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The Passing of Ypres

By Q.M.-Sergt.-Instructor E. Handley-Read.

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When the Germans first bombarded Ypres, a British Battalion was billeted in the Cloth Hall, having with them a number of German prisoners. The second shell fell right into the Hall, killing a group of men who were writing letters and playing cards. The survivors were immediately paraded outside. The prisoners fell in as quickly as their captors, not a man attempting to escape.

Another Garland from the Front

*Sir Max Aitken
with compliments of
F. B. Bagshaw*

... CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION
(Western Cavalry).

Originally composed of:

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16th SASKATCHEWAN LIGHT HORSE
27th SASKATCHEWAN LIGHT HORSE
29th SASKATCHEWAN LIGHT HORSE
30th BRITISH COLUMBIA HORSE
31st BRITISH COLUMBIA HORSE
35th CENTRAL ALBERTA HORSE
CORPS OF GUIDES

Reinforced by:

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CAN. INF. BATTALION, Saskatchewan
CAN. INF. BATTALION, Saskatchewan and Manitoba
CAN. INF. BATTALION, Saskatchewan
CAN. INF. BATTALION, Saskatchewan
CAN. INF. BATTALION, Saskatchewan and Manitoba
CAN. INF. BATTALION, Western Ontario and Manitoba

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Censored by Chief Censor.

Edited by Capt. F. B. BAGSHAW and Sergt. R. M. EASSIE.

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FOREWORD

BY MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. CURRIE, C.B.



HAVE been greatly honoured in being asked to write an Introduction to this Trench Magazine published as a Christmas Greeting by the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the Regiment to their many friends throughout the Empire. There is nothing I would not do to oblige the Battalion, and so I comply with their request, fully realizing my inability to do proper justice to my theme.

I am quite sure that all who had the pleasure of reading the "Christmas Garland" published by this Battalion in 1915, have been awaiting this year's number with eager anticipation. They will not be disappointed, and, doubtless will find the 1917 number still more entertaining, for there will be a 1917 number.

The War is by no means over, nor is the end even in sight. The struggle must not and will not cease until the Power which has violated every principle of right and honour, which has ruthlessly disregarded the rights of neutral nations, which has treated its most solemn obligations as mere "scraps of paper," which has murdered innocent women and children, which has maltreated its prisoners, which has bayoneted our wounded, shall have been for ever destroyed.

As to how the War is going to end, the men in the trenches have not the slightest doubt. They are the greatest optimists in the Empire. Even in the dark days, now happily past, when our men were few, when machine guns were very very scarce on our side, when we had little artillery and less ammunition, the same optimism prevailed. The British soldier still had his bayonet and was anxious to use it.

Now it is no longer three rounds per gun per day. We can give and do give more than we receive; still we do not yet get enough. More men and more guns are necessary, and Canada must see to it that when a Canadian Soldier falls, another is immediately ready and trained to take his place.

She has done well in the past. The future demands greater efforts or former sacrifices will count as naught. Were any Canadian Soldier in France asked to send a message to his beloved homeland, that message would most probably be: "Be of good cheer; send us more men and please don't forget our returned wounded."

But I am wandering somewhat from my subject. I intimated in my opening sentence that the Battalion had many friends. It richly deserves them all, and these friends must be intensely proud of the Battalion's record. No battalion in all our gallant Corps has a prouder one. During the twenty-one months the Battalion has fought in France, it has been "over the parapet," many times, has never failed to reach its objective, and has never been driven from a single inch of trench captured or occupied. It enjoys the absolute and implicit confidence of all commanders, and the measure of a unit's efficiency is the amount of confidence placed in it. It has resolutely and gallantly performed every duty, nobly responded to every command, patiently and cheerfully endured every hardship and discomfort; it has made many sacrifices, but these have not been made in vain. A standard of devotion to duty has been set which must be emulated. The record of its fighting prowess fills many a page in the glorious history of the heroic deeds of those who so proudly wear the word Canada on their shoulder straps, and the half has not yet been told. It has been "mentioned in dispatches" by the Commander-in-Chief. It has played the game. Thank God for such Battalions, and there are many such in Britain's mighty and victorious Army!

And so I commend this Magazine to all, feeling certain that those who read it will be more than repaid for the time thus spent, and asking that they will not forget the men who are daily laying down their lives in order that "Peace on Earth and Good Will among Men" may once more prevail.

France,
1st November, 1916.

A. W. CURRIE.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A year ago, with a view to providing something distinctive of the Battalion suitable to send from the firing line to relatives and friends in the British Isles and Canada, we issued "A Christmas Garland from the Front," the entire edition being used by the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men of this Unit for the purpose intended. Judging from acknowledgments received the Magazine was much appreciated, and so this year with the same object we issue "Another Garland from the Front," trusting that those across the seas to whom it is sent will regard it, not as a literary effort, but rather as a trench publication affording a few glimpses into the every-day life of the soldier, and reflecting somewhat the spirit in which the conditions imposed by modern warfare are faced by the front line men, many of whom in the Division will, ere Christmas, 1916, arrives, have served twenty-eight months in the Canadian Army and, short of a few days, twenty-three months on active service in Flanders, Artois and Picardy. Some of the illustrations in this trench magazine are contributed by London Artists, for which due acknowledgment is made below; others are by soldiers of the Battalion, and in addition, several have generously been offered by Pte. V. H. Linton and Pte. L. S. Barnes, of other units. With the exception of the "Foreword," kindly written by our Divisional Commander, Major-General A. W. Currie, C.B., the entire letter-press is by the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men of the Battalion. We offer no apologies in respect of any of the contents of the following pages, but if it appears that in certain particulars we are somewhat restricted, and if there is an absence of descriptive narrative, our readers will bear in mind the fact that anything likely to disclose situations, formations and methods of operations is of value to the enemy, and, furthermore, there is always the shadow of a censor over the writer's shoulder.

F.B.B.

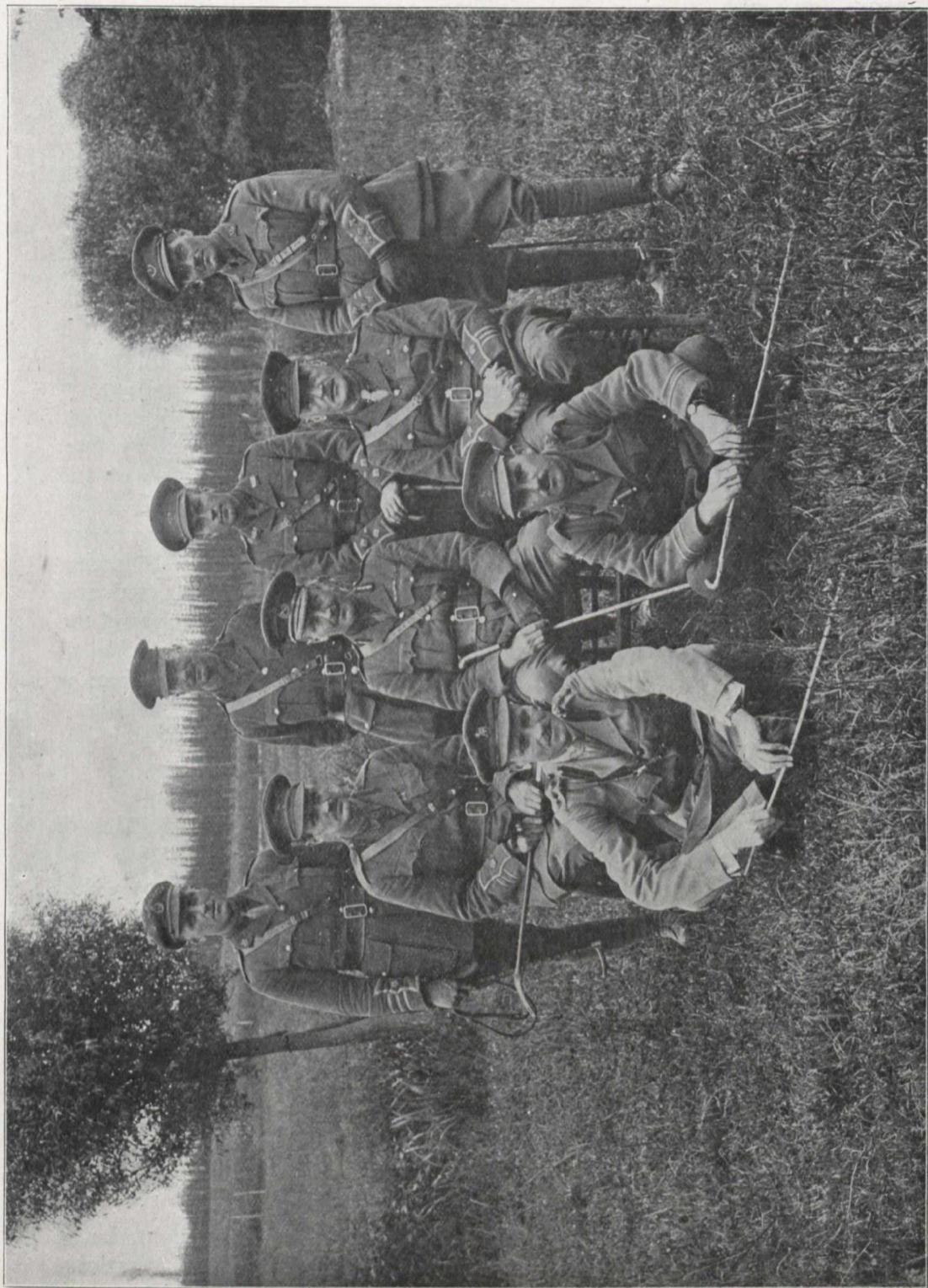
APPRECIATION AND THANKS

The Commanding Officer, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the Battalion take this opportunity to express their hearty appreciation and thanks to The Canadian War Contingent Association, The Canadian Field Comforts Commission and the various other agencies which have done so much by their untiring efforts to minimise the discomforts of life at the front. The thanks of all ranks are also tendered to the many kind friends in the British Isles who have been unsparing in their devotion to our wounded comrades during the various stages of their suffering and convalescence.

In reference to the Y.M.C.A., too much cannot be said in praise of their work in the field. Their huts up and down the line provide a convenient place where tired Tommies may obtain rest and refreshment and send off a few lines to the people at home. Many a hardened old soldier will remember with gratitude in the years to come the kindness and consideration shown in the war zone by the Officials of this admirable institution.

Special thanks must be expressed to the London artists who have contributed to the "Garland," and whose names are acknowledged under the illustrations, and to Mr. P. G. Konody who has once more sacrificed much of his time to see the book through the Press.

F.B.B.



HEADQUARTERS STAFF, A CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE.

Front Row—Left to Right: 1. Captain W. H. Colburn, 2. Captain (now Major) P. MacKenzie.
 Centre Row—Left to Right: 1. Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) J. M. Prover, 2. Brigadier General (now Major-General) L. J. Lipsitt, 3. Major B. M. Humble.
 Back Row—Left to Right: 1. Major (now Chief Bombing Instructor) H. W. Harbord, 2. Captain H. E. Knobell, 3. Captain G. Norton (Killed in Action, 26th September, 1916), 4. Captain T. H. Raddall.



Christmas and the War

The sight of Christian nations warring against one another on Christmas Day is a severe shock to many good Christian souls. Their bewilderment is expressed by the question: "While we are waging a relentless war, how can we consistently celebrate the Birthday of the Prince of Peace?"

The fact that the birth of Christ was the occasion of the slaughter by Herod of some 2,000 innocent babes should be a reminder that such a thing as moral evil will continue to exist in these nether regions as long as man is endowed with free will. This world will ever be a battlefield in which good and evil are in conflict. We must not, then, shut our eyes to the possibility of crime, even such a crime as the ambition to subjugate the world.

Our attitude towards evil is the test of our righteousness. Our love of right and justice is commensurate with our hatred of wrong and injustice. Hence it was that a continuous war raged between Christ and the Pharisees, and that, envenomed by His denunciations, they sought His death. Had we stood idly by while our neighbours were invaded, pillaged, and slaughtered, it could only have been because the pursuit of riches in the piping times of peace had deadened our moral sense to the love of all higher ideals.

A very peaceful scene indeed is that of the stable of Bethlehem, and one that inspires to thoughts of gentleness; but it must not be overlooked that the purpose of Christ's coming into this world on Christmas Day, was that, having reached manhood, He might suffer a most painful and ignominious death for the redemption of mankind.

In the supreme act of His life He is a model to those who lay down their lives in a just and noble cause.

"The feast of friends, the candle-fruited tree,
I have not failed to honour . . . And I say
It would be better for such men as we
And we be nearer Bethlehem, if we lay
Shot dead on scarlet snows for Liberty,
Dead in the daylight upon Christmas Day." G. K. Chesterton.

Christ is, indeed, the Prince of Peace; but not of peace at any price; for there are things that are more sacred than peace.

1st November, 1916.
France.

Ambrose Madden,
Capt. & Chaplain, attached
Canadian Infantry.

NOTRE DAME DE BREBIÈRES

I stand upon a hill in Picardy,
And there, outlined against the fading light
Of dying day, fast reddening into night
I see a figure, grim with tragedy.

An image of the Virgin and the Child,
Suspended as though held by mystic power,
Hangs prone in mid-air from the ruined tower
Of Albert's fair cathedral, Hun-defiled.

In days of peace ere yet war's flaming rod
Had spread disaster over all the land,
The people builded, at their priest's command,
An edifice in which to worship God.

With willing hands they labored long and well,
Gave of their wealth, and saw the structure rise
A thing of beauty, lifting to the skies
Its noble walls, their loving faith to tell.

High on the tower, o'erlooking all the place,
Symbol of that which Holy Writ hath taught,
Stood Mary, and the Child whose coming brought
Peace and goodwill to all the human race.

Hark! What is that which breaks upon the ear?
The cannon's roar, the scream of bursting shell,
The moans of dying—all the sounds of Hell
Let loose upon a city mad with fear.

"Fly! let us fly! The Hun is at the gate!"
Red war is raging o'er the peaceful earth,
And he from whom the Demon had its birth
Has named fair France first victim of his hate.

Far from the stricken town the people flee,
But mid the ruin wrought by savage hands
The Virgin with the Child still lonely stands,
And in her Holy pity, breathes this plea:

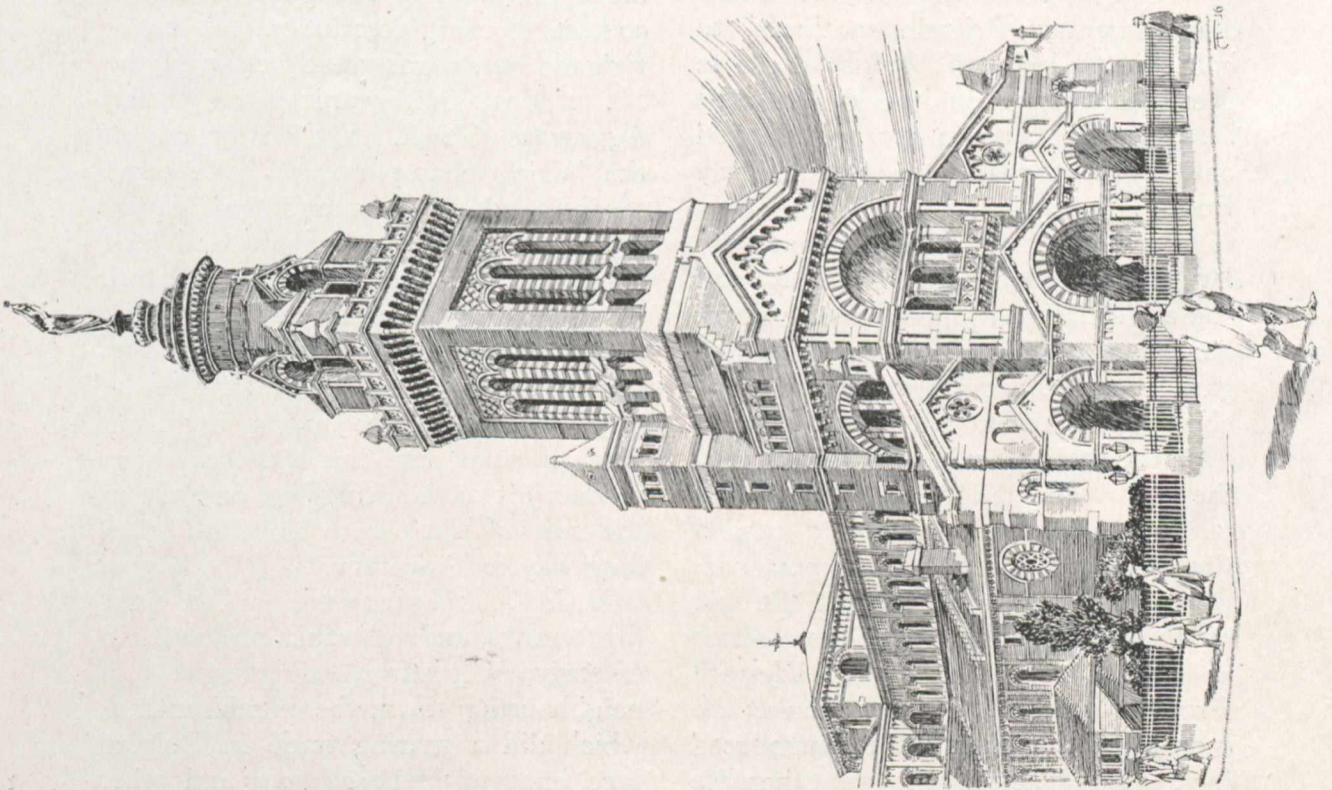
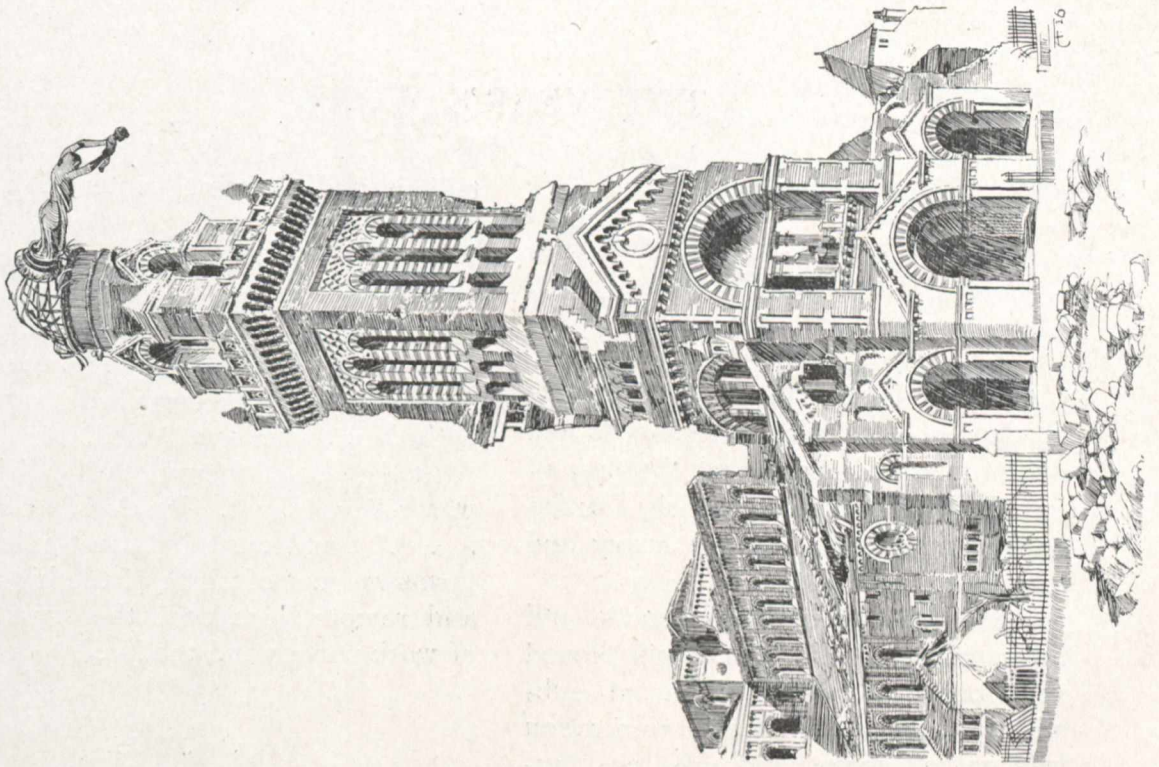
"Oh, Men of Earth, to whom the Christ Child came,
The Gift of God, to teach the ways of peace
That war and strife for evermore should cease—
Have you so soon forgot His Holy Name?"

In answer to the plea a screaming shell
Burst through the air; a crash, a blinding flame—
The Virgin prostrate falls—with deadly aim
Has come the War Lord's messenger of Hell.

The simple peasant gazing up with awe
On that grief-stricken figure, says that when
The Statue falls, 'twill mean that Peace to men
Has come, and they once more obey God's law.

I stand upon a hill in Picardy,
And gazing on the tragic Statue there—
Above the ruined city, breathe a prayer—
That Peace once more shall reign, and men be Free.

Sergeant W. M. SCANLON.



THE YEAR'S WORK

November, 1915.

The month of November was cold, wet and dreary. Conditions in the front and support trenches were extremely trying, and the rains soon caused a great subsidence in the walls of dugout and trench, adding to the discomfort and increasing the task of trench maintenance, which, under normal conditions, is very heavy and laborious.

An issue of thigh gum-boots and large quantities of whale oil proved very beneficial, but the partial substitution of pea-soup for the rum ration was not a success and was most unpopular.

During the month the nth Canadian Infantry Brigade continued to hold its piece of front opposite Messines, having on its left flank the . . . Canadian Infantry Brigade, and on its right troops of the British Army Forces.

About the middle of the month the Brigade introduced the R.C.R.'s and some C.M.R. Battalions to the peculiarities of trench life and warfare, and gave them an example of how to be chirpy though wet.

In the early morning of the 17th inst. the . . . Battalion planned a raid on the enemy's trenches, and carried the adventure through in a most successful manner. This exploit, the first of its kind, was the signal for a series of affairs up and down the Western Front which did much to shake the morale of the enemy, and introduced incident and action into an otherwise

tedious and tiresome winter of trench garrison duty.

The . . . Battalion also attempted a raid in conjunction with the . . . but were held up (*deleted by Censor*) . . . party, having been detected by the enemy, were compelled to return with their object unattained.

At the end of the month the Brigade was relieved by . (*deleted by Censor*) . . . and went into rest-billets in farms well out of range of the big guns, and remote from even the suggestion of work parties and the like.

F. B. B.

December, 1915.

Full advantage was taken of every bit of fine weather to engage in athletic contests of every description. A day of Brigade sports was greatly enjoyed, the . . . Battalion winning the Grand Aggregate Shield, and carrying off the boxing championship. We came second, and secured the football championship, also the high jump and long distance running. A humorous feature of the day's entertainment was the band race in which each player was required to play his instrument as he ran. The performer on the big drum was an easy first, but the base horn made a hit as he struggled on well in the rear of the others blowing "It's a long way to Tipperary."

N.C.O's. and men were paid an extra fifty francs, and all ranks indulged in extensive Christmas shopping at a neighbouring town, the inhabitants of which did a roaring trade in Belgian lace, hand-worked *mouchoirs* and other

The Year's Work

finery, and all manner of jimcrack war souvenirs.

The rest period was brought to an abrupt termination on the 9th inst. and the evening of the 10th found us and other Battalions back once again in their old positions facing the battered walls of Messines

. . . "No-mans-land" had become a swamp, making stealthy reconnaissance almost an impossibility, and rendering scouting a most hazardous and dangerous task. The enemy, meanwhile, had been most enterprising, and had succeeded in constructing a new work in the form of a barrier across the Messines Road at a point very close to our front line, which, could he consolidate it, would bring the advanced position of his line some two hundred yards nearer to our fire trenches. He had already resisted two attempts to oust him.

The attack on the "Barrier" was a very small affair, but, since every incident during the enforced idleness of the long winter was more or less recreative, it proved a most welcome episode. The obstruction was at the point of contact of the two Battalions holding the Brigade's front, and each was very anxious to tackle the job, but it fell to our lot, and the attack was carried out with complete success in the early morning of the 15th inst. The approach to the "barrier" was very difficult, as the land on both sides of the road was at least a foot deep in water.

. . . . (deleted by Censor)

A frontal attack down the Messines Road seemed the only possible way, but this route also was under observation.

. . . . (deleted by Censor)

A change in the weather helped and, the water subsiding, permitted two saps to be pushed forward converging on the "Barrier," from opposite sides of the road.

. . . . (deleted by Censor)

The attacking parties rushed forward the moment the guns ceased firing, and rapidly demolished the remainder of the enemy's works. The enterprise depended upon dash for its accomplishment, and the measure of success attained was exemplified by the fact that no casualties were suffered on our side. Before the enemy could bring his artillery to bear on the spot the attacking party was clear, taking prisoners and a quantity of rifles, bombs, and equipment, and though the enemy's machine guns played up and down the road, no one was hit. Capt. Taylor's good work assisted in no small measure to the success of the enterprise. The Motor Machine Gun Battery and the supporting Artillery kept up a heavy fusilade on the enemy's lines, and his response was only half-hearted.

In comparison with the strenuous fighting of the preceding and ensuing months, the affair was trivial, but in a wretched and weary season such incidents introduced the only elements of excitement to break the monotony of trench life and were entered into with spirit and zest.

. . . . (deleted by Censor)

From one of the prisoners it was learned that Lieut. Gault, of Winnipeg, had been wounded and made a prisoner in a previous attack which had failed.

The weather throughout the month was wet and disagreeable, but by dint

The Year's Work

of hard work the trenches and supports were made tolerable. Transport work was very heavy, and conditions imposed a great strain on man and horse. Stockings and mittens and other comforts sent out by friends in Canada and Great Britain were gratefully received. The issue supply of fuel was augmented by purchases from the already depleted Canteen funds.

