

Compliments of The Editor

4.207

THE

# Dead Horse Corner Gazette

(OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE FIRST CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE).

A Trench Journal of  
Breezy Comment. . .

300

Twelve Pages.

Price One Franc.

Published by permission of the General Officer Commanding First Infantry Brigade, B.E.F., on Active Service.

No. 3.

JUNE, 1916.

[PASSED BY CHIEF CENSOR,  
1ST CANADIAN DIVISION.]



## EDITORIAL

### Empire Consolidation.

"CANADA," the well-known London illustrated weekly, draws attention in a recent issue to a subject which formed the basis of an editorial in the first number of the *Dead Horse Corner Gazette*. The subject under discussion is the after-the-war security of the Empire, and the practical steps necessary for the consummation of that ideal. Even now (says *Canada*) it is not too early to think about the matter, and no time should be lost in taking the necessary steps. When peace comes the country that is best prepared to take up the threads of the new life will be the most favourably placed in the ensuing struggle for the survival of the fittest.

The hint is a timely one. Race-horses cannot win classic races without long and careful preparation. Germany secured her successes in the early days of the war through preparedness. Nations, like Generals, must ever look ahead if they would survive. While writers like Austin Harrison and others are urging the formation of an Imperial Council, to bring the Colonies into a closer bond of union with the Mother Country, the Royal Colonial Institute with a far-sightedness that cannot be too highly applauded, has taken in hand a vital matter which the Imperial Government appears to be too pre-occupied to notice. The Institute has dispatched Sir Rider Haggard to visit the Overseas Dominions in turn, to

ascertain by local inquiry what opportunities are offered British soldiers and sailors who, at the conclusion of the war, may desire to settle in those lands. As *Canada* points out, thousands of Englishmen now serving in the land and sea forces will have no desire whatever to return to an indoor life. And Sir Rider Haggard emphasises a truth patent to all thinking men when he

### THE EDITOR'S APOLOGY.

The present issue of the *Gazette* marks the reappearance of the journal after an interval of five months. The delay in publication is due to illness and other causes over which we have no control. Nevertheless, we apologise for having failed to accomplish what we set out to do, viz., give our readers a monthly journal of interesting news and Battalion gossip.

says that the settlement of British immigrants is a matter of the highest importance for the Overseas Dominions. He goes on to offer the remedy for a future possible evil when he declares that "the best bulwark against the ambition of Germany—or any other nation, for that matter—is a sturdy British population wherever the Union Jack is flying."

[REUTER says the Federal War Committee has recommended that the Commonwealth of Australia and the States co-operate in

promoting a scheme to settle returned soldiers on the land. The cost may reach £20,000,000.]

### The Voice of Canada.

THE old "No English Need Apply" sign and sentiment, once so prevalent in the Eastern Provinces has long since been swept away, though the "riff-raff" which Great Britain used to think fit to pour into the Dominion under the auspices of various charitable organisations was ample justification for a retaliatory answer on the part of a self-governing and self-contained country which refused to be used as a dumping-ground for misfits and failures. Even as Robert Service sings of the Yukon, so might he, in this connection, sing of Canada as a whole:

"I will not be won by weaklings, subtle and suave and mild,  
But by men with the hearts of Vikings and the simple faith of a child.

Dreaming of men who will bless me, of women esteeming me good;  
Of children born in my borders, of radiant motherhood;  
Of cities leaping to stature, of fame like a flag unfurl'd,  
As I pour the tide of my riches in the eager lap of the world."

That is the voice of Canada. Ever eager she is to take men to the bosom of her vast Provinces, to offer them the as yet almost untouched wealth of her lands, her wide expanses of virgin soil, the untapped riches of her forests and mineral deposits, and, above all, a religious and political freedom not surpassed even in England.

In the first number of the *Gazette* we outlined our ideas on the subject of Empire consolidation and unification,

and urged the Dominion Government to "build strong." We welcome this opportunity to reaffirm our words: "Whatever action is taken by the Federal Government the effect on the future life of the Dominion will be of vital importance. In a nutshell, the situation is this:—Will Canada, by wisely making grants of land to those who have seen active service (in the Allies' cause) build up her future prosperity on the sure foundations of patriotism and self-sacrifice? Or will she, by continuing to give away to alien races—and possibly potential enemies—the best and richest of her homestead lands, permit the entry of an insidious poison which, slowly polluting the arteries of our political, social, and economic systems, will one day be strong enough to destroy the entire fabric of the national life?"

The future is fraught with vast possibilities for Canada. Let Canada see to it that those possibilities are not menaced or prostituted.

### The Citizen Soldiers' Demand.

WE men of the Canadian Contingent are Canadians either by birth or by adoption, but our very presence here on the battlefield is sufficient proof that in thought, sentiment, and loyalty we are thoroughly and openly British. Based on the logical assumption that a nation's truest representatives are the defenders of its honour, it follows that we have an unquestioned right not only to speak for Canada, but also to demand that Canada shall people her vast territories with, as far as is possible, British-born men and women, extending in all legitimate cases preferential treatment to such immigrants.

R.W.T.

### "News from the Front."

(With apologies to the Censor.)

THE Army has suffered an awful rout  
In the terrible battle of (place left out),  
But the enemy's hordes have been defeated  
On the banks of the River (name deleted).  
The Austrians, under General Dank,  
Attacked the Russians at (name left blank).  
On the road near ("Cut") they fled in fear,  
But they turned and fought at (Blue-pencilled here).

Our men have had but little rest  
Since the fighting began at (name suppressed).  
But a funny thing happened—we had to laugh—

When (word gone) we (missing paragraph).  
If the Censor destroys this letter, well—  
I wish the Censor would go to —.  
(Deletion by Censor.)

The Krupp Works last year made a profit of \$21,500,000, and a dividend of 12 per cent was declared.

## The Battle of Langemarck.

(This remarkable poem was written by Mr. Thaddeus A. Browne, of Ottawa, Canada, and first appeared in the *Free Press* of that city.—EDITOR, *Gazette*.)

WHEN men shall say who saved the day,  
in years that are to be;  
When veterans back from war's grim track  
again abide with me;  
When peace regains her throne and reigns,  
and silent are the guns;  
I'll think with pride of those who died, and  
say—These were my sons.

I sent them from their peaceful tasks, these  
strong young sons of mine.  
I saw them swinging down the street, I saw  
them stand in line.  
My unbronzed of the counting-house, my  
sun-tanned from the farms:  
I sent them forth, sons of the North, my  
gallant men-at-arms.

With summer's fading rose they went, I well  
recall the day.  
The gold was on the maple leaf, the birds  
were on the spray.  
And through the long white winter time I  
waited for the spring  
For word to tell me how they served their  
country and their King.

## In Memory of Fallen Comrades.

And then I heard the tolling bells, and saw  
the flags half-mast.  
Why should I weep in springtime, with the  
long white winter past?  
And why are all the people stirred, and what  
is it they say?  
My boys have dared and fought, and shared  
the glory of the fray.

Across the sea, afar from me, they've met the  
dreaded Huns,  
At Langemarck in Flanders, my gallant  
Northern sons;  
Near Ypres, in the lowlands, three thousand  
miles away,  
Across the wave my children brave have  
died—but saved the day.

In grim array that April day entrenched the  
Allies lay,  
To bar the path of Prussian wrath that fumed  
to reach Calais,  
And Ypres town, half battered down, they'd  
sought with longing eyes,  
And they had sworn that very morn to take  
it as a prize.

And breathing there the battle air, beneath  
the warm sunshine,  
From Peschendelle to Polcapelle Canadians  
held the line.  
Then, sudden as the avalanche that rips the  
mountain side,  
The battle broke, and through the smoke they  
met the German tide.

They watched the fume-filled cloudbanks rise  
and spread their stifling rack.  
They saw the Afric veterans and gallant  
French fall back.  
They heard them cry, they saw them fly, as  
men by fiends pursued.  
They heard the shout, they saw the rout,  
before that cloud, hell-brewed.

In such a plight, as veterans might have  
blanched before and failed,  
They stood uncowed, with spirits proud and  
hearts that never quailed;  
Surprised, amazed, a moment dazed in that  
tremendous hour,  
Like living rocks they met the shocks of mad  
Germanic power.

They saw the wide breach wider grow, when  
men in terror fled,  
They saw the eager foe leap o'er the dying  
and the dead.  
And by that foe, and through that gap, they  
saw an Empire fall;  
Then in the breach, to front the foe they  
threw their living wall!

They threw their living breasts between, to  
stem the German tide:  
My volunteers of Canada, they fought as  
veterans tried.  
They fought the boast of Wilhelm's host, they  
met them hand to hand,  
My young men of the counting-house, my  
ploughboys of the land.

They came from ranches of the West, where  
plain and mountain call;  
From down East way, by Fundy's Bay, from  
Don and Montreal;  
Their feet had known the sea-walled street,  
where ocean mists hang grey;  
And one to four, though stricken sore, they  
kept the foe at bay.

