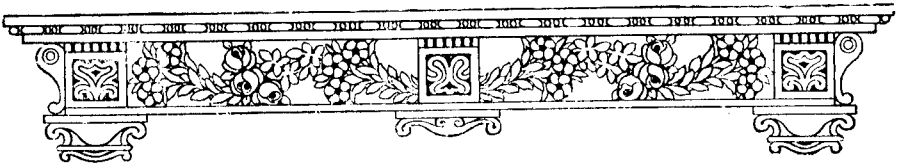


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# La Vie Canadienne

PARISIENNE NUMBER

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PUBLISHED BY THE CANADIAN SECTION, G. H. Q.  
3rd ECHELON, B. E. F.

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Editor, Lieut. M. C. COCKSHOT.

Assistant. Editor, L/Cp. A. C. MORAN.

Contributions are invited.

All Communications should be address :—

THE EDITOR

« LA VIE CANADIENNE »

CANADIAN SECTION, G. H. Q.

3rd ECHELON, B. E. F.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

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Owing to unforeseen circumstances our Anniversary Number was somewhat delayed, however, better late than never. The circulation of « La Vie » has grown considerably and will, we hope, continue to do so. We are glad to welcome the Pay Office as subscribers and hope in the near future to send copies to No 1 Canadian Forestry Company.

We note that contributions are coming in more freely and are seriously considering having a runner in connection with the « Contribution Box », owing to the tremendous amount of extra labor falling

on the O. C. « Box ». It has even been rumoured that a permanent « R. E. » is to be kept for replacing the stairs where they have been worn out by weary feet shuffling up to the Editorial Sanctum with loads of copy.

As so many copies are sent home, it has been suggested that the « La Vie » should be of more general interest than has been the case. How about yarns of the Pre-War Days, hunting yarns, etc? Some of our « Sour-Doughs » should have a good stock of experiences and anecdotes.

Another point we would draw our readers, attention to is the « La Vie » Poster. It was the idea in the first place to have a weekly one, but owing to the shortage of skilled labor and brilliant suggestions, it has not materialized. If you cannot draw, but have the idea for a good advertisement poster, send it in, and our « Art Staff » will attempt to deal with it.

The Royal Colonial Institute has been good enough to show an interest in « La Vie » and has asked for back copies, also a copy of each succeeding issue...

Magazines received are « The Brazier » « The Shell Hole Advance » and « The United Empire ».

Credit is due to Corpl. Cradock; Pte. Francis; Pte-Dahlmann and Pte. Stubbs for their efforts in the endeavour to make « La Vie » a success.

Owing to the increasing amount of work involved in checking, reading and publishing, it has been found necessary to appoint an Assistant Editor in the person of Lce/Corpl. Moran.

A Competition has been held, and a prize awarded for the best article on any subject, of not less than 1,000 words. We hope to make this a feature of each number, Captain Logan kindly consenting to act as judge. The right is reserved to publish all or any articles submitted that may be suitable.

The prize this month goes to Sgt H. H. Goodall and the Consolation Prize to Pte B. J. Dahlmann.

Owing to going to press shortly it has been found impossible to reproduce the winning article in this number, however, it will appear in our next issue of « La Vie ».

Our thanks are due to Sgt E. F. Nichols 67th Pioneer Battn for the artistic cover he has designed for this issue. It is our intention to make it a permanent cover for future issues. All those interested in Baseball, Lacrosse, Tennis or any other summer sport are invited to use the pages of the magazine for any purpose they may wish. We wish to remind our readers that one of the main ideas of the magazine is to serve you in this way.

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### BOOKS TO READ.

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« Canada in Flanders, Vol. II. » by Lord Beaverbrook, has now been published. An interesting history of the Canadian Corps from September 1915 up to the departure for the Somme.

Interesting accounts of the fighting around St. Eloi, Sanctuary Wood & Hooge.

« Canada in Khaki ». Published by the Canadian War Records. This is a book that all who are interested in the Land of the Maple Leaf should be in possession of. Contains articles by many of the leading men of the day. The illustrations are works of art and from cover to cover there is not a dull page.

All profits go to the Canadian War Memorial Fund.

« My Beloved Poilus ». Home letters from an American girl working with a French Field Ambulance. Published by Barnes & Co., St. John, N. B. Written in a simple and unpretentious style, bringing home to all the noble work being done by the women of America and Canada in the French Army.

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## A Ration Party

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The dawn of morning had past. The dew-mist had cleared and we had just finished the « Stand To ». The hours for the day's sentry duty had been detailed : and I was free until Noon. Little did I worry about getting anything to eat. I really did not have to worry. There was nothing there to eat. The Rations had not yet turned up and I only yearned to sleep. Sleep, even for a few minutes, was my whole ambition in life at that moment. My Heaven, was my favorite corner in my favorite dug-out, in which corner I was soon snugly curled up, hidden completely from prying eyes by the apology for a blanket which I had

rolled around me. And then there comes a blank. I can dimly recall I was dreaming about Porterhouse Steaks, and my favorite « tipsy » cakes, when I felt something pushing me. I looked at this something. It was a large size Army regulation Boot. I rubbed my eyes. Could it be true? I had decided it must be a nightmare, when I heard a voice which I could not mistake, yelling at me :-

« Hi! Youse! What : the—— — the matter with youse? D'youse wanter let « those Skulking Germans hear me. I've been telling youse these last five minutes to get to----- out of here, and clear off for the Rations. We're hungry. D'youse hear? Beat it. »

Another kick was delivered on my now tender side, to make sure I was awake.

I was awake, and was heartily wishing everyone was in a well-known place of warmth.

« Go on now, youse lazy———. Hustle, and youse'll catch up to Wilson » was the parting shot of the Sergeant.

I arrived at the dumping ground, and saw Wilson trying to puzzle how he could manage to carry two fairly large boxes, and two sand-bags loaded with « Bully », « Hard tackle », and Maconochies. He was cursing me as only he could curse.

« Hey! Hold on, Wilson. « Have a heart » I said, going over to him. « I did'nt know anything about this Ration Party-Look this is the « warning I got to attend it. « And I shewed him a blue, and violet bruise just below my right hip.

« Oo the 'ell did that? Part of a whizz-bang 'it yer? exclaimed Wilson.

« No-Sergeant's Boot. » I told him.

« Gawd' es Boot's big enough. It might 'ave done better. 'Ere tike « these 'ere sacks. I'll tike these boxes. What's in 'em I wunner. » They were two boxes that did not bear the stamp of any familiar make of « Bully », or Biscuits.

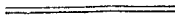
« I' ope to'——— they're eats » continued Wilson. « I'm——— 'ungry. Anyway there 'eavy enough. »

We started on our way back. Wilson was stumbling along with the two boxes, one under each arm. And I was pulling one sack along with my left arm, whilst staggering under the weight of the other one which

was slung over my shoulder. Both of us were cursing volubly and frequent stops were indispensable. It required a Samson to do the whole journey without a breathing spell. It was during one of our frequent breathing spells, while we were contentedly puffing away at our « Arf a Mo's », that a shell came too close to us for our liking. We both simultaneously made a dive into the wayside ditch. I was more fortunate than Wilson. Although I had dived into a good four inches of mud, Wilson had the odder misfortune of being completely buried in stinging nettles. His language would shock you gentle Reader. So, imagine he only said « D—— my luck ». Another shell dropped farther over to the right of the road: and then another farther away still, which made us decide the road was now clear. And loading up, we were off on our way again. We were all in when we arrived in the Trench. « What the—— have youse two been doing all this time, » The Sergeant greeted us. « Hey! « Youse! (that was for me) did youse drop into a shell-hole? And youse, « *Wilson youse have'nt got out of the scratching habit yet!* Lord I thought « sixteen months up here would about accustom youse to Lice. »

« It aint Lice, Sergeant », Spoke up Wilson. It's those stinging « nettles. Yer see I—— »

But you know the tale. The Sergeant enjoyed it and we were forgiven for keeping the fellows waiting over an hour for their Rations. Wilson was hungry, so he remained to get his. I told him to get my share for me. I had had enough of Rations. I felt I did not wish to see any more sacks of « Bully » and Biscuits, all I wanted to do was to sleep. My favorite corner was by some good fortune still vacant and it was not long before I was lost again in the land of slumber, the only land in which a Tommy can ever find Peace.



Say! What's the use of waiting for an inspiration? If *Adam* had waited for one, thing where we would be. Those old sayings « Everything comes to he who waits », « Wait and See » etc., are all of the past. Many a man has starved to death waiting for an inspiration. Do it now. There's a Contribution Box. At the gate.





GRAND POTSDAM CONCERT PARTY

IN THEIR NINE YEARS TOUR "PROBABLY" THEIR LAST  
APPEARANCE IN EUROPE!