Christmas Day was spent by the Battalion in the front line. In the very early morning Major-General A. W. Currie, C.B., made a tour of the trenches, giving a word of greeting to every one in sight. The day broke dull and cheerless. All intercourse with the enemy had been forbidden, but this was hardly necessary, as the men were in no mood to show aught of the time-honoured spirit of good-will towards the Huns across the way. The attitude of both sides was quiet but alert, and only the occasional crack of a rifle broke the stillness of the day. Some enthusiastic souls decorated their dug-outs for the day. One Company O.C. had a "tree," and every N.C.O. in his Company was thoughtfully remembered. Some indulged in snap-dragon and other games; in general, however, reminiscences, story-telling and banter were the order of the day. Altogether a right cheerful tone prevailed in spite of the uninviting surroundings.

The weather towards the end of the year continued dull and uninspiring.

F. B. B.

January, 1916.

New Year's Day passed off very quietly; the Battalion being in support, there was no opportunity for celebration.

A notable happening in the earlier

part of the month was the final inspection of the Battalion by the O.C. Lieut.-Col. G. S. Tuxford, C.M.G., and an address by him on his appointment as Brigadier-General to a Training Infantry Brigade. During the sixteen months of his tenure of the command, throughout the vexatious period of training, and through the varying fortunes of the many struggles at Fleurbaix, Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy, and Hill 63, the Colonel won the esteem and confidence of all ranks, and, though pleased at the recognition of his soldierly qualities, every man was sorry to lose a leader and friend.

The Battalion was singularly fortunate in having in Major H. M. Dyer, D.S.O., a second-in-command, who had also shared their fortunes, and had been with them from the beginning, save for a short period when he was recovering from wounds received in the gallant performance of duty at Ypres. His promotion and appointment to Officer Commanding was most fitting and very popular.

Trench operations of the month were very uninteresting, and devoid of outstanding incident. Artillery bombardments constituted the chief work along the front.

The Canadians were honoured by a visit from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and by an inspection by the Commander-in-Chief General Sir Douglas Haig, K.C.B., etc. The Brigade bombing school, which under Major H. W. Harbord had attained a high degree of proficiency, gave a series of demonstrations which were attended by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions, Lieut.-Col. Winston Churchill, and Officers

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from various British Army Units in the Field.

The weather, though an improvement upon that of the preceding months, was wet, foggy, and cold, with an occasional day of sunshine. The wind being chiefly in the East, necessitated the maintenance of a constant gas alert, but no alarms resulted.

F. B. B.

February, 1916.

February was notable for the unbroken regularity of trench routine. The temperature was lower than during the previous months, and snow fell on several occasions, but conditions were greatly improved and there was an increase in the number of sunny days. These were the signal for renewed aerial activity on both sides. The enemy made several nocturnal bomb-dropping visits without causing any appreciable damage.

Extensive training was carried out whenever opportunity offered. Bombing, sniping, gas, machine-gun, and trench-mortar courses were taken by a large proportion of the Officers and other ranks, and when out of the trenches lectures on every conceivable phase of military work were attended by all. Many concerts and entertainments were given by the Corps Entertainment Party. The . . . Canadian Division completed its first year in Flanders, early in the month, and the Anniversary was fittingly celebrated by a dinner and concert by the Battalion on the 4th inst.; the Divisional and Brigade Commanders and other Staff Officers honoured the occasion by their presence.

F. B. B.

March, 1916.

The first ten days of March were snowy, wet, and cold, and there was very little activity of any kind. Then followed two weeks of fine weather, and with ground conditions improving, and the days growing very perceptibly warmer, everyone seemed to take a new lease of life. Artillery duels became daily and nightly affairs. Numerous minor raids and bombing affairs were carried out, and snipers began to make many more notches on their rifle stocks. It was a common sight to observe small parties of riflemen lining the parapet indulging in battery fire with one of their number giving and taking orders from an imaginary officer and reporting the action taken.

The . . . Battalion carried out a most successful raid on the 13th inst. and succeeded in destroying some strong points in the enemy's defences; that intrepid officer, Capt. Costigan again distinguishing himself by his cool daring. Rumours of a move to a new sector became rife about the middle of the month, and about the 25th inst. the . . . Division began to trek. The . . . Brigade was the last to leave, our Battalion, after having been relieved on the 30th, brought up the rear on the 31st inst. The regiment moved into farm billets. All ranks of the unit were inoculated on the 23rd inst.

F. B. B.

April, 1916.

For nine months the Canadians had held a comparatively quiet sector of the Front; but a move introduced a complete change, not only in the



Photo—Bassano

*Lt.-General Sir Julian H. G. Byng, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O.,
Commanding Canadian Corps.*



*Major-General A. W. Currie, C.B.,
Commanding 1st Canadian Division.*

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surroundings, but in almost every phase of the soldier's life.

. . . (deleted by Censor) . . .
. and the whole country resembled a barren wilderness, revealing a most tragic aspect of the ravages and destruction of modern warfare.

. . . (deleted by Censor) . . .
All ranks, however, speedily adapted themselves to the circumstances, and conditions rapidly improved, brighter weather aiding our unremitting labours to better the situation.

. . . (deleted by Censor) . . .
. At this time the weather was both cold and wet.

The ^{2nd} Brigade took over a portion of the front line on the 15th instant, and on the day following, we moved forward, from thence to the fire trenches. In the meantime much had been done towards improving the position, but progress was necessarily slow, owing to the daily and nightly occurrence of more or less vigorous Artillery duels.

On the 24th instant the enemy began a most terrific bombardment of the front occupied by the Battalion, employing guns of every calibre and making telling use of minenwerfers. Our gunners replied promptly and heavily, and so pounded the enemy's front line that, after five hours, his artillery ceased fire altogether.

Undoubtedly an attack on our position had been contemplated, but the excellent support rendered by our guns, and the steadfastness of our men won the day. Aeroplanes descending to a low altitude over our lines had doubtless noted our readiness to meet an attack, and had warned the enemy of the inad-

visability of pursuing the course he had meditated

. . . (deleted by Censor) . . .
The behaviour of all ranks under this very trying ordeal was magnificent. Casualties were heavy. Several instances occurred in which unexploded bombs had been thrown clear, notably two in which, at the imminent risk of being blown to pieces, private soldiers had saved their comrades by throwing back unexploded sixty-pound minenwerfer shells from the portion of the trench into which they had fallen. Runners and stretcher-bearers were severely tested, but responded splendidly to the demands for their services.

The work of reconstruction was quickly undertaken, and was well in hand when, at dawn the following morning the ^{2nd} Canadian Battalion carried out a most welcome relief, and tired, we followed the rest of the Brigade into reserve billets.

On the 25th instant, the Officer commanding received the following message:—

“The Corps Commander wishes most sincerely to congratulate the ^{2nd} Canadian Infantry Brigade, on the splendid staunchness and resoluteness exhibited during the heavy German bombardment of yesterday.”

On the 27th of this month the enemy launched a gas attack, but though the Brigade “Stood-to-Arms,” nothing developed, the situation being well handled by the troops holding the line.

The Battalion was specially reviewed by the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Douglas Haig, K.C.B., on the 28th

The Year's Work

instant, following which he sent a further message of appreciation of the work of the 24th.

During the remainder of April the Battalion furnished large working parties nightly. Other features of month end were the frequent nocturnal bomb-dropping expeditions of the enemy air-craft, all of which failed in their purpose.

On the 30th instant a Memorial Service was held for the men of the Division who fell in the Second Battle of Ypres, 1915.

May, 1916.

On the 2nd day of this month the . . . Infantry Brigade moved forward once again to the front line, where they remained until the 18th. This period was unproductive of any event calling for special comment. Both sides indulged in intermittent Artillery practice, and the enemy's aeroplanes were more than usually busy. The weather on the whole was fine and warm, with dull intervals; ground conditions improved greatly, and a great deal of work was carried out in the improvement and strengthening of the front and support lines.

From the 19th to the end of the month the Brigade was engaged in an extensive training programme. From early morning to retreat all ranks were occupied in physical exercises, bayonet practice, and company drill, or in attendance at gas, bombing, machine gun, and lectures and demonstrations. Large parties were also supplied nightly for carrying out work parties in the front and support trench areas.

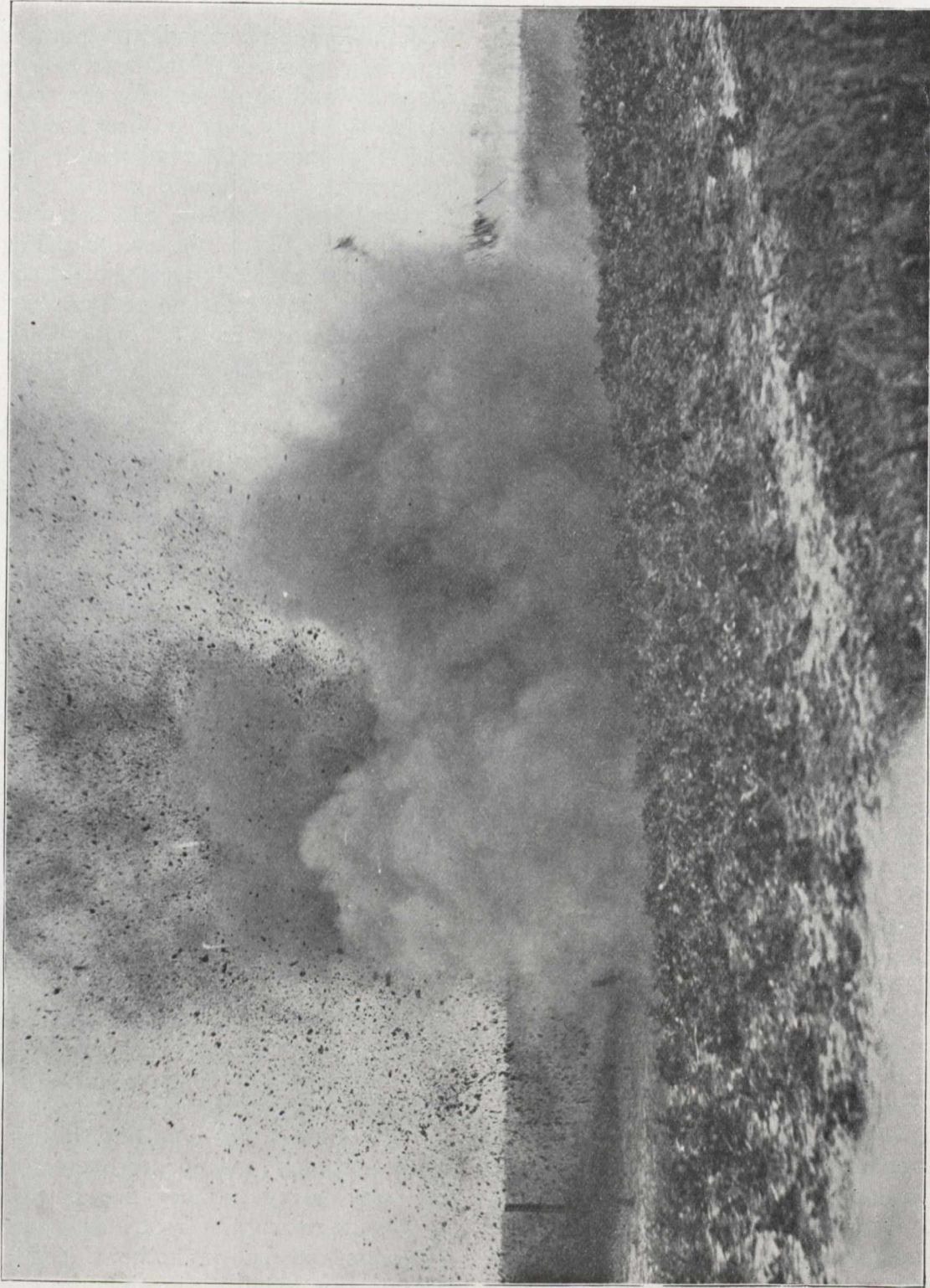
On the 24th (Empire Day) the

Y.M.C.A. put on a splendid programme of athletic sports. The contests calling for agility and speed went for the most part to the Army Service Corps and the Field Ambulances, the combatant troops being in no condition to give a good account of themselves in efforts of this description. But in the events calling for strength and endurance the fighting men swept the board, and easily carried off the honours in the Tug-of-War, Bomb Throwing, Tump line, and Football contests.

The Brigade returned to the front line on the 30th inst. The new disposition of troops necessitated by the nature of the position taken over by the Division on April 1st, had the happy effect of bringing the several Brigades of the Division into closer touch with each other. The result was a greater spirit of camaraderie; the men of the Eastern and Western Brigades began to fraternize, and became more and better acquainted with one another than they did during all the time spent at Valcartier and Salisbury, and during the first fourteen months of Active Service in Flanders.

June, 1916.

Relieving the Battalion, we moved into the fire trenches on the 31st May. On the day following they were subjected to an exceptionally heavy bombardment which lasted well into the night. Again on the 2nd inst., about 8.30 a.m., the enemy opened an intensely heavy artillery fire on our position, covering the front held by the Battalion and that of another Canadian Division on its left. Shortly after noon on the same day two mines were



Mine Explosion.

Photo—Canadian War Records.



The Parcel from Home.

Photo—Canadian War Records



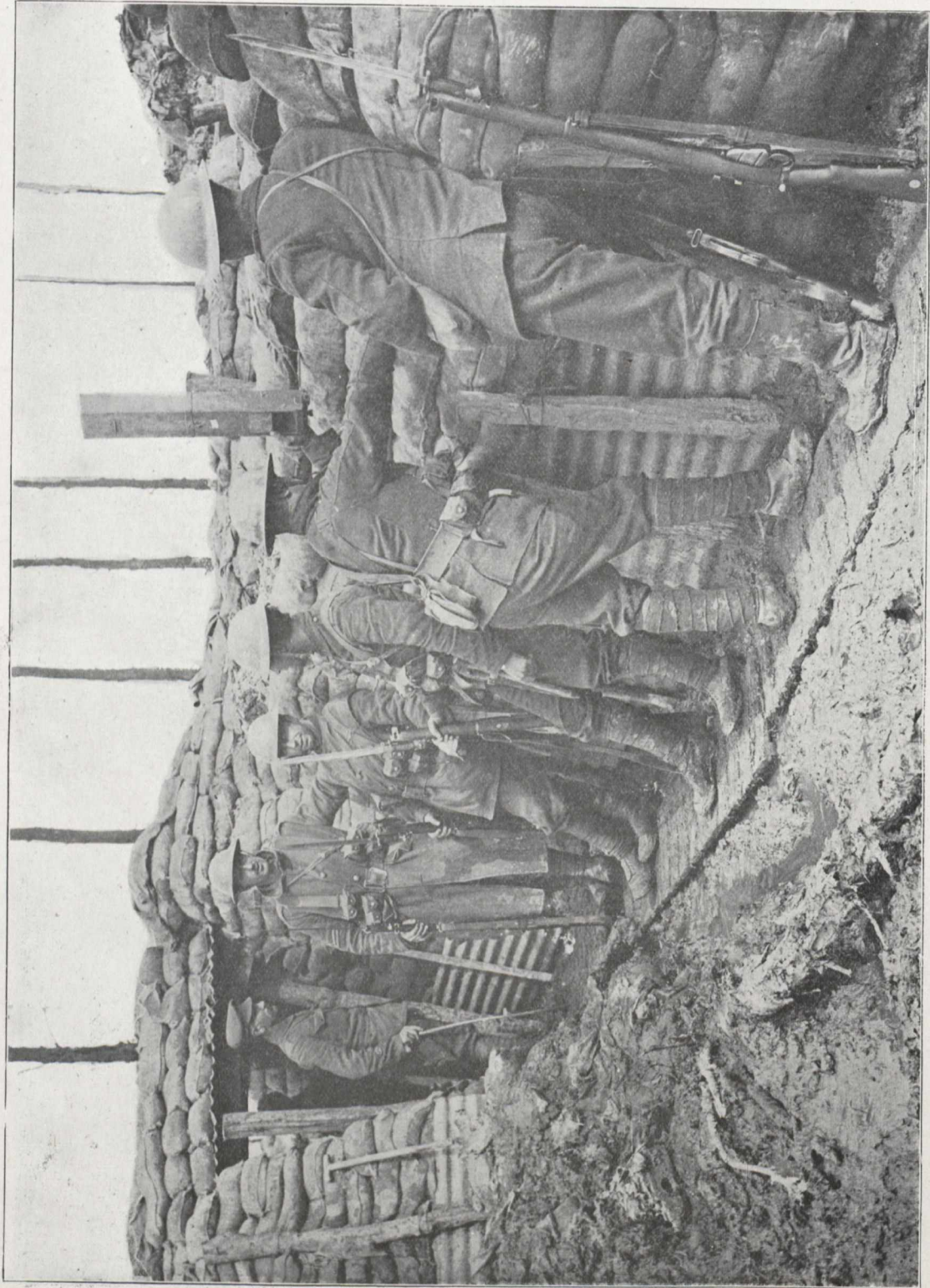
Photo—Canadian War Records.

Where the Shells have passed.



Shelling the Enemy's Line.

Photo—Canadian War Records.



Holding the Line.

Photo—Canadian War Records.

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sprung, and there immediately followed an infantry attack in four waves, which carried the hill, and resulted in the capture of prisoners who were apparently wounded and dazed by the effects of the enemy's heavy artillery fire and the explosion of the mines.

It is not the purpose of this diary to go into details, or give anything approaching a descriptive account of the events of the continuous engagement which lasted from the 2nd to the 6th June inclusive, but briefly to state that, though the left of the Battalion was in the air for several days, and though its position was at all times most critical, when it was relieved on the 7th inst. before dawn, it handed over intact the position taken over on the 31st May.

"B" Company, reinforced by part of "D" Company, held the left flank, and although cut off from the rest of the Battalion for forty-eight hours, not only held on to their piece of trench, but distributed their numbers at a sharp angle to their front, in order to prevent the enemy from penetrating the wood and taking the rest of the Battalion in the rear. The greatly reduced party, under Lieut. P. S. Conroy, in the position immediately adjoining the trenches newly occupied by the enemy, performed extraordinary feats of valour, placing a block at the end of their trenches, establishing a bombing post, and constructing wire defences in spite of overwhelming difficulties. A machine gunner, Private Sutherland, remained alone in a most perilous position, inflicting severe losses on the enemy until a patrol went out with orders to bring him in.

During the three days following the

initial attack, the enemy made a series of spectacular firework displays, culminating in hurricane bombardments, calculated no doubt to break up any preparations for a counter-attack. On the 6th our men detected an enemy mine, and immediately blew out his galleries. This brought on a renewed bombardment of terrific intensity along the whole of the Battalion's front and rear positions. Though our artillery answered promptly, the advantage, both in the number of guns and in the weight of metal, appeared to lie with the enemy.

About 6 a.m. on the 7th inst. the Battalion reached the reserve huts, and almost slept the clock round. During the next week, the ever-ready Battalion furnished large parties to engage in searching for the wounded and burying the dead.

Preparations followed for the counter-attack, which was successfully carried out by the Division on the 13th inst., and which resulted in the recapture of almost the whole of the lost ground and the taking of many prisoners. The Battalion did not participate actively in these operations, but furnished a wiring party under Lieut. M. P. Willson. Wire defences were constructed, and the new line was consolidated as soon as the objective was reached.

On the night of the 13th inst. the Battalion moved up into close support, but was relieved two days later. On this date, Capt. W. C. D. Crombie, after having served with the Unit continuously for fourteen months in the capacities of Adjutant and Company-Commander, left to take up an important instructional appointment in Canada. His departure was much regretted by

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all ranks, and he was given a rousing send-off.

On the 20th the Battalion again moved up into close support and so remained until the 25th. During this tour their position was subjected to very heavy shelling at intervals.

A feature of the month end was a Banquet given by the Officers of the Headquarters Staff and the Battalions of the . . . Brigade to Brigadier-General L. J. Lipsett, C.M.G., on his departure to take Command of a Canadian Division. About one hundred and thirty Officers were present and many Staff Officers who had been associated with the Brigade since its formation. The Banqueting Hall presented a very gay appearance, the tables being decorated with roses gathered from the deserted gardens of Ypres Town. The Acting Brigadier-General presided. In reply to the toast of his health Major-General Lipsett touched happily upon the old days at Sewell Camp before the War, and upon the many experiences which the Brigade had encountered since the Mobilization at Valcartier in September, 1914.

July, 1916.

The weather during July was fine and warm, and in the sector occupied by the Division the situation was much quieter than during the three preceding months. The . . . Brigade was relieved in the front line on the 6th inst., nothing of special interest having transpired. On the 11th inst. the Brigade marched from Reserve into farm billets and enjoyed ten days' rest.

On the 30th inst. front line positions

were again occupied for a period of six days. An outstanding incident during this term of trench duty was the springing of a very large mine by the enemy. The . . . Battalion, who were at the time holding the point affected by the explosion, handled the situation so effectively that an attack which the enemy attempted was quickly broken up, and the crater (said to be the largest on the Western Front) was at once occupied and utilized in strengthening the whole frontal position.

The Brigade was relieved on the 26th inst. and went into reserve for the remainder of the month.

During this period a Brigade Baseball contest was waged in which we succeeded in defeating each of the other Battalions. A match was then arranged between the champions of each Brigade, and on the 31st inst. the and ourselves played off, we scoring a decisive victory, thus adding to our athletic laurels. Indeed our record as a sporting Battalion is deserving of notice. The . . . Western Cavalry Rugby Team organised at Salisbury, although handicapped by lack of practice, made good showing before crowded stands at such great Rugby centres as Newport, Leicester and Bristol. Under Association Rules we have always been to the fore in inter-regimental and other contests, while, judging from practice matches, a very useful cricket team could take the field, were the old O.C. of the Battalion, Brigadier-General Tuxford, available to lead it.

August, 1916.

Early in the month the final in the Divisional Baseball Championship was

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played off between teams representing the Battalion (Eastern Canada), and our Battalion (Western Canada), the prairie boys cinching the pennant in a well-contested game.

The . . . Brigade reoccupied front line trenches from the 6th to the 11th inst., and this term of duty was devoid of incident.

On the 13th inst. the Brigade began its march by easy stages to a new training ground, arriving at its destination on the night of the 15th inst. Here, for two weeks, the Division carried out a new course of training.

Athletic sports were encouraged, and on the 20th inst. the Battalion put on a most unusual programme of aquatic sports on an adjacent canal. The only craft available were small canal boats

with very broad beams, and these propelled paddle fashion by shovels in lieu of oars were instrumental in producing some very unique contests. The swimming race was very fast and brought out over fifty competitors, amongst whom were some speedy ones, who had, in former days, struggled for international honours. Novelty events in which there were plenty of entries made up a very complete programme.

Advantage was taken of this temporary withdrawal from the firing line to vary the regulation food by purchase from Regimental funds of a plentiful supply of fresh fruit and vegetables.

For military reasons nothing is said respecting the movements and operations of the Battalion during the months of September and October, 1916.

F.B.B.

AT PETIT PONT.

Orderly of C.O. London Rifle Brigade to Canadian Sentry.

"You blokes gonna tyke our trenches at Wipers?"

C.S. "I guess so."

O. "I 'opes you 'as a good time."

C.S. "Why aint they alright?"

O. "Alright me blinkin' foot. If yer sits dahn yer drahns, if yer stands up they shoots yer bloomin' 'ead orf."

MYTHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE TERRIBLE EFFECT OF THE EXPLOSION OF A GERMAN MINE.

"The two companies who were holding the line, were blown into the air by the explosion of a mine underneath them. The effect was such that they were blown right into the German front line, which with great *presence of mind* they immediately cleared with bombs and consolidated, much to the discomfort of the enemy."



Twilight.
By C. R. W. Nevinson.

SOME COW

• CHAPTER I

INTRODUCING THE "BLOKES"

This is the story of a cow. At least the "quarter-blokes" who had the pleasure of making her acquaintance said that she had the outward appearance of a cow,—“an ordinary, common, garden variety of a cow,” said “Tommy” of H.Q., when asked to describe it. But, if what they say is true, it was, as “Jock” would remark, “a most extraordinary cow.” Indeed, knowing that the facts must be as represented, since “quarter-blokes” are always characterized by sobriety and truthfulness, I am firmly convinced that the alleged cow was not a cow at all, but really the re-incarnation in bovine form of some pre-historic animal,—say an ichthyosaurus (whatever that is)—or a mediæval ostrich.

But to get on with the story. The “quarter-blokes” of the Battalion.—(What, Percy, you don’t know what it is, a quarter-bloke? Why, that is the gentleman who issues out the rum, likewise the tins of jam!)—the “quarter-blokes,” I say, decided that billets were too uncertain, and that it would be much better if they had permanent movable quarters, to wit—a tent. They accordingly clubbed together their fortnightly pittance and sent to Gamage’s an order for “one tent, bell, white.”

In due time the tent arrived and caught the Battalion just as it was settling down for a ten days’ stay at E—s. Congratulating themselves on their foresight, the “blokes” found a nice grassy spot in the orchard behind

the Q.-M. Stores and pitched their new home beneath an apple tree.

CHAPTER II

ENTER THE COW

The tent was pitched, the beds laid, a bully-beef box placed outside with a canvas pail for washing purposes, and the “blokes” settled down in their camp. Tommy of H.Q. produced a beautiful piece of soap, scented, which he had procured somewhere, and performed ablutions. As he was drying himself, Hock of “B” looked at his watch and ejaculated: “By my Australian ancestors it is estaminet time. Let us hie to the nearest booze-shop, and sample the beer of this new burg!” Exit the “quarter-blokes” *toute de suite*. Enter the cow.

It is believed that it was Tommy’s scented soap that first attracted the cow’s attention. They had scarcely noticed the animal as they entered. James, of Whitechapel, had indeed remarked: “There’s a cow. We’ll get Jock to milk her—he’s the only one who gets up early enough in the morning—and have some *du lait* for breakfast.”

But they had straightway forgot her in the excitement of pitching camp, little knowing how largely she was going to figure in their lives during the next few days.