The air rained death by bomb and dart, the  
earth belched death below;  
By shining blade and hand grenade, and  
death by poison slow.  
Three days of hell and shot and shell they  
fought 'neath moon and sun;  
The Belgian plain was strewn with slain,  
Canadian and Hun.

Ye troubadours who sing of wars and brave  
deeds handed down,  
When you will sing how for the King they  
strove near Ypres town—  
Tell how they fought and nobly wrought like  
Paladins of old;  
Tell how my sons retook the guns, and won  
their spurs of gold.

And you will tell how Birchall fell as calm as  
on parade,  
As on they bore, amid the roar, in that wild  
charge they made,  
Where Julien's wood in moonlight stood  
when midnight met the morn.  
Tell how they died, my brave, my pride, on  
that field battle-torn.

They went not forth for gain or gold, 'twas  
not for that they died;  
They fought for right, 'gainst armed might  
that covenants defied.  
Pure was their quest, to serve the best, my  
banner they unfurled  
For that high plan, the rights of man, the  
freedom of the world.

The feet that pressed my ample breast, the  
eyes that loved my pines,  
Shall know no more my welcome shore, but  
still their glory shines!  
Sing, troubadours. Let thy notes soar; sing  
with a voice divine  
Of how they saved the day, and braved the  
despot of the Rhine.

## Notes and Comments

"THE Old Soldier," who writes in *The Regiment*, recently had a few things to say on the re-opening of the crusade by the anti-rum advocates in England. As the writer points out, Lord Roberts, one of the most practical and level-headed soldiers who ever wore uniform, and one of the greatest common-sense advocates of temperance, issued the rum ration to the men of his command in the South African campaign, and also countenanced extra issues when the latter were deemed necessary.

THE following terse tribute to the efficacy of the rum issue is taken from a soldier's letter (with his permission):—"When I first went up to the front line I used to refuse my issue of rum, but after three days there, I sure was after it, and have been chasing it ever since." This extract is not offered as an argument in favour of the much-appreciated winter ration.

IN this issue of the *Gazette* will be found the advertisement of the Maple Leaf Club, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London, W. This is a residential club for Canadian N.C.O.'s and men. It is, as is explained in a letter received from Captain W. F. Watson, the Hon. Comptroller, not a "graft," but is maintained by the private subscriptions of prominent Canadians at home and abroad. The staff is made up of wounded First Division men. The main trouble, so some of the "boys" who have been on leave in London tell us, is that the Club is always full up. That in itself seems a good testimonial; and we understand that quite recently a large annex has been secured. As Captain Watson says: "It's a 'snap' for the boys if they only knew it," and winds up by saying that he hopes to see some of the First Brigade soon. Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary recently honoured the Club with a visit, and were much interested in the institution.

THE *Indianapolis Star* says:—"Judged by the offers he has made to Bulgaria, the Kaiser might be willing to give Canada to us if we would help him in the Balkans." Apparently Canada is as hard as ever to "annex." More than that, it looks as if we on our part were going to "annex" the United States, or at least the chiefest of its fighting men, Colonel Roosevelt to wit.

"FINDING work for returned soldiers is a duty that is likely to be relegated to the Provinces by the Dominion. The problem must be approached in the knowledge that the man given work gives more in return than he gets."—*Toronto Globe*. We might add that a soldier who has seen active service has given in that service more than ever he can hope to obtain by charity.

AN apology is due to Lieutenant E. R. Warburton, of A Company of the 4th Battalion. In an editorial note in our last issue, and acting on what we thought authentic information, we said that Mr. Warburton had succumbed to his recent wounds. This error was most unfortunate, and we deeply regret any inconvenience it may have caused the popular officer or his numerous friends, and we are more than glad to be able to deny the statement. We assure Mr. Warburton that his return to good health and to this Battalion

### EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS STAFF OF THE GAZETTE.

Editor - - - Pte. R. W. Trowsdale.  
Art Editor - - Cpl. C. V. Collins.  
Circulation Manager Pte. A. Gillespie.  
Business Manager L.-Cpl. Bob Cross.

Offices - - - "Somewhere in Flanders"  
(But liable to be moved to Berlin at short notice).

would be sufficient compensation for the slight trouble of correcting, not one, but a thousand such errors. And Mr. Warburton, who has in full measure the gift of humour, will at least thank us, now that the incident is happily closed, for the distinction he shares with Mark Twain in having had his epitaph written before there was need of it!

ALREADY quite a number of full-blooded Indians are in the Canadian Contingents, either as officers or as privates. The striking appeal by the Chief of the Mohawks in the Council Chamber of the Six Nations at the Indian Reserve, near Brantford, Ont., is described by the *Globe*. He told how his eldest lad, working on the farm, hitched his horses to the fence one day and followed the Recruiting Sergeant; later he sailed with the First Contingent. Then a second son, and later a third boy, joined the King's colours,

and the Chief and his squaw were left alone to till the land. Drawing himself up proudly, the Chief reminded his hearers of an old Indian legend. An Iroquois who had been captured by an enemy tribe was given two alternatives—to seek freedom by passing through a path of fire which his captors had made, or remain behind with the women and children. That Iroquois never hesitated—he preferred the path of fire, with the honour and freedom it held out, to the ignominy and disgrace of remaining with the women. Then the Chief of the Mohawks gave the war cry of his tribe and sat down.

DURING 1915, Canadian soldiers earned the following decorations and medals on the field of battle:—Victoria Crosses, 6; Commanders of the Bath, 7; Commanders of St. Michael and St. George, 8; Red Cross, 1; Distinguished Service Order, 34; Military Cross, 30; Distinguished Conduct Medal, 75; Legion of Honour, 4; Russian Orders and Crosses, 42. Of this list, the First Infantry Brigade secured Victoria Cross, 1; C.B., 1; D.S.O., 5; M.C., 3; D.C.M., 14; and a number of Russian decorations.

Soldiers' Aid Commissions are to be formed in every Province of the Dominion, their primary purpose being the care of soldiers who have returned to Canada maimed, weakened, or permanently disabled as a result of active service. Thus has been relegated to the Provinces a duty which the Canadian Premier not so very long ago declared would be undertaken by the Federal Government. As Canadians on active service, and therefore vitally interested, we would like to know if the work is to be undertaken by the Provinces as a charity instead of as, it should be, a national and moral obligation?

The care of Canadian soldiers' teeth is to be accentuated by the appointment of a dental officer to every unit, or at least so the papers tell us. Every Battalion will therefore have its regular D.O. as well as M.O.

#### CANADA.

No land illum'd by yonder sun,  
Can more inspiring be than one  
Where my far visions roam  
O'er prairies wide, through forests grand,  
My love is thine, thou lavish land,  
Dear Canada, my home.

—BALFOUR.

In Australia, soldiers' canteens are run on the co-operative principle, every soldier being a shareholder.



A MORNING picture paper recently published the photograph of a number of British recruits from Rathnew, near Wicklow—"a village of mud cabins." Those lucky beggars should never feel homesick in the Flanders mud.

One often hears the phrase—"Carrying coals to Newcastle." The saying reminds me that several members of the Battalion have recently received from well-meaning friends at home parcels containing such homely dainties as tins of Maconachie Rations, "Bully beef," and even jam. One well known corporal's folks sent him the "M and V" as a delicacy (for they are



"Receiving parcels of homely dainties."

advertised in England as selling at 1s. 6d. a tin), and a certain lance-jack's recent "tuck-box" had "bully" and jam amongst its contents. Such rations might come in handy if we had the ill-luck to be prisoners of war, but so far there has been no shortage of foodstuffs in the army.

The "Dovecote," otherwise the Headquarters' batmen's billets, recently wrestled with a mighty problem, which threatened to flood that usually peaceful community with dissension. The trouble arose through the advent of a quartette of chickens, addressed to the C.O., which, on arrival, were found to be so "high" as to warrant the batmen and orderly room staff being turned out for tube-helmet drill by the R.S.M. The Colonel's servant, never having homesteaded, knew nothing of chickens or their habits, and argued that they should be cooked, but the chef thought otherwise, and threatened to resign if the atmosphere of his sanctum was polluted. The tension of the situation was ultimately relieved by the birds walking away of their own accord.

Another problem, of a somewhat different nature, lately troubled the transport of the Eighth Battalion ("The Little Black Devils"). This, also, has been cleared up, though not to the complete satisfaction of those immediately concerned. In this case, "the Solomon come to judgment" is a young man with a pretty wit and possessed of a Sherlock Holmes intellect. He recently wrote to *Punch* to say that "the Canadians were throwing over to the enemy a number of intoxicating shells, which fact explained the short issue of rum!" (Ugh!)

Private Drayton, who evidently believes in keeping posted with the world's happenings desires me to ask *Jack Canuck* if "The Cop on the Corner" hasn't got cold feet through standing there so long?

An account which has reached me of Corporal Bennett's narrow escape from drowning when accompanying the medical supplies rig to headquarters, goes to show that there are dangers in the firing line other than those of shot and shell. The sad part of the story is that the popular corporal did not go to a college where the art of natation was included in the curriculum!

