell, were also among those present.

A wee bit outline o' what tuk place may be acceptable tae the readers.

We a' sauntered in tae the ha' about 8.15 and the chairman did the grace fu' brawly.

Sum hae meat an' canna' eat
And sum ha' nane that wa' nt it
But we hae meat, and we can eat
So let the Lord be thankit.

Then the fun commenced,

The Haggis wus aboot the 3rd. dish on the Bill o' Fare and a' the honors tae it were carried oot in the guid auld way. Wullie Mac Collier gave the « Ode tae a Haggis » in his ain braw style.

Aboot this time it wus observed by a' that yin o' the lads had just arrived, and had brocht quite a supply o' juice wi' him. But a' inside his belly. But forbye.

Bye and bye the program wus startit, the opening song being given by Private Mac Arthur Whiles it wus fine Maist whiles it wus otherwise.

We unnerstand that he is gaen tae Italy to finish his musical education, Haggis and Whusky no bein' sufficient.

Corporal Mac Aitken gied « Tam o' Shanter » wi' richt guid gusto and yin could easy see that Mac Aitken had not lang sin been wi' unco drouthy nei'bours.

Later in the even' he gied « Johnah in tae Whale's belly. »

It wus perfectly evident that Mac Aitken had been there also.

There wus also a TRIO by three unknown Scots. That is tae say, if ye had asked them tae tell ye wha they were it wud hae been impossible for them tae ha' tell't ye.

The King, The Immortal Memory and ither Toasts were given and freely responded tae.

About this time yin' and a' wur beginnin' tae feél pretty independent, what wi Haggis, Whusky, Champagne, and a' sorts o' French Wine, Rabbie hissel' wud á gone under.

Surprised were we When Major Mac Archibald announced tae a' the yins assembled tae do Rabbie honour, that the time tae stagger doon the fitpath towards hame had come.

Only One Casualty. He is now eatin' Haggis in Imperial Billets.

K. R. DINNER

The Hotel de France was the scene of a decidedly convivial and festive gathering on the evening of December 28th. when the members of K.R. held their Cristmas Dinner.

Never before had the old walls witnessed a merrier bunch of boys or a more sumptous repast. Goodwill and wit flowed as freely as the champagne, the air was resonant with the Spirit of Christmas.

Captain Pue and Lieut. Maxwell dropped in during the course of the evening and helped along with the festivities. Toasts were given to « Our King and Empire », « The Boys up the Line » « The Folks at Home », and to « The Canadian Expeditionary Force ». Music was ably rendered by S/Sgt. F. W. G. Hilton and Sgt. C. R. Medland, Ainslie and Sapper Humphrys also contributing to the evening's enjoyment. But the event of evening was undoubtedly the speech by Dave Wilson. None of us had ever suspected that Dave could be guilty of such oratorical eloquence. Step by step he reviewed the intricate maze of events which have caused, and continued throughout the present war. Point by point he proceeded, overcoming every obstacle with a masterly verbosity, illustrating his remarks with brilliant analogies and reminiscences of personal experiences. We certainly feel grateful to Dave for throving a new light on this horrible Armageddon.

Owing to the restrictions regarding electricity, etc. we were reluctantly compelled to terminate a most enjoyable evening at a very respectable hour. Everyone turned homewards with the feeling that the bonds of comradeship and real goodfellowship had been drawn closer, and carried a pleasant memory of ons more happy incident of the War.

INTRODUCING OUR BARTENDER

Readers, I am pleased to meet you.
 I've met many of you before ;
 For I am the old BARTENDER
 At the sign of the « OPEN-DOOR ».
 And many a chat while Drinks have passed,
 I have heard, and have had with a few.
 And some I remember that I have had,
 If you'll listen I'll tell to you.

CHATS WITH OUR BARTENDER.

