

THE LISTENING POST



6th Duke of Connaught's Rifles 11th Irish Fusiliers 88th Victoria Fusiliers
 65th Rocky Mountain Rangers 60th New Westminster Fus. West Kootenay Rifles
 Reinforcing — Battalions — 11th 30th 47th



PRINTED BY PERMISSION OF LT.-COL. W. F. GILSON, OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION
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WHO ARE THE REAL FINANCIERS OF THE WAR?

LURID LIGHT ON TIMELY TOPIC.

By our special correspondent.

The following incident may serve to throw some light on a subject which has mystified the most acute minds amongst us.

A certain sergeant was sent to the Divisional School for tuition in several subjects with which he had scraped a working acquaintance in the trenches. His education was thorough. He acquired much proficiency in the arts of extermination, but day by day he grew thinner and thinner. As Bill the Bard says, his « Native hue of resolution was sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. » Perhaps it was too much tuition and not enough mulligan, or again, his girl might have written to say she loved another, a warrior of the A.S.C. with shiny spurs. Whatever were the contributory causes, he faded perceptibly.

One day as he leaned for support against the end of his hut and gazed hungrily at a hay-stack, one of his officers came along.

« You're not looking very well », said the officer « What's the matter ? »

« Can't get enough to eat, sir, and I'm broke », he replied.

« Ah », said his superior, « that's too bad. I've only got twenty francs on me, BUT WAIT A MOMENT TILL I SEE MY BATMAN. »

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### Dug-out Pie.

Special plat du jour concocted by « Harry », the well known, expert chef, catering to the fastidious appetites of No. 3 Coy. officers, and an unlimited number of batmen, runners, hangers on and stray bums — and then some —

- 6 Mice (hand fed)
- 2 Pints Chlorinated water
- 1 Tin Keating's
- 1 lb Cheese
- 1 Tin Plum and Apple.

Mix well and boil for half an hour. Serve quickly and then beat it, toute suite.

## THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF THE TRENCHES

(with apologies to Pat: 2).

That solemn period of the day known (only to the elect) as « Rumissue » had arrived and in his palatial palace — vulgarly termed the Company H. Q. dug-out — sat the Master of Ceremonies issuing to his henchmen that potent liquid which would convince their platoons for a few brief, but glorious moments that not only did their Country need them, but that it even appreciated their services. A sudden gasp of dismay came from the assembled crowd as the jar slipped ever so slightly, yet sufficiently to spill many priceless drops on the floor. « It is no use to cry over spilt milk », and the same remark applies to other liquids, so, with many sighs) of regret the henchmen departed and the Grand Master — his most important duty of the day completed — crawled into his little bunk and passed rapidly into the land of dreams.

Watching from his hole between the sand-bags was a little mouse, and seeing no one in sight he stepped out and with mincing little steps began to cross the floor when the dark patch arrested his attention. Investigation showed that the odour from this, though pungent, yet was not altogether displeasing, and soon with great relish he was busy removing this stain from the boards. Eventually his self-imposed task was finished and he sat up on his haunches; a smile of much contentment on his face; his fore-paws caressing his little round « tummy » in a manner more eloquent than words. Then as the spirit moved him — the light of a new found courage in his eyes; he spoke: « Now, send along that damned cat. »

Iddi-Umpy.

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A certain sergeant-major made a practice of going around the lines to see that all lights were out at the proper time. One night while following his usual custom, he noticed a streak of light showing beneath the door of a hut.

« Who's in there ? » he demanded

« Sergeant Smith ».

« Well, put that light out. »

« It isn't a light. It's the moon. »

« Never mind. Take an order when you're told. Put it out. »



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EDITORIAL

O Canada, the blood of all thy sons
Cries out, to-day, from fair and glorious deeds !
And spirit legions of immortal ones
Pledge thee, anew, by their white Honour Roll
To loftier issues, born of sacrifice ;
Bidding thee keep, unstained, that nobler soul,
Which they have ransomed with so great a price

A. B. H.

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We appeal to the readers of the « Listening Post » to send in original writings, either prose or poetry, as well as pen and ink sketches. There is plenty of talent amongst the men of the Canadian Corps and there is abundant material in the humours of life in the trenches and in the billets. Almost every trip in the trenches some amusing situation turns up which deserves to be recorded, and while conscious of the many, short-comings of our paper, we hold the view that what appears in our pages is a species of unofficial, current history. We therefore ask the co-operation of all ranks in order to make our little journalistic venture more thoroughly representative of the view-point of Canadian troops at the front. The average man in the trenches doesn't have any wasteful excess of time to dabble in the arts, but it is always possible to jot down a rough draft of any incident which may have caught your notice. If it is readable and will pass the Censor we'll print it.