Private Simpson, of D Company, owns to a weakness for sketching. The Art Editor has endeavoured to secure his valuable services for the *Gazette*, and thus hand down his work to posterity, but *Punch* got wind of the new genius and so "beat us to it."

I am credibly informed that this is Leap Year. So there is still a sporting chance for many old bachelor friends of my acquaint-



"Still a sporting chance . . . This is Leap Year."

ance, especially in view of the reported shortage of men in the matrimonial markets of the world.

A good story is being retailed, with C.Q.M.S. Macdonald as the centre of interest. Now "Mac," like most Canadians, is extremely partial to condiments, so when he sat down the other day to a lunch of "bully" hash, he opened up a bottle of what he took to be Worcester Sauce, and, pouring the contents copiously over the appetising dish, sat down to enjoy his meal, with the remark that "You can't beat the old Worcester Sauce, can you?" Unfortunately, the "sauce" turned out to be camp coffee, and what with a ruined dinner and the chaff of his colleagues, "Mac," was in no frame of mind to attend a Y.M.C.A. service! Oh, no!

There is a certain young man working around the Q.M. Stores who evidently did not belong to a field naturalists' club when in civil life. The fact that this young gentleman recently designated some cock pheasants as *crows* lends colour to this belief.

Napoleon gave birth to the phrase: "An army travels on its stomach." I suppose that is why so much care is taken in the

selection of army cooks. (All right, Egbert, I'm not throwing nose-gays at the "mulligan" artists of your Company.)

Although ice-cream puffs cannot be had out here, there is a certain N.C.O. in the Signalling Section whose recent itinerary of the London suburbs has disclosed to him, so it is said, the location of the only "original home of ice-cream puffs" in Blightie.

Private Seaward, one of the Battalion runners, used to tell me that he didn't object to the flooded trenches the least bit, and I have only lately found out the reason for his nonchalance. "Gurk" used to be a deep-water sailorman.

Regimental Sergeant-Major (giving paternal advice to N.C.O.'s going on leave): "Now, if you are caught with a bottle going on the boat, you will probably be sent back."

Brilliant N.C.O.: "And if we are caught coming back with one, will we be sent back to Blightie?"

R.S.-M.: "No chance, Kid!"

One day, at their billet near the firing line, the Battalion Pioneers endeavoured to cement the *Entente* by helping a peasant-homesteader to bring home the cows. The animals were safely corralled—that is, all except one obstinate beast. But a gallant



"A gallant Sergeant . . . brought her to reason."

Sergeant, with a determination worthy of Broncho Billy of cinema fame, went after her, and, getting a firm grip of her "steering gear," brought her to reason—and the barn. Scores of film companies would have given a thousand "bucks" to get that picture in all the nicety of its realism and detail.

"Andy," the *Dead Horse* circulation man, has got a new job as officer's batman. An extraordinary general meeting of the staff of the *Gazette* is to be held to decide if the incident calls for a vote of congratulation, or of sympathy!

What punishment should be meted out to the man who, acting as guide for a select party of men needing tonsorial treatment, takes them to a dentist?

M.O. (to Private Blank, who is trying to "swing the lead" and get "down the line"): "What did you join the army for? Did you think this was a blankety-blank Kindergarten?"

An English phonograph firm advertises, as "the great pantomime success," the following records:—"Somewhere in France, Dear Mother," and "When I Leave the World Behind." Very comforting records to send to us fellows out here—what! I fancy the manager of the concern in question would have made a most successful traveller for a firm of undertakers!

A London newspaper has declared that "the soldier of to-day is not a drinker. He frequently turns down his rum issue for chocolate." Will the paper in question kindly forward us the present address of "the soldier of to-day"?

The 16th Battalion (Canadian Scottish) has an "official historian." The Battalion is to be heartily congratulated on its farsightedness, for in the years that are to come the Sixteenth will possess a complete and intimate record of its gallant deeds in the greatest of all wars.

I hear that Billy Collier, late of 15 Platoon, and a popular lad, has got his "international cap" for Soccer at the Rouen Base.

A line in Divisional "Information" tells us that "a German attack was foiled by our artillery fire, which prevented the German troops *debauching*." Evidently a move which would have gladdened the hearts of our Temperance friends in Canada.

It was adding insult to injury, surely, when "The Sniper" was presented, through the medium of the mails, with an Easter card bearing the imprint of a famous London firm, and the information that it had been "printed in Bavaria!" Such is patriotism, my dear friends.

The following cablegram was recently received by Colonel Colquhoun from the Massey-Harris Company of Canada:—"Hearty congratulations of directors and officials on the great honour of being mentioned by Field-Marshal French; also best wishes for the future."

Lieut.-Colonel Raikes, a former M.O. of the Fourth Battalion, has been made a member of the Claims and Pensions Board of the Canadian Contingent. Congratulations, sir!

Major B. H. Belson, who was wounded in the advance made by the Fourth Battalion at Ypres, is now in command of the 81st Battalion, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Major Begy, another former Fourth officer wounded at Ypres, and who, by the way, was recently married, is senior Major of the 81st.

I see by *The Record* (the journal of the 81st Battalion) that Lieut. Jack Bennett, formerly of the Fourth, is now Senior Major of the 201st Battalion.

Sergeant Hathaway (now of the Brigade Machine Gun Company), who had in hand the money collected for a headstone to the memory of the gallant Corporal May, who was mortally wounded whilst trying to bring a wounded comrade to safety, has forwarded the amount held by him to Corporal May's native place in Kentucky, U.S.A., there to be used in defraying the cost of erection of a memorial stone or tablet. The original proposal—to erect a headstone on the spot where the brave Corporal was buried—fell through on account of the new War Office restrictions.

C.S.M. Benton, C.S.M. Matheson, and Private Donoghue received their awards—the Distinguished Conduct Medal, "for conspicuous gallantry"—at the hands of General Sir Herbert Plummer, Commanding the Second Army.

Major J. Handley, wounded in April last, when leading reinforcements to the firing line, is, I am glad to hear, convalescent. He is at present in England.

Lieut. J. A. Hoshel, late of the Battalion and the Divisional Salvage Company, has returned to Canada to become Major of the 114th Battalion. Captain W. C. Towers, late O.C. B Company, takes Lieutenant Hoshel's position as O.C. Divisional Salvage Company.

Members of the Battalion will be sorry to hear of the death, from consumption, of Lieut. F. MacLaren, formerly attached to D Company. Deceased saw service at Festubert and Givenchy.

Captain "Craigie" Wright, C Company, wounded in the leg last April, is at the Rouelles Base.

Corporal H. Witthun, late of C Company, has been transferred to the 11th Battery, C.F.A.

C.S.M. Blathwyat, late of C Company, is now in charge of routine, with rank of Sergeant-Major, at Mont-des-Cats Hospital.

The recent illness of Regimental Sergeant-Major Jaminson, necessitating his removal to hospital and thence to Blightie, was regretted by all ranks, but probably by no one more than the genial Irishman himself, to whom service with the Colours is as the very breath of life. The R.S.M. has to his credit not less than forty years' service.

It will be news to most members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force to learn that "Bob" Edwards, famous as the Editor of the *Calgary Eye-Opener*, has declared himself a supporter of the "Dry" campaign, and that he intends to enter the ministry.

One of the drollest things of the war, says the *Windsor Magazine*, is a field-service postcard—"amended form"—which a wag produced "to save platoon commanders and censors much labour and searching of heart." It is arranged like this—to be crossed out at will, of course:—

My	{ own owner ownest	{ dear dearest dar-ling duck	{ babs girlie sweetheart w fe sister mother	} in-law
I am	{ fairish pretty well in the pink!			
I am We are	{ up to	{ my our	{ ankles calves knees waists necks eyes	} in { slush puddle water snow garbage dust
Have	{ not just	{ received your	{ card letter parcel box packing-case	

Surely the quenchless moral of our men plays over this skit upon the Active Service card?

The rumour is going the rounds that a certain cyclist orderly, recognising the snail-like propensities of his "wheel," has made heavy purchases of cordite, evidently for speeding-up purposes.

Bomber Revell's new song: "Will you not come to the ball?"

Private Billy Sloan, one of the original Fourth, has been transferred to the 10th Battery C.F.A.

I am told that my reference to the Divisional entertainments last winter created a wrong impression in certain minds. This was far from intentional on my part, as no one realises the value of such entertainments more than the writer of these notes. I am told by Captain McGreer, who was in charge of the arrangements, that the one main idea which prompted the entertainments was to reach the men whose duties took them to the first-line trenches. The shows were excellent—I can speak from first-hand experience—and this was accentuated by the fact that the entertainers were all amateurs. Not the least among Captain McGreer's associates and helpers was that inimitable pianist and entertainer, Sergeant Gitz-Rice.

The Battalion Orderly Room definition of "Rest":—

Reveille	6 30 a.m.
Breakfast	7 0 a.m.
Physical Drill	7 30 a.m.
Parade	9 0 a.m.
Orderly Room	10 0 a.m.
Dinner	12 0 a.m.
Parade	2 0 p.m.