A. Q. M. S.

Good evening, Sir. Port Wine? Yes Sir. Yes, it is bad weather. Rain all the time. Pardon curiosity, Sir, I see you are a Canadian. Work at Headquarters? Yes? Strange! know most of the Boys there, but this is the first time I can remember seeing you. Dont usually drink? Well that explains. Suffering from constipation? Someone told you to drink a quart of Port Wine? Well that's good advice. How are you going to take it? All to-night? Oh no! It won't be too much for you. Oh cost too much! Yes of course the wise man saves money; it would be better to stretch the quart over a month. I see you are a Q. M. S. What work do they do? Superintending Clerks? Is that what you are? Yes? a General!! Oh you mean a general Superintending Clerk. I see-Clothes, Cobwebs, Insects, and Human Beings! A fine job. Like it? Yes? Pretty easy work though. Not so easy as it looks? Back every night? Well! Well! I thought it would be one of those jobs you Boys call a cinch, ten in the morning till four in the afternoon. Oh! A continual inspection! Yes that's true. Dust does collect quickly, and and Spiders breed rapidly. You have to watch them, I can understand you have to be back every night. And then you oblige the fellows by issuing clothing any hour of the evening. That's generous of you. You must be the M. Roltiff, recently mentioned in Despatches. Pleased to meet you, Conscientious work is not in it. Such devotion to Duty is beyond praise. Well that Meritorious Service Medal should come along soon. Have a drink on me Champagne cocktail? Yes if you're feeling heavy after that Port Wine it's just the thing for you It will put you on your feet. Like the cocktail? What! Got to go back to the office? Not sure where it is? Well its just on nine. Half a minute, I'll close up. Now come along. Afraid of the Major? Better go home? Well come along-where do you live? Soldier's club..? No, not eat. LIVE! Oh alright! No. Its not far. Here we are. Hope you feel better in the morning. Good-night!

SCRIBE.

Say-What'dju Mean, kid?

You was saying'me eyes was fathomless blue,
Like the sea, or the sky overhangin' you,
But the mischievous twinkle you couldn't see thru
And was puzzled as knowin' just what to do —
Say, what'dju mean, kid, what'dju mean?

You was sayin' me ankles was trim and neat,
Me shoes was a nuisance for hidin' me feet,
That the other poor boobs was missin'a treat —
Boy, for throwing the bull you got 'em all beat —
Say, what' dju mean, kid, what' dju mean?

Your face was as solemn as frayed old crêpe
When you eyed-up me « two-ninety » operee cape,
Then you pulled that stuff about « beautiful shape »
Which oughter be covered in Venuses drape —
Say, what'dju mean, kid, what'dju mean?

Your lips was so warm when you gave me that kiss
I felt meself quivering-- Lord it was bliss —
You said Mark's bones creaked over joys that he'd miss,
Cause fair Cleopater had nothin'on this —
Say, what'dju mean, kid, wat'dju mean?

Didju mean me eyes is the kind, lovin' blue,
Me figger is right and me kisses is true?
Or was you just stallin' for somethin' to do —
Thinkin' I'd be fallin; a-fallin' for you?
Honest, What'dju Mean, Kid, What'dju Mean?

A REMINDER.

You think perhaps, « now what will I say »
Why, talk of the things of every day,
The things that to you seem commonplace,
Will bring a smile to your mother's face.
For I'm sure she thinks of you at night,
« I know he's well but I wish he would write »

Write of the long low boats that are towed,
From Rouen to Paris with many a load,
Of coal and cotton and a family as well,
And the quaint little cabin where all of them dwell,

Or the Church of St. Adrian, cut in the chalk,
 Where the would-be-wives on a Sunday walk,
 Put pins in that cushion, kept in the church
 With fond hopes of obtaining the husband they search,

Then the trip to La Bouille, that quaint little town
 And the places you pass when going down,
 Robert's Castle is one of the interesting things,
 It was built by a father of England's Kings.

Or describe the women you sometimes, have met,
 With that quaint Norman head-dress of hand-mate net.
 You will see them on Sundays, on Rue de Carmes,
 They come from some nearby village or farm.

These are only a few of the things you could say,
 Now write her a letter, write it to-day,
 For of all the blessings that fall to your lot,
 There is only one mother, the mother you've got.

T. B. P.

WHAT SILLY PEOPLE SAY TO THE UNFORTUNATE ONE ON LEAVE.

(AND HIS ANSWER.)

- Dear me, it has done you a lot of good, you look so flourishing.
- I hear that you are preparing a great advance.
- I saw in the paper that the Germans have only salted rats left to eat.
- How you must laugh in the trenches.
- My cook's sister's young man says that they will be quite done for before the end of February. (Lets get La Vie out first, Ed.)
- It must be hot in those dugouts under the earth.
- The wounded in the hospitals here, all ask to be sent back. They do get so tired of doing nothing, poor dears.