Address all communications to The Editor,  
The Listening Post.

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« When will the war end ? » is a question one hears often nowadays. The best answer, perhaps, is one which a certain popular former officer of the Battalion gave to a damp and disheartened sentry at Rossignol Barrier, last winter — « When the Germans are beaten. »

The war will not be satisfactorily ended until Germany is beaten in the field by sheer force of arms.

As matters stand at the present time the Bosche can claim with some semblance of truth to have maintained an unbroken front. It is true he has been desperately hammered on the Somme and at Verdun, but the situation up to the present time lends colour to the boasted invincibility of his armies.

Until the vaunted power of German arms is definitely and finally shattered we cannot hope for the peace we all desire. The strangle-hold of our Navy will contribute mightily to his downfall ; the pinch of hunger must hasten the end, but it is only when the German line is irrefutably broken that we can look for a real and satisfying victory.

In his speech from the throne the Duke of Devonshire stated that Canada has contributed 400,000 men to the Cause.

That is something to be proud of. At the beginning of the war no-one would have dared to predict a response so thorough and complete.

The average Canadian does not wear his patriotism on his sleeve, but once his country is in peril no-one is readier to respond to the call of duty.

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### KRONIKLES OF YE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE 1st B.C. RIFLE-IEE3

(Continued)

88. — And the hearts of the hirelings were uplifted, and they strode out merrily to these « billets » — for would they not be received as honoured guests in the homes of the inhabitants of strange country and waited upon by the belles of the village. But the peasants of this strange country were possessed of an amazing wisdom, and led them — gently but firmly — yet with much courtesy — to the hovels where the mules and kine were stabled, and bade them make themselves at home, and did separate them from their loose shekels.

89. — And the Chief of all the King's Armies in this land did visit our O.C. band at about this time, to see for himself what manner of wild men were these from the Western Countries ; and though he praised not much yet he criticised but little, so that our O.C.s band were well pleased with themselves and said, one unto another — « Sure Mike, we're it, O.K. » after the manner of their kind.

90. — And in a few days they departed for the ditches wherein the armies of Our Mother's Country were fighting, that they might learn from them the lessons of war.

91. — And they were much disgusted that they found no enemy within the range of their vision, but only the ditches and the mud and much labour and many rodents, that stole their rations by night.

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Danger is part of a soldier's profession,
Trouble from real and illusory woes,
But pity the gink who on his own confession
Was seized for a fault when far from his foes.

There he stood on the kerb of a London street with a choice cigar in his face and nine whole glorious days of freedom before him. For that space of time at least his troubles were over. The blare of a band caught his ear and he crowded forward along with the usual assortment of elderly men, women and children. The band was heading a small company of soldiers. He swayed idly to the rythm and puffed at his cigar. Just then the eagle eye of the sergeant major behind caught him. Perhaps it was the cigar. Perhaps the S.M. hadn't had time for a smoke himself, but in any case he invited the man behind the stogie to join him in a short constitutional to the Officer of the King's Guard. — for such was the procession.

Once there our friend who had never had a crime in all his army career (although is dark, civilian past may have contained a mysterious affair connected with Chinamen and Shanghai Alley) found himself fulfilling the ignominious role of Chief Criminal before a Glittering Authority. On the evidence of the S.M. it appeared that he had transgressed in three distinct and separate counts, in other words he had thrice bloomed.

The officer gave him the once over, sized up his badges and agreed that the intricate etiquette of the great B. A. was quite beyond such an one, and let him off with a caution. But it's a safe bet that he'll salute the Flag next time.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

The Sergeants' Mess Meeting at F—T—.

This function' was originally designed to be held in a commodious outhouse with four walls and the sketchy remains of a once perfectly good roof, but owing to the fact that it proved, contrary to all expectation, to possess a door, a locked one at that, it was found expedient to conduct the business of the evening in the roadway. Under the circumstances the President's address was very much to the point, and the end of the meeting was almost in sight when it was interrupted by an Ammunition Column. Under present rules of warfare an Ammunition Column cannot be summarily expelled as an intruder, so the meeting merely discontinued for a few minutes. Sergeant-Major Pollard had barely called the meeting to order again when two mules created a diversion — two diversions, to be exact. The victims were pried off the adjacent wall and business continued. Sergeant-Major Pollard's polished peroration was just drawing to a brilliant climax when a motor-cyclist dashed through shedding liquid mud like an automatic sprayer. Several unpolished perorations started at once as a consequence, but the S. M. having the strongest voice won the day and ended the meeting.