SPECIAL ATTRACTION

"MEHMED LE MALHEUREU" (The Modern Corleone)

IN HIS WELL KNOWN CHARACTERISTIC TRAVEL

"THE UNRESTING KNOT OF ALL"

AND

"BIG WILLY" (The Potsdam Knut)

WILL RENDER HIS OWN VERSION

OF

"THE ANGRES WEIGHED"

## CHATS WITH THE BARTENDER

OUR EDITOR

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Good evening, Sir. A good appetiser? Sherry? Yes Sir, we've got the best in town. Yes it is getting mild now. I'm glad the cold weather has gone. How's the magazine gettin on? Oh! I know you are the Editor. How do I know? Well you've been described to me by one of the Boys. I know all the officers up at the office. Some of them come'round here; and the others, one of your fellows has shewn me in a book he has, of caricatures. What do the Boys think of the magazine? Well I've heard some saying « It's not bad » — « Pretty good one this time ». I guess it was the Xmas number. They want to make it a funny paper. Plenty of stuff to make them laugh. They don't support it? you mean don't write enough for it? Well I can understand that by the way I see them hustle these days. In the old days during lunch hour they use to come here, and have a little chat, but now it's give us a café quick, I've gotter get back to the office. I ask them « Whats the hurry »? They say they're scared of Billets. And that's about all they do say, and off they go. That's pretty good idea for some of your Editorial staff — a write — up on « Billets and its Cure »! I'd give a prize for the best essay on that. The Boys might get interested. I guess it would interest the Major a whole lot. I hear he's great on new ideas. Say could you bring him round here some evening. I'd like to have a chat with him. I hear such a lot of him. You will! Thank you, Sir. Oh that fellow out there in the Bar! Who is he? I don't know his name. He comes 'round here fairly often. Just lately he has been humming all the time « Just a little Love-a little Kiss ». Sometimes when he gets a few drinks in him, he starts singing it. It was that, that attracted your attention! Yes he is a Canadian. I hear he's going to sing that song at the Anniversary Dinner. Going to the dinner? No! Got a representative there? It'll be worth while. I'd like to know particularly how a « Little Love-a little Kiss » went off. Like another drink? I've got a good assortment of Wines. No! Well good-night Sir. Pleased to have met you. Good luck to the Magazine. Dont forget, get a report on that Dinner!

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FIVE DAYS' LEAVE.  

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When in your dugout cold and wet,  
Think of the time when you beget,  
A short reprieve,  
Halcyon days,  
The wait repays,  
*Five Days' Leave.*

When then Rum-Jar's getting low,  
And « over the top » you have to go,  
Do not griec,  
There's one thing left,  
You're not bereft  
Of *Five Days' Leave.*

When the « O. C. » dont fell bucked,  
At the order you've just « mucked »,  
Do you believe  
He'd from you take,  
Your biggest stake,  
That *Five Days' Lave.*

Through all the fighting and the hell,  
Think of the tales you'll have to tell,  
How they'll receive  
With open eyes  
Those awfull lies  
On *Fives Days' Leave.*

And when the leave has come and gone,  
Such things there'll be to wonder on,  
You can't conceive.  
The Durance vile,  
Was well worth while,  
For *Fives Day's Lave.*

L. P. S.

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## THE RETURNED SOLDIER PROBLEM.

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No one to keep in step with, no one to tell me when  
To indent for boots or clothing, a new Stetson hat or pen.  
No one to check my toilet, or dig me in the back—  
And to tell me to get my hair cut, and arrange the tilt of my hat.  
How can a soldier be happy if left all alone to drift?  
For Army discipline, and smartness, from God, is a gracious gift.

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### *Your King and Country need you.*

*(Being an extract from the diary of a Canuck)*

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Spent today on the Beach at B, near the Gare de something-or-other; I forget the name. Our little family gathering of one hundred near-convalescents from the Base Detail Camp had the pleasant task of filling and carrying sandbags. You fill and tie near the water's edge, hoist one or more upon your shoulders, and after stumbling up a narrow, rocky path deposit your burden in a freight car going goodness knows, where. Having done this you repeat. We repeated for hours, and it seemed like weeks. The weather was large. It rained yesterday; poured today, and the betting for tomorrow is damp.

We had an Imperial sergeant on the job with a brand of humour all his own. His favorite saying was « Only another fifty each, boys », and if thoughts could kill there'd be a vacancy in his Unit for an N.C.O., vice whats-his-name.

At noon we broke off for a so-called dinner, but none of us found it very nourishing. Back to the beach again and loafed in the shelter of an old building. A Canadian produced an illustrated weekly he had « borrowed » from the near-by Y.M.C.A., and the first picture which catches his eye is labelled « British Tommies convalescing at the Seaside, 'Somewhere in France' ». « H-l », he remarked, « can you beat it? ». We could'nt, so resume our wrestling with the sandbags.

My partner for the afternoon was a little Cockney from the L Regiment, with an accent that's a treat to listen to. Possibly he found mine

just as entertaining. By hustling we finished our second fifty bags, and, thoroughly tired out, lay on the sand with the rain dripping off our headgear, only to hear a voice say « here you are », and another bundle of 25 empties dropped beside us. For a long two minutes my companion gazed wistfully across the Channel in the general direction of Blighty, and then arose with a shrug of his shoulders. « Gawd », he said, « Your King and Country need you ».

\* \* \*

It's midnight or thereabouts, but I can't sleep. There are only eleven in our little tent tonight. The twelfth guy came late and there was no room. He went away muttering. We'll most likely hear of it in the morning. Time enough to worry then. My friend of the Londons stirs and begins to talk in his sleep. Poor kid, he must be living over again the labours of the day, for, despite the snores of his comrades, I distinguish the words « Gwad, Your King and Country need you ».

A. W. S.

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## IN EXILE.

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The blow had fallen. The shades of night were also doing the same thing. The bugler had sounded the 5.30 dismiss, and all the weary tired out clerks were wending their way towards their various havens of rest. All except the seven unfortunates, who had grievously. Offended the powers that be, by coming to work after the usual hour for the « Fall In ». In accordance with instructions they turned their faces cellarwards to interview the O.C. Cobwebs. The result of this sweet and short interview was, that a few minutes later seven heavily burdened forms could be observed slinking along the Rue Dufay, each carrying a bundle of blankets, and a regulation Army mess tin. It was a merry procession. (Je ne pense pas.)

For ten minutes they wandered through the highways and byways of this fair city and came to a halt outside a massive iron gate which opened the way inside a high wall, surmounted by iron railings.

« This looks like a prison » murmured one of the party joyfully (?), and his comrades agreed.

At the gate stood a stern figure in khaki, with a black band bearing the mystic letters M. P., worked in beautiful red characters, adorning his coat sleeve. Inside the gate was a splendid red brick building, with broad, snow-white steps leading up to the main entrance. The strangers were dazzled by its splendour, but to each one it seemed as if the sign « Abandon hope all ye who enter here » was hung over the highly polished plate glass doors. But, nevertheless they entered, and were introduced to the Lord High Executioner. He was an imposing figure, with a curious V-shaped white strip on both arms.

« Are you those desparate criminals from beyond the seas » he demanded in tones of thunder. And the seven unhappy victims could only murmur « We are ».

« There are your beds » shouted the Great One, pointing to a corner of the Grand Hall, which was, unfortunately too dimly lit, for the seven victims to see whither he was pointing. But they were weary with much carrying of heavy blankets, and slunk towards the corner indicated. After much, scrambling and knocking of limbs against hidden obstacles, the desired haven of rest was reached. There in the corner was a row of soft downy mattresses, each of which must have contained at least four straws. They lay on a floor of beautiful soft wood, which looked so inviting that the poor wanderers who were doomed to occupy them felt like going to rest at once. But it was not to be. The High and Mighty ruler of the Execution chamber had need of their attention. And, then and there, he discoursed to them on all the benefits of the new and wonderful cure for laziness, late-sleeping, and lead-swinging. The rules and regulations were duly read out, and then the seven captives were allowed to go free, until the call of « Lights Out » at 9.15 p.m..

We will draw a veil upon the scene until the next morning, when at six-thirty the voice of the Ruler of the mansion aroused the victims from their bowers of ease. A sumptuous breakfast, A l'Armée Anglaise, awaited them, but with base ingratitude they hied themselves to visit a mysterious personage known as « Cap », leaving the provisions of the Lord and Master of the torture chamber, to others more unfortunate than they.

And as the days passed the seven poor wretches lived on at that mansion, and grew in wisdom and in stature. But a strange habit grew

upon them. Their comrades began to observe a growing tendency on their part to scratch their anatomies, and shrug their shoulders as if in pain. And every now and then they would bring their thumbnails together with a loud click. To-date the cause of this is quite unknown, but various suspicions are entertained as to the origin of this strange behaviour. The poor victims are not downhearted, as they say that they have more friends now than ever they had before. So while they are satisfied, why should others worry.

In conclusion, they offer a hearty welcome to one and all to come and stay with them. The conditions are simple. All that has to be done is to come late on parade any morning or afternoon, and you will be accomodated at the Mansion Beautiful, free of all cost to yourself.

AMI.

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THE EDITOR « *LA VIE CANADIENNE* ».

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SIR,

As one of an early draft of reinforcements to the last Canadian Division, who regrettedly was not able to be present at the 1st Division dinner the other night, might I trouble you to make an effort to publish the speeches made in proposing and replying to the toasts of that evening?

Most particularly I would like a copy of that brilliant patriotic effort which everyone says was the feature of the evening, i.e. Q.M.S. Owen's « CANADA TOAST ».

They say it was a masterpiece of oratory and elocution seldom equalled it ever excelled by Britains, greatest dead or living orators of the first water.

It is claimed by many who were present that it radiated a thrill of patriotism through the audience, so much so that a large number left before the finish, presumably overcome by the rousing sentimental and heart rending picture of contrast between the Battle field and Winnipeg on fete days.