Captain Fyshe, our late M.O., is now with the 10th Field Ambulance, with the rank of Major. Captain Chown, the present M.O., is personally known to many of the boys, as he acted in a similar capacity in the 11th Battalion at Shorncliffe. Like our late M.O., he has an effective way of dealing with the undesirable class known as malingerers. In pre-war days Captain Chown practised medicine at "The Peg."

Congratulations to Private Whiter, late of the Stretcher-bearers, on getting his commission in the 10th London Regiment.

Wanted: Lessons in French by the officer who requested: "Madame, s'il vous plait—er—lamp—er—paraffin."

Captain Cozens, former Transport Officer, is earning a reputation in the Mess for repartee. The morning after Adjutant Scott was kicked on the ankle by one of the transport horses, he suggested that kicking horses should never be tethered on the outside position, and concluded his suggestion with the query: "What if I had been kicked on the head?" "Well," rejoined the Transport Officer, with a sly glance at a brother officer, "I should hate to have one of my horses lamed!"

The many members of the old 11th (Western Canada) Battalion who are now enrolled in the several units of the First Brigade will hear with pleasure of the promotion of Arthur W. Holmes, who, in the old Valcartier days, was M.O.'s orderly. Mr. Holmes afterwards served at No. 1 General Hospital at Nether-avon, and at Southampton, where he ranked as Staff Sergeant. In February this year he was granted a commission as Honorary Lieutenant in the C.A.M.C., and transferred to the Medical Stores Depot at Shorncliffe, and has since been given charge of that depot. Lieutenant Holmes is now a Benedict, his bride hailing from Saskatoon.

## The Ordeals of an Orderly.

By ONE OF THEM.

SOME men are born lucky; but the ordinary orderly is not of that favoured class.

Many people imagine that an orderly's lot is cast in pleasant places, but these misguided folk cannot probe beyond the surface of things. They see only the glamour of a "soft job"; they know but little of the constant call upon the patience and energy of this much-abused class. "Pariah-dogs," we undoubtedly are, from a "front-liner's" viewpoint, but of the outward show we present there is a solid foundation of utility. Our polished buttons are but a thin overlay of regimental respectability; constant proximity to the Orderly Room and its occupants demands that we "keep up appearances."

From the foregoing, it can be inferred that orderlies occasionally have to perform certain functions. In brief, they have to do certain work, for which, like you, O Reader, they are paid the magnificent sum of a-dollar-ten a day. (This statement as to our having to work will probably come as a thunderbolt to "front-liners." It is nevertheless true.)

The functions of a cycle orderly are multifarious in character. They range from carrying a verbal message from the Orderly Room "lancejack," to bearing important communications from the Battalion O.C. to Brigade Headquarters during a general engagement. As general engagements are necessarily few in the present style of trench warfare, the usefulness of the cycle orderly in this respect is generally lost sight of by his critics.

And when the Battalion is "resting"—which admittedly is very seldom—the "C.O." (cycle orderly) still "carries on." This again is frequently overlooked by the ranker whose duties are with his Company. The "C.O." is at the beck and call of every



"He hasn't a minute he can call his own."

occupant of the Battalion Orderly Room, so that, when the thing is argued to a logical conclusion, it will be found that he hasn't a minute he can truthfully call his own. He pedals (or trudges) through the slush and the mud, acting as a mobile "connecting file" between the O.R. and O.C.'s of companies if the latter should be scattered and the signallers' phones are not in operation— which double event has an extremely awkward habit of recurring, particularly in wet weather!

Again, the orderly's "mount" may be unsatisfactory. It is really extraordinary how much is expected of a "wheel" which in civilian life would be consigned, without second thoughts, to the scrap-heap! An orderly's "wheel" usually consists of a frame and a pair of tyres; the accessories are generally conspicuous by their absence. Lacking the materials to mend a puncture,

the "C.O." who is unlucky enough to meet a "snag" of this sort has to push his mount through the mud—(there is *always* mud in this country!)—and his machine thus becomes in very truth a "push-bike."

The highways and byways of Flanders were not *especially* built for cycling. That is the opinion held by every "C.O." I have met, whether he happened to run a "wheel" or an auto-cycle. The stickiness of the roads is a great aid to side-slips—and lucky is the individual who has never "bit the mud" in that fashion. Cycling under such conditions is neither a pleasure nor a "joke."

If the work is bad enough in daytime—"Brother, what of the night?" After dark, the ordinary difficulties of the road are



"The highways and by-ways of Flanders were not built for cycling."

intensified, and the "C.O." has to keep his eyes skinned lest he adds to the day's casualties by inadvertently running into a lone wagon or other solid and unfriendly obstruction. Also, he may be misdirected and thus lose his way, getting off the beaten track and into some such difficulty as the *Gazette* artist has attempted to show in the accompanying sketch.

Innumerable instances could be cited showing that a cycle orderly's job is not "all that it is cracked up to be," but the average "front-liner" is notoriously hard to convince, and so I give up my present attempt to "convert" him to my own way of thinking.

## Words from "An Old Warrior."

POINTS TO BE OBSERVED IN CHANGING TRENCH POSITIONS.

1. Parapets are bullet proof.
2. Distance from the enemy.
3. Sniping from one particular spot is dangerous; change your position constantly, even at night.
4. The blacker and stormier the night, the more vigilance is required of the sentry.
5. When open stretches are to be crossed, avoid beaten paths if possible, especially in daylight. Short zigzag rushes are best.
6. When moving along a road open to machine gun fire, avoid centre of road; notice which side affords most cover.
7. In open country, standing erect offers the smallest target to overhead bursting shrapnel, and lying down to shrapnel bursting on contact with the ground.
8. At all times, never cease to slacken vigilance. The most unlikely time—to you—is usually the moment seized by an alert enemy.

Lieut. L. F. Hay, of the Black Watch, is probably the tallest officer in the present European War. He is 6 ft. 10 ins. in height.

## Our Thirst for Knowledge WANTED TO KNOW.

WHO is the officer in the First Canadian Division who lately received a parcel from home containing a bundle of hem-stitched sandbags for his personal use?

Who was the Private in 16 Platoon who, sick of the state of the trenches last winter, telegraphed home to Canada for a Motor Boat Catalogue?

Does the Editor give the position away when he is bareheaded?

Who was responsible for losing the machine gun section in the graveyard?

Who is the C.S.M. who acts as tonsorial artist to the N.C.O.'s of his Company? And do the latter altogether appreciate his efforts in the haircutting line?

If the headquarters batmen have ordered their trench canoes for next winter's campaign?

Which member of the Grenadier Section "did away" with the Sergeant's rum issue?

How does the chief cook of the Bombers manage to keep so clean when discharging his onerous duties?

Who is the member of 6 Platoon who once asked his pal how to "milk steers"? And does he ever expect to be able to "prove up" on his homestead—that is, if the Canadian Government trusts him with the usual 160 acres?

Which officer of "Ours" told an officer of the R.C.R.'s that the men of the Fourth Battalion cleaned their rifles ten times a day?

If a decent barber wouldn't make his fortune in the front line trenches?

The name of the unfortunate individual in 14 Platoon who narrowly escaped death by drowning whilst being taken for a trip in the "Sedan Chair" (sometimes called a wheelbarrow)?

Why is it that "Detonator Dan" has quit carrying detonators in his pockets?

If the cogwheel "silencer" issued to the Grenadier Section does not take us back to the Stone Age by a short cut?

What is the strict condition imposed on each member of 16 Platoon who goes on leave? And is it true that the penalty for non-compliance with this condition is that the culprit's rum issue is stopped for two weeks?

To what use did "Halky" and "Malky" put the cuspidor they found in a certain ruined village?

The name of the Battalion sentry who "walked into a bucket of water" when the shell exploded?

Who is the Battalion Bomber who takes an early morning walk to look for "mushrooms"?

## Commander of Canadians created a K.C.B.

GENERAL ALDERSON, created a K.C.B., was born in 1859, and began his military career with the Royal West Kent Regiment. He served with the Mounted Infantry in the Boer War of 1881, and in the following year he again saw active service, this time in the Egyptian War, with the Mounted Infantry, where he participated in both actions at Kassassin and in the action at Tel-el-Kebir, for which he received a medal with clasp and the Khedive's Star. He served with the Mounted Infantry Camel Regiment in the Nile Expedition of 1884-1885, for which he received two clasps. He was in command of the Mounted Infantry and troops in the Mashorraland campaign in South Africa in 1896, and he was mentioned in despatches, was brevetted a lieutenant-colonel, and received a medal. He was deputy assistant adjutant-general at Aldershot camp from 1897 to 1899. He commanded the Mounted Infantry in South Africa in 1900 and 1901, being mentioned in despatches three times. He also received a medal with five clasps, and was brevetted as a colonel. He served as an A.D.C. to the King and as Inspector-General of the South African Mounted Infantry from 1900 to 1902, with the rank of brigadier-general. He was Brigadier-General Commanding the Second Infantry Brigade, First Army Corps, from 1903 to 1907, and he commanded the Sixth (Poona) Division from 1908 to 1912. He has written several works on military subjects. In 1885 he was awarded the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society.