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The « Khaki Call », the official organ of the Returned Soldiers Association.

Published in Toronto, this attractive monthly records the aims and activities of the Associations throughout the Dominion. Attention is given to the more serious matters of interest to returned soldiers and considerable space is devoted to contributions in the lighter vein, several of which first saw the light in the « L. P. » Please Acknowledge.

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A Knock-out.

Corporal K, and Corporal O. did not get along very well together. There was, perhaps, mutual antipathy aggravated by the fact that they were much thrown together under temper trying circumstances.

Corporal O. was a past master of the arts of insult and innuendo, gifted with a turn of sarcasm particularly galling to the other, who was of a bluff, out-spoken nature.

Their meetings became a standing joke in the battalion to which they belonged, and the inevitable set-to was a constant joy to all listeners.

Corporal O. had rather the better of matters until, one evening, after swallowing a few nasty remarks with suspicious meekness, Corporal K. took his pipe from his mouth and said to the company at large: « I had a strange dream last night. I dream that you, Corporal O., were dead, and that I in turn took sick also and died, and in due course appeared at the gate of heaven. St. Peter appeared, « What do you want? » he asked. « Admittance, if you please, St. Peter, » I entreated. « No soldiers are admitted here, » replied the venerable Apostle.

I went away, but returned later and looking through the gate beheld my old friend Corporal O.

« St. Peter », I said, « you told me that no soldiers were admitted intol heaven, and there is Corporal O. »

« I spoke truthfully », answered St. Peter, « Corporal O. is not a soldier and never was. He only thinks he is. »

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It is to be hoped in the public interest that our generals will select a place with a pronounceable name as the scene of the Great Offensive.

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

If the Signaling Officer really enjoyed the place of honour for daily « straffes » ?

If it is true that part of the worlds « submerged tenth », belongs to the German submarine navy ?

If a « Town Major » we have in mind who started-out to « catch dogs » had any success ?

And if the Band Dog didn't have a narrow escape ?

If « LEAVE » will open up again soon.

If we will all spend next Xmas at « Home ».

If the Adjutant is making progress with his French.

And whether he intends to be an « Interpreter » in the next war ?

When « Pip Emma » is going to get his next bath ?

When the « big push » is coming ?

If the powers intend introducing two course meals and sugar tickets in the Army ?

And if they do will a « tot » of rum be given with each course ?

Why a certain C.S.M., uses a heavy type of walking stick, and if he still pines for B.....e and « Blighty » ?

When the Doctors stock of No. 9's will « run out » ?

If the « S.O. » can tell the boys when the long promised cook is expected to arrive ?

And if a certain « runner » really means it when he says that « He dosen't know what he wants to know » ?

And if you want to know « ask Copley » ?

If another certain « runner », (who happened to be walking at the time) thought that a post was a friend of his in the darkness ?

And if he thought he was a friend, why did he try to « knock » him ?

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WHY - MORE - FELLOWS - DON'T - WRITE STUFF - FOR - THE « L. P. »

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If a certain « Staff » that we know has his revolver arranged so that he can « Fix Bayonets » on it ?

When the Army Spring Poets are going to market their « stuff » ?

Who will write the « notes » now that Uncle Sam has quit ?

IF - THE - « BOYS » - WILL - SEND - THE - EDITOR - MORE - « JOLTS » ?

~~~~~

Oh, là là !

New Arrival : « I suppose shrapnel makes a mess of a fellow sometimes. »

Old Timer : « Yes, I've seen men so badly scrambled up by it that they looked like a lace pattern. »

New Arrival : « Oh, that would be the effect of the curtain fire. »

~~~~~

Recumbent Sergeant to Orderly Corporal at 6 a.m.

« Rounding up the sick ? »

Orderly Corporal (bitterly).

« No, I'm just going to bury a corpse before dawn breaks. »



We learn from a reliable source (reliable source — the Sergeant Cook) that the submarine campaign is « off », because Fritz figures he can't construct under water craft fast enough for our Navy to sink.

~~~~~

Sentry : « Halt ! and give the pass-word. »
The Halted : « Waterloo. »
Sentry : « Pass on, Napoleon. »

~~~~~

M. O. : « What's your complaint ? »  
Pte. Jones : « Can't eat, sir. »  
M. O. : « Fine ! Up the line you go. They're short of rations there. »

~~~~~

The Huns were almost upon him as he tugged at the pin of his bomb. Red with exertion he pulled and twisted, but in vain, then taking careful aim at the nearest of the Fritzies he hurled it him, shouting : « Take that and see what you can make of it. »

~~~~~

Army phrases are creeping into our every day speech. One of the boys was heard to state that Prince Edward Island is attached to Canada for rations.