May I ask for autograph copies to perpetuate this Historical item of Canada's part in Empire Building.

Yours,

HEAD WAITER.

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## LIFE

*(Another view)*

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If I could feel the thoughts that you write  
On the deep subject of life, then I might  
Bear with your heart-aches, your sobs, and your tears,  
And hope for the sunshine throughout future years,  
And be content.

\*~\*

But this is the life that I'll write in my song,  
The time as we pass it, and while it along,  
To-day as we live it, and not as it seems  
In the eyes of a Poet from far lands of dreams,  
Our life as it is.

\*~\*

Buttons to polish, trousers to press,  
Hair to be cut once daily, not less,  
Papers to deal with, to pass on and file,  
Day after day we pass in this style,  
And that is life.

\*~\*

A morning awake when the hour has passed eight,  
A vision of Billets because you are late,  
An idea that comes-you are sure you're not well,  
And your busy mind fashions a tale you will tell,  
And that is hope.

\*~\*

Sordid perhaps, but you will forgive  
This picture I've written of the life that we live.  
We try to forget, sometimes we succeed,  
We try to forget the life that we lead,  
While we're in France.

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## *Agony Column*

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**Smith. Bill.** — Last heard of in C. A. S. C. Pool, believed drowned. Any information gladly received.

Write Foster Mother, Swift Current, Alta Canada.

**Salome.** — Don't worry darling. Am leading a steady life.

Class « P. B. »

**Father.** — Mail 30 dollars monthly. until further notice.

War prices doubling here.

Write Sammy.

**Fruity.** — Expect me back in Happy Plumtree Valley.

Food scarcity lets me out.

Bacey.

**Y. M. C. A.** — No, you were misinformed.

The Russian House in Paris is not a Hostel for Russian Soldiers.

Your subscription has been turned over to the Football Club in order to help to defray cost of one boot lost by a member on a visit to that maison.

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## *Dawn.*

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The night is always the darkest just before the dawn. Wellington's darkest hour in his great Battle for freedom, for the tyrant's overthrow was just before his ally's guns commenced to pound the enemy's flank. The cause of Liberty in America's struggle for the freedom of the dark race looked the gloomiest just before the break came. So, has been all great strifes that have been waged for Freedom and Liberty.

And let us not forget that the cause for which we are struggling is « *Freedom* ». It is to accomplish the downfall for all time to come, of a system that allows the destinies of Millions to be controlled by a few. A few who satisfy their vile lust for conquest and their egoistical ambitions by trampling in the dust the rights and liberties of the millions that are placed in the palms of their hands. Who to gratify a whim can plunge humanity at a moment's notice into a chaos of misery and bloodshed. And in order to attain their undoing, we are compelled for the time being to employ a like system. But it will not be for long.

We are approaching quickly a new era. A change of heart throughout the races of the world will be the outcome. All will come to a realization

of the folly of huge expenditures for weapons and means of destruction, and that wealth will be put to the much more worthy purpose of the betterment of the human race at large. It will be used for a constructive object rather than a destructive one.

So, let us take a tighter grip on the ladder. Let us gird up our loins for the final thrust. Freedom has and always will triumph. The world cannot go back. Civilization must advance. Awake ! brothers, awake ! The dawn of humanity's new dispensation is at hand.

G. H. F.

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### MILITARY TERMS EXPLAINED.

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**Rum up.** — This is the order for a general advance. And on such occasions a Company is always at full strength. A roll call might sometimes be advisable.

**Working Party.** — This consists of a number of men armed with Picks and Shovels or with barbed wire. They think their motto is « We waste time ». Ask any of them how to do it, they are only too willing to oblige by giving their experienced advice.

**Situation Remains unchanged.** — In unofficial communiques it is employed to express the rum has not yet been issued. It can also be used to express the position of the occupant of a shell hole during an enemy bombardment.

**In the Field.** — A misleading term. To the uninitiated it might conjure up vast wastes of green meadows. To you who are anxious to know its signification, we would suggest that you join your Unit « In the Field ».

**Canadian Cavalry Brigade.** — See our cartoon « Doing his 'bit' ».

**O. C., Pigeons.** — Oh No ! Not an invitation to look at the Birds. It means Officer Commanding Pigeons. Experts are requested. Graduates of the « Zoo » University are preferred. If you are looking for advancement here's your chance. No work. One inspection daily. It's easy. Ask our Despatch Department for full particulars.

**Dugout.** — A small wet hole in a trench into which the maximum amount of soldiers, equipment, rations, and rats, are piled indiscriminately. As the last two named wage continual war, by the end of a week the accommodation has increased and there is room for another man.

**« Minnie ».** — Don't conjure up dreams of a fair maiden. It is merely the name for « Willie's worst werfer ». When she coughs lie low and make a noise like a sand bag and she may pass over you, also she may not.

**Stand too.** — This is quite different from the « Stand to » you are accustomed to at 6.30 p. m. in the « Savoy Bar ». So when you hear it don't ask your neighbor « What's yours ».

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## ODE TO A « P. B » SWAT.

The « T. M. B », and the « M. M. G »,  
 Of war are a trifle weary,  
 But the « A. S. C » gives the « G. O. C »,  
 A pain in his little Mary.

For there's some « T. B », and there's some « P. B »,  
 All with manners most contrary,  
 But they'd drink all the rations of « S. R. D »,  
 From here to « Tipperary ».

Down at « G. H. Q » the « A. A. G »,  
 Of that « Corps » is growing leery,  
 For the C. F. A's turning crowds away,  
 To the « C. C. S » at (Deleted by Censor).



## *1st. Canadian Division Anniversary Dinner.*

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A Dinner of no mean order was held in the Salon de Famille, Boulevard Beauvoisine, Monday 19th. February, to celebrate the arrival of the 1st. Canadian Division in France two years ago. There were about 70 original members of Canada's first Overseas Contingent present, and judging by the manner in which they entered into the celebration and the continuity of good spirits, it was evident that all had an extraordinary time.

The Chair was very ably filled (in more ways than one) by Captain D. Mc Gugan, who looked his best, and although he felt, apparently, just a wee bit out of place at the onset, he certainly warmed up later, and I know I am expressing the sentiments of all who were present when I say « he did well ». Sergt-Major E. B. Davies supported (metaphorically speaking) Captain Mc Gugan on the right, and for the time being his role of R. S. M. became extinct to the satisfaction of all present. His song later in the evening was appreciated and his yarns proved him to be a raconteur worthy of mention. Sergt-Major G. Steele, who sat on the left of the Captain, his face aglow with his usual ear to ear smile, did much to make the evening a great success, while Sergt-Major A. R. Ross, and other celebrities, entered into the festivities in real Canadian style.

The Dinner, which was a glorious and gorgeous affair and well handled by all, was followed by a well arranged and rendered Concert, which consisted of Toasts, Songs, Recitations and liquid refreshments. The toasts were delivered in real Parliamentary fashion, some of the (Toasters, I was going to call them) Toastmakers waxing eloquent and giving a display of gesticulations that would have made a Frenchman weep with envy had there been one present. We certainly have some Orators in our Section, and I sincerely regret it was not possible to have the speeches taken down verbatim, for our Editor would have had sufficient « Copy » to keep our Gem of Literature, as the late Editor was wont to call the « La Vie », going for many months to come.

The Menu and Programme is given below for the information of the world in general :

## MENU

<i>A drop of Salisbury.</i>	<i>Consommé Milanais.</i>
<i>St. Nazaire Special.</i>	<i>Feuilletes Dieppoise.</i>
<i>Bullets à la Ypres.</i>	<i>Noix de Veau à la Clamart.</i>
<i>Festubert concoctions.</i>	<i>Dinde farcie Parmentier.</i>
<i>A Givenchy Mine.</i>	<i>Plum Pudding.</i>
<i>Tommy's stand by.</i>	<i>Gruyère.</i>
<i>Ticklers delight.</i>	<i>Mendiants, Mandarines.</i>
<i>Sans Avec.</i>	<i>Café nature.</i>

« SOMME » Surprise.

## TOASTS

<i>The King</i> . . . . .	CHAIRMAN.
<i>1st. Canadian Division.</i>	{ Sgt. Major DAVIES, E. B. Sgt. Major ROSS, A. R.
<i>Canada</i> . . . . .	{ Q. M. Sgt. OWEN, E. J. Spr. HUMPHRIES, H. W. R.
<i>Motherland.</i> . . . . .	{ Sgt. Major STEELE, G. Sergt. GOODALL, H. H.
<i>Our Dead Heros</i> . . . . .	{ Sergt. MACLEAN, C. F. Corpl. CRADOCK, E. W.

As I remarked at the beginning of this report, the Dinner was organised to celebrate the arrival of the 1st. Canadian Division in France. That was an event worthy of note, which was later emphasised by the manner in which those lads, who sprang to the colours at the first blast of the trumpet, conducted themselves in the face of the enemy. Such names as Ypres, Fleur Baix, Festubert, Givenchy, etc. and latterly the Somme, will always be closely associated with Canada's premier Division, and the boys who gave their lives, the greatest of all gifts, the greatest evidence of patriotism, at those different parts of the British Line, will always be revered and honoured by those of us who have passed through the ordeal.

Let us hope that ere the third anniversary arrives we will have gained a victorious peace and that the remaining boys of our original Division will be back again in the peaceful occupations.