The cow strolled over to the tent and smelt the scented soap. It smelt good. She tasted it. Apparently she thought it tasted good. So she ate it. Seeing nothing else around at the

Some Cow

moment that looked interesting, she "parteed."

When the "blokes" came back from the estaminet, (more or less "estaminated") there was trouble. Thomas accused James of Whitechapel of stealing his soap. James indignantly protested. It was the first rift in the lute of happy friendship. More was to follow.

That afternoon Hock got a parcel, a beautiful parcel. There was chocolate, cakes and cigarettes, and nestling in the centre a bottle containing something it would not be wise to mention. Just as the "blokes" were going to partake of the good things, came the call of "Rations!" and the parcel was hurriedly laid aside while the "blokes" went to perform their daily task.

The cow watched them go, and concluded that further investigation would not be amiss. She poked her head through the tent door. Ah, here was a find indeed! Quickly she swallowed the cake, chocolates and cigarettes, and finished by eating the paper and string. Only the bottle she left untouched. She was a temperate cow in this one respect at least. It was about the only thing she didn't eat during the next few days.

When the "blokes" returned, there was real trouble afoot. The parcel was gone, "swiped." But, mystery of mysteries, the bottle was left "intact!"

CHAPTER III

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED

That night the puzzle was explained. James, to replace the scented soap

which Thomas had accused him of lifting, brought home with him six bars of carbolic soap. He left it on the box, and it being once more "estaminet time," the "blokes" departed a-beering. When they returned they had occasion to pass close to the cow. She was mooing rather mournfully, and tossing her head, and from her lips escaped great flecks of foam.

"Good Heavens!" cried Hock, "the beast has gone mad."

At this precise moment the cow heaved a deep sigh, and blew into the wondering faces—an immense bubble.

A light broke over the minds of the dazed "quarter-blokes." They rushed to the tent. Yes, the soap was gone!

"Smell her breath, Tommy!" said Hock.

Tommy approached and sniffed a yard or so away from her nostrils.

"She smells like a chemist's shop," he said.

The mystery was explained.

The next morning during a temporary absence, a packet containing six plugs of chewing tobacco was devoured by the omniverous cow, and the "Stork," who happened along about that time, swore he saw her trying to spit through a knot-hole in the fence. This is believed to be an exaggeration, however.

CHAPTER IV

It was when the chewing tobacco incident became known that Hock branched out as claiming to have some veterinary knowledge. "I know what's the matter with that cow," he said, "She has a craving for something. She

Some Cow

doesn't know what it is. It's salt. Now in Australia . . ."

"Lets get the salt," said James of Whitechapel.

A bag of salt was "swiped" from the Stores, and placed as a votive offering for the cow. She wasn't greatly interested and ate it with an absent expression. The "blokes" satisfied that they had dealt with the situation, returned to their tent. They were shortly aroused by a terrific splashing. It was the cow, greedily drinking up their dirty washing water.

This was about the only effect the salt had on the cow, as far as her depredations were concerned. Late the next afternoon, Thomas came back to the tent, and found her inside busily engaged eating the Sergeant Cook's washing.

"I'll teach her a lesson this time," said Thomas, and proceeded to procure a heavy club. He then stepped inside the tent and carefully laced up the flap. "Whack" went the stick. A wild "Moo"—and the cow had disappeared through the farther wall of the tent, leaving only a gaping hole.

When the other "blokes" came back, they strafed Thomas for the ruin of the tent, and set him to work to repair the damage. When the tent was sewn, they concluded that the only thing that would afford them protection would be a barbed wire entanglement. They secured the wire, and surrounded the tent with a maze of it, guaranteed

to keep out the most ambitious of bovines. Not so this one, however. No sooner did they leave, than the cow carefully made her way through the wire and entered the tent.

CHAPTER V

THE FINAL BLOW

James, of Whitechapel, in the van of the returning "blokes," saw a sight in the tent door that made him rub his eyes, and wonder if his beer had been "doped." There stood the cow, and from her mouth and nose, great clouds of smoke issued.

"Boys, she's on fire," he shouted. "The cow's on fire. She must have 'et a box of matches. I can see the flames and smoking out of her mouth."

They rushed up to the door, and the cow, seeing them coming, turned tail, and dashed out the other side once more. As she went out she ejected from her mouth a tin of talcum powder!

The "blokes" looked sadly at their ruined tent, this time damaged beyond repair. From the lonely centre stake dangled the tattered remains of the canvas, "for all the world like a blooming hop pole," as James said.

"Let's go sleep in the barn," said Hock.

They filed slowly away, and as they went the cow sent after them a "Moo" of mingled triumph and talcum powder.

"SCAN."

TRENCH NURSERY RHYMES.

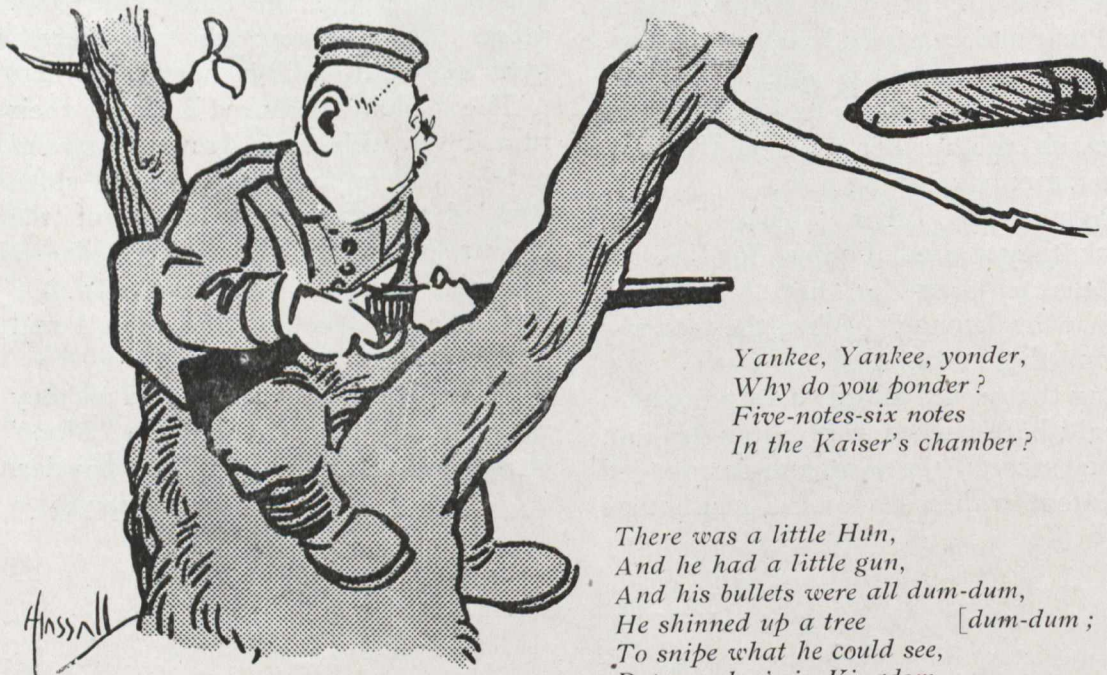
Mary had a little love,
 A Corp'ral was her beau,
 And everything that Mary did
 The Corp'ral got to know.
 She followed him to Canada
 (His card had his address on)
 It made his section laugh like H——!
 Here endeth the FIRST lesson !

Old Doc' Spry
 Was a rummy old guy,
 A rummy old guy was he ;
 He'd call for his pen, and his mob of sick
 [men,
 And he'd call for his orderlies three ;
 "One number nine !" says the Doctor ;
 "Fall out of line !" says the Sergeant ;
 "I've just got mine !" says the Private.

There was an old soldier who lived in a trench,
 Who'd beaucoup de souvenirs German and French ;
 He sacked them, and packed them
 For many a mile,
 And got 14 days for losing his smoke-helmet !



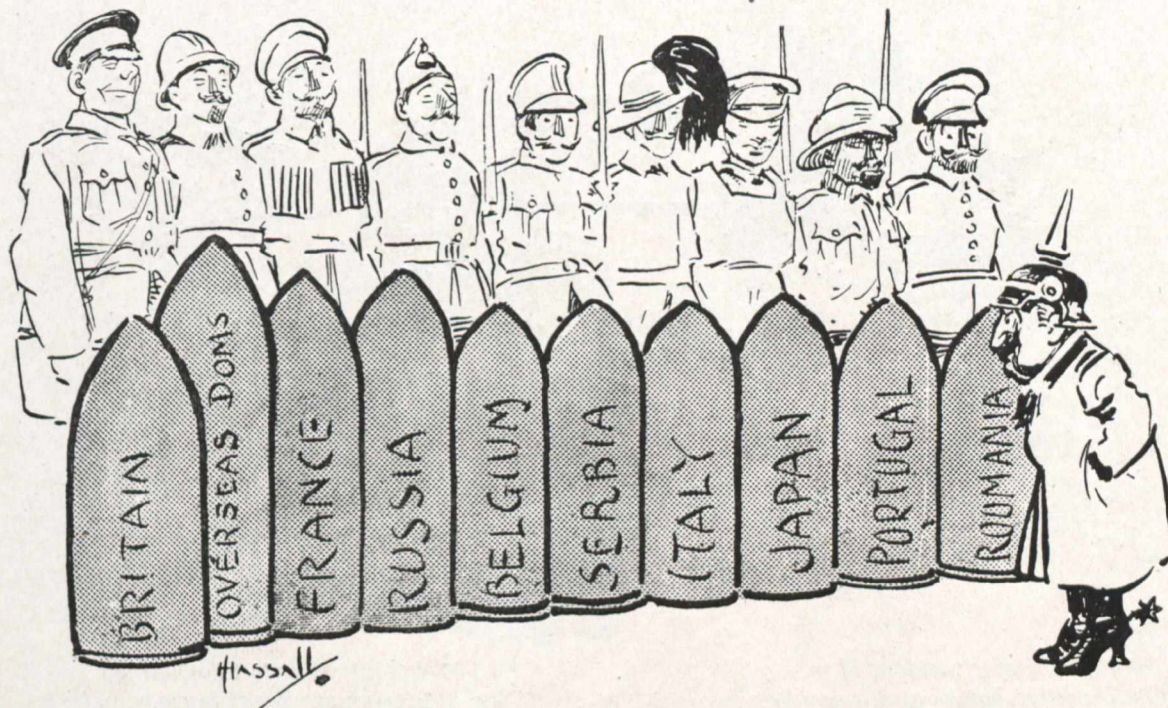
Fritzie-Witzie sat on a bomb,
 Fritzie-Witzie went up pom-pom !
 All Bill's Herr-Doktors and medicine men
 Could'nt put Fritzie together again !



Yankee, Yankee, yonder,
 Why do you ponder ?
 Five-notes-six notes
 In the Kaiser's chamber ?

There was a little Hun,
 And he had a little gun,
 And his bullets were all dum-dum,
 He shinned up a tree [dum-dum ;
 To snipe what he could see,
 But now he is in Kingdom
 [come-come-come !

Trench Nursery Rhymes



*Kaiser, Kaiser, feeling wiser,
How do our prospects grow?
Winning spells and tons of shells,
And our Allies firm in a row!*

*Bah, Bah, Q. M., have you any rum?
Yes Sir! Yes Sir! I've got some.
Tots for the Sergeants, Nips for the men
Hold up your petit verre and please say "When!"*

*Little Miss Mabel
Sat on a table,
Down in her Estaminay;
A Sergeant espied her,
And sat down beside her,
And stayed there the rest of the day!*



*Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To get a poor soldier a drink;
When she got there,
She found some to spare,
And the Tommy is just out of clink!*

*Three blind Insects!
Three blind Insects!
See how they walk!
See how they walk!
They all stroll over my khaki shirt,
They saw me coming and stayed inert,
But I cut off retreat as they put on a spurt
Three blind Insects!*

*Simple Herman met a German
On a night patrol,
Said simple Herman in bad German
"Wie bist du? Ja wohl!"
Said the German to simple Herman
"Alright Kamerade!"
Simple Herman bombed the German
With a Mills' Grenade.*

Trench Nursery Rhymes



*John, John, of Brandon, Man.,
Chucked two bombs and away he ran ;
He ran so fast, and he ran so well,
And he sent six Germans plunk to H——!*

*This little gink went to Shorncliffe,
This little gink stayed at home,
This little gink was the real Candy kid
And he beat it to Seattle!*



*Black Jack disliked hard tack,
Whilst Bill detested bully ;
And the air went blue for miles and miles
When they discussed it fully.*

*Hush a bye Tommy in the hay-loft,
The atmosphere's "off," and the beds none too soft;
And if the beam breaks, the soldier will fall
Down will come Tommy, equipment, and all!*

Trench Nursery Rhymes



*Little Tim Warner sat in a corner
Having a nice drink o'tea,
"If they'd only just come with my drop o'rum
I would take it handsome" said he.*

*Little Boy Blue, come blow your call,
It's Bully and Biscuits or nothing at all;
But after the War is over and done,
It's Home again, Home again, every one!*

TIT-BITS.

There's many a true word said in France.

Old cricketer—an interested observer at Bombing practice. "Cripes, Jim! You arn't half bad. Keep a good length too. If it hadn't been for that second wide you'd have put down a maiden over."

Old timer writing home—

Certain of the new draft show great keenness. The other evening I came across one of them trying to blow out a German flare that had alighted behind our trench.

Two old timers were discussing the prospect of a "rest." "Look here, old man," said one, "I've done my bit in the front line. I think a bit of a change is coming to me. I'm not grouching, I don't want to shirk responsibility or be a quitter—Damn it all, you know the feeling?"

"Yes, I know the feeling. I've got it all over me like a rash," replied the other.

"What d'you propose to do?" queried the first. "I'm thinking of trying to get to Canada to the Three Hundredth-and-safety-firsts."

"Canada?" sneered the second, "Huh, that sounds like cold feet. I'm trying to get a job right here in France at the Base Stationery Depot!"

CASUALTIES ON ACTIVE SERVICE

THE term "Casualties" in its Army sense may include conviction by Court-Martial or Civil Power, absence without leave exceeding five days (if service is forfeited); detention by Commanding Officer exceeding seven days; furlough; transfer; or posting, and discharge; but for the purpose of this article it means only that class of casualties published in the Daily Press under the heading "Roll of Honour."—Killed, wounded, missing or sick.

The system followed during the present War for the clearing, reporting and recording of casualties in the Field is, with minor changes, the system evolved in times of peace duly set forth in The King's Regulations and Orders and Field Service Regulations Part II.

Whenever circumstances will permit the dead are buried and the place of burial is reported to the Graves Registration Commission, and the burial of enemy dead, as far as exigency allows, is conducted in accordance with the terms of the Hague and Geneva Conventions.

The removal of wounded from the battlefield is not, as many suppose, the work of the Army Medical Corps. It is a duty which devolves on the fighting unit generally and its stretcher-bearers in particular. Once the wounded are cleared from the Regimental Aid Post to the Field Ambulance, they become the charges of the Army Medical Corps (Royal, Canadian or Anzac, as the case may be) who are responsible for their care and conduct along the Lines of Communication to Base Hospitals in France, or Overseas to England.

The Regimental Medical Officer, whether in rest, reserve, support or front line trenches, carries out daily his sick parades unless conditions make this duty impossible. He knows his men, gives them medicine and duty, light duty, or sends them to Field Ambulance whence they are forwarded to rest camps or hospitals, according to their needs.

The wounded are first brought to the Regimental Aid Post, certain cases having already been "dressed" by the stretcher-bearers, others requiring the more skilful attention of the M.O. From here they are conveyed to the nearest Field Ambulance Station, which in turn passes them on, after investigating the nature of the wound, to a Casualty Clearing Station, whence the splendid hospital trains convey them further for treatment in Base Hospitals or shipment direct to "Blighty."

Such in general is the scheme, but no branch of the Service has been more ready to adapt its system to the pressing demands of the occasion than the Medical Corps.

Field Ambulance will invariably establish advanced Dressing Stations to which the wounded may be conveniently conveyed, and this saves relaying to the Regimental Post. Wounded are accepted from any source, regardless of the Regiment to which they belong, and very often a unit in carrying out operations may find itself much nearer to the aid posts and dressing stations of another Division; in such cases their wounded are evacuated without the assistance of their own aid post or Brigade Field Ambulance.

Casualties on Active Service

When times are very strenuous and casualties heavy the available space in the aid posts and dressing stations is reserved for the stretcher cases, and the walking cases make their own way out. The most trying and difficult work, however, is in clearing stretcher cases from the field of fire, and this is generally done by the fighting men—the comrades of the wounded. Most Regiments, as a matter of pride, make every effort to clear their own wounded, and the exacting toil, devotion, self-sacrifice and courage called forth in establishing a reputation of “Always clearing their wounded” is only understood and appreciated by those who know the actual conditions under which the task is accomplished. Sometimes the search in the darkness, over wire, through water-logged trenches, in and out shell-holes is carried on for hours; the searchers perhaps worn out by their period of duty in the trenches before they began the quest. Sometimes after finding an unfortunate comrade it becomes necessary, because of approaching day, to wait in the “Hide” for the friendly cloak of another night. Sometimes it takes hours of patient toil to get a man out, the carriers tripping over wire, wading knee-deep in sludge, flopping as each flare goes up, or hiding when the strafe gets too hot, and yet there are never wanting volunteers to go out on the dirtiest nights, to search for wounded. There is the usual amount of grumbling and rough chaff, and quite a deal of humorous incident. On one occasion a party were bringing in a man when a shell burst near them, killing one and wounding another of their number. The stretcher-case got to his feet and ran like a hare to the

dressing station followed by the curses of the remaining stretcher-bearers and the laughter of the men in the line.

When a wounded soldier has been received by a Field Ambulance any one of three things may happen to him. He may die of wounds, his wounds may be of such a character rendering it unnecessary or inexpedient to send him out of France, in which case he remains on the strength of his regiment's ineffectual, or he may be shipped to England, in such a case he is struck off the strength of his regiment and transferred to the Canadian Casualty Assembly Centre, Folkestone.

The necessity of reporting and recording casualties with accuracy is very important from several standpoints. The system followed by the Canadian Forces is that of the British Army, modified to meet the requirements of the Canadian Militia Department.

Each day, at noon, every Officer Commanding a distinct unit makes a casualty return to Brigade Headquarters of the number of officers and other ranks killed and wounded from noon to noon. Brigade Headquarters reports to Divisional Headquarters, and thus the Divisional Commander is enabled to determine the extent to which the fighting strength of his command has been impaired by the operations of the preceding twenty-four hours. The noon casualty return is, however, not for record purposes. Other returns giving full particulars must be made. When an officer is killed in action, a telegram is sent notifying the fact to the A.A.G. at the Overseas Base (3rd Echelon) in France. When a non-commissioned officer or private is killed, a letter is sent by Despatch

Casualties on Active Service

Rider Letter Service to the A.A.G. at Overseas Base. In addition to these reports a full return is made by the Commanders of all units each Saturday at 6 p.m. on Army Form B.213. This return gives the regimental number, name, and rank of everyone coming on or going off the ration strength of the unit during the past seven days. In the case of killed in action the date is shown, and, if possible, particulars are added, such as gunshot, shell, gas, etc. If the body is not recovered for burial the fact is mentioned in the "remarks" column. In the case of wounded, the date the wound is received and the Field Ambulance to which the soldier is sent are shown, every effort being made to give particulars respecting wounds, such as shell-fire, gunshot, grenade, trench-mortar, gas or shock. All men accidentally wounded in the front line are classified as wounded. If a soldier is accidentally wounded in reserve or rest billets he is shown as "accidentally wounded." Missing men are also shown, and particulars given, such as "believed killed," "believed taken prisoner," and a further report covering each case is sent to the A.A.G. at the Overseas Base. If any doubt exists as to the fate of a soldier he is shown as "missing." In this manner the A.A.G. is advised of all casualties by the Commanders of the fighting units in the field. Commanders of medical units in the field are also required to furnish a weekly return which is known as Army Form A 36, giving a nominal roll of all officers and men who have been taken over by them in consequence of injury, wounds or sickness, with the full particulars, showing dates received and cleared,

and where to, deaths (died of wounds), and the degree of severity of the wounds.

The A.A.G. at the Overseas Base prepares weekly from the returns thus furnished (A.F.O. 1810) Part II Orders, in which he shows, amongst other things, those reported to him as killed, those who have died of wounds while in hospital or field ambulance, and those who have been shipped to England. One copy of Part II Orders is sent to the officer in charge of Records in London, whose duty it is to notify the Department at Ottawa. One copy is sent to Unit Commanders in the Field who are thus advised of those who die of wounds, those who may have been reported as missing but who have been cleared through other than Regimental Aid Posts, and those who reach England. Great care is always given to the rendering of returns in the Field, and the Canadian Section at the Overseas Base, together with the Officer in charge of Canadian Records in London, follow up the good work by testing out all reports before notifying the next-of-kin or giving casualties to the Daily Press. The greatest of care is taken to avoid mistakes so that relatives and kinsfolk may not suffer unnecessary anguish or worry. Mistakes occasionally happen, and a little illustration may serve to instruct the people at Home, how, in spite of the greatest care, errors creep in. After a heavy engagement the body of a dead soldier was recovered, and in his pack were two parcels, both carefully tied up and labelled, containing the sentimental effects of two other soldiers. The owners of the parcels could not be accounted for at Muster Parade the following day and no trace



"A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Farmyard"
Drawing by J. Simpson.

Casualties on Active Service

of them in Aid Posts or Field Ambulances could be discovered. It was concluded that they had been killed in action and that the soldier in whose pack the effects were found, had taken the same from their dead bodies intending to turn them in, but had, unfortunately, been killed before he was able to do so. The two were accordingly reported as killed in action. About a month later, they turned up in a hospital in England. Their effects had been taken from them in error by the soldier who was subsequently killed and they had been cleared through a British Field Ambulance. There was nothing on their persons to indicate who they were or to what Regiment they belonged, and as they were too dangerously wounded to give an account of themselves they were passed along the Lines of Communications and across to England without the Canadian Section at the Overseas Base being advised.

A case even more strange arose over a Quarter-Master-Sergeant at the Second Battle of Ypres; he had taken off his tunic, and later on was picked up on the roadside badly wounded about the head and body, and was sent into Field Ambulance. The tunic was found

near the dead body of another soldier by men of another Regiment who buried the body, marked the grave, and thinking the tunic belonged to the deceased soldier, reported the location of the grave to the Quarter-Master-Sergeant's unit who, in turn, notified the casualty to the Base and reported the burial to the Graves Registration Commission. A cross with the name, rank and number of the supposed deceased was duly erected on the grave. The Quarter-Master-Sergeant recovered and his unit was advised; later, he returned to the Front, and made the interesting discovery of the cross erected to his own memory.

Such cases are, however, very rare, and errors seldom go unchecked in spite of the not unfrequent destruction of Regimental Records by shell-fire. The Officers and Staff of the London Office and the Canadian Overseas Base have a heavy and monotonous duty to perform, their hours are often long and tedious, but their efforts have not been in vain, and their accuracy and efficiency are quite worthy of a good business institution which in a Department of Government is rather remarkable.

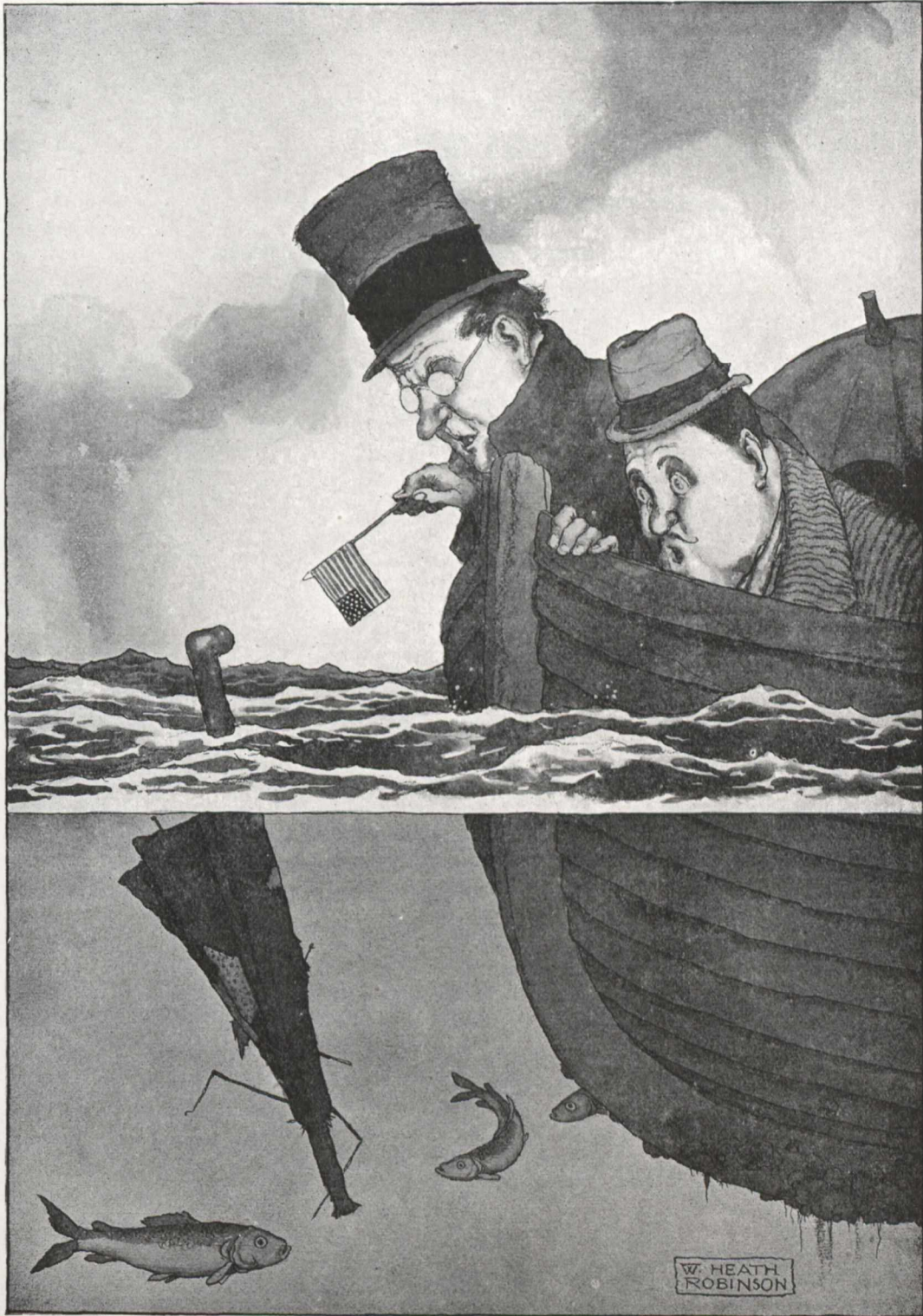
F. B. B.