How about it, you men from P.E.I. ?

~~~~~

M. O. (to mud-spattered patient.) « What's the matter with you ? »
Patient : « Shell-shock, sir. »
M. O. « Alright. Dubbin your boots. »

~~~~~

Sniper : « There's no doubt of it, the Germans are hungry. »  
Scout : « What gives you that idea ? »  
Sniper : « A couple of them swallowed bullets of mine this morning. »

~~~~~

To the dark figure coming along the trench the sentry unbosomed himself of a long standing grievance : « Oh, here you are again, eh. If you'd uh been a Fritz you'd uh got it long ago. »

Indistinct figure (who turns out to be an officer) « What's that ? »

Sentry : « Beg pardon, sir. I thought it was a machine gunner. »

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1st Sniper : « By Jove ! Fritz must have deep trenches. »

2nd Ditto : « Yes, that may the case, but I believe he's making them very wide so the Tanks can't get over. »

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While the film spoiler in the Y.M.C.A. hut was mending a break and the lights were up, the red faced corporal in charge shouted : « Is 123456, Pte Daly of the C.A.S.C. here ? » No answer. « 123456, Pte. Dalv. » he shouted. Faintly a voice floated through the smoke laden air : « Died of wounds ! »

« — !!! »



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### THE REST.



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Question : Why is a Military Policeman ?
Answer : Because it's a horrible war.

~~~~~

A private, ten days overdue on leave, gave as his excuse that he couldn't catch the leave train as he was afraid to walk through the streets of London in the dark.

## AND SOME LIMERICKS

There once was a German called Fritz,  
Who was frightened half out of his wits.  
When he heard our twelve inch  
Did he duck? Did he flinch?  
Well, I guess — and stuck up his mitts.

~~~~~

There once was a bomber named Pink
Who spent half his time in the clink,
But he won the M.M.
In a trench held pro. tem.
So ne doesn't care what people think.

~~~~~

And there was another called Banks  
Who was one of our notable tanks.  
Private Banks G.C.M.  
We're disposed to condemn,  
For he got « twenty-eight » for his pranks.

~~~~~

There once was a sniper called B—
Who claimed to be strictly T.T.
He was noticed one night
Blowing hard at the light
Of his wrist-watch. Strange, you'll agree.

~~~~~

**Canadian soldiers itching to toe the scratch for final phase of world war.**

Opposite this indelicate announcement in a Seattle contemporary is an ad. for Squirm & Wriggle's Insect Powder. Who told on us?

~~~~~

As the Lewis gun artist rounded the traverse he was astonished to see a fellow strafing with his head over the front parapet and his gun bedded in his shoulder while his eye gleamed fiercely over the sights. Bang! and the sniper jumped off the firing step, ran down the trench a few yards, popped up again and repeated the performance. Then shouting: « I've got him. I've got him. » he jumped over the parapet and reappeared a moment later with — No not a wounded German, not even a handful of Hun money or a pair of shoulder straps — a brace of Partridge.

~~~~~

Batmen, like poets, are born and not made, but once in a while an individual is dowered with the genius of both.

The gentleman whose masterpiece we reproduce below, hearing that all leave was to be cancelled, decided to make application as follows:

To O.C.

Head Quarters Coy.

Dear Sir,

The wind goes whistling through the trees.  
The weather is cold and damp,  
And I am waiting for my leaf  
Before I can quit the camp.

I've many friends to go to see,  
Can count them by the dozens,  
Besides my sisters — two off them —  
And nephews, niece and cousins.