Hats off, Canada, to your 1st. Division.

## FRAGMENTS FROM THE 1ST. DIVISION DINNER

- 
- « When in hell are they going to start, the notice said 7.30. »
- « This reminds me of a smoker I once ran in Canada, lost money on it too. »
- « Gee take a slant at the champagne. »
- « Yes I'm a 1st Contingent man but I didn't have to join because I was out of a job. »
- « Yes the firm hated to loose me. »
- « Your a liar I'm not a reinforcement. »
- « What ! drink porto out of a thimble? Not much fill up the big one. »
- « What did the doc, mark you today. »
- « I 'aint afraid to go up and do another bit if I have to. »
- « Give order please. »
- « Gee didn't he make a hell of a mess of that speech. »
- « Get hip to old Von Tirpitz with the shoo-flouer. »
- « No I'm not nervous I spoke at lots of big dinners on the other side. »
- « Yes I got this for volunteering to go into a charge. I didn't have to, I was orderly room sergeant you know. »
- « Can you picture him taking a bombing course. »
- « Say what glass do you put this in. »
- « Doesnt it best hell, they always put the best stuff in the smallest glasses. »
- « Do you think it was the speech that scared him from coming. »
- « Yes I can eat chocolate anytime, got any more? »
- « No I didn't see much fighting, in fact not any. »
- « If I could only have had a days warning I'd have been marked P. B. sure. »
- « Naw, he never looked at me feet. »
- « Oh she'll be waiting al stet right. » « I got her well trained. »
- « I didn't know he could sing » (five minutes later). « He can't either. »
- « Sure I remember Ashby, he made me get up at six o'clock in the morning for a week ; Gee it was almost as bad as being down at the base. »
- « No I've seen a lot worse. »
- « If that yellow would only hit his head with the rest of the glasses, he'd sure have a perfect bass. »
- « Yes I got marked K. G. »
- « No it can't come up to Maxims. »
-

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

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If it takes a « Rapide » five hours to run 70 miles, what length of time would it take to make the return journey.

Who was the member of our Club recently in Paris who inadvertently walked into the American Bar being under the impression he was entering the Cathedral.

Why didn't Bill Collier join a Kiltie Regiment.

What did the players say when Secy Mc Innes arrived at the Velodrome, beaming all over without the Club jerseys.

Is it true his taxi exceeded the limit in beating it back to the Hotel for those necessary articles, tendering his resignation to himself the while.

Why did one of the prominent members of our Football team don a kilt for the Paris trip? Can any of those who spent the evening with him explain?

Have any of the Paris casualties appeared on an A.36 yet?

Who is the Sergeant in K.I. who says if he ever wrote an article for « La Vie » he'd be up for a court Martial next day?

Who is the Australian who stopped a K.R. man on the bridge and asked the whereabouts of the Hotel de Ville, because he wanted to get some breakfast?

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## SITUATION VACANT.

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**EX-NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.** To take charge of « Permanent Base » Men on Route Marches and to be responsible for Discipline, Early Rising, Bright Buttons, Pressed Pants, Hairdressing, Toilet, Religion, Deportment.

PERMANENT POSITION FOR DURATION GUARANTEED.

**Qualifications essential.** — Harsh voice full of awe-inspiring resonance, must be entirely impartial and fearless disciplinarian who can force a high morale on the other ranks placed under him. *No education necessary*, if forceful and relentless in discharge of duties.

*No public School, varsity Man, or other Gentleman need apply!!!*

**THIS IS NO KID GLOVE JOB.**

APPLY :—

Vox : C/o. « La Vie Canadienne ».

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## BYGONE MEMORIES.

No! I am not going to pen pictures of Home and the pleasures of a life that is now only a dim vision through the mist of the past. It is going to be my task to recall to you familiar characters which you no longer meet. There are several; but prominent amongst them is the Street Preacher, Politician and Salesman.

It is a Saturday night. You are walking along any one of the principal streets of any large Canadian town. The strains of a well-known hymn reach your ears. You approach. The hymn is over and someone is speaking. This is what you hear :—

« Feller comrides, yer see'ere a man that 'as been saved. I used ter  
« drink, comrides, drink somethink horful. I was a beast, unfit to be  
« called a man. And then the light came, and I was sived. Many of yer  
« listening ter-night, no doubt, drink too. Go after the light, comrides,  
« and yer will find it, like I did. Yer will be sived. Thank yer for yer  
« attention, lidies and gentlemen. Gawd bless yer. »

You continue your way. You wish he had told you how to find the  
« Light ». And then you catch a voice almost yelling « That is the man  
to vote for ». You suddenly remember that there is going to be a Municipal election shortly. Having nothing epecially to do, you stroll over in the direction of the voice. And you hear this :— « Now I tell you,  
« ladies and gentlemen, Martin is the man to vote for. Look what he has  
« done for you! Your streets are in good condition; your babies are  
« getting milk in a clean condition, thanks to his Bye-law of compulsory  
« inspection. He's a man of the people and for the people (a voice-Liar).  
« Thank you. Will the man, that called me that, come up here and  
prove that I am? » A husky type of navy is seen pushing his way through the crowd, yelling « Sure I will, sure I will. And without any  
« ceremony he yells Who said Martin should get a gift of ten thousand  
« bucks, because he's Mayor. And how in the blazes does he manage to  
« be-worth a million now? Why he's robbing for coming up here and  
« shooting these lies at you ». He pointed to the last speaker, who  
turned purple at this assertion. « Get of this platform », he cried. « I wont »  
replied the navy. « You will » responded our angry acquaintance. And  
for awhile all that could be head was « I wont »... « You will ». « I  
wont »... « You will ». And both clinched. The crowd was delighted.

Cries of « Go to it » « Biff him one » could be heard. And then the Police arrive, and you disappear. Your Saturday evening stroll is becoming interesting. You continue on your way, wondering what the next corner show will be. You are not disappointed. There is a Pedlar there surrounded by boxes, containing articles carefully wrapped up. This is what you hear him say :

« Come along! Dont be scared! The greatest bargain going! I take  
 « an article from this box, another from this, a watch from this, You  
 « get an article from each box for twenty-five cents. Think of it six  
 « articles for *twenty-five cents!!* And all good things! Watches! Chains!  
 « Rings! Everything you want. Now I dont say they're all genuine. This  
 « box is full of good watches, and bad watches. You dont know what  
 « you're taking. That's your chance. Come along! Be sports! Good  
 « luck, Sir. There you are, there's a man not afraid to take a chance! »  
 (This man got a dollar Ingersoll watch.) The crowd began to buy. In  
 a few minutes he had completely sold out. And then he had the  
 inimitable cheek to say « I've fooled the people of the West end; I've  
 fooled the people of the centre of the city. And I can come down here  
 and fool you simple French-Canadians! »

Our stroll is over. Perhaps I have succeeded in playing on your imagination to the extent that I have recalled similar experiences to you. And so allowing the present to be obscured by the memories of the Past, I have succeeded in what I set out to accomplish; it is to bring back a vision of the old home town, its pleasantries and its absurdities.

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THE MAJOR TO PRIVATE. — I see you are early of late. You used to be behind before : but now you are first at last.

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## ON SALISBURY PLAIN

M. O. (*on medical board*). — Whats your name?

SOLDAT. — P. B. Smith Sir.

M. O. — Who says your P. B.? Leave that to me.

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## THE FOOTBALL TEAM IN PARIS

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By the time these lines are printed, the result of the Football game played in Paris on February 11th, will have been communicated to all parts of the World, a full report of the Trip is given here, for those who were not present, and who were unable to correctly translate the report given in the French Papers.

The game of football is fast gaining popularity in France; also in Canada and is gradually replacing Baseball as a National game, to those who have not played First League Football, it would appear to be very easy, but first class footballers have to exercise the greatest care at all times to retain the high standard of physique due to the members of the Canadian team trained so « carefully » during the week preceding the match, that they were able to put up such a splendid exhibition before something like 30.000 spectators. Had it not been for the fact that the opposing team did not avail themselves of the services of our International referee, Pte, Mchaggis, it is reasonable to believe that no goal would have been credited them. The outside right assures me that this is true.

The Canadian team left for Paris on the evening of the 10th. after having visited the Paymaster, and took with them a plentiful supply of « Training Oil » on the advice of the Secretary. It should be mentioned that the Secretary is an experienced trainer, and is fully qualified to recommend the most suitable training Oil, which he carefully samples. The journey itself was a pleasant one, the members of the Team being in excellent condition after a few snorts of Training Oil.

One of the Committee found it necessary to lean out of the window rather frequently, but — as he explained afterwards — the luggage was, in the end carriage, and part of his duty was to see that it arrived safely in Paris along with the Team. On their arrival the team were requested to leave the train, as the Railway Authorities wished to keep it as a souvenir.

A representative of the Parisian Team met the Canadians at the Station, and escorted them to the most expensive Hotel in the City, where they were advised by the president to retire early. Some aid.

They were awakened in the morning, and after a mouth washing exercise and a breakfast consisting mainly of cold water, proceeded on a



sight-seeing trip through Paris. One of the boys had a narrow escape from falling off the « conveyance » while turning a sharp corner by a Cafe, and it was due to the quickness of Trainer Tiny Symes that an accident was prevented.

The most notable building was carefully explained by an interpreter.

They returned to their Hotel for lunch, and made preparations for the afternoon game. For an account of the game see the article by « Eye Witness ».