A SHORT GAME

Two Tommies were discussing gambling bouts in the trench during a lull in the bombardment.

Said one: "Longest game I ever struck was from eight o'clock one Saturday night till four o'clock on the Monday morning. I was all in when I quit." "Waal," drawled the Battalion liar, "I mind six of us starting in once at Stud, and we worked it in relays, one of us

taking four hours sleep at a time and relieving another. That game, Sir, lasted six days, and I left off fresh as paint!" "What did you do for meals?" queried the other. "Didn't take any," replied the second man. "We had drinks brought to us every half hour." "Gee!" commented the first man, "and you said the game only lasted Six days?"



*A Periscopical Illusion on Hampstead Ponds.
Drawing by W. Heath Robinson.*

CRUMBS!

*You can talk about your whizz-bangs,
your Jack Johnson shells and such,
And the other things that make the Tommy grouse.
You can talk of bombs and bullets, but they
don't amount to much
Beside the festive, crawling little louse.*

*When the Huns have ceased their strafing,
and you lay you down to rest,
To catch a wink of "shut-eye" ere the dawn,
You feel a funny feeling in the middle of
your chest
And when you look to find it—it is gawn.*

*Then you shift the knobby objects in your
pillowed haversack,
And once more turn around and face the wall,
But you feel a "beastie" crawling in the
middle of your back
And you can't embark for Dreamland after all!*

*Then you light your tallow candle and you
stick it on your boot,
And you hunt the hiding, plaguing little pest,
And you send him to his Heaven by the
simple thumb-nail route,
And once again you lay you down to rest.*

*And just as you begin to dream that you
are home once more
With the little girl that's waiting over there,
The Sergeant's husky-voiced "Stand-to!"
comes through the dug-out door,
And you turn out in the bitter morning air.*

*You can talk about your whizz-bangs,
your mulligan and jam,
The shortness of your rations and your rum,
But the thing that makes the Tommy's life
one everlasting "damn!"
Is the festive, creeping, crawling little "Crumb."*

W. M. S.

FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.

(Some fellows *will* write home to the papers
or be interviewed as to their experiences.)

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SHADE OF W. S. GILBERT.

(I.)

*I am the very toughest of the very tough Canadians,
I'm one of those already-for-the-early-morning-raid-y-uns ;
I'm always on the parapet a-dying to leap over it,
And when the opportunity arrives I praise Jehovah it !
I do not mind the Huns at all, I always like to strafe at them,
And as I bare my bayonet I positively laugh at them.
And when I've my smoke helmet on, and in the trench I roam about—roam about—
roam about—
I'm telling you, d'you get me, kid ? I'm something to write home about.*

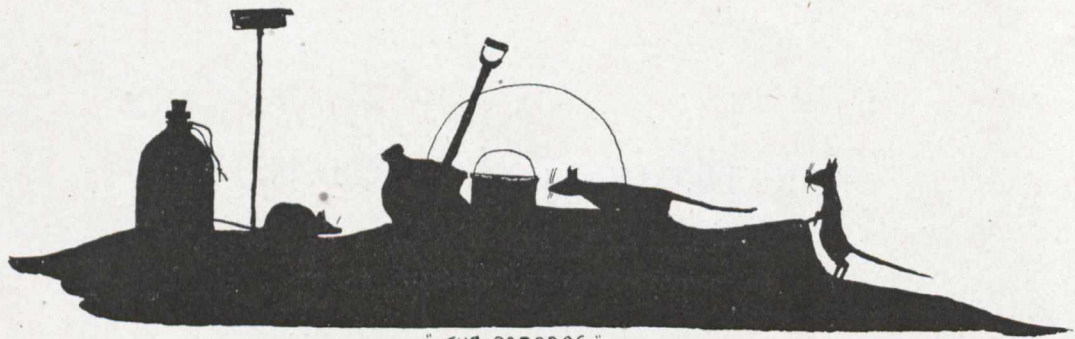
(II.)

*I love to hear the screeching of the shells a-tearing round about,
And see the bombs a-bouncing and a-bursting on the ground about ;
I'm tickled when the " Johnsons " and the " Jennies " start to whizz on me
And aerial torpedoes never raise the slightest fizz on me ;
At picking Minenwerfers up and pitching of 'em back again
I'm rotten out of practice, but I'll soon pick up the knack again ;
In fact of pluck and courage, it is brimming to the fill I am—fill I am—fill I am—
And all the fellows designate me " High Explosive William ! "*

(III.)

*I'm very keen on sniping, and I like to have a shot or two,
Especially at aeroplanes—and, by the gods, I've got a few !
I'm always out in " No Man's Land," and love to be on " Listening Post,"
And wish the German Army were advancing in a glistening host.
And there's one thing about me too, I never, never tell a cram,
Not even when I'm sending home my doings to the " Telegram."
In fact my deeds of derring-do its hard to keep a tally on—tally on—tally on—
And yet I'm only Private in the umpty-umph Battalion !*

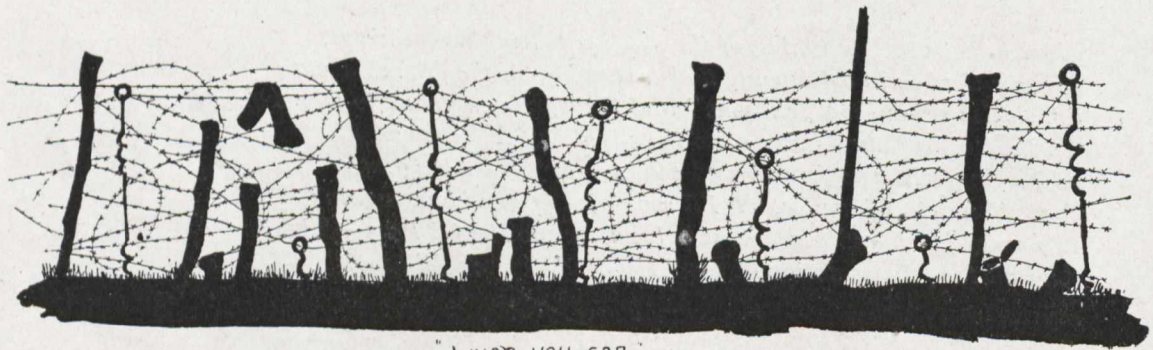
R. M. E.



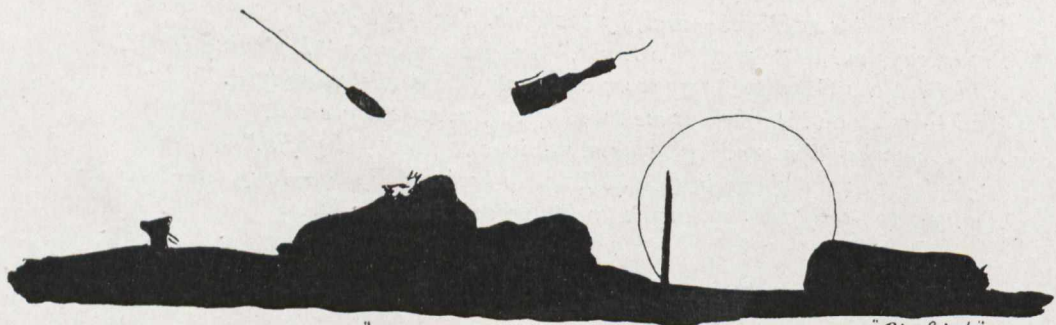
"THE PARADOS."



"THE PARAPET."



"WHAT YOU SEE."

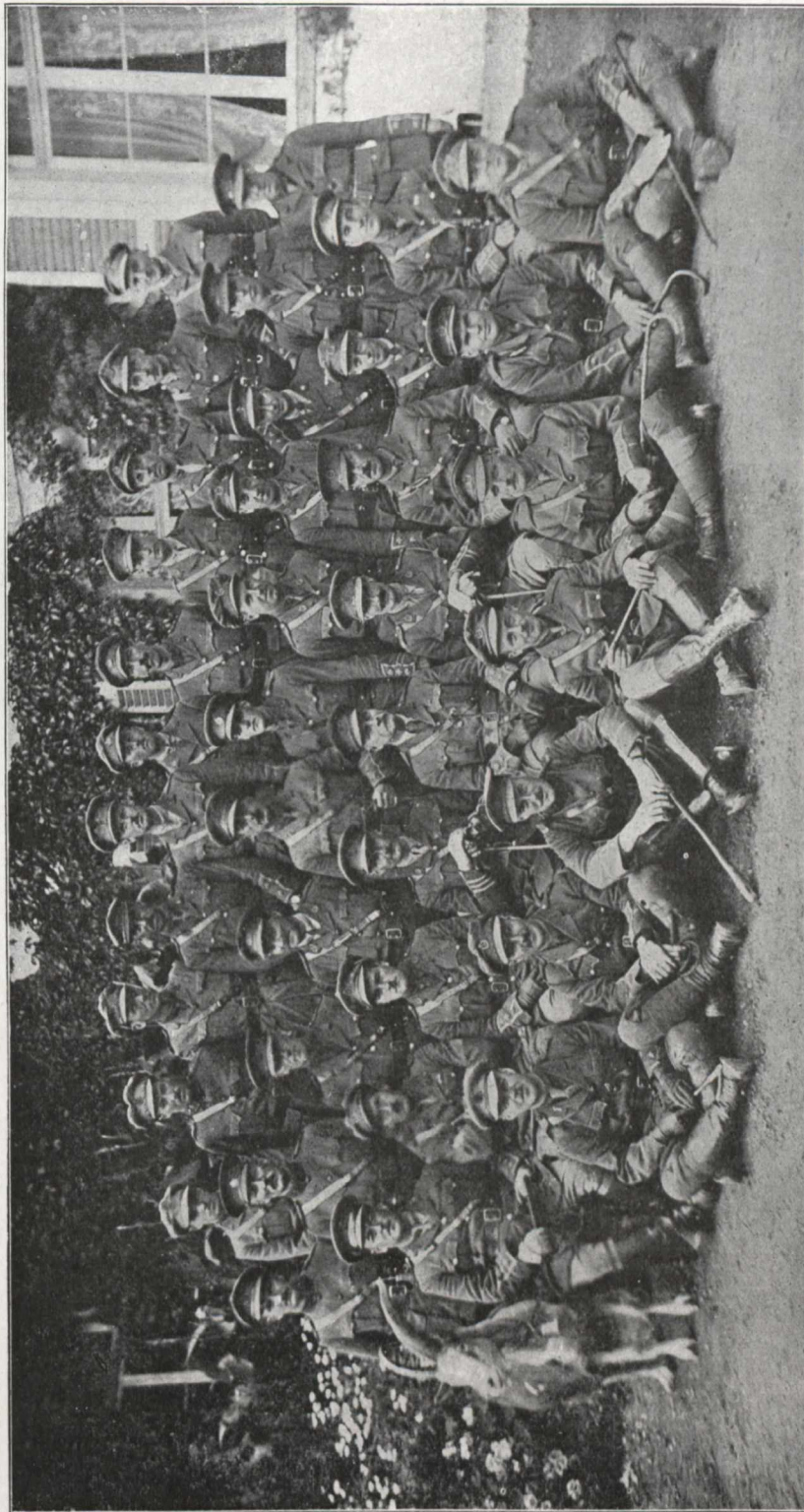


"THINGS YOU GET."

The Bird 1918

*Silhouettes
By "The Bird."*

OFFICERS OF THE BATTALION, AUGUST, 1916.

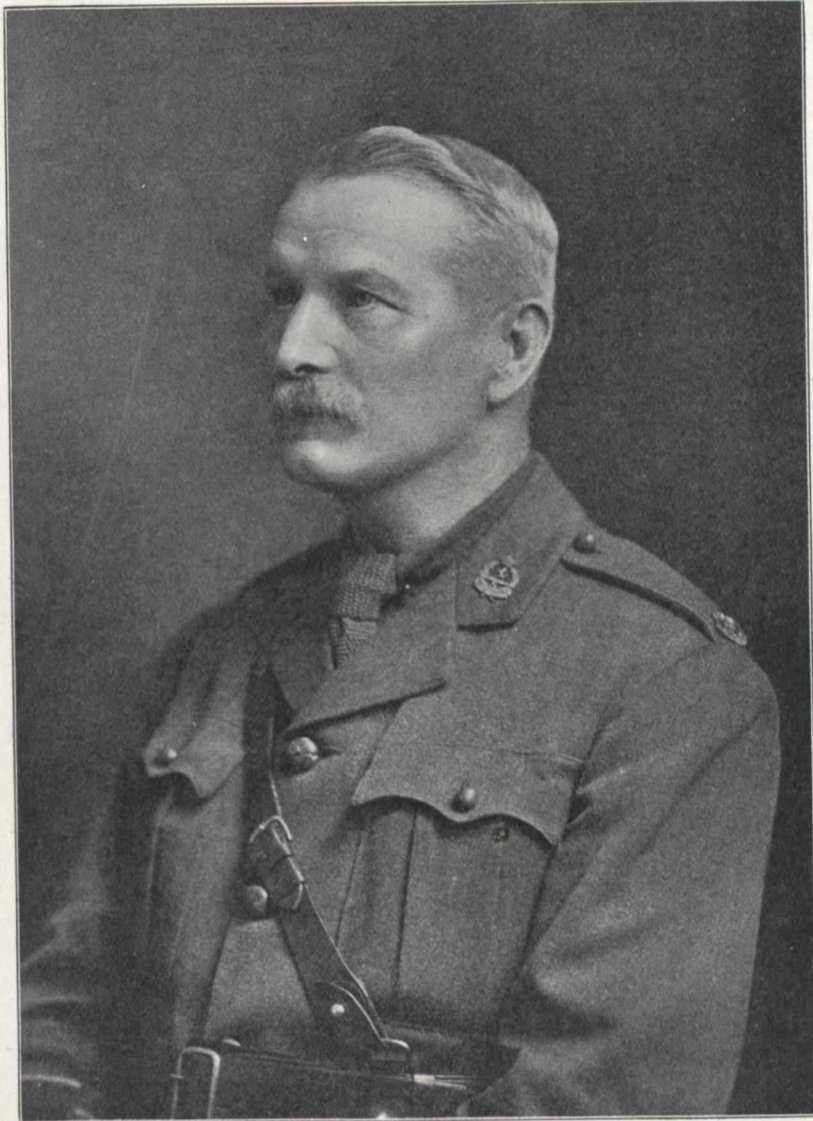


(Reading from Left to Right.)

Back Row—Lieut. J. L. McDougall (Transferred to Artillery), Lieut. W. E. James, M.C. (Wounded), Lieut. T. Domaille (Seconded to . . .), Lieut. J. C. Britton, Lieut. H. D. Hedley, Lieut. P. J. Andrew, Lieut. A. H. R. Mackay, M.C., Lieut. G. B. Roberts, M.C. (Seconded to . . .), Lieut. T. Jenkins, Lieut. W. H. Lawson (Wounded), Lieut. A. A. Creswell (Wounded).
 Second Row—Capt. C. T. Whillier (Wounded), Major C. J. Whillier (Wounded), Capt. W. Brown (C.A.M.C.) M.C., Major H. L. Gaetz (Killed in Action, 26th September 1916) Lieut. H. Carter (Seconded to . . .), Capt. R. McP. Stewart (Seconded to . . .), Lieut. E. Day, Lieut. L. S. Hobday, Rev. Capt. A. Madden, M.C. (Chaplain), Lieut. W. W. McLellan, M.C. (Wounded) Lieut. W. Willis.
 Sitting—Billy, the Regimental Mascot (Wounded), Capt. M. J. Graham, Capt. K. L. T. Campbell, M.C. (Wounded), Major I. L. Crawford (Wounded), Major L. F. Page (2nd in Command), Lieut.-Col. H. M. Dyer, D.S.O. (Officer Commanding), Major L. P. O. Tudor, Major A. C. Williams (Killed in Action, 26th September, 1916) Capt. K. A. Mahaffy, M.C., Capt. J. G. Anderson, M.C.
 Front Row—Capt. F. B. Bagshaw, Capt. F. F. Sewell, Lieut. M. P. Willson (Died of Wounds), Lieut. P. S. Conroy (Adjutant), Lieut. W. B. MacKinlay, Lieut. A. D. Cameron (Wounded), Lieut. C. H. Gordon (Wounded).



Brigadier-General F. O. W. Loomes, D.S.O.



Lieut.-Colonel Hugh M. Dyer, D.S.O.



*Lieut.-Colonel Edward Hilliam, D.S.O.
Formerly Adjutant, Canadian Infantry.*

“NANCY”

“I HAD this yarn straight from Bill himself, and I want to tell you that I’ve known Bill, man and boy, for the last twenty years, and though he is a bit of a mutt in a lot of ways, he never told a lie to me in his life except when he was counting drinks.

“Bill was sweet on a girl called Nancy when the war broke out. I won’t tell you fellows her real name, but she was some good-looker let me tell you.

“There was the devil to pay at first when Bill threw up his job and enlisted. Nancy wept enough tears over him to drown him; and poor old Bill had to go through it alright, alright. But, when she saw she couldn’t keep him, she made the best of the business and spent the week before he started molly-coddling him, and swearing she’d be true to him, and dream about him, and write to him twice a day and all the rest of it. And she kept her word pretty good, for Bill’s mail was always the biggest in the Battalion, and his parcels made you think he was on Timothy Eaton’s free list.

“There was none of the fade-away-and-die business about Nancy, but she felt Bill’s going away terribly and about six months after Bill kicked off, Nancy went to her Pa, and told him she was going to be a Hospital Nurse, and follow her dear Bill to Europe to nurse him if he got sick or wounded.

“The old man was a durned sight more Yank than he was Canadian, and turned down Nancy’s proposition flat. Mind you, I think he was quite right in a way; but he was a mean guy mostly,

and he had a mean way of sizing things up that always got my goat.

“Honest though, some girls think that all they have to do is to stick on a nice smart cap and costume and look pretty, and sail away to England, and the first thing that will happen there will be that their best boy will get a nice blighty, and will be able to pick his nurse and his hospital, and that the curtain will ring down on the pair of them, smoothing one another’s brows and whispering sweet nothings in one another’s ears after she has tucked him away and given him his last dose of medicine for the evening.

“Nancy had plenty of sense, but she didn’t know the first thing about nursing, and her old man told her so plump and plain. Also he told her it would take some time to learn, and that it would be silly of her to chuck up a good job as a stenographer and rush off on a wild-goose chase after Bill, when it was about a thousand to one she’d never see him except perhaps on short leave.

“He advised her to stick to the Sister Susie Stunt, and sew him socks, and ship him out cigarettes and chewing gum, provided she did it out of her own salary.

“Some girls would have kicked, and perhaps beaten it on their own, but Nancy didn’t say a word. She had no mother, and up to that moment, in her house the old man (I’m going to call him Jones) had always been the main squeeze, and what he said went.

“Here was the proposition—Old Jones was dead against her going. Not only

Nancy

did he absolutely refuse to come across with the price or his permission, but he threatened quite a lot of mean things if she disobeyed him.

"She had a few dollars, but she didn't know a blamed thing about the nursing game, and being, as I told you, a sensible girl, she saw it would only be foolish to cut up rough and chuck her job before she was good and ready.

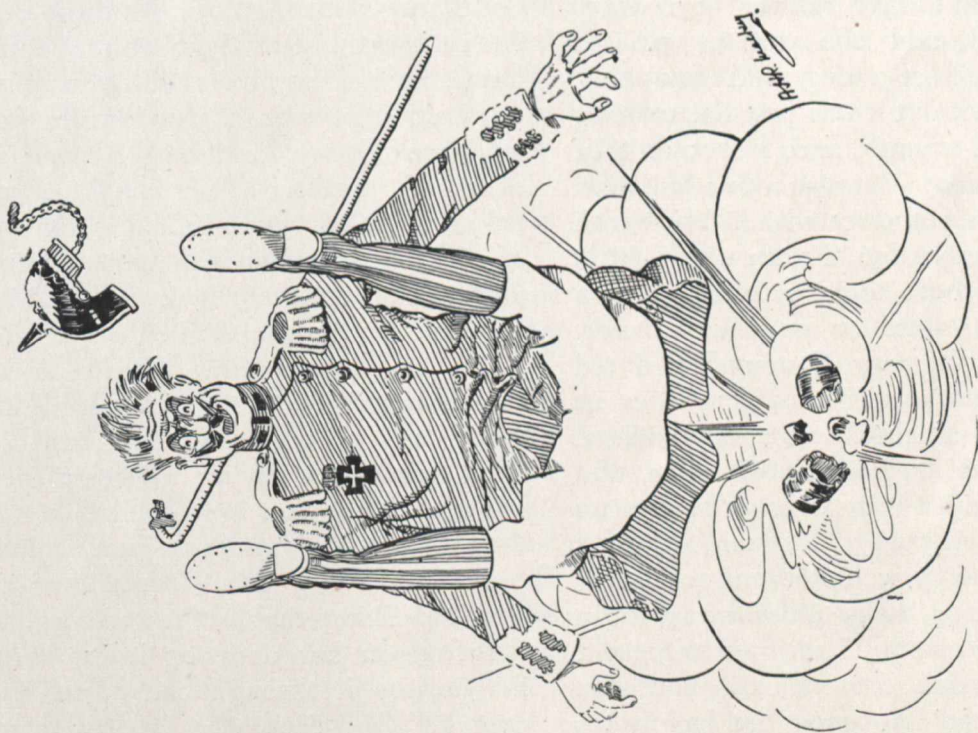
"The first thing to do was to get wise to the nursing business. Nancy had tough luck at the start. She wrote to the *Peg* for a bundle of books on 'Nursing,' and blamed if they didn't misunderstand her motives and come along with 'The Young Mother's Help,' and 'How to keep Baby Bonny,' and 'Tips on Teething,' and a dozen more useful volumes like that. Then she got in wrong with some Correspondence College who answered sarcastically that they had no courses of instruction in her line, and recommended her to a mothers' meeting! However, at last she got what she wanted, and she spent all her spare time, and most of her boss's, studying all about lints and splints, and iodine and bandaging, and first aid and last aid and all that kind of dope.

"In a month she knew quite a lot about the theory of the subject, but she was sheer up against it for a bit of practice. She saw all along, when it came down to brass-tacks, she could learn more by fixing up one cut finger than she could by reading how to dress up a bad railway accident.

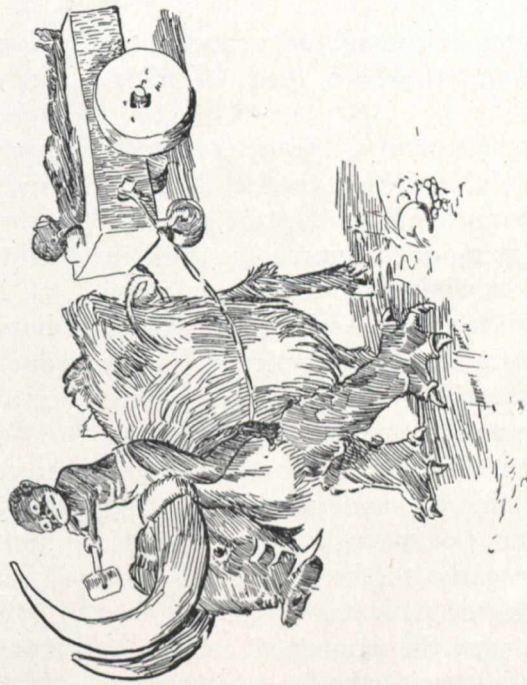
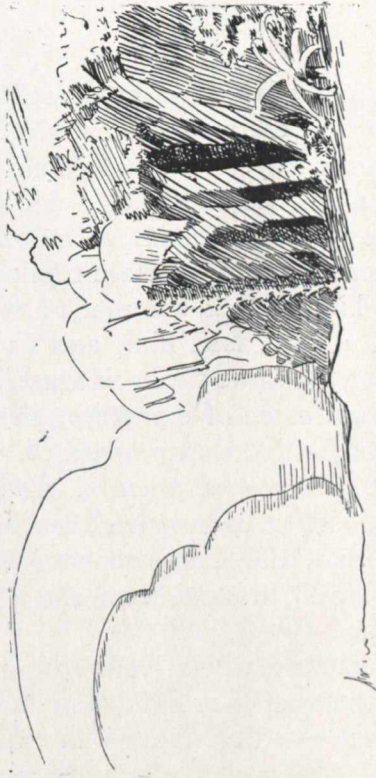
"In a city she might have had a show; accidents are always happening, and there are hospitals to nose around; but Pimple Creek, where old Jones had his shingle out, was not only a one-horse

little burg, but it was about the healthiest place that ever happened. The nearest doctor was twenty-five miles away, and he had joined the army, and during the whole time Nancy was studying her books and dying for someone to break their leg or smash themselves up somehow, only three accidents happened. One was when old Jim Hankey, up at the store—dropped a case of coal-oil on his toe; and his missus nursed him through that. Then some guy broke his collar-bone at a Hockey match, but he was one of the visiting team, and they carted him away for repairs. The third case was one of German Measles or Ringworm, or something, and Nancy even missed that. The poor girl got desperate at last. She persuaded a young friend of hers to come and see her now and then, and she spent hours and hours tying up imaginary wounds all over her. But there's a lot of difference between a young girl of sixteen laughing and giggling and telling you not to tickle while you dress a sham gash on her arm, and a real Tommy who has stopped a chunk of Fritz's shrapnel in the fleshy part of his tum-tum.