And He if French, answers rather evasively, but still politely notwithstanding.

And if Canadian his inner thoughts are best left unsaid, as for one thing no Printing machine could bear the strain, and for another, everyone is aware of the shortage of paper.

FOOTBALL.

Sundays 10th. and 17th. December were blanks owing to our opponents, A. O. D. and Reg. Inf. Section, G. H. Q., being unable to raise teams.

December 24th. we played R. E. Section on our own ground and after a well contested game we managed to tie, and although we had the better of the game, our forwards could not press home that superiority.

December 31st. was a red letter day as we were down to play the redoubtable F. C. R., or in English the Football Club of Rouen, on their ground. Unluckily for us we had to take the field minus Park and Mc. Lean, the former indisposed and the latter on leave, Park's place being taken by Holmes of the New Zealand Section. Rouen, as usual, was strongly represented by the pick of the camps' teams.

During the first half, playing with a slight breeze, we had much the better of the exchanges, but weakness in front of goal prevented our scoring more than, once this being obtained by the Rouennaise right back kicking a cross by Williams through his own goal. Rouen equalized before half-time. The second half was evenly contested and it looked as if the game would end in a tie, but two minutes from the finish, Robertson, Rouen outside left, got through on his own and scored a fine goal, thus depriving our boys of a well earned draw. The most prominent on our side were Collier, Daley, Holmes, Brown, and Owen, Holmes especially playing a fine game and was about the best man on the field, completely overshadowing the Welsh International, Davies.

January 7th. we played our postponed game against the Field Bakeries, who, found the team completely off form, getting away with a pair of points. The score was 1-0 against.

January 14th. should have been a Competition game against the Anzac Section, but as they were unable to raise a Team they handed over the points and strengthened their team by the inclusion of four outsiders in order to make the game interesting, and interesting it proved to be from start to finish. Mc Lean opened our register soon after the start while our opponents added a couple before half-time.

During the second half the Anzacs added another couple and we one, the game ending 4-2 against us. The game was a very fine one and well contested, where we lost was through our old weakness in front of goal. Outstanding on our side were Collier, Daley, Lambe, Mc Lean while Holmes as usual was about half the Anzac team.

On January 21st. we came back to our own again and registered 8 goals to zero against the Railway Staff, Railwayites being no match for our Team. Mc Lean and Stoker did most of the scoring.



January 28th. was another off day owing to our opponents, The Royal Berks, playing against Rouen F. C. that day.

February 4th. saw us with our full team once more on the field against No. 4 Aux. S. & P. Coy., the first time in two months, and taking a line on the game they put up during the first half, it would be safe in saying that had we had them all together right through the season, we would have been three points stronger in the Competition to-day. Park re-appeared after a long absence and showed that he had lost none

of his ability at centre-half and by his inclusion the forwards played with more confidence than they have done for a long time, the result was that we piled on four goals during the first period against what is about the second strongest team in the competition. Two of the goals may have been a little lucky but there was no doubt about them others. The second half was more evenly contested, both teams looked like scoring at any time, but unfortunately some feeling crept into the game and spoiled what had been a very fine and well contested game. No. more scoring took place and the game ended in our favour by 4-0. Best men were Steele, Collier, Daley, Park, Stoker and Mc Lean.

At present we stand fourth in the Competition but as can be seen from the following table, all our games are or should be easy as three of the teams have still to win a game while the others have only been able to register a few points.

Our record at present is as follows:—

<u>Played.</u>	<u>W.</u>	<u>L.</u>	<u>D.</u>	<u>For.</u>	<u>Agst.</u>	<u>Points.</u>
12	7	2	3	42	6	17
Febry. 18th.	A.	R. A. Section, G. H. Q.				
» 25th.	H.	Casualties Section, G. H. Q.				
March 4th.	A.	A. S. C. Section, G. H. Q.				
» 18th.	A.	Reg. Inf. Section, G. H. Q.				
» 25th.	H.	Royal Flying Corps.				
April 1st.	A.	320 Coy. A. S. C., M. T. (Darnétal).				
» 8th.	H.	C. R. E. Staff.				
» 15th.	A.	Town Troops.				
» 22nd.	H.	Terr. Inf. Section, G. H. Q.				

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