At about seven pm., it was suggested that Paris should be explored by night, and a conveyance was engaged for a further sight-seeing trip, accompanied by an interpreter. Owing to the fact that the conveyance engaged was not sufficiently large to accomodate the whole team, the services of a guide were requisitioned by a small party who proceeded to Maxims for a short time. the first parry proceeded to several of the most notable houses in Paris where the pleyers were given a big reception, and at each house were prevailed on to partake of some refreshment. The Star of the Team, Prof. Daily obliged with a number of selections from Grand Opera, and was highly complimented on his abilities as a pianist.

At several of the houses, our goal keeper was much admired, and requested to explain the origin of the Scottish National Dress, but Captain Kirkcaldy reminded the team of a promise made to visit the Russian Embassy. This is undoubtedly one of the most beautifully furnished mansions to be seen in Paris, and is especially noted for its reception rooms.

After several more applications of Training Oil the remnants of the Party decided to return to their hotel, after a most enjoyable evening, hich was reached in time to pack their grips for home.

Ehe team and Committee are unanimous in their opinion of the Paris trip, which they say provided the most enjoyable game of the season, and all are anxious for a further invitation.

Anyone having a spare kilt to dispose of is invited to communicate with the Secretary in time for the next trip.

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## *Pity The Barber.*

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As it was pay-day, and having in mind a possibility of being checked for a hair-cut, I was guided by a sign « Coiffeur » to a well-known Hair dresser on the Rue Grand Pont. I was comfortably seated, and had requested a hair-cut, when my attention was first drawn to the chair next to mine, by a series of yells that came from the Frenchman who was working on the occupant thereof. Eau-de-Cologne! Eau-de-Cologne! Friction! Understand? I looked and saw a poor innocent Chinaman, whose face was an absolute blank. The Frenchman was becoming excited. In endeavouring to make the Chinaman understand, by making all kinds of signo. But it was of no avail. « Try him in English » a confrere suggested. But the Frenchman was incapable; until an English Officer arrived to help matters.

« Do you want this (he shewed him a bottle of Eau-de-Cologne) there (he pointed to his hair). »

« How muchee » exclaimed the Chinaman.

He was informed 1.50. This was too much for him. But eventually he was made understand that it included everything. All was quiet for a few minutes, until similar loud cries of « Friction Eau-de-Cologne » were heard in another correr. It was another Chinaman. But now there was an Interpreter. Someting like this was heard in a kind of wail « Oh ah tin gra la l'or coin ». My neighbour of the next chair had explained matters.

I paid no attention to him for awhile, on account of troubles of my own. I was trying to explain to the Barber what the Major considered a short cut But soon I was attracted by the apparent uneasiness of the Chinaman was pointing frantically to his forehead. I could see no hair there, and the Barber seeing none, wondered, I suppose, what he wanted. Hesitating a few moments, he decided to take a chance; he started to lather Mr Chinaman's forehead, whose happy smile told the Barber he had guessed rightly.

I decided to watch my neighbour as I anticipated the possibility of future developments. I did not have to wait long. The Chinaman had been shaved and the Barber had even voiced his thanks; but Mr Chinaman did not move from the chair; he was twisting his fingers in snake-like

motions about his ears. The poor Barber was guessing again when suddenly an idea struck him; he commenced to lather his ears. He had made another good guess. The Chinaman beamed and emitted a sound « Yah ». At last he was satisfied after having his ears cleaned.

The Barber was in a state of perspiration.

« How muchee » Mr Chinaman requested.

« Five francs » promptly replied the Barber. And he held up five fingers so that he would be understood.

The sum was paid under protest. The Chinaman emitting all kinds of weird sounds. The while the Barber murmured « O mon Dieu! Quelle vie! »

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### ECHELON TALK.

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Nominal Rolls and Strength Increase  
 Attachments on and some that cease.  
 A Speak from London, look and see  
 I think that name is spelled with a « T ».  
 Can you lend me ten or fifteen francs  
 Now dont forget your Strength by ranks.  
 In minute eight we all percieve  
 That we are granted no more leave.  
 Correcting entry we will say  
 Appears in orders four weeks from today.  
 To have more speed we cant control  
 It might upset our Nominal Roll.  
 That man was wounded, tell me first  
 How a man could die in this town, of thirst.  
 B 103s and Casualty Log  
 Oliver typewriters that never clog.  
 Just rule him off I would suggest  
 Now dont forget to shave your desk!  
 Clothing indents if you please  
 Another 'House-wife' lest I freeze.  
 Are all the orders nearly ready?  
 I wish you'd try and stand more steady.  
 At night-fall, homeward we all trend  
 And wonder when this War will end.

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"DOING HIS BIT!"  
(IN THE CANADIAN CAVALRY  
BRIGADE.)

## *Veni - Vidi - Vici.*

---

I'm a Rover by Profession, but I've joined the big procession  
 Who have rallied to Our King and Country's aid.  
 In the Fight against a Monarch, whose cry for blood is chronic,  
 But we'll show the world the error that he made.

Our Empire's strong and wealthy, and I know it won't be healthy,  
 If the Kaiser thinks that he can rule the world,  
 That's why I've joined the forces, and have taken several courses,  
 And rallied to the British Flag unfurled.

I'm only six and twenty, but I had the longing plenty,  
 To cross the bold Atlantic for the fray,  
 With kit-bag, pack and Rifle, you regard them as a trifle,  
 When you've learned just how to carry them each day.

At first its hard to wear it, but you simply grin and bear it,  
 And stick it with the others like a brick,  
 Each day you have to travel through the mud, the sand & gravel,  
 And when evening comes you're feeling far from fit,

But you must not fret nor grumble, just simply take a tumble,  
 That the Army has its own peculiar ways,  
 And though your work be weary, just make yourself feel cheery  
 For you may not have to bear it all your days.

Yet you have one consolation, that you're sticking by a Nation  
 Whose call for aid has come from O'er the Sea.  
 That's why the Nation's call, should be answered by us all,  
 If we wish to hold our own and still be free.

T'is far better to be dead, or realize you've bled,  
 For the cause that shaped a Briton's Destiny,  
 Should it happen that we lost, then we'd learn the bitter cost,  
 For we'd surely be the slaves of Germany.

This Monarch in his madness, is the cause of all the sadness,  
 That has gathered in the homes of many lands,  
 His soul is full of Crime, it's been so all the time,  
 Yet he never stops to wash his bloody hands.

For with his Bloody sword, he has severed every cord,  
That has bound the world in Peace and Unity,  
He thought by breaking rules, that we treat just like fools,  
And that he would be the Master of the Sea.

But as our Day draws near, this War Lord quakes with fear,  
For he sees that he has only had a dream.  
He knows his Army Hords, shall never reap reward,  
Because the Allies gather round them in a stream.

Now the « Bull Dog » that he hates, has several other mates,  
Together they are standing side by side,  
And they'll stick right to their game, till the Eagle of Ill-fame,  
Is conquered and has lost its haughty pride.

When the scene draws to an end, there will not be a friend.  
To shake this ruined Monarch by the Hand.  
After it has closed, his crimes will be exposed,  
And then the world will surely understand.

J. W. S.

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*Man traps are not necessarily made of steel. Some are made of Silk and Lace.*

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### *Overheard when the Girl Clerks Come.*

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« Oh, Mabel, is n't this horrid, doubling through this mud ? »

« Lend me your powder puff a minute. My face is in an awful state after that run. »

« Capt... wants to speak to me ? Quick, lend me your mirror, Mary. Is my hair all right at the back ? »

« Oh, what a dear our Officer is, such lovely auburn hair ! »

« No, she's only kidding. She wants to make us jealous. The Orderly Officer did not smile at her. Don't believe her, girls. »

« What do you think the Adjutant said this morning. He told me my hair was done up slovenly, and that he would make us all adopt a uniform style. Just think ! If we had to have our hair done up like that awful fright Miss... ! »

« Oh, what horrid language on this B 2069 ! What does it mean ? I've never heard any of my brothers speak like that. »

« Let me see it dear. Oh ! I say ! No, you are much too young to understand it. »

« The Adjutant wants to see me at once. I wonder what he wants. Perhaps it's to make a date, to take in the Movies. »

« Say girls, the Q. M. is issuing the duckiest little jackets with stripes on the sleeves. I'm going to ask him for one with six on each arm. »

« He wanted to take me to tea at « Caps » this afternoon. »

« I had an awful toothache yesterday. And do you know that dear Medical Officer told me not to worry about coming to the Office. He even said he would take me to the Dentist. Is n't he a darling ? »

« Oh, I'm not feeling well. I'm going to get the day off. I must meet that Sergeant of the Artillery Section this afternoon. He's not working to-day. You know the one, the tall fellow with those dear blue eyes. I just love blue eyes. »

« Say, girls, I'll bet I'll make the Adjutant smile to-day on parade. I'm going to wink at him. »

« Did you see that awful fright Miss... at the Cinema last night with Capt... The hussy turned her nose up at me because I was with a Private. I can't understand what he sees in her. She's not a bit pretty. »

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## CANADIENNE

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The Daily Mail reports that Paris was the *coldest* place in France on Sunday February 11th, 1917.

The members of the Canadian Section Football Club wish to contradict this statement as in places it was decidedly warm.

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## AS WE SEE IT.