"Nancy was as near as could be bribing an old prospector who lived a mile or two out of Pimple Creek to let her practise a bit on him. But she sized it up at the finish that it wasn't quite the cheese. She was President of the Sunday School, and she was scared about it getting around and being misunderstood. She knew old Tom Hankey would have let her cut his leg off, and wouldn't have breathed a word, but Pimple Creek is about the gossippiest little spot on God's green earth, and nine-tenths of the hens there would



Rising rapidly, but subject to a fall any moment.



The First Field Ambulance.

Nancy

rather have a morsel of scandal for supper than a whole feed of roast chicken.

"At last, however, Nancy struck on an idea, and struck it good and lucky. 'My father,' she argued, 'is stopping me from going out to nurse my Bill in case he gets wounded. He won't come across with the price—what's the matter with him finding the practice?' That very night while old Jones was sitting on his verandah smoking his 'Bucket's Special,' something fell on his head, good and heavy, and put his thinking apparatus out of business for four hours. When he came to, he was in bed with a head covered with bandages.

"I never saw the wound, of course, as I was out here with the boys, but they tell me it was a dandy; just right. And they also say the way Nancy tackled it was a knock-out. 'There was no concussion,' she said (strike's me she wouldn't have noticed it if there had been), and she was as pleased with herself as a dog with two tails. She made it out it was just like treating a shrapnel wound; and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if it was a fair imitation of one. A well directed half-brick with a nice jagged edge, thrown with a little vim from above could make as pretty a blighty as some of us could desire. They say the way Nancy shaved old Jones's head, and had a few shots at putting in stitches, and finally iodined it to make it look business-like, and then bandaged it up was *très bon* for an amateur. Any way, old Jones, who was a mean old guy, wouldn't send to Landsway Crossing, forty miles away, for a doctor. So Nancy had it all to herself. He wondered like blazes how the accident had happened, but luckily for

Nancy, he had been clean knocked out for quite a spell, and you bet she had a good yarn ready. By fussing and fixing him up all hours of the day and night, and sympathising with him, and telling him it was a mercy he wasn't killed and all that kind of talk, she made a martyr of him, and pleased him, and enjoyed herself at the same time. Honest, it was one of best cases of combining business and pleasure that I ever heard of.

"But, you know, when a tiger has tasted blood, he wants more, and Nancy got like that, and she no sooner had her first case well in hand than she wanted a second.

"Of course a whole lot of the neighbours came foxing round asking how old Jones was—getting Nancy to take off the bandages every five minutes to show how the wound was getting on and generally making infernal nuisances of themselves.

"Nancy got so fed up with them that she reckoned one of them would be fair game as her second case by way of reprisal. She was a wonderfully fair girl was Nancy, and had a peculiar sense of justice. She bought some bananas. She was only laying for one of the old women who came round pestering her, but her luck was dead in, for the old guy who slipped one of the pieces of banana skins, and fell down the verandah steps and sprained his ankle, was no less a person than old Dick Skimp, the lawyer, who employed her as stenographer in his office.

"Of course, Nancy at once volunteered for the job of fixing him up. She told Skimp that as the accident had occurred on her doorstep it was up to her to see it through and nurse him over it. Old Dick, who, besides being

Nancy

a good natured old sport, was a bit of a lady's man, fell for it like a bird.

"As far as I can make out, Nancy figured it out that her Bill might fall off something or out of something, and that she might get the job of looking after him, and she wanted to know how to shine at it.

"I know what you are going to say: It *does* sound silly. I know as well as you do that, even if Bill did twist himself, it was a million to one on his making Blighty and getting Nancy as his nurse to fix him up. But it's no blamed use arguing with anyone in love, especially the way Nancy had it. She had a hunch that she was going to make England, and meet her darling Bill, and nurse him through something or other; and she looked on her dad and old Skimp as kind of instruments of Providence—and between you and me and the gate-post, Providence must have come into the deal somewhere, because she might easily have brained her old man and broken old Skimp's neck, and been the cause of two funerals in her thirst for knowledge. But as it was, she was as chirpy as a lark, binding up her old man's dome every hour, and then dodging over the road and cold-bandaging and massaging Skimp's foot, and lighting his cigars and mixing his Scotch highballs, and cultivating what she called a 'good bedside manner.' Then her maiden aunt turned up, uninvited, to spend a few days with her and help her. Nancy was a big heap sore. She hadn't asked for help, and didn't want it. If there was any nursing to be done she wanted to do it all by herself. After the old lady had been there about half-a-day she made the remark that these

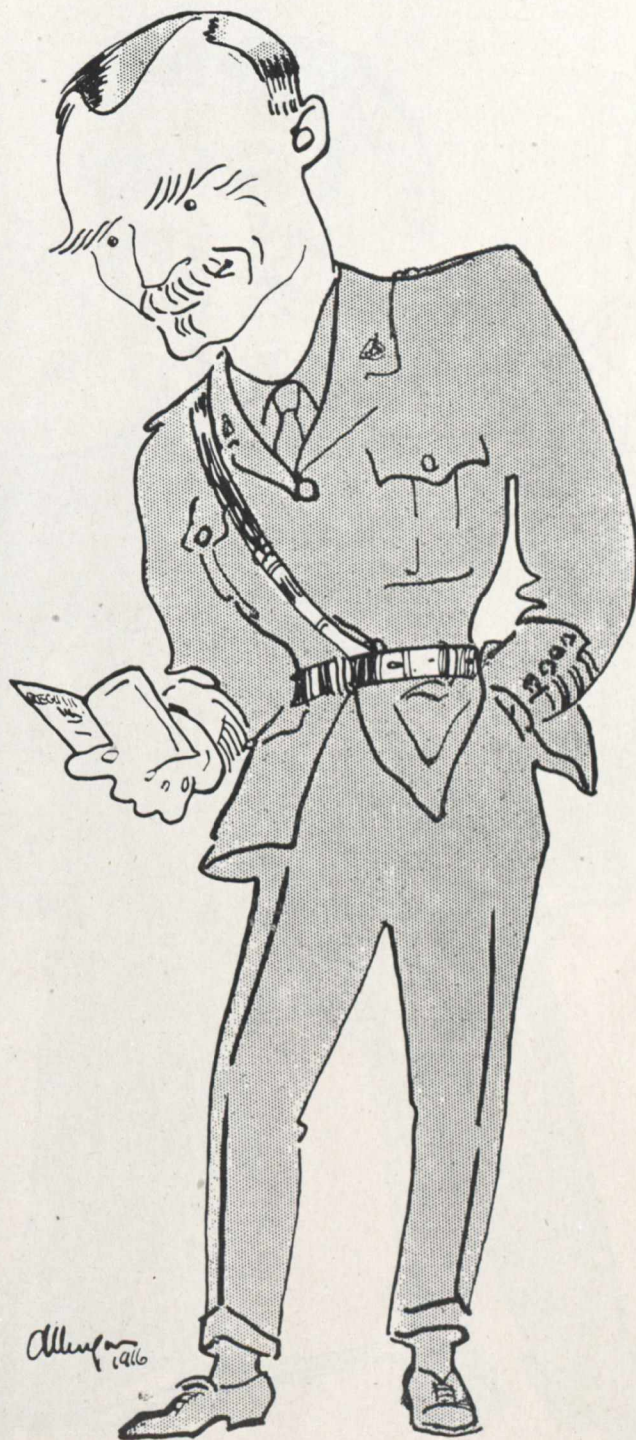
accidents occurred in threes always. And Nancy arranged things that the old girl's prophecy would come true, *tout de suite*. Her sense of justice got working again, and she argued it out that her aunt deserved all that was coming to her for butting in where she wasn't wanted. Nancy made up her mind to kill two birds with one stone—that is, put the old lady out of action, and also get a bit of practice at the treatment of gas poisoning.

"From all I can hear Nancy nearly overdid the gas business, and when she turned up to the rescue, the old lady had nearly passed in her checks. But Nancy got in and turned the stuff off just in time, and having all the antidotes and stomach pump, or whatever it is, ready, she pulled the old girl round in fine style. Well, having almost a private hospital of her own, and being fairly well occupied all day, and a good part of the night, experimenting on her patients, and dosing and dressing them according to Hoyle, you would have thought Nancy was ready to slow down on the good work for a while. Not by a jugful! What she wanted from the start was a bullet wound case. She had read up that branch of blighties more than any other; and she figured it out that she had to manage a bit of practice by hook or by crook.

"Now there was an old guy in Pimple Creek, called Snowhill. Nobody knew much about him except that he spoke English with a foreign accent. People said he had come to Canada without a cent and made all kinds of money peddling pea-nuts, and that he used to be called 'Schneeberg the Peanut King.' Afterwards he had retired, changed his name, and settled down at



*"Sore toe, has he? Then
paint his neck with iodine!"*



*"In the Book
I have it!"*



A Good Joke.



*“ Well, I’ll have
a watch on it ! ”*



*"I'll ride that
Brenda Mare!"*



*"I think we'll
start something!"*

Nancy

Pimple Creek, where he ran a real estate office.

"Old man Jones and his daughter Nancy were about the only friends old Snowhill had in Pimple Creek.

"Why Nancy fixed on him for her shooting stunt I don't know, but she did, and it worked out alright. She bounced into his office and started giving him the glad eye, and calling him her dear Snowy, and the first thing you know she was getting him to look at a little revolver, that used to belong to her mother, which she said was out of order.

"Of course, old Snowhill wanted to know if it was loaded, and of course Nancy swore it wasn't, and just to prove it, she pointed it at him playfully, and asked him where he would like a nice blighty. Then, suddenly the blessed thing went off, accidentally, and old Snowhill slipped off his chair cursing like blazes, with a bullet through his right thigh.

"Nancy was on her knees by his side in a moment. Then some of the neighbours came in to see what was wrong, but Nancy said she would fix the poor man up first and explain how it happened afterwards. Although she didn't tumble to the whole scheme at that time, Nancy never did a cuter thing in her life than when she didn't start telling everybody at once how everything had occurred, as most women would have done.

"As far as his wound was concerned old Snowhill hadn't much kick coming—the bullet went clean through the fleshy part of his leg. It was what Sam Hanson, the bar tender at the Metropole Hotel, found on the old man's desk that put the kybosh on Snowhill.

"There was a copy of the German 'Hymn of Hate,' in a false cover, labelled 'Outstanding Accounts'; there was an autograph letter from the Kaiser enclosing a copy of his hymn to some one or other; and there was a German rhyming dictionary in another false cover, marked 'Petty Accounts.' I reckon those Germans must be some hymnists, because, at the very moment that Nancy potted him, old Snowhill, or Schneeberg, to give him his real name, was putting the final touches to a little hymn of his own, entitled, 'Gott Strafe Canada.' But that wasn't all by a long chalk; they rummaged on and found out that the old traitor had been helping no end of Huns into the States, and then selling their property and sending them on some of the money. As soon as the news got around, some of the brave boys wanted to do their bit, by lynching him, but Nancy wasn't going to be done out of her practice by any rough stuff. She got the police on her side, and finally an arrangement was come to by which she was given a free hand at patching her patient up and experimenting on him as much as she liked, while the police watched him to see that he didn't commit suicide. The only bit of luck the poor blighter had was that the bullet went through his leg, and so Nancy didn't get any practice at probing for it!

"Of course, Nancy became a regular heroine at once. No one heard how the affair really happened, for the simple reason that she wouldn't tell them, and so they had to invent a story for themselves. It was soon all over the place that Nancy had surprised old Schneeberg in the very act of searching a rhyme for *Gotterdammerung* in his

Nancy

rhyiming dictionary, and that she had tried to make him eat the manuscript of "Gott Strafe Canada," and when he had refused she had shot him. Then they went on to say that, having put him out of business, her tender-hearted womanliness had asserted itself and she had kept off a mob of would-be-lynchers with the revolver till the police arrived. Finally she had turned round and tended the stricken enemy with her own fair hands.

"By and bye a reporter came down from the *Regina*, and Nancy began to see her way clear to England alright. She twisted that newspaper man round her fingers. The main part of that interview was a touching story of how she had studied nursing in spite of the difficulties in her path. Then came a beautiful word-picture of her nursing her father, her aunt, her employer, and her German spy all by herself. She finished up by confessing artfully that her one great desire in life was

to go out as a nursing sister to England.

"Say, her stock went up some points! One or two people, who had some pull, talked old Jones over, took charge of all arrangements for her, and in a couple of weeks she was on her way to Liverpool.

"Did Bill get a blighty? Well, he hadn't got one when I heard of him last, and unless they drop a bomb on the Base Bakery, I don't see how the deuce he can.

"Bill has had two leaves since we hit France, but he and Nancy ain't hitched up yet. I think she's a bit fed up with him if you ask me. He is a bit of a mutt. And he's only a private in a bakery, and I'm a platoon sergeant in the trenches!

"I saw Nancy myself last time I was in England on leave, and she looked good to me. But what I want to know is, how I look to her. She's a durned sight too good for Bill, anyway!"

R. M. E.



A Scene in Flanders.



*Captain J. F. P. Nash, D.S.O.,
Canadian Infantry.
(Killed in Action, April 23rd, 1916.)*



*Captain David Maikle,
Canadian Infantry.
(Killed in Action, May 24th 1915.)*



*Major A. C. Williams,
(Killed in Action, September 26th, 1916.)
Company Commander
Canadian Infantry.*



*Lieut. J. E. Heatherington,
Canadian Infantry.
(Killed in Action, April 22nd, 1916.)*



*Lieut. A. S. Richardson,
Canadian Infantry.
(Wounded July 24th, 1916,
died of Wounds, July 23th, 1916.)*



Lieut. Philip S. Conroy,
Adjutant, Canadian Infantry.



Lieut. J. C. Britton,
Canadian Infantry.



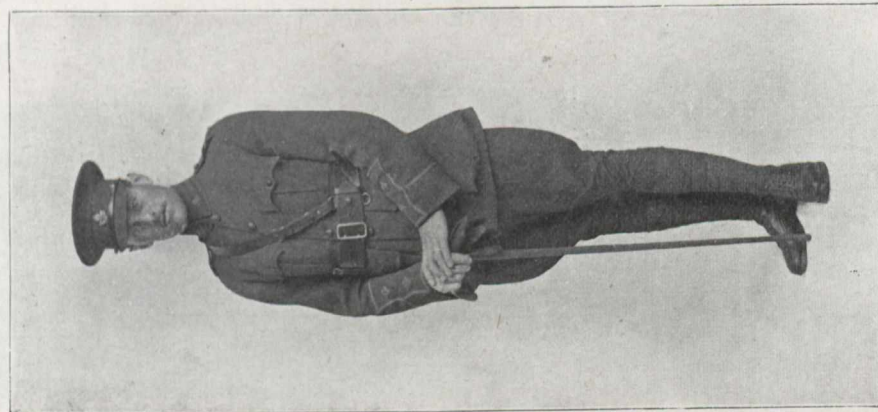
Major Lionel F. Page,
Canadian Infantry.



Captain J. G. Anderson, M.C.,
Canadian Infantry.



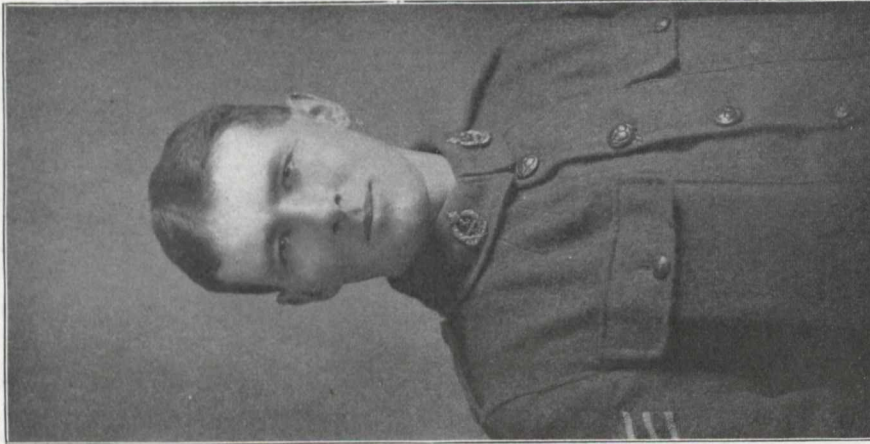
Captain F. B. Bagshaw,
Canadian Infantry.



Lieut. M. P. Willson,
Canadian Infantry.
(Wounded, 27th September, 1916.)
(Died of Wounds, 30th September, 1916.)



Captain W. R. Innes-Hopkins,
Canadian Infantry.
Killed in Action, 24th May, 1915.



Lieut. George Lander Smith,
Canadian Infantry.
Appointed, 17th May, 1916; Wounded, 17th May, 1916;
Died of Wounds, 29th May, 1916.)



Major Robert Murdie, D.S.O.
Commanding a Canadian Command Depot
Formerly Company Commander
Canadian Infantry.



Major B. M. Humble,
Staff Captain,
Canadian Infantry Brigade.



Captain W. M. Hart (C.A.M.C.)
Formerly M.O. Canadian Infantry.
Taken prisoner, April, 1915,
while attending wounded.

APRÈS LA GUERRE

IN A SALOON.

1st Veteran: "Say, Bo, d'you think you could keep one down."

2nd Veteran: "Sure, Mike."

(They adjourn to the "Shades.")

1st Veteran: "Two tots of S.R.D., please."

Bartender: "Na poo, mates. This is B.C."

Blanche:—"Tom wasn't shamed into it, and when he *did* go, he went right into the trenches, and not as an automobile driver at Shorncliffe!"

Maisie:—"You're a cat"

Blanche:—"Where's my milk, my dear?"

Maisie:—"I shall never speak to you again."

Blanche:—"I should worry."

Left quarrelling.

IN AN OFFICE.

Chief Clerk (rising on arrival of manager): "'Shun."

Manager (affably): "Mornin' men."

Chief Clerk to Manager: "All present and correct, Sir."

Manager (airily): "Carry on."

IN THE YARD.

Foreman, to Section Boss:—"Bill, detail a fatigue party o'ten to take them blinkin' sacks to railhead, and tell them if they don't finish the job by tattoo they'll be for it."

IN A FACTORY.

Proprietor: "What's our strength in this department, Jones?"

Shift Boss: "There's me, Sir, and 42 other ranks; but I think, Sir, we could do with a dozen more supernumerary to the establishment, Sir."

OVER THE TEA-CUPS.

Maisie:—"My Jim didn't do badly in the war. He got a Military Medal."

Blanche:—"Is that so? My brother Tom dropped a couple on the sidewalk. I wonder if your Jim picked one of them up."

Maisie:—"Well, he *did* go out with the first Division at the start, and didn't wait till he was shamed into it."

AT THE WORKS.

Superintendent (Ex-tempy. Lieut. Jones:—"Say, Brown, who is that guy outside? I've passed him a dozen times to-day and he looks at me as if he had a grouch about him somewhere."

Assistant Supt. (Ex.-Coy.-Sergt.-Major) Brown:—"Don't you remember him, Sir? He was Private Smith of our platoon. He's walking up and down just to show you he don't have to salute you any more, and to show his contempt for you, Sir."

IN THE SALOON AGAIN.

3rd Veteran:—"I remember well when we were at Ypres. The Colonel called me on one side——"

"Gloomy Vic"

4th Veteran:—"You were never at Ypres! You never joined the Battalion till after Christmas that year. You'll be telling us you were at Mons, next!"

3rd Veteran:—"I tell you I was at Ypres, and, what's more, I didn't see you there."

4th Veteran:—"You're a liar!"

3rd Veteran:—"I'll knock your ugly block off!"

4th Veteran:—"Go to it! I'm not scared of you. I've killed more Germans than you ever saw."

3rd Veteran:—"Biff!"

4th Veteran:—"Bang!"

Left scrapping.

"GLOOMY VIC"

SENDS A LINE OF 'CON' TO FOLKS AT HOME.

DEAR FOLKS,

This is the worst war I ever fit in, and I'll tell you about my first week of it.

Monday.

Just arrived in England. There only two hours when a Zepp. came over and dropped a large number of bombs on us, but I got off lucky, with only a few slight wounds.

Tuesday.

Left England with a draft for France. On our way across the channel, two submarines attacked our ship and torpedoed her several times. We just made the shore as she sank.

Wednesday.

We were leaving for the front when a squadron of aeroplanes dropped bombs on our train, and caused considerable damage, but we finally drove them off with our anti-aircraft guns, which we always take with us.

St. Omer. Thursday.

This war is awful. We are still some distance from the front, but had to take cover in dug-outs as the "Jack Johnsons" were falling like rain, but

there is one consolation, they have to stop every five hours to let their guns cool, which gives us time to get our meals and get back to the dug-outs.

Friday.

We moved up closer to the front today and are now under fire from the enemy's ten, eight, six inch and other small guns. Of course the big guns and aeroplanes shell and drop bombs on us here too.

Saturday.

Went into the trenches last night and for the last twelve hours were under a heavy fire from "Whiz Bangs," machine guns, rifles, rifle grenades, hand grenades, sausages, and aerial torpedoes, and were just getting ready to come out, when Fritz blew up a mine under us. Then during the mixup sent over a cloud of poison gas, and followed it up with a bayonet and cavalry charge. But we repulsed their attack and were driving them back, when I tripped over an empty rum jar, and fell on the spike of a German helmet, so was carried to the dressing station and expect to be in Blighty to-morrow. Yours truly,

"GLOOMY."

UP-TO-DATE LIMERICKS

*There was a young chit of St. Pol
Who dressed for a dance as a doll,
When, after much puffing,
She managed the stuffing,
The effect, I may tell you, was droll.*

*There was a young chap at Albert,
Who got hit, but he couldn't feel where,
Till a comrade close by
Said "Just sit down and try,"
And he did, and he cried out "It's there!"*

*There was an ak don Emma esses
Who collected a lot of addresses
From the Mademoiselles
At the many hotels
Which the officers used as their messes!*

*There was a young maid of Steenvorde,
And the language she used—Oh, Good Lorde
She could swear without blemish,
In French and in Flemish—
But 'twas in her Canadian she scorde!*

*There was an old maid of Watou,
Who sold penny beer at three sous;
Some fellows could tell
By the taste and the smell,
But most of the guys never knew.*



*There was a fat girl called Matilde
Who fell in a ditch that was filled,
But a smart ak pip Emma,
Who saw her dilemma,
Just saved her in spite of her build!*

*There was a young soldier at Fletre,
Who wrote a French girl a love lettre;
He pitched it so hot,
That as likely as not
They'll shortly be seeing the prêtre.*

*There was a young man from the Base
Who had an intelligent face,
But it altered a lot
When he opened a pot
And then called for four to an ace!*

*There was a young man at Bailleul,
Who looked like a silly d——d fool;
But he couldn't have been,
For when last he was seen,
He was billeted at the girls' school!*

*There was an old rip of Blendecques,
Who had a most rubicund neck;
The cause of the blotches
Was too many Scotches,
And quarts of Champagne, extra sec!*

*There was an old woman of Tilques,
Who once was a dealer in silques;
But she altered her store
On account of the War,
And she's now selling whisky and milques!*

Up-to-Date Limericks



There was a young man at Nieppe,
Who was weary and sat on a step;
When a pal passing by
Said "Well, Bill, are you dry?"
He arose, and answered him "Yep."

There was a young man of Abeele,
Who dreamt about bombs a good deele;
Oh, the dropping of shells,
Punctuated with yells!
But, Lord, they were none of 'em reele!



There was a young maiden of Caestre,
Diana herself was no chaster,
But, between me and you,
She'd a young sister Sue,
And a cousin Louise, who disgraced her.

There were two young men of Estairs,
Who used to go sniping in pairs;
On the thirteenth of May,
Their bag, so they say,
Was one German, one duck, and two hares.



There was a young lady named Grace,
Who used to make very nice lace;
A man, off to Blighty,
Bought some for a nighty,
But explained it was only "in case."

There was a young girl named Elise,
Who would sigh when you gave her a
And make use of her eyes, [squeeze,
And it was a surprise
When she wouldn't sit down on your knees.

There was a young person called Julie,
Whose temper at times was unruly;
She upset a pail
Of the best Belgian ale
O'er a fellow who quizzed her unduly.

There is a nice girl called Yvonne,
Who loves a smart Private named John;
But he spends all his pay
In the Estaminet,
So what will they marry upon?

There was a young chit called Helène,
Who tried with her might and her main
To entrap the young chaps
When she sat on their laps,
But they foiled her again and again.

Up-to-Date Limericks

*There was a real lady of Poperinghe
Who thought that a kilt she'd look proper inghe ;
But a busy M.P.,
When he spotted her knee,
Said, "That is the dress I must cop her inghe !"*

*A young Offizierstellvertreter
Loved a fraulein and frequently met her,
But an Unterzahlmeister
Abducted and spliced her ;
Potts-tausend ! Gott dam ! Donnerwetter !!*

*There was a young Vizefeldwebel,
Whose manners were beastly at table ;
With his nose to his plate
He would make as he ate
A row like a regular Babel !*

*There once was a young Fahnenjunker,
Who each day got drunker and drunker ;
In a fit of D.T.
He swam out to sea
And rammed a rum barrel and sunk her !*

*There once was a Vizewachtmeister,
Who, take him all round, was a shyster ;
He got ten francs of grub
At a poor woman's pub,
And then asked if one franc sufficed her !*

*There was a smart Oberfeuerwerker,
Who invented a hand-grenade-jerker ;
When he first tried it out
There was no-one about,
Every man in his hole was a lurker !*

*There was a rapacious Gefreiter,
Who swallowed a pint of sweet nitre ;
The jury who sat on him,
Observing the fat on him,
Passed "Felo de se" on the blighter.*

R.M.E.