### SOLDIERS' SAVINGS.

The Canadian prisoners of war in Germany are accumulating a Government credit at the rate of about 75 cents per day. The pay allowance of those men from the Government is being continued while they are prisoners, but it is impracticable to forward it to them in Germany, and the monthly amount due to them is being regularly placed to their credit, less the shilling per day, or \$1.75 per week, which is being forwarded through the British War Office through arrangement with the United States Consul-General at Berlin.

## The Supreme Test.

NOTE.—The Canadian National Hymn, "O, Canada!" might almost be called a prayer. The noble sentiments expressed in this hymn are typical of the spirit which animates the citizen-soldiers of the Dominion in the present struggle. The incident which prompted the following lines occurred at Festubert, where the Canadian losses were very heavy. Private Jocelyn, a young Canadian school teacher, who had earned the D.C.M. for heroic conduct at the Battle of Ypres, was killed at Festubert. At the time of his death Private Jocelyn was but 20 years old, but he was imbued with such a sense of patriotism that all who were brought into contact with him felt its influence. As he



General Sir Edwin Alderson, K.C.B.

fell, mortally wounded, his comrades heard him feebly cry: "O, Canada!"

O, Canada! Loved country!  
Lift your gracious head.  
Hear the cry as it goes up  
From your glorious dead.  
Let your homes, from East to West,  
Echo back the cry—  
"Canada! O, Canada!"  
Thus your brave sons die!  
Bless, dear land, the mighty hearts  
Sprung from out thy womb.  
Gird their arms, their souls upraise  
Lift from Death its gloom.  
What of Death? Can it be said  
Perished those you gave?  
No! Who falls in Freedom's cause  
Triumphs o'er the grave.  
Sons of thine, built in thy mould,  
Owning to thy blood.  
Motherland! They've paid the price  
Of your motherhood!  
R.W.T.

## Sport Gossip.

By THE SPORTS EDITOR.

TOM BOYD, President of the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada, has issued an important message to all athletes and athletic bodies throughout the Dominion urging every eligible man to enlist.

Major H. G. Mayes, the well-known Winnipeg athlete, recently returned to Canada and announced his appointment to the newly-created position of Inspector of Physical Training and Bayonet Drill for all the Canadian Forces, whether the latter are stationed in Canada, England, or France. Major Mayes left Canada with the First Contingent, being a member of the Fort Garry Horse. He will be remembered by the surviving members of the 5th Battalion and the "Fort Garry's" for his participation in the boxing competitions arranged on board the transport *Laplant*.

The biggest offer ever made for a ball team is that which startled American baseball circles recently. Harry F. Sinclair, one of the chief backers of the Federal League, made overtures to purchase the Giants—lock, stock, and barrel. As it is asserted that \$1,500,000 would only furnish the purchase money for 65 per cent of the clubs' stock, it is anticipated that if the biggest deal in baseball does come off, it will cost the millionaire oil operator quite two million dollars to secure his heart's desire.

Moran has contracted to manage the Phillies for seasons 1916-7-8.

Ever since "Frenchy" Bouchier's aggregation of ball players from "C" Company were beaten twice in succession by "A" Company, and tied with "B," 12-12, he has been on the lookout for a team that will submit to defeat. Therefore, if anyone can arrange to collect a team of novices eager for combat, Bouchier will gladly give that gentleman his next pass to England, and some Calgary Oil stock.

"Tackie" Wray (otherwise Sergeant Wray) had a fine pitching record for "A" Company's ball team. Sergeant Howe, "C" Company, also has a record—but he doesn't want it advertised, as he thinks it might spoil his chances with McGraw or Moran (of the Phillies) next season.

A world's record for a yearling trotting filly was made at Lexington, Kentucky, when a bay filly by Prince Ansel-Illa Moko trotted a mile in 2:17 1-2.

Frank Lukeman, the former Montreal and Ottawa sprinter, is over in France with the Second Contingent.

The term "Canadian-bred" was recently defined by the Canadian Racing Associations as meaning a horse foaled in Canada.

## Bits from Blighty.

**R**EGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR JAMINSON, C.S.M. Benton, and C.O.M.S. Macdonald were inmates of the Duchess of Connaught's Hospital at the same time. They are all now convalescent, and the two first-named have had the distinction of having their features mirrored in the *Daily Mirror*.

Private Gilbert Stebbings, popularly known as "Stubbs," of 15 Platoon, seriously wounded in April, is now in hospital in London, and doing well.

Lance-Corporals Northcliffe and Mackenzie, late of D Company, are in London and wear the magic armband "C.M.P."

If you have heard recently from any members of the Fourth who have "made" England or Canada, let us know, so that we can tell the other fellows the news through this column.

Private Markell, formerly of D Company, and wounded at Givenchy, is running a car for the A.P.M., London.

Fred Cummings, the popular Grenade Section Corporal, sailed for Canada on May 12th. Fred has been wounded three times, and has also had to have an old wound re-opened. He received his discharge at Bath.

Private H. L. Scrivener, well-known in the Battalion as a concert performer of note, is under treatment for spinal trouble at Epsom.

Private Mike O'Day, of the Water Detail, wounded recently, is an inmate of the First Eastern General Hospital, Cambridge, and going on satisfactorily.

Private ("Toots") Batson, of the Transport, writes to Driver Andy Williams telling of his present location in England—Cambridge. He is now convalescent.

Word has been received by one of the boys that Corporal Frank Montour, late of D Company, has arrived home in Hamilton, where he is taking up an officer's course.

Corporal Maslin, Private ("Bobtail") Hazelhurst, Private W. Fowler, and Private Funkley, all of B Company, and recently wounded, have been together in hospital at Taplow, Bucks. The first three are convalescent, but "George" has to undergo an operation on one of his eyes.

Sergeant Woods, Sergeant Harwood, and Sergeant Dealthy, all old members of the Battalion, are in harness again, at the Shorncliffe Base.

Sergeant Sammy Wood, formerly of B Company, is acting as Sergeant-Instructor of bayonet fighting and physical drill at Shorncliffe.

Private J. Swindale is on the staff of the Pay and Record Office.

Lance-Corporal Jim Perdue, who was badly wounded at Ypres, has arrived home in Caledon East, Ont., having been discharged, and writes to say he was accorded a great reception.

Private F. E. W. Kellie, formerly of D Company, is now with the First C.D.S.C. (M.T.).

Private Seely, late of B Company, and Bugler Palmer, both wounded early in the war, are employed at the Canadian Military School at Shorncliffe.

Sergeant Teddy Ryan, who will be recalled by many members of the Battalion, is Drill Instructor at the Canadian Military School. He was wounded at Ypres, and at that time held the rank of Armourer-Corporal.

Private Vintner, late of B Company, is on police duty at Brigade Headquarters at Shorncliffe. He has the rank of corporal.

### Re Mailing the "Gazette."

Readers who wish to mail the *Gazette* to Britain or Canada will find that the best plan is to use one of the square envelopes that can be obtained in any store where picture postcards are sold. Fold the *Gazette* twice and it will be found to fit these envelopes perfectly. By adopting this method the *Gazette* will reach your friends in a clean condition.

The *Gazette* can be obtained at the First Infantry Brigade, Y.M.C.A., and is also on sale at the Canadian Army Corps Soldiers' Institute, and the British Expeditionary Force Canteen. Our next number may very possibly be on sale at Potsdam.

The No. 1 issue is now entirely out of print, and those readers who have sent copies of that issue to friends at home should ask the latter to have them preserved. A complete file of the *Gazette* will be preserved in the British Museum and in the Cambridge University Library.

Private Eddie Foy, son of Hon. J. J. Foy, well known in Canadian political circles, is employed in a clerical capacity at the Canadian Casualty Assembly Centre at Folkestone. "Eddie" resigned a commission in the Canadian Militia to come over to France with the First Contingent.

Formerly known to his colleagues in B Company as "Eric," Sergeant E. Davies that was is now holding His Majesty's commission in the 12th (Reserve) Battalion.

Private Hart, who was badly wounded at Festubert in May of last year, has been discharged as medically unfit, and has returned to Canada.

Among old A Company men to get to Canada is C.-O.-M.-S. Jimmy Letten, seriously wounded at Ypres, and later invalided out of the Army.

Sergeant Harry Harwood is now caterer to the 12th (Reserve) Battalion Mess, at Shorncliffe.

Sergeant Lorne Bradley, wounded at Festubert, has been given a commission in the Canadian Contingent. His namesake, Sergeant Leslie Bradley, wounded, is in Chichester Hospital.

Sergeants Drummond and Tooke, formerly of the Fourth, are at present employed as trench engineers, being attached to Brigade Headquarters at Shorncliffe.

Lance-Sergeant Jack Knight, late of A Company, is now Company Quartermaster-Sergeant in the 12th (Reserve) Battalion.