- A's for the Army, at the Base you're still in it  
When going off on a tear just think for a minute.
- B's for the Bugler, the Adjutants whim.  
I wish he'd forget to blow that fall in.
- C's for the Colonel, and also Cafe.  
One « Avec » too many — 3 days pay.
- D's Stands for drill, perhaps its all right.  
But we usually get, beaucoup at night.
- E's For Enlistment I remember the day  
When I started to work for 'one buck' a day.
- F's For Fritzie, who we'd all like to meet.  
But I'm quite happy here, because I've got « COLD FEET ».
- G. Is for General, like Sir Douglas Haig.  
He hails from the land wheré the good « HOOCH » is made.
- H. Is for Highball, the cream of all drinks.  
It's the joy of the Barman, but sure fills the « CLINKS ».
- I. Is for Inspection, which is tres necessaire.  
We sure do get sore, when they pull at your hair.
- J. Stands for JOFFRE, in command all around.  
He's placed all good « Fritzies », snug away underground.
- K. Is for Kitchen, slip the head cook a dime.  
He'll sure not forget you at Mulligan time.
- L. Is for Lee Enfield, the rifle they say.  
Shoots more in 5 Minutes than Sam's Ross in a day.
- M. Stands for money, If you've got none bum.  
If you've got no money-you'll get no Rum.
- N's For nearly late that's what you are  
Perhaps for the parade, but not the bar.
- O. Is for Orders we issue each day.  
One little mistake-One big SPK-K. A.



- P. Is for Private the man without Stripes,  
How he envies the batmen the rum that he swipes.
- Q. Is for Quarters of Cobweb renown.  
Does anyone know where he's eating in town?
- R. Is for reckless, the way they all go.  
If you dont hit the high spots, they'll sure vote you slow.
- S. Is for SICK, if you cant swing the lead.  
Better rise in the morning, not lie in bed.
- T. Is for Tracers they come by the score.  
When you finish a hundred, they hand you some more.
- U. Is just you and no other man  
So write for « La Vie » as much as you can.
- V. Is for Victory, now not far away.  
I guess I'll not wait to collect my back pay.
- W. Is for Women and also for wine.  
If you mix them together, you'll sure have some time.
- X. Is a subject, if forgotten much better,  
As I dont now a word that begins with that letter.
- Y. Is for Young, if you're 19 or less.  
You'll get a job at the Base in the Officers Mess.
- Z. Is for Zenith, of happiness reached.  
When you've one on the hip and ten in the breach.
-

## *A Meditation.*

---

Father Time has brought me another year. A great bag full of « stuff ».

I have been trying to sort it out into good and bad, pleasant and painful, finished and unfinished, things to use and things unfit.

At the very bottom were those good resolutions of mine all crumbled up and crowded into the corner of the sack by self-indulgences and restrained emotions. There was joy and unhappiness right together, there was a great opportunity just beneath a blush and bunch of confusion as though they were thrust into the bag at the same time. There were good impulses and aspirations, a whole lot of beginnings, some work well along toward completion, and a little of it done. There was a splendid piece of metal, broken right in two because it was't tempered right, and a lot of the finest sentiments and motives that had'nt been worked into anything. There was a song, partly finished, and a tear, and a sob. There was a melancholy day and a morbid thought and a distressed mind, that I took out of the bag, one after the other. There was sunshine and laughter and a beautiful picture, and there was an ugly frown. And a mean thought and a piece of work. There was a pleasant smile and a happy face, and an earnest effort and quite a little contentment. There was music and dancing, and a alarm clock and a yawn, and a lot of mistakes. There was self-restraint and a narrow way and a beautiful scene. And there were harsh words and a couple of won'ts, and the picture of a ship wrecked at Sea. There was loyalty and harmony.

Oh! dear old Father Time, you have brought it all back to me, the whole bag full but with it another empty bag, thank you for that.

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I see I have been all unsettled. I have sought the way within myself; my life is mine and I have tried to live it my own way, and I have gone here and there driven by my own impulses, guided by my own will. « By birth I am a mere eddy in the turbulent stream of inherited human passions ». Let me add last year to the experiences of my years and let me try again. Thank you Father Time for years and years, for it may be that,

« God has so made us for himself that our own wills are by nature inwardly restless until they rest in harmony with God's Will ».

S. P. CLARK.

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## HOW A WEDDING WILL BE CONDUCTED IN 1925.

## OPERATION ORDERS.

The White Chateau.

Heavy Hows, B.C., 10/12/25

**Reference.** — 1" British Columbia Map.

1. **General idé a.** — It is the intention of Lieut. Donehisbitto get married on Tuesday, December 12/th at 3 p.m.
2. **Rendez-vous.** — The Cathedral Gate at a point 275 yards West of Shrapnel Corner, (Brittish Columbia. Sheet 3 — 1/40,000 C-D 6-4)
3. **Timing.** — Watches will be synchronized by brigade time issued by the Bell Telephone Coy. on that date.
4. **Ushers.** — Captain F. Inis, Linseed Lancers; Lieut. F. Edup, Can. Camel Corps.

The marginally noted Officers will report to the G. O. C. (Major F. I. R. Eater) at 2.39 p.m. at Cathedral. They will guide the civilian refugees to places of safety on either side of the main aisle of the church.

5. **Starting Point & Time.** — The head of the party will pass the rear pew of the church at 3.0 p.m.
6. **March discipline.** — The party will move in slow time and those in front must keep in touch with those following. Talking and smoking will not be permitted. Officers will make every effort to prevent falling out on the march as it is essential for the success of the operation that the party be complete on arrival at the point of deployment.
7. **Déployment.** — When the head of the party is one pace in advance of the front pew the command will be given « At the halt, line outwards, ushers to the right ».
8. **Ration parties.** — At the conclusion of the operation the troops engaged, together with the civilian refugees will proceed via Toronto Dugout, Border Lane & the Crathers to Ration Farm, where emergency rations will be issued and a « conference » held. Mess tins will be provided. Guests will furnish a return to the Q.M. before noon the 11th inst. of their estimated capacity.
9. **Artillery preparation.** — The O.C., Divisional Artillery will arrange for artillery bombardment by the organist starting at 2.46 p. m. with barrage fire during the service.

10. **Bombing.** — Bombing in any form is strictly forbidden. Any offender will be given 10 days F. P. No. 1; 6 night digging parties and docked one whole issue of rum.
11. **Supports.** — At the conclusion of the service N. C. O's, orderlies. and. P. B's will take post in the aisle to support the bridal party. This position will be held at all costs.
12. **Casualties.** — Casualties will be evacuated to the Aid Post, corner Y.M.C.A. Canteens & R.E. Dump. Escort and transport will not be provided.

B. E. N. EDICT, MAJOR,  
*Can. Camel Corps,*  
*G. S. O.*

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### *How Guinea got his name*

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He's only just in from the Trenches, and Guinea is his name,  
 Now where, and how he got it, to you I will explain.  
 He landed in this City, from the Firing Line « Somewhere »,  
 And after he got acquainted, he proved himself a Bear.  
 He was working on a set of Books, in the Section called « K. T. »,  
 And take it from me, he's a real good head, and fond of a real good spree.  
 One evening when out walking' a Cafe caught his eye,  
 So he said unto his comrades, « My God, boys, but I'm dry ».  
 « I think we'd better have a drink to pass the time away »,  
 So down they sat together, just outside that French Cafe.  
 And as they sat there chatting, a French lad went his rounds,  
 Begging Souvenirs and Pennies, just as in other towns.  
 He had with him some Guinea Pigs, which he toted round as Pets,  
 So Guinea asked to hold one — then the fellows raised the bets,  
 For they knew just what would happen when the Pig grew wild with fright,  
 But Guinea took one just the same — and held it pretty tight.  
 Then the Pig got kind of squalmish, for he knew he'd lose his name,  
 And by some bad misfortune, Guinea held him just the same.  
 It might have been innocent, a fact you might admit,  
 For Guinea Pigs — they may be pets, — but this one did not fit.

His comrades roared with laughter when they realised the joke,  
But Guinea swore by all his Gods, « He'd cut that damn Pig's throat. »  
Now the Pig might have been innocent of any harm it did,  
After all you could not blame it any more than you could a kid.  
For, when animals are frightened, they lose their self control,  
Just like some men you've heard of, when they find a large Bank Roll.  
They blow in all their money in the Bars or on a Jane,  
Until they have'nt got a cent to start them up again.  
Poor Guinea felt quite awkward when he realised his plight,  
« Well, boys, » he said, the joke's on me, suppose we all get tight. »  
Then Guinea ordered drinks around, for himself he ordered Rum,  
And after several drinks were had, the boys were full of fun.  
Then up spoke Jerry Lomis, with a face all full of glee,  
« I think we'd better name him — how about the name Guinea! »  
This please the boys immensely, for they were a happy crowd,  
So they christened him right there and then, and Guinea slowly bowed.  
Now that's the way he got his name, I trust you understand,  
And I do not think he minds it, for the name suits' him Grand.  
And further in conclusion there's some things I'd like to say,  
As regards the good old fellowship we have with him each day.  
Now Guinea's not a ladies man, a fact you all should know,  
But he likes to see a Movie and hates a Burlesque Show.  
We've had him to the « Folies », but it did not take his eye,  
After nine o'clock has passed away, he still seems to be dry.  
You never see him angry, for he's always feeling right,  
In fact, he's really at his best just before he gets too tight.  
You've heard of Charlie Chaplin, and certain other Movie Stars,  
But I bet their eyes they'd open if they saw Guinea in the Bars.  
He sings us songs, then parlez's French, spouts poetry galore,  
And the beggar's always ready when you ask him for some more.  
After all, he's full of life, the kind you like to greet,  
But he surely made a little Bull, when he chanced that Pig to meet.