*On the Somme where we're fighting the Hun,
We're throwing o'er shells by the ton.
"Donner blitzen !" says Fritz,
As we blew him to bits,
"Who said that the English were done ?"*

W.M.S.

*A Corporal whose name is St. Pierre,
Was canoodling a girl at Amplierie.
But the very wise Miss,
Avoided his kiss,
With the promise of Après la guerre.
The gallant old 2nd Brigade,
Can fight on just pure lemonade.
But give them some Rum,
And they'll load up their gun,
For a parapet jumping parade.*

R.W.S.

*A gay young Canuck they called Tom,
Sneaked up on a Bosch with a bomb.
When he pulled out the pin,
Fritz hit for Berlin,
But fell head over heels in the Somme.*

R.W.S.

*There was a sweet thing called Elise,
Who could jump a big hurdle with ease.
If her skirt had been shorter,
'Twould never have caught her,
When she tackled a cheval de frise.*

JACK JOHNSONS.

Two of the old men in the Battalion were talking about the slowness of the "Jack Johnson" when one of the last draft joined them. So the two old timers started in to get his goat. Said the first old timer—"Member the time last year at Ypres when a Jack Johnson would pass over the front line on its way to town, the boys in the trenches would phone in and warn the people of its direction? 'Yep,' said the other, and often when the wires were down, the boys up in front would take note of the

time and direction of each big shell that passed over during the day and send word back with the teamsters, who took up the rations at night."

But this last was too much for the New Draft. The stuff was off and the goat escaped.

1st Can. Battalion soldier meeting private of the 199th Can. Bn.

"What's the idea?"

199th Pte. "What's what idea?"

1st Bn. Pte. "Why, having your regimental number all over your uniform."



Martha.

GLOSSARY OF TRENCH TERMS

<i>Archibald</i>	Anti-aircraft gun. So called because it seldom hits its mark—after the well-known army expression: "Certainly not, Archibald."
<i>Artillery Duel</i>	An engagement in which the artillery on both sides fire at the opposing infantry.
<i>Alley</i>	Allez. Get away. (<i>Aller-togo.</i>)
<i>Alleyman</i>	Allemande—German.
<i>A.N.Z.A.C.</i>	The capitals from Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.
<i>Adjutant</i>	The busiest officer in the Regiment; also the most sarcastic.
<i>Beat It</i>	Get out; move quickly. (Canadian slang).
<i>Batman</i>	Officer's servant—an expert at dodging parades.
<i>Full-Con.</i>	Flattery; doubtful praise.
<i>Bath-Mat</i>	The flooring used in the trenches. When broken, the cause of many alleged accidents to the rum issue.
<i>Belgian Beer</i>	The worst drink on earth.
<i>Biscuits</i>	Trench stores. Useful as fuel. (See advert. on another page).
<i>Bully-Beef</i>	The soldier's delight. Good old Fray-Bentow.
<i>Blighty</i>	England—said to be derived from the Arabic belad-i, meaning My Country or My Home.
<i>Blighty, A</i>	A wound serious enough to cause a soldier to be sent to England.
<i>Booby-Hutch</i>	Dug-out or any kind of shelter in the ground for cover or rest.
<i>Bivvy</i>	A miniature tent or piece of tarpaulin—from Bivouac.
<i>Bon</i>	Good. Tray-bon. Very good—(<i>Trés bon</i>).
<i>Bon for the Bust</i>	Good for the stomach—good to eat.
<i>Bomb-Proofers</i>	A soldier who never goes into the danger zone or under shell fire. The men in the trenches regard everyone who is not a front-line man as a bomb-proofer, and often address the jibe against the first line transport drivers who convey the food and ammunition often under very heavy fire.
<i>Brass Hat</i>	A General Staff Officer.
<i>Buzz-Waggon</i>	Motor car, motor bus, motor lorry.
<i>Carrying Party</i>	Fatigue party from Infantry Battalions detailed to carry supplies or any kind of building material to the front line.

Glossary of Trench Terms

<i>Compree?</i>	Understand? (<i>Compriez—Comprendre—to understand.</i>)
<i>Cushy</i>	Easy. A cushy job—an easy job. A cushy billet—a soft place of abode. A cushy Blighty—a nice one through the fleshy part of the arm.
<i>D.C.M.</i>	In England—a District Court-Martial. At the Front—Distinguished Conduct Medal.
<i>D.A.A.C.B.</i>	Deputy Assistant Administrator of Corps Baths.
<i>Dud</i>	A shell that fails to explode—a Yankee.
<i>Estaminet</i>	Often "Out of Bounds," but generally a place where Tommies forgather from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.
<i>Entrenching-Tool</i>	Next to the rifle a soldier's best friend.
<i>Engineer</i>	One who always does his best, always finds still more work for the Infantry and often thinks he can make water run up hill.
<i>Furlough</i>	<i>Reve de futur</i> —something to live for.
<i>Fox Pass</i>	A bad break (<i>Faux pas</i>).
<i>Gat</i>	A Revolver.
<i>Gasper</i>	Cigarette—a Wild Woodbine.
<i>Hightailing</i>	Running—getting away without looking back.
<i>Hunch</i>	Premonition.
<i>Infantry-Man</i>	A front line solder—an expert in digging trenches putting up wire, building dug-outs and shelters, a specialist in the use of Lewis guns, bombs, trench-mortars, rifles, bayonets, gas-helmets and Keatings. A connoisseur of bully-beef, M. & V., biscuits, rum and beer. A happy-go-lucky fellow who makes light of real troubles and grumbles over trifles, very partial to Blighties and fond of furlough.
<i>Iodine</i>	A wonderful medicine—a miraculous remedy for all aches, pains and ills; cures blistered heels and stomach-aches if applied to—the neck.
<i>Intelligence Officer</i>	A wise guy who believes in silence,
<i>Jake</i>	Good— <i>jake-a-bon</i> —very good; <i>tres jake</i> —extra good.
<i>Krump</i>	Large high-explosive shell.
<i>Un Malade Ici</i>	One is sick here. An ever ready excuse which the billeting officer meets with.
<i>M.P.</i>	Military Police—most unpopular with the Infantry.
<i>M. & V.</i>	Tinned meat and vegetables—see advertisement, "Stores Limited."
<i>Number Nine</i>	A Pill—highly recommended by all Medical Officers—the terror of a sick parade—see advertisement on another page.

Glossary of Trench Terms

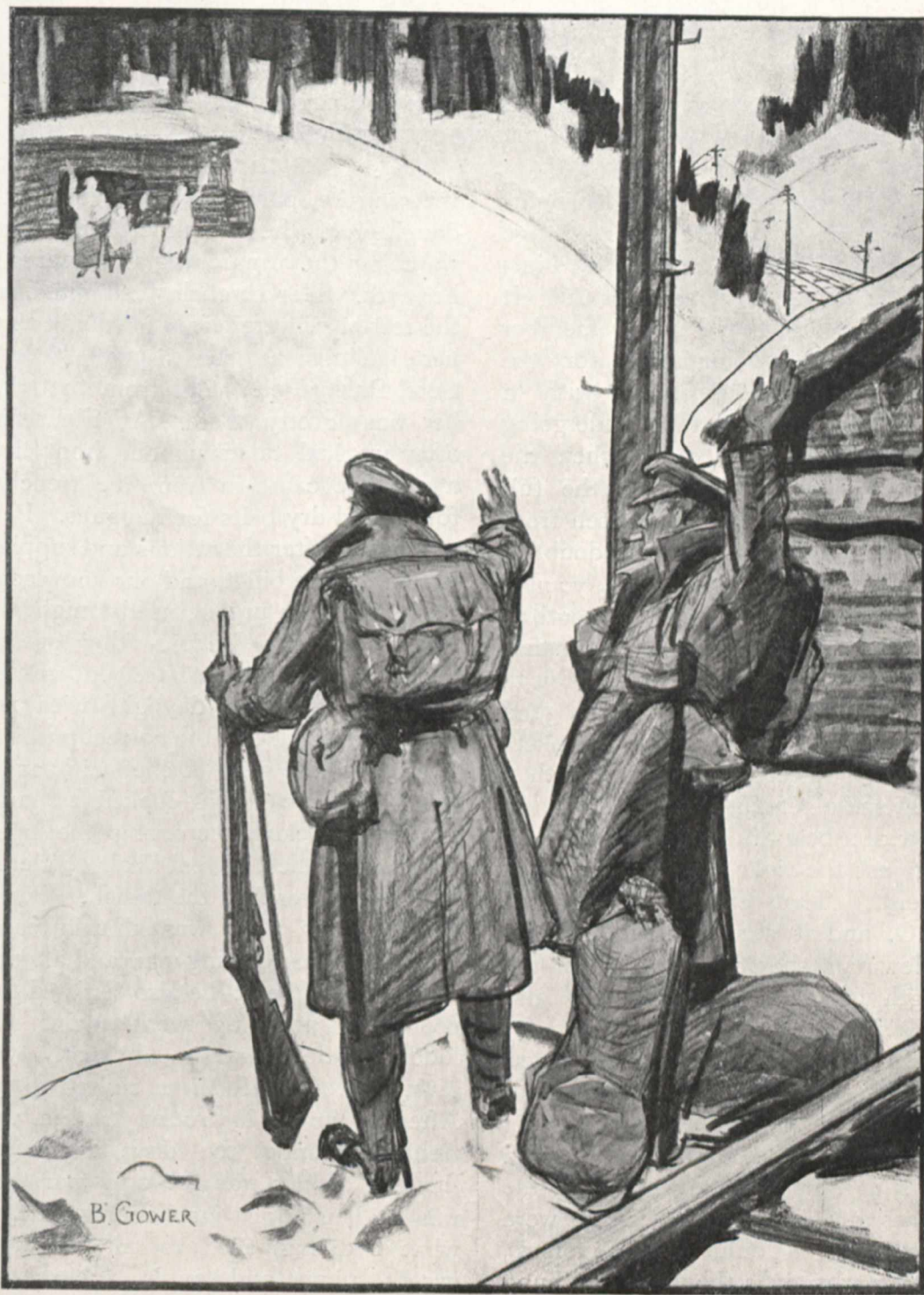
<i>On the Peg</i>	Under arrest.
<i>Pushing up the Daisies</i>	Soldiers' term for dead and buried.
<i>Peddling the Bull</i>	Drawing the long bow; stretching the imagination.
<i>Respirator</i>	An obsolete device formerly used during gas attacks.
<i>Runner</i>	A front line soldier who travels light, is always on the job carrying messages; he takes the place of the telephone when the lines are down, goes through any kind of a barrage or zone of fire.
<i>R.T.O.</i>	Railway Transport Officer with a mad desire to issue movement orders.
<i>South Paw</i>	Left-hander—baseball term applied to left-handed bombers.
<i>Skinner</i>	A mule driver.
<i>Suck-holing</i>	Taking cover, even of a blade of grass.
<i>S.R.D.</i>	Letter endorsed on the rum jars—said to mean by the soldiers: Soldiers rum diluted, Some rum drink, Seldom reaches destination.
<i>Toodle and Buck</i>	A gambling game—Crown and Anchor. The old Army game. The spieler inviting the men to play shout. "The old Army game. The more you put down the less you pick up. You comes in rags and you goes away in automobiles. The little ole' game."
<i>Tickler's</i>	Jam—mostly apple and damson.
<i>Very Light</i>	A flare, a calcium light used mostly by the enemy at night over No-man's-land.
<i>Work Party</i>	A party for the work on the front line generally required at night, the bane of the soldier's life.
<i>Whizz Bang</i>	A shell from a field gun—the whizz and bang being almost simultaneous.
<i>Whizz Bang</i>	A motor cycle with a side car.
<i>Whizz Bang</i>	The Army Postal Card ready-made for signature.

SCENE—A SPORTING GOODS STORE.

Little Boy: "Please my big brother sent me to get a pair of boxing gloves and may he have nice soft ones because they are for an invalid."

Little Willie: "Say, Papa! I wonder if there will ever be universal peace?"

Papa: "Sure! all they have to do is to get all the nations to agree that in case of war the winner pays the pensions."



Good-bye to Canada.
By B. Gower.

“ PRETTY PETE ”

“ PRETTY PETE,” OTHERWISE NO. 13428, LANCE-CORPORAL PETER NEWMAN.
KILLED IN ACTION, JUNE 6TH, 1916.

THE roll book reads—“ Single, listed August 12th, 1914; age 18; C. of E.; height 5 ft. 4 in.; chest 34; boots 7; head dress 7.” It was at Lark Hill that I first remember him. He had volunteered for the Machine Gun Section and with a number of others was undergoing training. The time came when the number needed to make up the full strength of the section was chosen from these boys. Pete was on the doubtful list by the M.G.O. as being too young; that afternoon we played a football match and it was during the game that Pete settled all doubts in my mind as to strength and ability to make a good machine gunner. I have a vivid recollection of a bow-legged little boy with a serious smile sending me spinning, and then with a beautiful run down the field doing just the right thing at the right moment. That evening I saw the M.G.O. and it was decided that Pte. P. Newman should be taken on the strength of the M.G. Section, also that I should be held responsible for him. I often wonder if Pete knew of that agreement. I do not think that he did. A finer boy never breathed, everyone loved him on sight. It was at our first experience of the trenches at Le Touquet, when we were billeted in an estaminet at Houplines, that Pete was given the name that hung to him through the months that followed. We had only been a few days at the billet when the first party left for their trench initiation—Pete

was in the party. Maggie, the little daughter of the estaminet keeper was watching them marching away, tears in her eyes. Her English was limited, but the rest of us were left in no doubt as to her feelings as she lisped—“ Pretty Pete, Pretty Pete,” and from that day he was Pretty Pete. At Fleurbaix, after we had taken up our front line, a message came in from the trenches for oil and dry belts for the guns. Pete was seeing after the rations and supplies at the reserve billet, and our knowledge then as to how urgent needs might be was very small. He knew they needed oil and belts, and started out to the front line in broad daylight with not very definite idea of the correct paths to travel. Those who watched him, as he shouldered a can that looked as large as himself, calmly crossing the open space inside the Convent Wall wondered how he ever reached the trench. Pete's work at this time was drawing and issuing rations, sorting mail and attending to the limbers; he also assisted the cook. If anything went wrong we kidded Pete because his ready wit always brought forth a cheery reply. After an unusually rotten trip in the trenches during the days when we thought Tickler was the only man who was still making jam and wondered what had happened to all the fruit except plum and apple, Pete was accused of drinking the rum issue, stealing the bread and most anything else by various members of the Machine Gun Section. He took it all as usual, but

Pretty Pete

next morning the following notice was nailed on the wheel of the cook-limber—"Wanted at once. Combined Groom, Cook, Quartermaster, Postman, General Handy-man. One used to pigs preferred—Apply M.G.O." Pete had decided that he wanted a steady job in the front line. Then came the time when he was distinguished in the Gun Section as "One of the old boys"; there was only one thing against giving him a stripe and a gun crew of his own—his age. At that time the Machine Gun Section numbered amongst its members some of the real rough diamonds of the Battalion. The Second in Command was wont to mention them to the M.G.O. as: "Your band of brigands." The decision of the M.G.O. was made one morning when the giant of the section, after watching Pete clean a gun, had volunteered a few remarks as to his ability. Pete ignored him for a while, then looking up, it was quite a long way up too, said: "Now then, you big stiff, roll away before I get sore at you." Six of the laziest and toughest nuts—Bay 23, Trench 130 (yes, but they were all copper bottoms) were placed on one gun and Pete was made lance-corporal. His little speech to this aggregation

was priceless. He started by asking them if they knew what he had done to have a bunch of lemons like them wished on him and finished by telling them: "We've got a lot of work to do boys, and we're going to do it." That crew, made up of men who had been a source of anxiety when scattered through the Section, turned out to be one of the best. It wasn't that it appeared in Battalion Orders, or that Brown or Jones had received 28 days No. 1 for doing it, that held them back, it was always—Pete wouldn't like it. Then came the last Ypres fight. Pete carefully disposed of his men during the bombardment, then one at a time they filled the number two's position at his side. Twice he dug members of the crew out, and when the last man was wounded he sent him back for help, staying wounded himself with the gun. Before help arrived a shell had half buried the gun; Pete, game to the last, was sitting over it, a rifle across his knees, with his pockets full of bombs. They picked him up, and he gave his last order: "Never mind me, boys. Get the gun; I'm all in, but I did my best." Then with that smile of his that we had all learned to love, Pretty Pete went to his reward.

"THE BIRD."

OVER-HEARD IN A DUG-OUT.

1st Tommy: "Wot'yer doin' Sam, writin' her a love letter?"

2nd Tommy (of literary turn): "No! I'm jotting down a few impressions. I'm thinking of publishing a little thing after the war. 'Souvenirs of Flanders.'"

1st Tommy: "Wish yer luck, Sam. Don't leave out them smells!"

AT THE HOTEL LOUVRE, BOULOGNE.

Waitress: "Avez vous une Chambre Monsieur?"

Tired and Thirsty Officer: "No thanks, I want a bottle of Bass please!"

Keep your head down and you'll be able to call "stretcher bearers" for the other fellow.



The Ruins of Ypres.



The Ruins of Ypres.

TO YPRES—MAY, 1916

EARLY in April, 1916, the Germans dropped a message from one of their aeroplanes which stated that they would "clean the Ypres salient by April 9th." The following lines were written as a reply to that boast.

*Ypres! Proud emblem of the glorious stand
That Belgium made against the oppressors' might,
You've felt the weight of his relentless hand,
And still he vents on you his wicked spite.
A year ago we saw you when the Hun
Had robbed you of your jewels, but left you yet
Your soil—your citizens—and everyone
Was brave and cheerful, trying to forget
His hourly danger. Then we took our stand
To guard you 'gainst the contact of the foe;
And on a sudden, his revengeful hand,
Struck, to attain you, an o'erpowering blow.
You staggered 'neath the shock. Your people fled;
And we, who met the foeman face to face,
Fought till the fields with his vile blood ran red,
—Fought as became the men of British race—
To guard you, Ypres. Then the advancing Hun
Staggered and shaken by our mighty blows
Retreated to his lair, his task undone,
And learned respect for his Canadian foes.
A year has passed, and still your battered walls
Sbell grim defiance to the crouching Hun.
He, lying wait, seeing your mighty halls
Standing in ruins, thinks the time has come
So strive once more, accomplish his desire,
Kill your defenders, work on you his will.
Fear not, brave city! We have faced the fire,
And will again. Ypres, we guard you still!*

Sergt. W. M. SCANLAN.

A QUIET NIGHT

*When you go up to the trenches
With the "rations" late at night,
On a road that's full of shell holes all the way,
And the rain comes down in torrents,
Flashing guns your only light,
You are sure to feel most anything but gay.*

*When you reach a shattered cross-road,
—"Shrapnel Corner" is the name—
All the trees about the place are blown off short
By much high explosive shrapnel—
Well, you're here to play the game,
But how you wish you'd taken one more snort.*

*When you hear a moaning whistle
Very quickly drawing near,
And you tip your old tin hat towards the sound,
And when that shell breaks o'er you,
Looking like a woolly bear,
Well, you have a sneaking feeling for the ground.*

*When still closer to the trenches,
And machine guns round you play,
But no "ration party's" anywhere in sight,
You are feeling mighty restless,
And you want to get away,
Even tho' its what is called a "quiet night."*

"GLOOMY."

MAPLE-CREEK JOE—HE HAS A DREAM

A MERCHANT IN WATFORD-ON-TYNE FOUND A SOLDIER'S LEAVE-WARRANT AND ADVERTISED FOR THE OWNER. SUBSEQUENTLY HE FORWARDED TO THE WAR OFFICE A BILL FOR THE SUM OF SEVENPENCE TO WHICH THE WAR OFFICE ADDED A PENNY FOR POSTAGE, AND SENT IT FORWARD FOR NECESSARY ACTION. AT THE FINISH THE OWNER OF THE WARRANT PAID THE BILL, BUT HIS OPINION OF THE MAN IN WATFORD IS PERHAPS BEST REFLECTED IN THE STORY OF HIS DREAM, RELATED TO HIS PAL.

"**S**AY, Jeff, I dreamt old Fritz put a crimp into me last night, and I hot-footed it up the Golden Stairs to see about my halo and wings. Just ahead of me was a pop-eyed guy peddling the bull to Old St. Peter, in a way that would sure get your Angora. Finally, Peter gives his halo a tilt and says: 'Never mind the soft stuff, what did **you** do in the great war?' Waal, says the guy, 'I did not join up on account of a bad attack of cold feet, and later on I developed an eelongated conscience, but I did a lot of work putting kindling on the home fires. I mind once I found a soldier's leave-pass and I hung up a notice in my shop advertising for the owner, but he didn't show up, so I sent the pass right on to the War Office along with my bill for sevenpence!' 'Fine hay,' says St. Peter, 'Anything you can soak the Government for is velvet. I suppose they came across with the coin?' 'Well, not exactly,' says the guy, 'but they sent the bill to the soldier and told him to cough up and slip me an extra

penny for the postage. I got the money sent me by a Canadian from the trenches; he said he guessed that a near guy like me needed the money worse than he did, as he would likely be pushing up the daisies before his next turn for leave came round. I wrote and thanked him and told him how proud we were of the Colonials and a lot of dope like that, and I sent him fourpenny worth of chewing gum; I heard that all the Canadians chewed, and of course I don't approve of tobacco.' Well, say, Jeff, I thought that gink was going to get away with the stuff, but old Pete he fanned it out with some Orderly Sergeant Angel. Then he comes back and says: 'Nothin' doing, here's your fourpence back, and you can get to h— out of here.'

"Say, I started in laughin', but soon I hears someone saying, 'Come on, Joe, stand to, you lop-eared cheese cutter,' and the only bit of Heaven I got that day was my tot o' rum, good old S.R.D." F. B. B.

SENTRY GO—NEW STYLE

Western Sentry (to party of two approaching his post): "Who's youse ginks?"

Senior of party: "Quartermaster's fatigue."

Sentry: "Aw don't peddle it! What's yer mob?"

Senior of party: "'Steenth Battalion."

Sentry: "Beat it, yer blanky stomach robbers."



"I bet the chap opposite my trench, a tin of pâté de foie gras, that he wouldn't hit my foot in three shots."
"Did he do it?" "Yes. But it was really only corned beef."

Drawing by J. Simpson.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A STAFF CLERK

From:—Cpl. WILLIBROD WILLIAMS,
Umpty Umph Battalion,
attached to Umteenth
Inf. Bde. Hd. Qrs.

To:—Miss SELINA LYMEJUICE,
63, Canadian Avenue,
Shorncliffe.

DELAY IN REPLYING . W.W. A. 371.
LETTERS—LOVE.

An explanation is required as to the reasons for the delay in replying to my daily communications dated 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th April, 1916, numbered W.W. A. 360-365, consecutively. It is pointed out that unfortunate results might have ensued consequent on these renewed breaches of arrangements entered into for our mutual benefit. Prompt and exhaustive reply to correspondence is absolutely essential to the maintenance of existent relations.

Attention is again directed to my instructions III, Promises A-K. No. 1407, dated January 1st, 1916, and further infringements of them will not lightly be condoned.

April 12th, 1916.

SHORT LEAVE. W.W. A. 385.

Reference Para. XIII, of your letter unnumbered and undated. The impossibility of your arriving inside the covering envelope, owing to bulk and postage regulations, is duly appreciated, and much regretted. The question of proceeding on short leave, even for the period of five minutes, for the purpose of giving you one embrace, has been very strongly represented to

the proper authorities, but it is again regretted that the suggestion cannot be entertained at the present moment.
April 24th, 1916.

RELATIONS WITH W.W. A. 400 B.
CIVILIANS
FEMALES-FRENCH.

Herewith Nil Report for the 24 hours ending May 1st, 1916, for your information and retention.
May 2nd, 1916.

W.W. A. 423 X.

REPORT ALCOHOLIC DRINKS
CONSUMED.

Week ending June 1st, 1916.

Form IIIA.

Nature of Drink.	Pints consumed.							Total	Remarks.
	M	T	W	T	F	S	S		
	26	27	28	29	30	31	1		
Beer, French ...	1	1	1	1	16	1	1	22	Friday, 30th, abnormal. (Periodic outbreak). Certified true copy. W.W. 1.6.16.
Beer, English...					2			2	
Wine ...					4			4	
Rum & Cognac					1½	¼		1¾	
Other Spirits ...					1¾	1/16		1¾	
Various ...					4			4	

OSCULATORY MESSAGES W.W. A.460
BY POST.

Reference Para. XLI, of your communication of June 10th, 1916, regarding the treatment of hugs, kisses, and other imaginary demonstrations of affection forwarded by post.

Extracts from the Letters of a Staff Clerk

This subject is dealt with exhaustively in my memorandum dated Feb. 14th, 1916, and it is submitted that the issue of further instructions in this connection at this juncture would be premature and inadvisable.

June 14th, 1916.

From :— Cpl. WILLIBROD WILLIAMS,
Umpty-Umpth Battalion,
attached to Umteenth
Inf. Bde. Hd. Qrs.

To :— Mrs. PENELOPE WILLIAMS,
392, Lloyd George Avenue,
London.

ESTABLISHMENT. W.W. X.27.

Reference your letter, January 14th, 1916, authority is now given for the addition to the establishment of one Canary—cock—with cage, and one Cat—Thomas—Tortoiseshell. Arrangements should be made for the drawing of Rations—seed—birds, and Rations—meat—cats, for the proper maintenance of these animals. It is pointed out that, owing to the natural predatory instincts of the former, care should be taken in the bestowal of the latter in a safe yet sanitary environment.

January 18th, 1916.

LITTLE JOHNNY. W.W. G.17.

Further to my letter W.W. G.9, dated February 12th, may a reply now be given regarding the nature of the disciplinary action taken in the case of the marginally noted? It is presumed that the punishment awarded was sufficiently severe to act as a deterrent in the event of further temptation to

offend in the same direction presenting itself on a future occasion.

March 1st, 1916.