Sergeant J. Solomon is now in hospital at Taplow, Bucks, and is on the mend.

Corporal J. M. Whitley, seriously wounded in the winter fighting, has been invalided out of the army, and is now back in Canada.

The serious hurts of Corporal E. Berridge still confine him to hospital in England. He was wounded at Festubert last May.

Corporal Dalrymple is holding down a C.M.P. job at the Pay and Record Office, London.

Private Busby, known to his intimates as "Big" Busby, is an inmate of the Norfolk War Hospital at Norwich.

Private C. F. Bennett, late of A Company, is "juggling with figures" at the Pay and Record Office, London.

Private H. Bryant is still under treatment in England for rheumatism.

Lance-Corporal W. Calvert, wounded at Ypres, is on the list of men invalided out of the army on account of being medically unfit.

Corporal ("Tuffy") Clark, wounded early last year, holds the post of sergeant-instructor of machine gunnery at Shorncliffe.

Private Bill Dawson, formerly groom to Major (now Colonel) Ballantyne, and wounded, is improving. He was lately able to discard his crutches.

Private W. S. Holland, wounded at Ypres, is on the regimental police at Shorncliffe.

Private C. Lankey, thrice wounded—once at Ypres and twice at Festubert—is back in Canada, having received his discharge.

Private W. Morgan, known as the champion lightweight boxer of A Company, is now with the 36th Battalion.

Private W. Pope, wounded at Ypres, is acting as Company Clerk in the 12th (Reserve) Battalion.

Another former member of A Company who has a good local reputation as a boxer is Private Dave Norman, who now holds a job on the regimental police of the 12th (Reserve) Battalion.

Private George Heasley, a former member of D Company, is at the Shorncliffe Base, but is still far from being fit. George has had several operations.

Private Percy Chambers, late of B Company, wounded at Ypres, holds a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. He took his aviator's course at the Hendon Aerodrome. Congratulations!

Privates George Plant and Towland, both of whom were wounded at Ypres, are in the Base Kits department at Salisbury.

Private H. Verrell has received his discharge and is in Canada, whilst his namesake, Private E. Verrell, is in the Quartermaster Stores at Shorncliffe.

Privates Joe Carlton and George Wisson, both seriously wounded in the Ypres fighting last year, have received their discharges, and are back in Canada.

Corporal Shrier, Private Ben Harvey, Private Walters and Private Watson, all wounded at Ypres, are employed in the officers' mess of the 12th (Reserve Battalion).

Sergeant Crain is in Canada and acting (*pro tem.*) as an instructor.

Lance-Sergeant J. J. Griffiths, late of C Company, is in Canada.

Corporal Harry Dukeman, in England on account of ill-health, is in the office of the D. R. & O., with rank of sergeant.

Sergeant H. Greisbach, who was given a commission in the 49th Battalion, was recently wounded whilst serving with that unit.

Private A. L. Jones, late of C Company, is undergoing a course at Sandhurst Military College, preparatory to taking a commission in the Imperial army.

Sergeant Percy Watson, wounded at Plug Street, is on the Pay and Record Office Staff.

Armourer-Corporal Hurst, who received severe wounds at Ypres, has been invalided out of the army.

#### WANTED THE CHANGE.

Two gallant privates in a Highland regiment, on a few days' leave in Paris, went into a *cafe* and had some light refreshment. The bill came to two francs, and one of them, Jock M'Tavish, handed the waitress a five-franc piece. With a charming smile the girl slipped the coin into her pocket, but did not give any change.

Now, to a Scotsman, a five-franc piece is exactly five francs, and no smile, however delightful, could make up for its loss. So Jock turned to his mate. "Here, Tam," said he; "ye speak French, div ye no? Weel, gang ower an' speer at that lassie whaur ma change is."

So Tam drew a long breath, marched boldly across the *cafe*, and began: "Bong joor, madam!" he said, politely. "Par-ley voo Frongsas?"

"Mais oui, m'sieu!" replied the girl, with another sweet smile.

"Then why the deuce did ye no give the mon his richt change?"

## News in Brief.

A shell weighing about 70 lbs. explodes into a shower of 1,200 pieces.

The University Press at Oxford has appliances for printing in 150 languages.

According to the Académie des Sciences, the present price of radium is £3,250,000 per pound.

One of the youngest Quartermaster-Sergeants is believed to be George Smith Shepherdson, 10th Canadian Mounted Rifles, who got his promotion the day before he was nineteen years old. George must be some "guy." We'd like to drink his health.



THE SENTRY'S DILEMMA.

Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"  
 Officer: "Major Jones."  
 Sentry: "Advance and give the countersign."  
 Officer: "Forgotten it."  
 Voice from Within: "Aw, shoot 'im, Bill, au' come in to supper!"

There are said to be 8,817,271 persons in the United States whose mother tongue is German.

Sergeant Michael O'Leary, V.C., formerly of the Irish Guards, is now Lieutenant O'Leary of the Connaught Rangers.

The Swedish army is now the largest and most efficient in the country's history. Since the outbreak of the war the army has been almost doubled. It now aggregates 540,000 trained men, of whom 380,000 are troops of the first line and the remainder landsturm.

## Sports Gossip.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

WHICH ball team are you "rooting" for this season?

Albert T. Lane, of Montreal, is dead. He achieved fame by introducing the bicycle into Canada. That was in the year 1872. He himself was an ardent cyclist.

W. A. ("Bill") O'Hara, formerly a member of the New York and St. Louis National League baseball teams, and latterly of Toronto Internationals, holds a commission in the British Naval Air Service. Thus it may now be said that he is frequently "up in the air."

From accounts of the condition of "Glad" Murphy, the Argonaut Rugby player and crack Canadian athlete, whose back was broken in a game last October, there is little chance of his ultimate recovery.

"Sunny Jim" Sutherland, President of the Ontario Hockey Association, and also of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, is Quartermaster of the 146th Battalion.

Donald Dinnie, the greatest Scottish athlete of all time, died recently in London. He is said to have won 11,000 contests, and was awarded more than 150 championships, cups, and medals.

Steve Bloomer, the great English footballer, may never again play his favourite game. He has twisted his knee very badly, the accident occurring at Ruhleben Camp, Germany, where the old Derby County forward is a prisoner of war.

"Interested" writes to say that a Soccer match between teams of D Company and the Machine Gun Section was played the other evening under unusual conditions. In spite of the fact that "Fritz" was indulging in his usual evening strafe, the game went on without interruption, and was keenly contested. In spite of months of inaction (as far as football is concerned), play was of a high order, and a clean game ended in a goalless draw. The star performers were Corporal Nesbit,

left back, and Private Garshaw (for the Gunners), and Private C. Kyle, Corporal Johnny Horne (captain), and Sergeant Andy Thompson (for the Company). The return game was a 1-0 win for the Gunners.

#### ACCIDENTAL LOOTING.

Mess Cook: "Ere, Bill, next time you send up a crate of chickens, see that they don't get loose. I've spent hours scouring the neighbourhood, and only been able to find ten."

Orderly: "Ush! 'Erb, 'Ush! I only sent yer six!"

970

## Canadian News Items

UP to the end of the year, approximately \$80,000,000 had been paid out by the Canadian Pay Corps.

The Canadian postal war tax of one cent on mail matter has now been combined with the inland postage fee of two cents in a single stamp of the face value of three cents. The new unified stamp takes the form of the ordinary current two-cent Georgian postage stamp of the Dominion, with the letters "I T.C.," signifying "Tax 1 cent," in large white type immediately beneath the King's portrait.

Hon. W. R. Motherwell, an authority on Canadian agriculture, has declared that the annual loss in Saskatchewan from noxious weeds is \$25,000,000.

A vote of the Canadian people is to be taken after the war to see if the country desires a continuance of Prohibition.

The new high level bridge at St. Catharine's, Ont., which cost \$200,000 to build, is 1,400 ft. long and 145 ft. high, and will carry street car lines.

The Canadian Government is going to inaugurate a publicity campaign "to encourage thrift and increased home production." But Uncle Sam will doubtless continue to send his products over the line, and young Jack and Janey Canuck will continue to throw their nickels to the picture-houses.

## Satan Sends in His Papers.

THE Devil 'sat by the Lake of Fire on a pile of sulphur kegs;  
His head was bowed upon his breast, his tail between his legs;  
A look of shame was on his face, the sparks dripped from his eyes—  
He had sent his resignation to the throne up in the skies.  
"I'm down and out," the Devil said—he said it with a sob—  
"There are others that outclass me and I want to quit my job.  
Hell isn't in it with the land that lies along the Rhine;  
I'm old and out of date, and therefore I resign.  
One Krupp munition-maker, with his bloody shot and shell,  
Knows more about damnation than all the imps of Hell.  
Give my job to Kaiser Bill or to Ferdinand the Czar,  
Or to Sultan Abdul Hamid, or some such man of war.  
I hate to leave the old home, the spot I love so well,  
But I feel that I'm not up to date in the art of running Hell."  
And the Devil spat a squirt of steam at a brimstone bumblebee,  
And muttered, "I'm outclassed by Hohenzollern Devilry."  
—*The Rip-Saw* (America).