Sgt. STANWAY.

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 PROS AND CONS.
 

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Every Route march tells a story.

Now that food is rationed, why not economise shoe leather by shortening the Route Marches.

\*\*\*

Many people think hot baths an in Seine idea.

\*\*\*

Why do people think it is so necessary to the enjoyment of wounded soldiers to be treated to a cinema show, featuring Mexican Border battles ?

\*\*\*

Does the Regimental Hair Puller show a credit balance on last months extractions ?

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 FAT OF K. G.
 

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He stands on parade in the morning  
 Steady and firm as a rock  
 Having been anxiously waiting  
 Ever since seven o'clock.

He stands for his pet bi-weekly  
 And for every thing else I know  
 With perhaps the one exception  
 Of a beer at the Old Bordeau.

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## DERIVATIONS OF NAMES OF IMPORTANT PLACES IN THE WAR ZONE.

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- Sotteville.** — Place for drunks (from Sot a drinker).
- Rue du Fay.** — Make believe street (from Fake or Fane).
- Bois Guillaume.** — Wooden William, where effigies of William the conqueror are annually burnt by the French on 5th November.
- St. Sever.** — Severe Street — where recruits are trained — severe discipline.
- Champe d'Oiseaux.** — Named after an Hostel in the vicinity. Noted for Champagne and cold chicken lunches.
- Seine Superieure.** — That part of the River Seine where the water has a superior flavour.
- Bon Secour.** — Good succer — originally named after a real estate owner who sold property in 20 foot lots some 100 years ago, having sucked lots of money out of the disappointed purchasers.
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## SPORTING EDITOR'S ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE

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- Parisienne.** — (1) Yes probably Canadians. (2) Yes more or less civilized, the war has made a difference. (3) For an answer to your inquiry about Scotchmen see the last issue of « La Vie ». (4) I dont know; our goalie wears them but has never complained of the cold.
- Chelsea.** — Sapistoker and O. C. Crimes state that they both train on milk. Yes I agree with you there must be something in it.
- Canuck.** — Yes, Lacrosse will probably be played here this summer, It is not correct that « Whiz Banq » will return to manage the team.
- Amour.** — There is no trace in Records of the lady you mention. Has a wonderful figure, blue eyes and skates devinely you say?  
We will keep our eyes open.
- Curious.** — The training ground of the football team has been kept secret so far, but the Captain told me that : — Taisez-vous, Mafiez vous.
- Old Subscriber.** — No the football team registered at the Grand Hotel in Paris, at least that's what they say. Your conjectures are absolutely without foundation. And if they did what business is it of yours?
-



## WEN THE GIRLS RELIEVE US

*Conversation as Overheard between two Sergt Majors.*

---

I have a pretty typist now,  
 Who, while she doth delight  
 To pound a visible machine,  
 Herself is out of sight.

And likewise out of sight,  
 She'll tell you on the spot,  
 She is'nt of the touch brigade,  
 But of the touch-me-not.

When asked — « My dear, what kind of work  
 Have you been used to doing?  
 She said « I'm good at billing, sir—  
 But nixie on the cooing.

I think of her in terms of art,  
 For while (this may be misty)  
 She writes upon an Underwood,  
 Her type is purely Christy.

And this distracts me from my work;  
 For oft does it occur  
 That, while she's taking notes of me,  
 I'm taking notes of her.

But — cruel as she's fair— she vows  
 That none with her shall wed  
 That she won't be dictated to  
 At least That's what she said,

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## A DIAPASON OF VICTORY.

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Yester-eve before I dined I had heard the guns in the far off distances, they roared and rang out as of some stern battle. I knew the sound, that faint-dull mutter. And as I listened I thought for one moment of what it meant, the crash and the lightning flash, destruction and hell. Yet I dined in peace and plenty.

Hours passed. I left my cafe, perhaps I had dined and quaffed not wisely but too well. And as I returned to my chamber, that deep groaning and resounding in the air persisted. My ears were attuned to it. What man or woman who has ever heard the roll of cannon does not remember? And I wondered upon it all. Was this Victory? We dream of victory and home, who does not? My window was ajar, and there I sat, smoking my pipe and thought, of my faults, and the world that comes after.

The sound of the guns was not new to me. I had heard them often before in France and Flanders, and although not a soldier as we call a man, yet I had had my own brave thoughts at times. Still what could subdue that cannon's roar in my ears. Did it mean peace or no? I had come from afar to this country and I suppose it was that peace might once more come upon the land.

That troubled sound persisted in my ears, that profundo of the guns. It seemed that some great animal, perhaps it was the earth, laboured in most horrible agony and distress. What great wrongs had been done to bring about this frightful travail. I pondered upon the terrible destruction, the poor earth innocent, yet racked and torn unto the most distorted and frightful form. Great pits like the dismal depths below, yellow and discolored with lyddite they lay. Man's work, the cottage, or the chateau was wrecked and scattered every where. and lastly, poor man himself, mutilated and torn beyond recognition.

Why was this so? And always the cannon boomed and thundered. They were far away but I knew their voices only too well and recked upon the damage caused. The hours passed by. And I was in a city and the bells rang out the hour and still that distant trembling, the bowels of the earth seemed to upheave in that very final wrath that we all dread.

I could see no answer for all this. Perchance twas because a tyrant's doom must come, that the earth should be free. Yet I was not satisfied; so I stood beside my window and listened to that sound once more.

Of what awful Death they told; Death unhallowed and unsung. Poor mortals, torn, distorted and broken, even the foul fumes of Hell did slay with no gentle hand, God's handiwork. Why must it be so? I wondered and said perchance 'tis thus we are purged of ours, and the sins of our ancestors, — and yet He would not make us suffer so. Then in one blinding flash, with a great roar like that of the exploding mine under the enemy trench, my mind was illumined even by those same guns. It was, that He in his greatness desired a lasting Peace on earth, that right should conquer over might He had created this great planet. And It might be that in all space there was no other world He loved so well. It must be His desire that we cleanse our Aegean Stables and the darkness and the meanness of our life.

And still the sound of battle rang through the skies. It was no small distance from that frightful place. As the crow could fly it was one hundred kilometres and yet the anguish of those who battled for the right came through the air to me, a poor miserable soul far away.

I racked my brains and mused once more apart while the dawn drew near. I in my craven chamber had fear of those same guns and suffered in mind therefore. But as light comes before the dawn, at last it all was plain and clear to me. They were our guns. It was our Victory in the air. It was we, the champions of Truth and Right, that hurled those mighty challenges through space. The bells rang our yet another hour and shell after shell rushed through the skies on Vengeance bound. What sorrow and what despair and still the Victory overcasts all. Victory brings peace, naught else, so reck little of the dead, the maimed, the destruction and ruin everywhere. The bells ring on; they could not drown the sound of those deep throated guns. I muttered a prayer; it was no idle dream but dull and sober truth. I listened and knew the end that no enemy could prevent... Victory

A. R. M. O'C.

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## FOOTBALL.

## CANADIAN SECTION v. ENTENTE PARISIEN

*At Paris 11th. Feb. 1917.*

By the kind permission of the military authorities the Section Football team was enable to visit Paris on Feb. 11th. to try its prowess against a Paris All Star team. The game took place an the famous Veledrome and although the weather was rather cold there was a good turn out of Parisienes and Parisiennes to greet the Canucks, who according to the Paris journal were a collection of internationalists and professionals; unfortunately the ground was almost entirely covered with snow and not conducive to a good display of football... After the preliminary photographing, the game started in good style, very fast play being shown by both sides, the fast ground favouring our opponents, who were a very speedy outfit, and showed that they were no novices at the English game. About this period the Frenchmen were making our defenders look busy and Collier and Daley had all they could do to keep them out, Park was having quite a time with the Belgian internationalist, Vandandey, a very clever player who never eased up for a minute, and although he had the advantage of our centre-half in height, weight and speed Park never left him and kept him from troubling Steele... After about twenty minutes play the Canucks began to show up better and were very much the aggressors, they got their reward when Williams from the left wing beat Carrier with a fine shot, which glanced off the upright as it passed through the goal,.. This reverse seemed to nettle the Parisienes who now put forth all they knew to equalize, and this they would have accomplished had it not been for a clever save by Steele, who practically took the ball from the foot of Vandandey five yards from the goal, this save was deservedly applauded by the very impartial spectators... Play continued on even lines, although the Entente forwards were at all times more dangerous than our own; Carrier in the French geal was not called upon a great deal... About five minutes from the interval from a cross by

Bouysion, Vandendey equalised the score, greatly to the delight of the French supporters and team, and thus the score remained until the interval... The second half opened quietly, without either team claiming much advantage, the main features still being the Parisien forwards and our defence, the former are the speediest aggregation that we have been up against this season, they never seemed to tire, and during the second half on several occasions looked likely to get the winning goal, it was chiefly owing to the fine play of Daley that their efforts were frustrated, playing against easily the best wing on the field he put up the best game he has yet done for the section, and with the aid of Collier and Park managed to prevent the Entente from adding to their score... About the middle of the half Stoker had a great opportunity to win the game for us, but spoiled it by Endeavouring to make too sure, his shot going very wide when a tap would have sufficed... Stoker tried hard to make amends for this but never got another chance. No more scoring took place, the game thus ending one all... It was a very enjoyable game and we did not do badly in tying, as has been demonstrated since by other teams who have played the Entente... The latter show a fine conception of the game and were in first class condition, in fact they looked like a team that trained two or three days per week, but while their condition was perhaps better, than ours they did not possess the necessary grit to push home their advantage, the Canucks showed their usual staying power, which is characteristic of them.