AUNT SOPHONISBA. W.W. J.131.

It is regretted that the marginally noted is "on her last legs." As suggested in your memorandum of April 17th, 1916, enquiry as to her present condition will be forwarded through the correct channel of correspondence forthwith.

May 2nd, 1916.

INFORMATION RE W.W. A.F. 33.
UNCLE SILAS.

Passed to you for information and necessary action.

June 10th, 1916.

GIFTS. W.W. A.G. 4.1.

Acknowledgment is made of receipt of one parcel, miscellaneous contents as under:

- 1 Protector, Chest, Flannel, Red.
- 1 Tin, Powder, Bug.
- 1 Pot, Cream, Hair.

Attention is drawn to the fact that one bottle of pickles, mixed, arrived broken, damaging the flavour of:

- 5 Cigars, Flor Fina (Idonthinco).
- 1 Cake, home-made (Ingredients doubtful).

Attention is again drawn to Paragraph III, my memorandum.

"Instructions Packing of Comforts," dated 20th December, 1915.

June 17th, 1916.

R.M.E.

NEW VERSES FOR OLD.—GEMS FROM THE SONG BOOK

HELLO! HELLO! WHO'S YOUR
LADY FRIEND?

*Hello! Hello! Who the hell are we?
The poor old Fifth Dismounted Cavalree.
We used to ride the same as you.
Oh! Oh! Oh! Our chances now are few,
Remorse! Remorse! They stole our blooming
horse.
As infantry we now appear to be,
For we're the boys who used to train at
Salisbury—
The poor old Fifth Dismounted Cavalry,*

* * * *

MY LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE
WEST

*In the little old farm out at rest,
There are perfumes that greet every guest.
There's a different bouquet
For each hour of the day
To which nightly aromas give zest.
In the yards, and the barns, and the wells,
And the sheds there are dozens of smells.
Oh! of stinks anywhere
There are none that compare
With the ones at the farm out at rest!*

* * * *

I'VE GOT A MOTTO

*I've got a rifle,
It's always ready to sight.
Sniping Huns is a fad of mine
When I'm out on the firing line.
Click! Bang! Biff!
Whene'er I can contrive one.
I've often said to myself, I've said,
Cheer up Bill! there's a German dead,
And he's more use than a live one.*

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

*Oh, a little bit of everything got in a tin one day
And they packed it up and sealed it in a most
mysterious way.
And some "Brass Hat" came and tasted it,
And "'Pon me, Sam," says he,
"We shall feed it to the soldiers,
And we'll call it M. and V."*

* * * *

OH, THE GAY PARISIENNE!

*Oh! "La Vie Parisienne,"
It does tickle all the men,
With the naughty little pictures on its pages.
And they buy each copy new,
Tho' it costs them fourteen sous,
And its quite a little item from their wages.*

* * * *

MANDALAY

*On the road to La Bassée,
Where we 'ad the deuce to pay,
Dodgin' shells and minenwerfers,
And such triflin' truck as they.
Right in front of La Bassée,
In the bloomin' trench we lay,
And the 'Uns yelled "Hoch der Kaiser,"
As we passed the time o' day.*

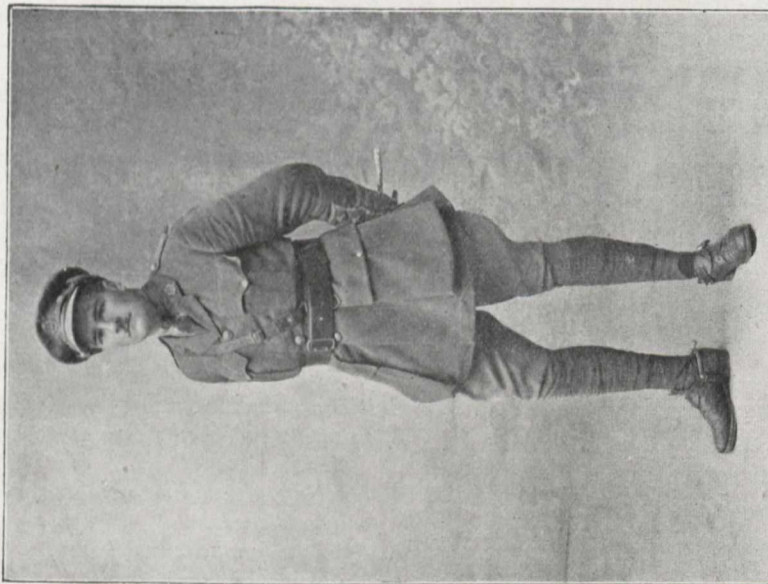
* * * *

(ROW? ROW? ROW, UP AND
DOWN THE RIVER)

*And we bomb, bomb, bomb,
Up and down the trenches.
Yes, we bomb, bomb, bomb,
Britishers and Frenchies—
A pitching of them here, a tossing of them
there,
A bowling them like cricket balls right up
into the air.
And so we bomb, bomb, bomb,
In and out the trenches.
Yes, we bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb!
And we blow Brother Fritz
Into nice little bits
And so we bomb, bomb, bomb!*



Major P. O. Tudor,
Adjutant Canadian Infantry.



Major I. L. Crawford,
Canadian Infantry
(Wounded, September 27th, 1916)



*Captain W. Claude D. Crombie,
Bombing Instructor, Canada, formerly Canadian Infantry,
Adjutant and Company Commander.*



*Captain George Bellamy,
Canadian Infantry.
(Wounded, June 6th, 1916.)*



*Captain W. Brown, M.C. (C.A.M.C.)
M.O., Canadian Infantry.*



*Rev. (Capt.) Ambrose Madden,
(Military Cross)
Canadian Infantry.*



*Captain K. A. Mahaffy, M.C.,
Canadian Infantry.*



*Captain J. B. Morison,
A.S.C, Supply Officer.*



*Captain K. L. T. Campbell, M.C.,
Canadian Infantry.
(Wounded, September 11th, 1916.)
(Military Cross.)*



*Captain C. L. K. Pyman,
Canadian Infantry.
(Wounded, November 15th, 1915.)
(Wounded, June 2nd, 1916.)*



*Captain James Findley,
(Wounded, September 27th, 1916.)*



*Lieut. T. D'A. Leonard,
Canadian Infantry.
(Wounded, December 13th, 1915.)*



*Lieut. Neville Ricketts,
Canadian Infantry.
(Wounded, 30th December, 1915.)
(Died of Wounds, 31st December, 1915.)*



*Lieut. E. H. Latter, M.C.,
Canadian Infantry.
(Wounded, 19th May 1916.)
(Awarded Military Cross, July 28th, 1916.)*



*Lieut. M. M. MacGregor.
(Wounded, June 6th, 1916.)*



*Lieut. A. D. Cockerill,
Canadian Infantry.
(Wounded, 23rd April, 1916.)*



*Captain M. J. Graham,
Canadian Infantry.*



*Lieut. O. P. Hertsberg,
Canadian Infantry,
(Wounded February 11th, 1916.)*



*Lieut. J. E. Purslow,
Canadian Infantry.*



*Reg.-Sergeant-Major E. W. Haydon, W.O.
Canadian Infantry.*

EXAMINATION PAPER

SUBJECT

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE (Other Ranks)

1. Draw a map of the area at the Ypres salient marking the Estaminets, farms, and other buildings, at which something stronger than Belgian Beer can be purchased.

2. Give a summary of reasons (not exceeding 33) why you should be advanced at least two steps in rank, stating, as concisely as possible, and without the use of profane language, the disadvantages under which:—

- (a). You have laboured.
- (b). You are labouring.
- (c). You are about to labour.

(This question is not intended to be answered by batmen attached to Y.M.C.A. Officers, or members of the Expeditionary Force Canteens.)

3. Give the precise meaning of the following expressions:—

- 1. "He, she, or it has 'cold feet.'"
- 2. "You are for it."
- 3. "Any more for any more."
- 4. "All abaht it."
- 5. "No bon pour les soldats" (with one shrug).
- 6. Ditto (with two shrugs).
- 7. "Na poo" (with one wink).
- 8. Ditto (with three waves of the hands.)
- 9. "Too proud to fight."
- 10. "Wounded in the puttee."
- 11. "A real bomb-proof cushy."
- 12. "Bob down!"

13. "Tweedle-um buck, the more you puts down the more you picks up."

14. "Up the line and the best of luck."

15. "I nearly got mine."

4. Give a brief description of the various uses to which the following articles may be turned in an emergency:—

- 1. A steel helmet.
 - 2. A smoke helmet.
 - 3. An empty rum jar.
 - 4. A spare puttee.
 - 5. An entrenching tool.
 - 6. A ration biscuit.
-

5. Write new and appropriate words for the chorus of the following popular songs, leaving out all personalities and grouches, and introducing as pathetic a touch as possible:—

- "A little bit of Heaven."
 - "They wouldn't believe me."
 - "I love a Lassie."
 - "Hold your hand out, Naughty Boy."
-

6. Describe briefly the narrow escapes:—

- (a) You have had.
 - (b) You have thought you had.
 - (c) You might have had, if you had been there.
-

7. Give a full account as you would tell it to a reporter of a Canadian newspaper of:—

Examination Papers

(A). How you deserved but did not get :—

- i. A V.C.
- ii. A D.C.M.
- iii. A bar to the above D.C.M.
- iv. A Military Medal.
- v. A mention in Despatches.

(B). The part you played in the second battle of Ypres, 1915. (This question is not to be attempted by anyone who has not been in France since October, 1916.)

8. Detail the 27 principal ways of getting to Blighty with apposite remarks as to how each can be "worked."

9. Compile a list of not more than 20 good excuses for :—

1. Drawing 15 francs extra on pay-day.
2. Procuring a pass to Amiens.
3. Obtaining special leave :
 - (a) To England.
 - (b) To Canada.

10. Detail the contents of an ideal parcel from home, pointing out the ad-

First Officer: "I hear the Prince of Wales has been made A.A and Q.M.G."

Second ditto: "Has he really? He must be very young for that job."

First Officer: "Oh, I don't know, he's no younger than Major — and Lt.-Col. —, and look at their appointments."

Second ditto: "Yes, but look at the pull those fellows have at Ottawa."

vantage of non-refillable bottles, and on tins cans as receptacles for medicine, etc.

11. Point out the advantages of "accepting a position" as :—

1. Staff Mess Waiter.
2. Canteen Assistant.
3. M.M.P.
4. A.S.C. Baker at the Base.

12. Relate in as few words as possible the effect upon anyone else's nerves but yours of :—

1. A Coal-box bursting a few feet away.
2. Thousands of bullets whizzing past one's ears.
3. Hearing that leave is stopped.
4. Learning that the Rum issue has ceased.

13. Enumerate with a brief description of each the 36 different kinds of smells that are encountered during a rest in farm billets :—

- i. In Flanders.
- ii. In Artois.
- iii. In Picardy.

IN THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE CANTEEN.

Officers' Mess Caterer: "Say, have you got any curry powder?"

Tired Salesman: "No mate, but we have Keating's—just as good and better."

When you get to be a Brigadier, a batman don't count for a hell of a lot.

MAPLE-CREEK JOE—HE GETS A “BLIGHTY” AND WRITES TO HIS OLD PAL BUCK JONES

DEAR OLD BUCK,

Here I am tucked away in the hay enjoying all the privileges of a single stall in Lady Billicoo's hospital in dear old Lunnon, with what they call a blighty. How I came to connect with it was like this. My O. C. saw me heaving baseball in the Company nine and doped it out that I could deliver the goods as a bomb thrower, and right there and then I joined up as a brand new member of the Suicide Club, but now I'd be about as much good on a ball team as a wooden-légged man in a tango class as my left wing is chopped off just below the elbow.

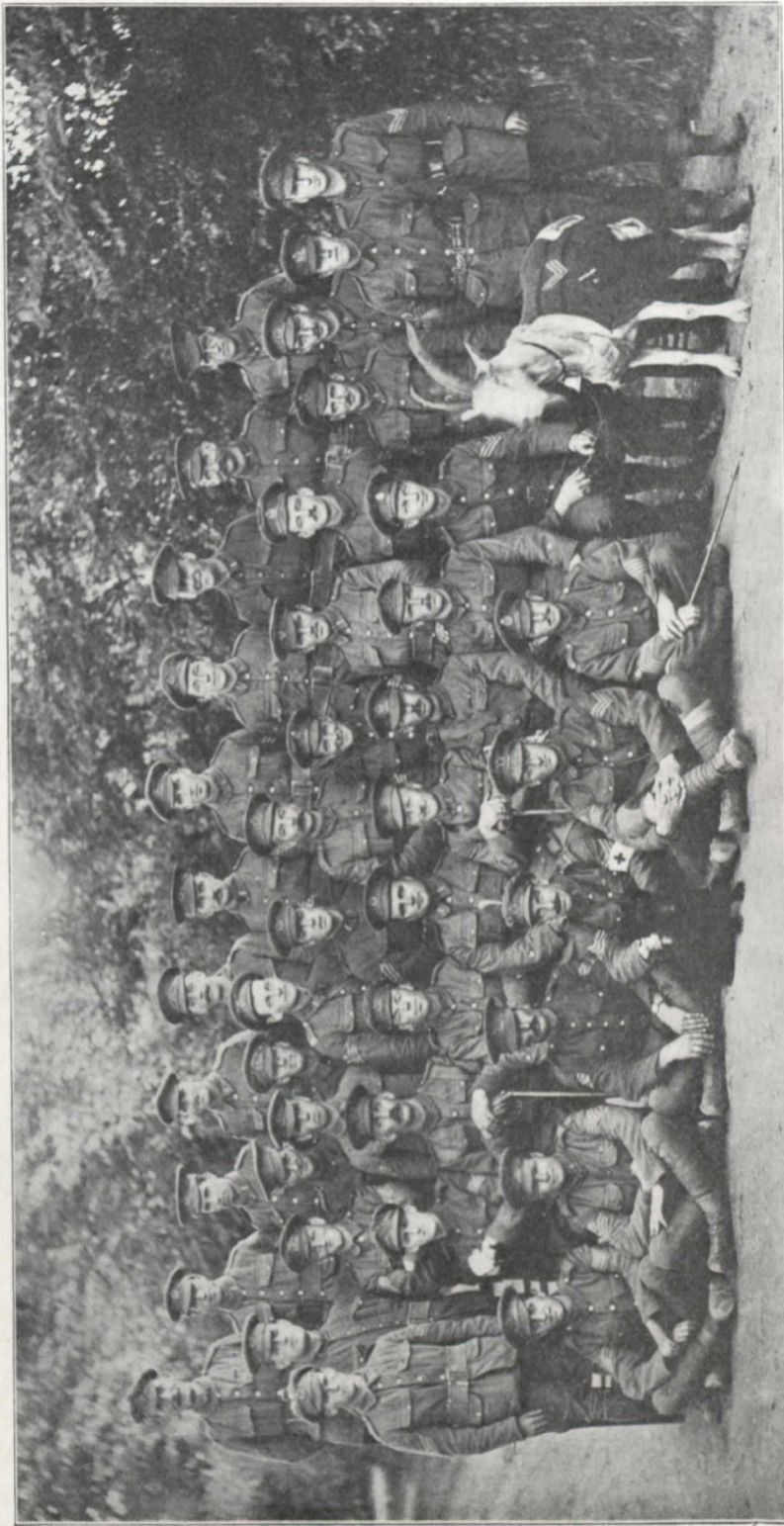
It's a long time since I handed you any first hand information about the war game, but I've told you before how Fritz had the home team locoed and had stuff on the ball all the time. He had everything, speed and curves till further orders and he mixed 'em well, but that was his innings and it's a long lane that ain't got no tomato cans in it. I can't say just where we was when I got mine, but it sure was SOMME place, and one thing about it we sure had the Bosche's Angora all the time. Livin' so long on the prairie I suppose you don't know nuthin' about waves, but that's the way we went to it, and the Bombers were the real white caps on the first wave. We got to a trench, and I sees a big fat Hun; he throws his gun down on me, but he's wild and I heaves a little old Mill's grenade with my trusty south paw, a nice in-shoot—cuts the pan and

he's out; then I sees a big dub with his hands up shouting “Kamarade,” and he hands me his ticker (which I still have), so I gives him a pass. Up to here my control is good and I starts mixin' 'em, and soon we has the diamond to ourselves. I guess the Hun was raisin' a row with the Umps somewhere; he always squeals when the decision aint his way. Then we waits about ten minutes a watchin' this barrage business, and say, Buck, it beats any bunch of rooters at a ball game you ever heard for noise. Soon the O.C. says “play ball” and we breaks into the wave stunt again—over we goes tickled to death with ourselves. I figgered I fanned two of 'em and was winding up for a strike out—then krump, in lands a coal-box and when I come to they was getting me out on a stretcher, and so I made the plate damaged, but as they says here, “cheery O!” They must have knowed I was a ball player cos they gives me a try out in it seemed like every hospital in France, but I guess they couldn't do nothin' and the O.C. Doc. must have given 'em the say so and they whiffs her, but its about two days fore it came over me that I'd really lost my little old south paw.

I'll be stopping this yap right now, Buck, as Nursey is slippin' along and wants to have a look at the baby. Here's “How” for the present, I'll be seeing you in the land of the sage brush dinged soon and as for ball games—well, I'll look jake on the bleachers, alright, alright.

F. B. B.

WARRANT OFFICERS and SERGEANTS, CANADIAN INFANTRY, AUGUST, 1916.



Back Row—Sgt. J. Butler (Wounded), Sgt. R. Coucher (Wounded), Sgt. G. Bain, M.M. (Wounded), Sgt. W. Hunter (Killed in Action, 26th Sept., 1916), Sgt. R. Toms, Sgt. A. G. Hockey (Wounded), Sgt. A. H. Brown, (Wounded), Sgt. W. Bryant (Wounded), Sgt. W. Murray (Wounded), Sgt. G. Calder (Killed in Action, 27th Sept., 1916), Sgt. W. N. Graham.

Second Row—Sgt. W. Saunders, Sgt. J. McCombie (Wounded), Sgt. E. N. Cobbing (Wounded), Sgt. F. Hunt (Wounded), C.Q.M.S. J. A. Brown, C.Q.M.S. J. Price, C.Q.M.S. W. C. Reid, C.Q.M.S. G. E. Hocking, Sgt. R. Miles (Wounded), Sgt. W. M. Scutlan, M.M., Sgt. J. Moir, D.C.M., Sgt. R. G. Foulkes, A.-Sgt. J. McEwen, Sgt. A. A. E. R. A. Chivers-Wilson, M.M.

Sitting—O.R.-Sgt. L. W. G. Meikle, M.S.M., C. S. M. R. Blair, 2nd Class W.O., C.S.M. M. J. Dobie, D.C.M., 2nd Class W.O., R.Q.M.S. A. G. Howlett, 2nd Class W.O., R.S.M. E. W. Haydon, 1st Class W.O., C.S.M. R. Sheffield (Wounded), Sgt. M. Morrison, M.M. (Wounded), Arm.-Sgt. H. Dyer (Wounded), "Billy" (Wounded).

Front Row—Sgt. J. Wainstay, Sgt. T. N. Simpson, M.M. (Killed in Action, Sept. 26th, 1916), Sgt. C. Fletcher, Sgt. J. W. Mackie, D.C.M. (Wounded), Sgt. H. P. Sutherland, M.M. (Wounded), Q.M.S. T. Butterfield.



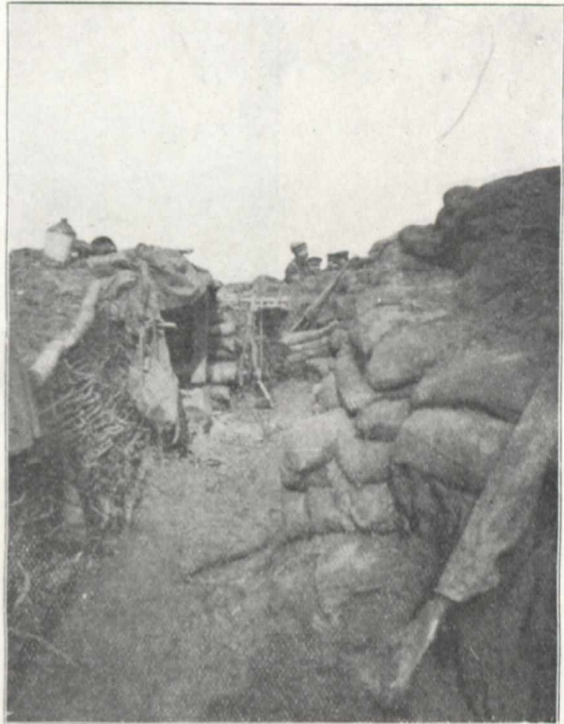
February, 1915. *Initiation of the Battalion.*



March, 1915. *In First Line Trenches.*



Major G. Pragnall, D.S.O., on his rounds.



A Bit of the Line.



The Barber at Work in the Line.



A Bit of the Line. Corporal A. Michael (Killed in Action).



March, 1915. Barges on Canal.

MAPLE-CREEK JOE—HE GETS IN WRONG

WAR'S A JADED SKATE, BUT LOVE, LOVE'S THE DOPEY GLIM,
THAT PUTS THE BREWING HORSE IN RACING TRIM.

ANON.

THE Sergeant-Major's curt commands sounded outside the Orderly Room, "Private Thompson, Cap off! Prisoner and Escort 'Shun! Left Turn, Left Wheel, Quick March! Step up, Left Wheel, Mark Time in Front, Halt, Right Turn!" The O.C. adjusted his glasses. "Private Thompson, you are charged with, Whilst on Active Service—Drunk." The evidence was duly given by a Sergeant and a Corporal, and the accused had nothing to say on his own behalf. His Company Commander said: "This soldier has an exceptionally good record; he has been eighteen months in the field and this is his first offence. I should imagine that he has some private trouble, as lately he's been drinking and has grown very slack."

The O.C. smoothed out a perfectly clean Conduct Sheet and looking at the prisoner asked anxiously: "Have you had any private or domestic trouble, Thompson?" "No Sir," was the reply. The O.C. smoothed out the Conduct Sheet again and murmured: "I hate to spoil it—a clean sheet. Why did you do this, Thompson? Eighteen months of good conduct and splendid service and now you go and spoil it,—a clean sheet,—not an entry,—a perfectly clean sheet. Well, I'm very sorry, but we can't tolerate drunkenness, as you know. Fourteen days Field Punishment No.1."

Private Joe Thompson was doing his fourteen days and his old pal, Jeff, who was one of the guard, went inside the

ramshackle guard room, and noticing that Joe was awake sat down beside him, and began:—"Well, you mutt, you've sure got yours now, hitting it up like an Indian for two weeks. What'n Hell got inter yer? Girl given you the merry ha ha?" Joe smiled. "You piped it off first time old scout; a guinea put me clear to the bad; I thought she was the candy goods and I fell for her, but a Belgian dub jumped my claim, and I was so dog-gone sore that I lit into the hard stuff, and then I starts yippy-yippy and it was my night to howl. Say Jeff, she was a pippin. I spotted her when we first went through 'Pop' and she gave me the glad eye. She was the real little grey-home-in-the-west kind, none of your beef-to-the-heels Beligues, but a classy French queen, and I hopped back to give her the once over first chance I got. We got along like a house afire, and though she talked mostly with her hands and shoulders she was right there with the glad eyes, and none of the other guys got a look in. Well, I was trailing her for quite a while and we fixed matters up and she said she'd be right there at the church, après la guerre. Then stung—! One night I slides into the little old back door as usual and we was canoodling up in true lover style when in comes a lop-eared Belge, decked out like a stage hero. I tumbled at once there was trouble in the air, 'cause Marie turns white, then she starts talking and flapping her wings and the Belge he was 'tres

Maple-Creek Joe—He Gets in Wrong

fashay.' He unloosed a package of conservat' at me in his native lingo; then she puts her hand on his shoulder and says something about me, and he comes over and says 'Voo partee, Canadian soldat no bon for French Girl.' And I says: 'Nix on that, you cheap skate, I'm a sticker from Sticker-ville.' He says: 'No compree, voo partee.' Then he takes hold of my arm and makes a pass at me. Say! That settled it, so I handed him a wallop on the jaw that 'ud make Willard look like a selling plater. Then suddenly, bingo! I gets one on the bean with a club and I swings around and look who's here? Why Marie, mad as

a wet hen, and her eyes sticking out like organ stops. She makes another pass at me and says, 'Voo no bon,' then she goes over to the Belgian bohunk, puts her arms around him, and begins a-weepin' on his shirt. There's where I took a tumble that she was playing me for a sucker, and I ducks my nut out o' there like a bat outer hell and connects up with a bunch of rough-necks that had some hooch and we puts a touch of real colour onto the old town. The rest you know. Say, Jeff, you can take it from me, good old Kitchener said something when he told us to cut out wine, women and graft."

F.F.B.

RELIEF

*It was darker than the devil
(Did you winter on the Plain?)
When the "Umptieth" relieved us
In the drenching, drizzling rain,
With the damned connecting trenches
Filled with water to the waist,
So we took to open country,
Lord, and how we steeplechased!*

Chorus.

*Tramping o'er the cobblestones,
Marching at our ease,
Swinging through the villages
Past the poplar trees;
With our bulging haversacks
Full of souvenirs,
Marching back to billets
On the road to Armenteurs!*

*While the flares kept bobbing upwards,
And the flares kept flopping down,
And the distant guns were rumbling
As they strafed at Ypres town;
With the toc-toc of machine guns
And the bullets zipping round,
How we ducked, and dodged, and halted
On the rough shell-eaten ground.*

Chorus.

*Tramping o'er the cobblestones,
Marching at our ease,
Swinging thro' the villages
Past the poplar trees;
Girls are waving hands to us,
(Bless the little dears!)
Marching to our billets
On the road to Armenteurs!*

*After five days in a dug-out
In our sodden boots and togs,
Oh the happy hours on "Listening Post"
(A-listening to the frogs!)
After five nights in a funk-hole
Sweet the slumber we could snatch
From the rats careering round us
And the one eternal scratch!*

Chorus.