## Hints to Young Soldiers.

When you are feeling homesick, sing or whistle a comic song. Mirth is the old reliable tonic.

No matter how scared you may be, the other fellow is just as badly scared. Get after him!

He who hesitates is lost—especially at close quarters with the bayonet.

To err is human. If in error, take your medicine like a man.

Remember that the old soldier has experience behind him.

Remember that it is the jealously-guarded privilege of the old soldier to "grouse." Humour him.

When a man enlists, he belongs body and soul to his country; and becomes a traitor to that country should he invite a "Blightie" by sticking his head over the parapet needlessly.

"THE OLD SWEAT."

## Honours List of the Fourth Battalion.

(Supplementary to the list published in the first issue of the *Gazette*.)

*Distinguished Service Order*—Lieut.-Colonel M. A. Colquhoun.

*Distinguished Conduct Medal*—Company Sergeant-Major Benny Benton, Company Sergeant-Major J. D. Matheson, Private J. Donoghue, Corporal E. A. Barrett, Lance-Corporal J. Millard, Corporal M. G. McCauley (Machine Gun Section).

*Medal Militaire*—Corporal Barrett.

*Mentioned in Sir John French's Dispatches*—Lieut.-Colonel Colquhoun, Lieutenant William Sprinks, Sergeant H. Hickey (killed).

## What Prominent People and Papers think of the "Gazette."

A MAGAZINE well written and well printed.—*Evening Telegram* (Toronto).

We wish the Editor all kinds of luck in his new venture.—*Jack Canuck* (Toronto).

"The contents, grave and gay, betray the practised hand, and the pictures are a feature."—*Canada* (London, England).

"Very bright and breezy, with touches of fine seriousness."—*Sunday Observer*.

"These men (the 4th Battalion) of the First Contingent, whose numbers have been lessened in the clash of arms, who know the trenches in winter, the poison gases of an unscrupulous foe, the pain of wounds and the torture of hardship, issue a publication conceived in the best possible spirit, and ranging from facetious gossip to poetic fervour."—*The Globe* (Toronto).

TO OUR READERS.—Tell us what you think of it! And how it can be improved.

## Concert Notes.

THE monotony of trench and billet life has been considerably relieved of late by several excellent concerts, notably those given by the famous Band of the Coldstream Guards, and by the splendid, if less famous, Bands of the 29th Regiment (Vancouver) and the Third Battalion (Sergeant Young). Acting in conjunction with these organisations were "The Fancies" and old friends like Sergeant Gitz-Rice and Signaller Lawrence. But the "man behind the gun" has ever been that fine organiser and concert promoter, Lieutenant E. R. Warburton, of the Fourth Battalion.

Mr. Warburton secured the services of the Coldstreamers through the kindness of Colonel Darrell. This Band, by the way, was the first Guards' Band to visit Canada. The visit took place in 1903, and in 1907 Toronto University conferred the degree of Mus. Doc. on Captain J. Mackenzie Rogan, Director of the Band. The concert recently given to the Fourth Battalion by the Coldstreamers was a rare treat.

Sergeant Gitz-Rice is now in charge of the Canadian Soldiers' Institute located near the firing line. As becomes a military man, he is cultivating the down on his upper lip.

The Band of the 29th Regiment (Vancouver), under Bandmaster J. S. Dagger, is the best Canadian Band we have heard since coming to France. Mr. Dagger has perfect control over his players, and also knows how to interest his audiences.

Here is the programme of one of our recent concerts:—

Selection, Band of 29th Regiment.  
Song, Private Leacock, 48th Highlanders.  
Song, Private H. Mews, A.S.C.  
Selection, Scots Guards' Pipe Band, under Pipe-Major McIntosh.

Song, Captain Hill, R.F.A.  
Song, Sergeant Strickland, First Leicester Regiment.

Duet, Captain Morris, R.A.M.C., and Lieutenant Whitehead, R.F.A.

Trio, Captain Hill, Private Borger, A.S.C., and Private Johnson, R.E.

Song and Piano, Sergeant Gitz-Rice.

Selection, Band of 29th Regiment.

Duet, Captain Morris and Lieutenant Whitehead.

Impersonations, Private Borger.

Selection, Scots Guards' Pipe Band.

Song, Sergeant Strickland.

Song, Private Leacock.

Selection, Band of 29th Regiment.

Finale, "God Save the King."

## TEA TIME FOR TIRED TOMMIES.

That reminds me of the  
**SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE**  
at  
**Canadian Corps Headquarters.**

*I'm going! How about you?*

## Our Trench Bookshelf.

*Contingent Ditties.* By the late Sergeant F. S. BROWN, "Princess Pats." Published by Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Ltd., London, at 1s.

THIS book of poems, written by a Canadian whose fate it was to meet death during his first day in the trenches, is vested with a certain amount of distinction on account of the fact that it has been edited by Holbrook Jackson, Editor of *T.P.'s Weekly*. The most ambitious of the poems is "The Convoy," into which the author has put much that appeals to the patriot, and in particular to those who came overseas with the First Contingent. Here is one truism appearing in the poem entitled "Glory":—

"For every deed rewarded,  
For every laurel crown,  
Unknown, unsung, forgotten,  
A hundred lives go down.  
Then in the final reck'ning,  
Share with the ones unknown  
The glory; give not the living  
The bread, to the dead a stone."

The little volume sounds the true note of Imperialism. We feel, however, that as far as Canadian readers are concerned, that part of the book which will make strongest appeal are those intimate pen-pictures of the "khaki life" of our citizen-soldiers. These are couched in language the men of the Dominion best understand, and the appeal is personal and direct. In "Fall In," for example, we are introduced to men whose prototypes can be seen any day of the week in any "outfit." Take the Section Sergeant whose

"Rifle is carefully curried;  
He's a voice like Kingdom Come;  
He was a clod who carried a hod,  
But can talk a drill-book dumb."

Or

"That fellow in the ulster—  
He used to be a Civil Clerk,  
Perched high upon a stool,  
But dropped his tome to learn to comb  
An ammunition mule."

When peace arrives, "Contingent Ditties" will be one of the books to be freely thumbed and one that former comrades-in-arms will grow reminiscent over.

*Britannia's Answer.* By Rev. L. MACLEAN WATT. Published by Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Ltd., at 1s. nett.

A little volume to "the memory of the brave," and containing much fine and patriotic sentiment. It lacks, however, the personal touch which characterises most of the work in "Contingent Ditties."

*Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy.* By Prof. STEPHEN LEACOCK. Published by John Lane, London, at 3s. 6d. nett.

A Naval Chaplain who asked for books and magazines for the men of his ship suggested that "no tracts were desired." It is much the same with the men at the front. They desire not tracts, neither do they wish for books on subjects that are as heavy as a young wife's first attempt at pastry-making. There is enough and to spare of tragedy here; too little indeed of the frivolities that help to maintain the equilibrium of the brain against the forces that threaten it with

partial paralysis. That is why every man who can snatch a few hours for reading will welcome with both hands Professor Stephen Leacock's new book. The happily-inspired foolishnesses of these moonbeams have already converted more than one Subaltern of this Battalion into passable human beings; brought pay day appreciably nearer by softening the adamant will of the C.O. and the heart of that arch-conspirator, the Paymaster; and reduced to a reasonably pliable condition an unusually phlegmatic Medical Officer. Having accomplished these things, the Canadian Professor has achieved what we imagined to be the impossible. Hence this welcome to France and Flanders.

### NOTE.

IN our next and subsequent issues we hope to give the history, in verse, of the 4th Battalion from its inception at Valcartier to the present day. The various "chapters" of the life of the Battalion both at home and abroad will provide a very interesting souvenir of the record of the Battalion. Our valued contributor writes over the initials of "D. H."

### The "Hoodoo."



Extract from letter by Private C— to friends at home, explaining his recent trouble:—"I goes to the Pioneer Sergeant and sez, 'Have you any trench boots?' And he sez, 'No; I don't keep 'em.' So I goes to the R.S.M. and sez, 'Have you any trench boots?'—and he sez, 'No; don't keep 'em.' I sez, 'Well, Who do?' (Hoodoo?) and he goes 'up in the air' and puts in a crime agin me for insolence. I never meant no insolence!"

### WAR'S REFINING FIRE.

(Lines found on the body of an English soldier.)

They say that war is hell, the great accurst,  
The sin impossible to be forgiven;  
Yet I can look upon it at its worst,  
And still see blue in Heaven.

For when I note how nobly natures form  
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true  
That He who made the earthquake and the storm  
Perchance made battles, too.

### "Reveille" to "Lights Out."

THE DAILY ROUTINE OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE TOLD BY A FEW WELL-KNOWN HYMNS.