The teams were as follows : — *Entente Parisien*. — Goal, Carrier (C. A. S. G.); Backs Chantrel (E. Belge), Bourgeno (U. S. A. C.); Half-backs : Frizon (E. Belge), Jourda (Capt.) (C. A. S. G.); Marion (Hirondelles); Forwards : Devicq (S. A. S. C.), Jauny (U. S. A. C.), Vandedey (E. Belge), Tremblay (C. A. S. C.), Bouysion (U. S. A. C.).

*Canadians*. — Goal, Steele (Winnipeg); Backs : Collier (Capt.) (Regina), Daley (Winnipeg); Half Backs : Owen (Toronto), Park (Vancouver), Brown (Winnipeg); Forwards : Curtis (Moose Jaw), Jones (Quebec), Stoker (Toronto), Mc Lean (Medicine Hat), Williams (Vancouver), Linesman Mc. Innes (Winnipeg); Referee : M. Jacques Gurtenne, de l'Union des Arbitres Belge.

The players who took the eye most during the game were :

— *Entente* : Bourgeno, Marion, Devicq, Jauny, Tremblay and Vandendey. — Canadians : Steele, Collier, Daley, Owen & Park.

Talkin' of Cities, said the old warrior thoughtfully removing his pipe to sip his favourite tonic, after which operation he gazed around the group.

Yes-Cities-he continued and we closed around the Oracle knowing we were in for a real yarn for the old buck usually recounted something out of the ordinary when he once warmed to any subject.

« I've seen a few in my time, he when on, but I give the palm to the French Capital. Mind you, all I know of that burg aint a great deal, but when I was there away back in February 1917, I fell for that place right away.

« And how did you come to see Paris, old timer » queried Ed. « Well, said the old boy, it may or may not interest you, and he blew a cloud of smoke—took another swig and carried on. When we were stationed at the Base, our Football team, was some team in fact, cleaned up the league in '16, challenged the Pick of the Paris guys and that was the first step to our visiting Paris. I can see even now the old gang as clearly as if it was yesterday. They were a fine lot of boys, got red blood in 'em too, and if it came to a scrap—well. I guess that's going too far. Well, as a challenge was accepted we gathered at the Station to catch the 6-30 pm. Rapide.

« What's a Rapid » queried one.

« Well, I dont exactly know, but I guess the one we took was about as fast as a flat wheeled street car ». He took another swig. — Our « rapide » reached Rouen alright at 7-50 and we climbed aboard anyhow and anywhere, but owing to the war, train service was curtailed to a minimum so one lot of the boys stood jammed like sardines in a vestibule and the rest of us equally crowded in a first class carriage. All sorts were left behind but we made on that rapide, anyway We had made the grade and were all aboard expecting to reach Paris in a couple of hours. Did WE? Well, I should Smile, if that dog-gorn Rapide didn't keep us standing until 1 a. m. But we happy though tired. This was however only the commencement of troubles. On arrival we

were accosted by our old « friends » the M. M. P. who said they could put the N. C. O's and men up for the night in Barracks! That was'nt at all inviting so we proceeded under the direction of a representative of the other Club to awaken all the night porters in the Hotels.

Gee, if we didnt look like a ration party lost in a fog. Well we crawled around nearly all the hotels in a « fools radius » and then gave it up resigning ourselves to sleep in the next back alley we came to. Gee' it was cold and crawling around Paris in mid-winter without anything to eat and at 2 a.m. in the morning aint at all joyful. We went to a large hotel and spread ourselves out on the floor before a big hall fire and waited events. Two of our party had procured a taxi and were beating it around the burg for accomodation and the night orderly at the hotel was phoning the other hotels for accomodation. We were fixed up at last at the Grand Hotel — some Hotel — so we once more collected our duds and wended our cold and hungry way to that roost. We were fixed up all right and happy and thankful crawled into bed at 2-45 a.m.

There was no parade next morning so some slept in, but being hungry I awoke at 6-e and dressed for breakfast. After breakfast we went out in taxis in groups of four to see all that could possibly be seen in a morning and succeeded in some measure to satisfy our curiosity in that direction.

After another lengthy swig of Rye the old Buck resumed— Maybee, fellers — some of you will live to see this burg grow quite a piece, but I'll bet it will never equal Paris in beauty if it's here until the end of time. The boulevards there are bordered by great stores, some of which have got Eatons Dry Goods store skinned a mile, to say nothin' of other buildings which you'd have to see before believing they existed. There's a place they call the Madeleine with a swell bunch of columns in front, and I'll never forget Napoleon Bonaparte's tomb (I guess you've all heard about him) with its great dome. Then there's the Place de l'Opera where all the big bugs in the musical world do their bit. It was right in the same street with our hotel, and, believe me, some building. The bunch I was with all went into the Cathedral Notre-Dame de Paris, and we simply stood and gaped at the stained glass windows,

then out and into the taxi and away at a lick to see the Place de Bastille, where many a king and man, good and bad, lost his headpiece. By this time our chauffeur was warming to his work and he sure made the engine hum. He stopped for a minute at the Bourse of Paris, then on again and under the Arche des Triompe with monuments and statues everywhere you looked. We also saw the Toulleries where the celebrated old Cardinals and that crowd used to chew the fat. According to a lot of those naughty French novels — which of course you guys know nothing about — this is the place where the old time Court followers used to frame up their dirty work. Back in the City again we went down the rue Gambetta, rue de la Rivoli and then along the avenue Des Champs des Eleysees, which is one of the Garde de la Republican. Yes — it sure is some town, and I don't wonder the Frenchmen say it can't be beat.

The old timer filled his pipe again before continuing and after lighting it to this satisfaction went on. Well fellers the time for dinner was drawing near so we drove back to our hotel but, say, we had seen enough to see that Paris was no bluff and that it was really beautiful. I guess you are tired of my boosting a foreign city. « No, go on old top » exclaimed Ed, « tell us how you finished up ».

Well you see we were not allowed to eat a great deal owing to the game in the afternoon so we discussed the City until it was time to leave for the Parc des Princes.

« How about the game, Dad » exclaimed the Lad.

Oh Well, we didnt go under — in fact drew — one goal each — and considering the ground was as hard as iron and covered wit two inches of snow, the result was'nt so bad and besides the loss of sleep.

In the evening we had arranged a big feed at « Maximes » and to see a little of Paris underworld if possible. It was possible all right and some of it aint printable.

Paris, as well as being one of the most beautiful cities in the world, is also (as possibly you may have heard) one of the gayest and as we had money to burn we went right ahead. The feed was slap-dash-up-to-date and gee-we had some time.



I am afraid I'm rather glad the missis aint at home just now cause she asked me the other night when she was reading the paper about Pariseen fashions « why do you blush, Dad ».

Search me, boys, what could I say I mumbled something anyhow, though if I had said the ywere peculiar, so peculiar that some young ladies had'nt any at all, well, she'd beat me on the bean. The smile at old Dad's sally was general.

We had casualties at nearly every place we went to and only six of the party out of 20 got back to the hotel on time. The last cargo but one came back quite undignified in an old four wheeled growler... 4 inside, one beside the driver, one on the roof, and one on each door step, and one trotting in the rear. Any how we made the grade and were all up at 6 a.m. the next morning, beakfasted at 6-30 and were on our way back by train at 7-30 a.m.

We came back in luxury in 3 hours and turned out on the 2-30 pm. parade, just a little s-l-e-e-p-y— that's all.

Well fellers Im going to bed. It does one good to recount the old times over again and I only wish you could have participated in our joys of the old times.

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## MELEE

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It happened in this way. Madame Derrimont owned a cat. Madame Beamont kept chickens and a terrier. The former would not hear of the latter's suggestion to share the cost of anything heavier than a picket fence, which was severely taxed to keep the efforts of the terrier in a state of armed neutrality towards the cat. War was in the air. The cat came after the young chickens. The dog retaliated. Fast, high-pitched and furious was the conversation between the two neighbours. Each blamed the other's domestic animals for uprooted plants, spoilt washing and damaged fence.

The cat arrived home on Monday, minus a half a pound of fur.

This animal warfar had wrecked the fence. But Madame Derrimont refused to give her neighbour satisfaction, by consenting to outlay the moiety of a stronger boundary. Words, even notes, availed nothing. Fight there must be. Suddenly the method of warfare became obvious to Mme Derrimont. She must have a member of the canine family also. No sooner said than done. But here the good lady erred. Her choice of a canine gardian was a comely lady dog. The terrier thus gained a fiancée, and made good his suit. There was no longer war, there was peace. Now Madame Derrimont has a little family of dogs. She argues her choice was not wrong. But the state of her garden belies her contented smile.

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