*Tramping o'er the cobblestones,
Marching at our ease,
Swinging thro' the villages
Past the poplar trees;
Just a rest ahead of us,
Baths and bunks and beers,
Soon we'll be in billets
On the road to Armenteurs!*

R.M.E.

ODES TO TRIFLES

No. 47.

To a Glass of French Beer.

Here, resting from the fray
In my "Estaminet,"
I sit and sip, and take my pleasure sadly
And, melancholy, think
How for a decent drink
I'd swap thee gladly!

True, thou art cheap to buy
And, like most Tommies, I
Must go dead slow on fifteen francs fortnightly,
But very much I fear,
When thou'rt addressed as Beer,
One speaks politely.

Now Pale Ale is na poo
And Bass, and Guinness too
And drops of Alcohol bien entendu
(By this misnomer's meant
Strength over five per cent.)
Are quite défendu.

Trading no more is done
In wines that fizz on one
And brands of booze that one goes to the bad on,
Thou art of all the types
The most unhappy swipes
To get a glad on!

A "Chope" at ten centimes
Too poor a medium seems
E'en to the stony-broke to toast "Good-Byes" in;
With nought but thee for sale,
I'd rather Adam's Ale
To pledge bright eyes in!

Oh, Bock Mousse! I am wroth
At thy deceptive froth,
And ambered brilliance as it were of Stingo;
To raise a fellow's hope,
Then prove so weak a "Dope"
Is mean—by Jingo!

Though thou art not, perhaps,
The cause of many scraps,
Nor yet the kind of stuff to start a noise on;
When called on by a pal,
Thou'rt poor material
To name one's poison!

In sultry summer days
Thou lack'st Bière Française
The coolth of 'arf and 'arf or mild and bitter;
While as a winter drink
Some lukewarm tea I think
Were bev'rage fitter.

R.M.E.



"Early Days." Left to Right: Major D. Sandieman (Killed in Action, 25th April, 1915),
Lieut. J. Simpson (transferred to Flying Corps) Lieut. D. King-Mason (Killed in Action, 25th April, 1915.)
Major L. F. Page.



March, 1915. After Neuve Chapelle.



A Communication Trench
By Pte. V. H. Linton.



A Front Line Trench and Dug-out
By Pte. V. H. Linton.

THE DISC IDENTITY

When I was born I got the name
Of Smith, Augustus John,
And when a soldier I became
And put my khaki on,
I felt as proud as Punch could be
When some old Sergeant said to me,
"You're now a separate entity,
And here's your DISC-identity."

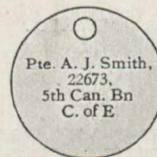
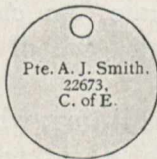
When on a list he entered me,
My bosom swelled with pride.
"You're twenty-two, six, seven three,"
"Yes, Sergeant," I replied,
"When you become a casualtee,
You mustn't get mislaid, you see."
In order to prevent it, he
Numbered my DISC-identity.

He asked me if my Kirk was old,
Or if I was R. C.
I answered like a soldier bold,
That I was C. of E.
"I've got to know, my lad," said he,
"In case you have to buried be."
And just to show he meant it, he
Endorsed my DISC-identity.

And then I put it on a string,
And took it to my breast,
"Now stick to it like anything,"
The Sergeant made behest ;
"A prisoner immediatelee
Is shot on sight unless," said he,
"When called on to present it, he
Can show his DISC-identity.

And here in my dug-out I am
Enjoying M and V
And biscuits Army, Damson Jam,
And tea with S. R. D.
How sick those chaps at home must be,
Why couldn't they be brave like me?
A fellow's a nonentity
Without a DISC-identity.

R. M. E.



ANECDOTES OF THE SOMME

THE first night a Battalion was holding a newly-captured line on the Somme, the enemy made an attack and the fellows at once "hopped" the parapet and drove them back. One of the Sergeants, a big fellow, gave chase to a Boche, but missed him in the darkness and lost his way. He wandered about a good deal until he came upon a party burning dead; he then knew he was in the enemy's lines. Making his way cautiously in the opposite direction he came upon a huge Hun lying in a shell-hole, and after deliberating for a second or two decided to tackle him. He made a leap on to the prostrate Hun, only to find that the man was already dead. He ran, horror stricken, and finally found two pals, who were also lost. Having had enough horrors for one night they made themselves comfortable in a hole and waited for dawn, when they were lucky enough to find their own lines without further adventure.

During one of the attacks on the Somme an officer was shot through the leg and dragged himself into an adjacent shell hole, only to be almost buried a few seconds later by another shell. A soldier pressing onward saw his plight and threw him an entrenching tool with which, after much labour, he extricated himself. In the meantime the attack had swept beyond him and as darkness was approaching he began to look about for assistance, when his ears caught the sound of enemy voices in a near-by shell hole. His revolver was broken and though there was a rifle handy he had no ammunition. Remembering two grenades in his pocket, he pulled the pin

out of one and heaved it over. When the noise of the explosion had died away, he heard a great deal of jabbering, and presently two Germans came out holding up their hands and calling "Kamerad." Pointing his useless revolver at them he made them carry him to the rear and finally got to a dressing station.

"How did you get out, Jim?" said one of the wounded to another in the Field Ambulance. Was the reply: "Well, I was in a shell hole and had nothing with me but an old rifle which had been there for some time. I saw about ten Huns dodging along, and though I knew they had surrendered I was leary of them; I thought for a minute and then decided to take a chance. As soon as they got close up I pointed the rifle at them and shouted 'Halt!' They shot their hands up at once, and the first one came on with one hand up and the other held out with a watch in it. So I made 'em carry me out and they seemed glad of the chance."

Just as the barrage was lifting, which meant a move forward to the attack, a hare jumped out of a hole and ran towards the enemy's lines. "There lies your game, boys," said the officer, as he led his men rapidly forward.

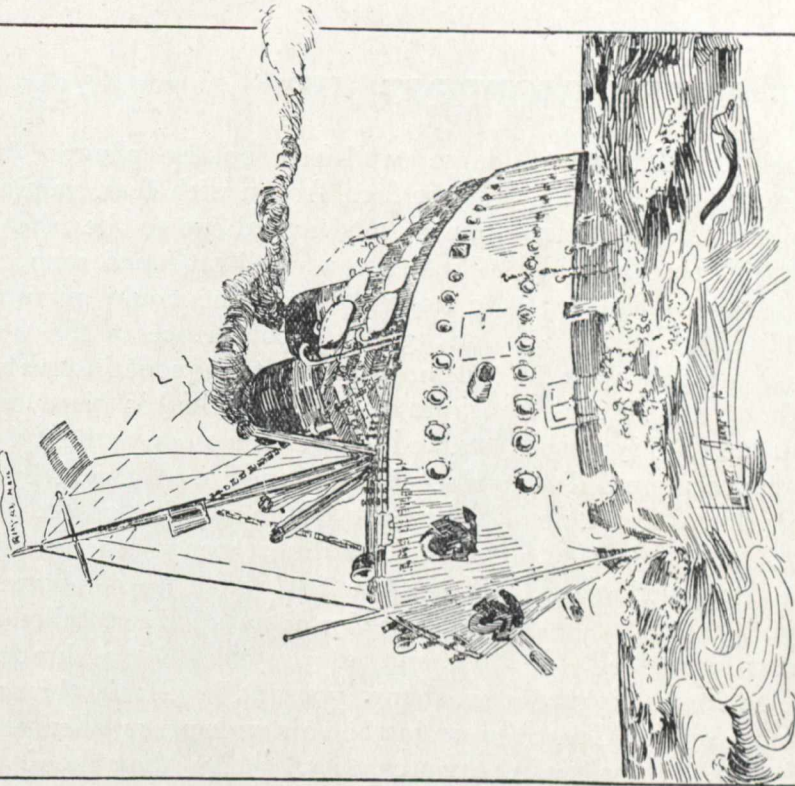
AFTER THE OPERATION.

SOLDIER OF THE
WESTERN CAVALRY.

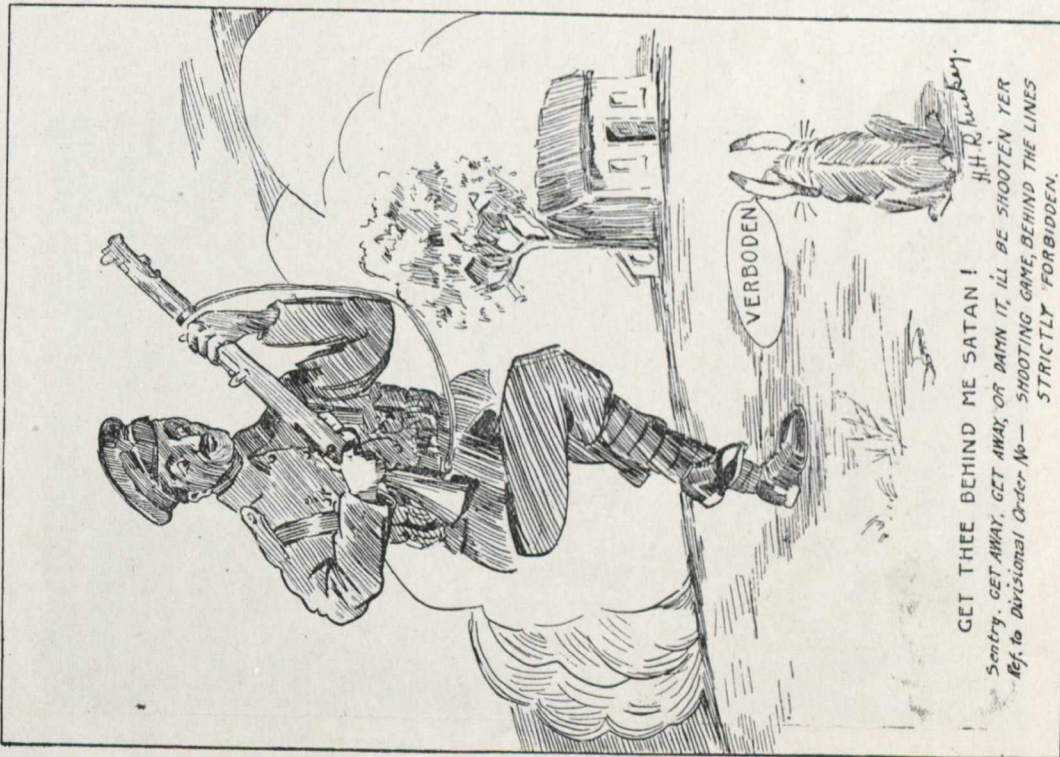
"Sister, did I say anything?"

"Nurse: "Oh no, nothing—That is, nothing that I could repeat."

APRES LA GUERRE



OLD CHANTY
Well rant and well roar
The true British Tommies,
Well rant and well roar,
Across the salt main,
Until we strike soundings,
In the Gulf of St. Lawrence,
And come back to sweetheart, and wives once again



GET THE BEHIND ME SATAN!
Sentry, GET AWAY, GET AWAY, OR DAMN IT, I'LL BE SHOOTEN YER
Ref. to Divisional Order No. — SHOOTING GAME, BEHIND THE LINES
STRICTLY FORBIDDEN.

AFTER MOPPING UP

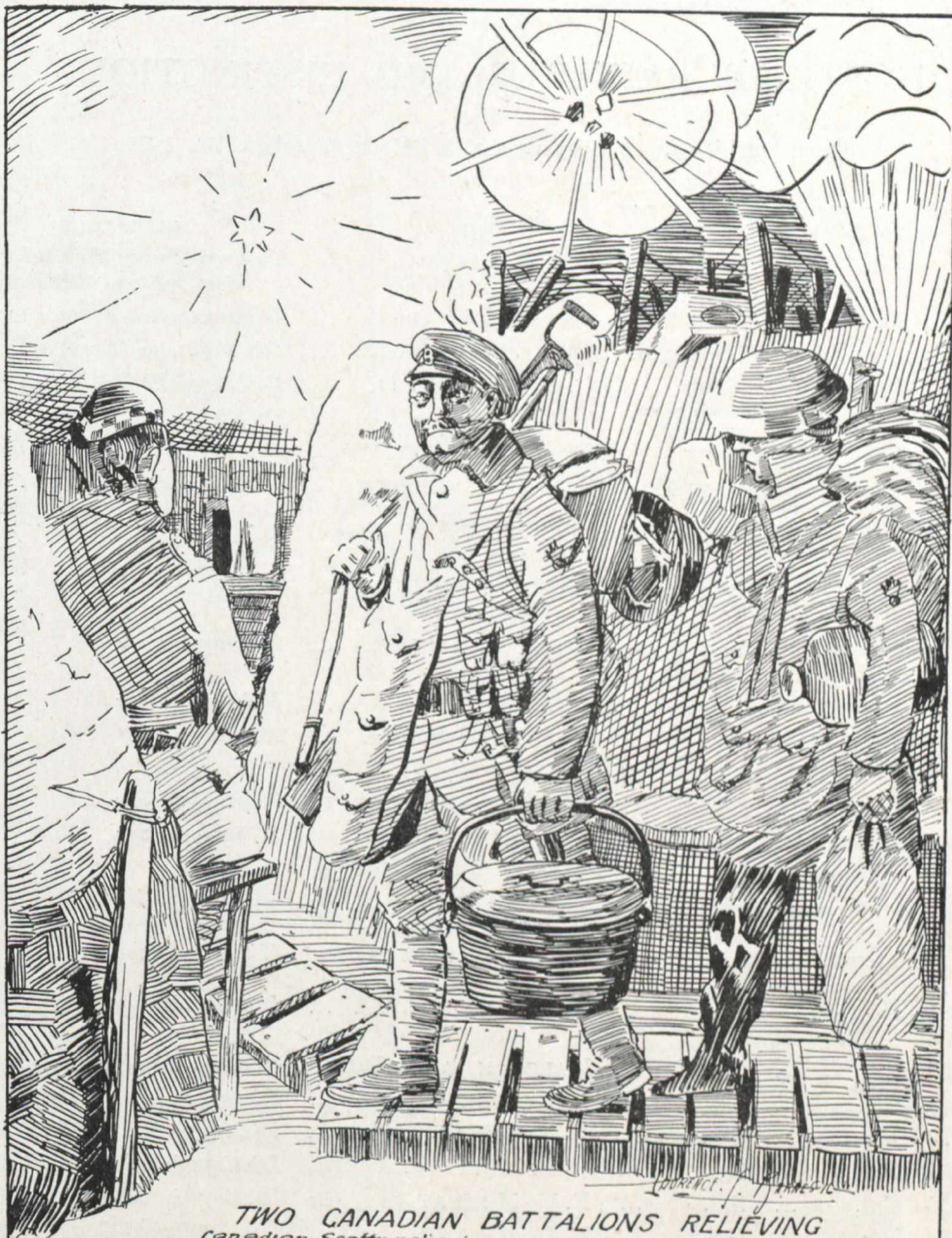
OUR Guide brought us, after what seemed like interminable wanderings, through innumerable shell holes, to a trench, till recently held by Fritz, and said with an air of pride; "Here are your Headquarters, Sir." I dropped into the trench and discovered what looked like a flight of steps leading down into stygian darkness. My flash shed a little light on the scene and disclosed six steps leading down to a hole in the ground about 5 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 4 feet high. I crawled in and sat down; it was impossible to do anything else. Having sat, I dreamed. I saw grey-green, mole-like forms digging and burrowing, urged on by the Great Dread. Then came the shells; flocks of them of all calibres, effectively stopping work. My next picture was two huddled grey forms, covering in the hole. One a

large well-fed looking country man, whose face, frozen with fear, reminded one of a sheep about to be sheared. The other, a small rat-faced man, who in normal times one could picture as having all the confidence in the world, but now swept at frequent intervals by waves of trembling, had in his eyes the starved look of the man without hope. They sat stunned and dazed by the concussion of the bursting shells. Then there was almost peace for a moment. A shadow fell across the entrance, a cheery voice from up above called out: "Come out you blinking saurkrauts, or we'll turn you out." Gladly they crept out into the air with peace offerings for their captors, gladly they faced their own barrage, knowing that on the other side of it lay peace, comfort and food.

L. F. P.



"L'Entente Cordiale." Canadian Battalion and French Infantry.



TWO CANADIAN BATTALIONS RELIEVING
Canadian Scotty relieving WHO ARE YOU BOYS?
Soldier of the 5th DONT YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE?
Canadian Scotty WHY NO, WHO ARE YOU?
Soldier of the 5th (confidingly) WERE CANADAS GIFT
TO THE MOTHERLAND!

HONOURS, REWARDS AND DISTINCTIONS.

From the 14th day of February A.D. 1915 to October 31st, 1916.

No.	RANK AT DATE OF AWARD.	PRESENT DAY RANK.	NAME.	DECORATION.
	Lieut.-Col.	Brig. Gen.	G. S. TUXFORD <i>Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George</i>
	Major	...	Lieut.-Col. HUGH M. DYER	... <i>Distinguished Service Order</i>
	Major	...	Lieut.-Col. EDWARD HILLIAM	... <i>Distinguished Service Order</i>
	Major	...	Major ... G. S. T. PRAGNELL	... <i>Distinguished Service Order</i>
	Capt.	...	^{KILLED IN ACTION} J. F. P. NASH <i>Distinguished Service Order</i>
	Capt.	...	Major ... ROBERT MURDIE	... <i>Distinguished Service Order</i>
	Capt.	...	Wounded STANLEY ANDERSON	... <i>Distinguished Service Order</i>
	Capt.	...	Invalided... E. C. JACKSON <i>Distinguished Service Order</i>
	Capt.	...	Capt. ... WILLIAM BROWN	... <i>Military Cross</i>
	Capt.	...	Capt. ... KENNETH ARNOLD MAHAFFY	<i>Military Cross</i>
	Hon. Capt., the Rev.	Hon. Capt., the Rev.	AMBROSE MADDEN	... <i>Military Cross</i>
	Lieut.	...	Capt. ... J. G. ANDERSON	... <i>Military Cross</i>
	Lieut.	...	Capt. ... K. L. T. CAMPBELL	... <i>Military Cross</i>
	Lieut.	...	Lieut. ... E. LATTER <i>Military Cross</i>
	Lieut.	...	Lieut. ... GUY BURLAND ROBERTS	<i>Military Cross</i>
	Lieut.	...	Lieut. ... ALEXANDER H. R. MACKAY	<i>Military Cross</i>
	Lieut.	...	Lieut. ... WILLIAM WATT MCKLELLAN	<i>Military Cross.</i>
	Lieut.	...	Lieut. ... WILLIAM ELGIN JAMES	<i>Military Cross.</i>
12601	Regt.-Sgt.- Major	Invalided...	A. G. MACKIE, W.O.	... <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
81223	C.S.M.	...	C.S.M. ... MALCOLM JAMES DOBIE	<i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
13200	Sgt.	...	Lieut. ... J. S. MCGLASHAN	... <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
12877	Pte.	...	Sgt. ... J. M. MCKIE <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
13394	Sgt.	...	Sgt. ... JOHN MOIR <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
12736	Cpl.	...	Sgt. ... E. G. MCFEAT <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
12605	Pte.	...	Cpl. ... E. H. HESTER <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
A40275	L.-cpl.	...	Sgt. ... R. A. EDMUNDS	... <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
A24174	Pte.	...	Cpl. ... J. LINDSAY <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
A40675	Pte.	...	Pte. ... R. A. COLES <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
21855	Pte.	...	^{KILLED IN ACTION} R. W. JOSLYN <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
13722	Pte.	...	Pte. ... N. M. COWELL <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
13022	Pte.	...	Pte. .. T. M. MAGUIRE...	... <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
13204	A.-cpl.	...	A.-cpl. ... G. WHITE <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
A24081	Pte.	...	Pte. ... A. H. V. WYTHE	... <i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>

Honours, Rewards and Distinctions.

13762	Pte.	...	Pte.	...	J. McIVOR	<i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
13760	Pte.	...	Pte.	...	N. McIVOR	<i>Distinguished Conduct Medal</i>
13782	Sgt.	...	C.S.M.	...	M. MORRISON	<i>Military Medal</i>
A40432	Sgt.	...	KILLED IN ACTION	...	G. E. BAIN	<i>Military Medal</i>
13306	Sgt.	...	KILLED IN ACTION	...	T. N. SIMPSON	<i>Military Medal</i>
13100	Cpl.	...	Sgt.	...	C. FREY...	<i>Military Medal</i>
A24005	L.-cpl.	...	Sgt.	...	H. BATCHELOR	<i>Military Medal</i>
13276	Pte.	...	Sgt.	...	H. P. SUTHERLAND	<i>Military Medal</i>
21887	Sgt.	...	Sgt.	...	WILLIAM MUNSELL			<i>Military Medal</i>
					SCANLAN			
13142	Sgt.	...	Missing	...	JAMES ALLAN REID	<i>Military Medal</i>
13456	Sgt.	...	Sgt.	...	AUSTIN PATTON	<i>Military Medal</i>
12641	Sgt.	...	Sgt.	...	REX LINGFORD	<i>Military Medal</i>
13724	Cpl.	...	Sgt.	...	A. A. E. R. CHIVERS-			<i>Military Medal</i>
					WILSON			
13640	Sgt.	...	Sgt.	...	A. M. HANSON	<i>Military Medal</i>
A24063	Sgt.	...	Sgt.	...	W. G. MOXLEY	<i>Military Medal</i>
13079	Cpl.	...	Cpl.	...	W. BARRETT	<i>Military Medal</i>
A24140	Cpl.	...	Sgt.	...	D. GIBSON	<i>Military Medal</i>
13609	Pte.	...	Sgt.	...	J. H. BOWYER	<i>Military Medal</i>
13609	Sgt.	...	Sgt.	...	J. H. BOWYER	<i>Bar to Military Medal</i>
81895	L.-cpl.	...	L.-cpl.	...	O. TRANSGRUD	<i>Military Medal</i>
13085	Pte.	...	L.-cpl.	...	G. BATCHELOR...	<i>Military Medal</i>
13787	Pte.	...	L.-cpl.	...	GUY OKE	<i>Military Medal</i>
81894	Pte.	...	Cpl.	...	W. J. S. LAIDLAW	<i>Military Medal</i>
13045	Pte.	...	Cpl.	...	ROBERT WEIR	<i>Military Medal</i>
81061	Cpl.	...	Cpl.	...	H. McC. MONTGOMERY			<i>Military Medal</i>
A24174	Pte.	...	Cpl.	...	J. F. A. H. LINDSAY	<i>Military Medal</i>
426083	Pte.	...	KILLED IN ACTION	...	J. F. REGAN	<i>Military Medal</i>
81806	Pte.	...	Pte.	...	L. SKOLROOD	<i>Military Medal</i>
13130	Pte.	...	Pte.	...	J. C. PEACEY	<i>Military Medal</i>
424213	Pte.	...	Pte.	...	J. D. STRAKER	<i>Military Medal</i>
13027	Pte.	...	Pte.	...	A. J. OFFLEY	<i>Military Medal</i>
151216	Pte.	...	Pte.	...	H. RODGERSON	<i>Military Medal</i>
13021	Sgt.	...	Sgt.	...	L. W. G. MEIKLE	<i>Meritorius Service Medal</i>

FRENCH DECORATIONS.

	Lieut.-Col.	Brig.-Gen.	G. S. TUXFORD...	...	<i>La Légion d'Honneur</i> <i>Croix d'Officier</i>
12673	Sgt.	Lieut.	D. BISSETT	...	<i>Croix de Guerre</i>

RUSSIAN DECORATIONS.

132821	Sgt.	Lieut.	J. JOHNSTON	...	<i>Medal of St. George—2nd Class</i>
21584	Sgt.	Sgt.	W. M. CRAWFORD	...	<i>Medal of St. George—2nd Class</i>
A40275	L.-cpl.	Sgt.	R. A. EDMUNDS	...	<i>Medal of St. George—4th Class</i>

Honours, Rewards and Distinctions

On Friday, April 28th, 1916, the Battalion was specially inspected by the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Douglas Haig, K.C.B. After the inspection he requested the O.C. to convey the following message to the Battalion :—

“ I am proud to have a Battalion of this description in my army
“ and wish to thank you for the magnificent gallantry you have
“ displayed.”

On Wednesday, April 25th, 1916, Lieut.-General Sir E. W. H. Alderson, K.C.B., Commanding Canadian Corps, sent the following message to Brigade Headquarters.

“ Corps Commander wishes to most sincerely congratulate
“ Canadian Infantry Brigade on the splendid staunchness and
“ resoluteness exhibited yesterday.”

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

Lieut.-Col. G. S. Tuxford, Major H. M. Dyer, Major L. F. Page, Major H. W. Harbord, Major Edward Hilliam, Major G. S. T. Pragnell, Capt. J. M. Currie, Capt. J. F. P. Nash, Capt. Robert Murdie, Capt. E. C. Jackson, Captain Stanley Anderson, Lieut. J. G. Anderson, R.S.M. A. G. Mackie, W.O., C.S.M. R. Blair, C.S.M. E. B. Davies, C.S.M. D. McIvor, Sgt. L. W. G. Meikle, Cpl. S. Saunders, Sgt. E. G. McFeat, Pte. W. McIvor.

Four Canadian Infantry Battalions were mentioned in Despatches by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig, K.C.B., 21/5/16.



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Teach me how to bomb,
Like the boys are doing it
Down there on the Somme.*

*Show me whom to pitch 'em at
And where to pitch 'em from,
And shove me in the firing trench
But teach me how to bomb."*

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THINK A MINUTE

☞ Suppose David had had a bomb and known how to throw it? Couldn't he have na-pood Goliath much easier? Think it over! Suppose Mr. Boreratio Rottenly threw bombs instead of ink? We should worry!

☞ There are all kinds of 'ists now-a-days. But the *Bombist* is the boy and *Bombism* is *Business*.

*A bomber is a soldier bold
Who throws aside his gun
And takes a little Mills Grenade
And spifflocates the Hun.*

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