- 6-30 a.m. Reveille, "Christians, Awake."  
6-45 a.m. Roll Call, "Art thou weary?"  
7 a.m. Breakfast, "Meekly wait and murmur not."  
7-15 a.m. C.O.'s Parade, "When he cometh."  
8-45 a.m. Manœuvres, "Fight the good fight."  
11-45 a.m. Physical drill, "Here we suffer grief and pain."  
1 p.m. Dinner, "Come, ye thankful people, come."  
2-15 p.m. Rifle drill, "Go, labour on."  
3-15 p.m. Lecture by officer, "Tell me the old, old story."  
4-30 p.m. Dismiss, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."  
5 p.m. Tea, "What means this eager, anxious throng?"  
6 p.m. Free for the night, "Oh, Lord, how happy we shall be."  
6-30 p.m. Out of bounds, "We may not know, we cannot tell."  
7 p.m. Route march, "Onward, Christian soldiers."  
10 p.m. Last Post, "All are safely gathered in."  
10-15 p.m. Lights Out, "Peace, perfect peace."  
10-30 p.m. Inspection of Guards, "Sleep on, beloved."  
11 p.m. Night manœuvres, "The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended."

TWO INTERESTING VOLUMES OF WAR POEMS.

## CONTINGENT DITTIES

and other Soldier Songs of the Great War.

BY

Frank S. Brown Sergt. P.P.C.L.I. (The Pats).

The Poems in this volume are from the pen of a young Canadian soldier of Princess Pat's Contingent, who met his death on the Field of Honour at St. Eloi during his first day in the trenches. The volume has been produced under the Editorship of Mr Holbrook Jackson.

Oblong Cloth 1s. net. Post free 1s.

## BRITANNIA'S ANSWER

and other War Poems.

BY

Rev. Lauchlan Maclean Watt

AUTHOR OF

"THE GREY MOTHER" "THE TRYST"  
"IN POET'S CORNER" ETC. ETC.

F'cap. 8vo. 1s. net. Post free 1s. 1d.

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co. Ltd.,  
100, Southwark Street, LONDON.

## C.S.M. B. Hanford.

THE sad news has just been received by Mrs. R. J. Hanford, of 16, Foley Street, Maidstone, in the following letter from the Chaplain, that her second son, Company Sergeant-Major Bob Hanford, of the Canadians, has been killed at the war:—

April 18th, 1916.

"DEAR MRS. HANFORD.—It is with the greatest regret that I have to advise you of the death of No. 10910 Company Sergt.-Major R. Hanford, of our 4th Canadian Battalion. He was instantly killed by the explosion of an enemy shell whilst at his post of duty in the front line trench of the Battalion on Friday last, the 14th inst. He was with his Company Commander, Captain Wright, at the time. You may be assured of more than one important fact in this sad news which I know will help you to bear your loss. Your son was at the post of duty when the end came, as every good soldier should be. He suffered no pain, as death was, as far as we know, instantaneous; and he is now included among the great multitude of Canadian and Imperial heroes, who have made the last great sacrifice for the best and noblest of all causes, which is the struggle of right against mere might and force. That struggle will, in God's good time, end in favour of the right, and your son, with others who have fallen, will be counted among those who have saved their country in a great crisis. I hope that, when you think of the honour involved in such a loss, you will try to forget the sorrow.—Yours very truly,

"D. V. WARNER."

An additional sadness is lent to the occurrence inasmuch as Sergeant-Major Hanford was at home on furlough some three weeks ago, when he was full of enthusiasm for his country's cause. A native of Maidstone, he was 26 years of age. As a boy he attended St. Luke's School and received his education under Mr. E. H. Holmwood. On leaving he became a clerk in the offices of Messrs. Storr & Co., of the Broadway, where he remained for ten years, when he went to Canada. He was well known in St. Luke's district, having been associated with the Church and parish practically the whole of his life. In everything connected with sport he was very keen, having belonged to the Boys' Brigade and the Cricket and Football Clubs, while of the latter he was Honorary Secretary. Exactly four years ago this month the young hero went to Canada, and the esteem in which he was held by a large circle of friends was demonstrated by a handsome presentation made to him at a farewell concert in St. Luke's Parish Room. In the Dominion he obtained an important position in the offices of the Westinghouse Brake Company, but, when war broke out, his love for the old country caused him to sacrifice a lucrative appointment with every prospect of promotion, and he was among the first to join the Canadian Contingent. He had been at the front for fourteen months and had taken part in several big engagements.

Sergeant-Major Hanford's father, who has the medal for his services in the Egyptian War, is now with the National Guard attached to the Buffs at Faversham, and his younger brother is in the 4th Buffs at the front. The sad occurrence has evoked the deepest sympathy with the bereaved parents, while the gallant young non-com., who had been promoted Company Sergeant-Major since his return from furlough, will be affectionately remembered by his many friends.

## Regimental Rhymes.

By R. W. T.

### OUR BOMBERS.

OUR Bombers—the "Fourth's" Grenadiers—  
Are boys never subject to fears;  
For war's powder and shot  
They care not a jot;  
Though a *detail*—they're soldiers *sans* peers!

### Q.M.S. MACDONALD'S NEW DISH.

CAMP Coffee, when taken as sauce,  
May poison the diner, of course;  
So when "Mac" it had sampled,  
His stomach felt "cramped":  
And his language! How Q.M.'s *can* curse!

### "THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE —"

AN orderly cyclist named Flighly,  
Has lately been very upset.  
He received a long letter from "Blighty,"  
Expressing a lady's regret—  
That since meeting him she had wedded  
A gentleman called "Mr. Flopp";  
She was now honeymooning in London—  
And therefore their letters must stop!

### "PUTTING THE KIBOSH ON THE BOSCHES."

THOUGH we represent each station  
Of the life that makes a nation,  
Though we left behind the city and its bosses,  
Still we're soldiers of the day,  
And it's soldiers we shall stay,  
Till we've fairly put the kibosh on the  
Bosches.

Yes, we held them back at Yprés,  
Kept the British line intact,  
And we spoiled their chance of winning Iron  
Crosses;  
And we still possess the grit,  
And we don't intend to quit,  
Till we've fairly put the kibosh on the  
Bosches.

After Yprés came a rest,  
And then another test  
At Festubert, to avenge our many losses;  
And every man is fit,  
And he swears he'll never quit  
Until we've put the kibosh on the Bosches.  
—Private G. DRAVTON, 4th Battalion.

### A DIRE THREAT.

First Canadian (who is "fed up" with  
trench warfare) to Second ditto:—"Well,  
the next time we go in I know what I'm  
going to do. I'm going to take up a mega-  
phone and reason with the blighters!"

## Vive L'Entente.

(From the *Twentieth Gazette*, the regimental  
journal of the 20th Battalion, Second  
Canadian Division:

"After sufficient experience on the field to  
enable us to appreciate active service condi-  
tions, the greetings of the Second Division to  
the First Division may be expressed thus:—

Hats off to the First Canadians,  
Men of heart and hand,  
Who recked not of danger or death  
When called to make a stand.

Canada's name was at stake;  
No malingering there;  
A noble band of the Maple Leaf brand  
Filled the breach, but not with despair.

All honour to those who fell;  
'Somewhere in France' they sleep;  
But Canada's name is emblazoned in fame  
By heroes whose mem'ry we keep. "V."

## Retribution.

THE Kaiser stood at the pearly gates,  
Seeking to pass therein.  
Said St. Peter, "You cannot enter, friend,  
Your soul is steeped in sin.

Come, tell me, did you ever do  
A Christian act below?  
Remember Belgium's slain, and worse;  
'Tis not forgot, you know."

Said William, "Once I gave a mark  
To aid a crippled boy,  
And soon another mark I sent  
To give him further joy."

Said Peter, "Stay. Your soul is black:  
Black as the ace of spades.  
I'll give you back your paltry coin—  
And send you down to Hades!"

BOB CROSS.

The French War Minister has introduced  
a decided novelty. Honour stripes are now  
granted according to the number of times a  
man is wounded. The stripes for wounds  
are red, and are worn in the same manner as  
are chevrons denoting non-commissioned  
rank in the British Army, but high up on the  
left arm. Stripes, but in this case black, and  
worn like British "good conduct" stripes,  
are also being given for service.

Americans are said to spend \$13,000,000  
every year on chewing gum. They also  
spend \$80,000,000 annually on patent  
medicines.

## THE CANADIAN RENDEZVOUS IN LONDON.

THE Non-Commissioned Officers and men of the Canadian Forces are  
informed that the "King George and Queen Mary Maple Leaf Club,"  
a Residential Club for men on furlough, has been opened at

No. 11, CHARLES STREET,

BERKELEY SQUARE,

where they will be welcome.

LONDON, W.,

Sleeping accommodation and Meals can be obtained at an inclusive  
cost of 3/- per diem. Bed 8d., Breakfast 8d., Luncheon 8d., Dinner 1/-.

A comfortable Reading and Writing Room, with Piano and Games,  
a large Dining Room, Dormitories and Bath Rooms are available for  
the use of the men, also Billiard Rooms.

Wm. F. WATSON (Capt). Hon. Comptroller.