Besides, the leaf was promised us.  
It appeared in every paper,  
And many are expecting it  
As well as Robert Draper.

~~~~~

Observer's report — A footpath was seen leaving enemy trench at 8 a.m. at — and going in a north-easterly direction disappeared in the woods at —

CHARACTERISTICS OF EVERY OTHER BATTALION

By the Crouch of Any Battalion.

Every other battalion leaves its billets, trenches, dug-outs, transport sheds and other buildings full of rubbish.

We always leave our quarters spotless.

Every other battalion gets far more rum than we do and far oftener. Their C. S. Ms. are all total abstainers who insist on the men taking a shot at least twice a day.

We get so little rum (when we get any at all) that it's only an insult, and our C.S.Ms. are different.

Every other battalion gets far more rations than we do. You ought to see what the — th and the — nth get for dinner. Yes, and beaucoup too.

We get so little to eat that it wouldn't surprise us to hear that the Transport is to be attached to the Ammunition Column.

Every other battalion gets far more leave than we do. Almost any day you can see parties of the — st and the — eenth hopping on to the leave bus.

Every other battalion gets all the clothing and equipment it wants. Officers of other battalions often stop a man say: « See here, so and so. You're looking rather disreputable. Go to the Q.M. stores and get a new outfit. Yes, and boots too. »

We have to wear our tunics till they look like pneumonia blouses.

Every other battalion has fewer working parties than we do and shorter ones. When we go back to a trench we always find it in exactly the same state in which we left it — except for the rubbish.

When we leave that trench the parapet and buttresses are always built up and the dug-outs improved.

Every other battalion has good officers, kind non coms, and a sympathetic and inexperienced Medical Officer.

Our battalion — sh!

Every other battalion has a band you can march to and it plays for the boys every day they are out of the trenches. Their dry canteen is never out of candles, matches and mush, and their wet canteen is never dry. They get more and better cigarette issues and — but, oh, what's the use!

~~~~~

## A SENTRY'S DREAM.

Two dark, dreamy eyes,  
Two long drawn sighs,  
Two lips like the pout of a rose,  
One dainty, wee chin  
With one dimple in;  
The whole head, what a delicate pose!

Two snowy white arms,  
Two dainty wrists' charms,  
Two hands like an angel's touch,  
One slim, wee waist  
With one arm embraced;  
The whole scene here contemplate much.

Two live whizz-bangs,  
Two Fritz rang-a-tangs;  
One sentry comes rudely awake.  
Instead of her waist  
One gun he embraced  
The whole Hunland to fight for her sake.

Len. Beatty.

## THE ADVENTURES OF IGNATZ HUMP, SOLDIER AND BATMAN TOO.

By R. ATHER RAWTEN.

|                            |                                                                                                                            |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Ignatz Hump :</b>       | Soldier : Hero : Batman. In love with.                                                                                     |
| <b>Marie Brillon :</b>     | Once a lace-maker, now, by the cruel vicissitudes of war, barmaid in an estaminet — also heroine. Kind of stuck on Ignatz. |
| <b>Old Man Brillon :</b>   | Marie's father.                                                                                                            |
| <b>Auguste :</b>           | Villain : Roadmender : Spy : Marie's cousin.                                                                               |
| <b>Other Accessories :</b> | Canadians : Soldiers : Human Beings.                                                                                       |

### IGNATZ HUMP.

Not more than twenty minutes before it was necessary, Ignatz was ordered to fall in. The wind was blowing great guns, and the rain lashing down.

As soon as the working party were satisfactorily soaked they moved off. Through the darkness they went, slipping, and sliding, and wallowing.

It was very, very dark, and our hero was dependent on the vague shape of the man in front for guidance. At times even that failed. The man was blotted out in the rain-sodden opaqueness, and only the clatter of his rifle as he fell from time to time, or the simple sincerity of his speech, directed our hero's footsteps.

Ignatz thanked Heaven for the man in front, and with reason, for, in civilian times, the life-work of this man in front had been — mules. Yes, he had driven mules, and in consequence he appealed to his Maker with fluency and fervency, never once repeating himself on that long and inexpressibly toilsome trip. His rich and husky tones were as a guiding star to our hero's feet. By that curious compound of dim vision and instinct which the Troops acquire, our Ignatz grew to sense what particular brand of trouble was engaging his friend's attention. When it was mud, just mud, of that incomparably juicy and affectionate Flemish sort, the mule driver expressed himself in a monosyllabic monotone. Sudden, short, sharp bursts of speech meant wire — underfoot or overhead. An appalling blast of profanity announced his arrival at the bottom of an old trench. Ignatz blessed Heaven for his guiding star.

It was only as they neared the firing line that his voice faltered and finally ceased. Ignatz was deeply concerned. « Tom », he asked, « What's the matter ? » « IT's no use, » answered the man of mules, resignedly. « I just can't do it justice. »

By this time Ignatz was less dependent on the man in front. German flare lights were going up almost continuously, their vivid beams piercing the driving rain, showed for an instant the delicate tracery of trees and the weather-beaten growth of « No Man's Land ». The working party rejoiced.

Little does the Allemand know what a comfort and consolation are his excellent flare lights ; how they guide and cheer our Troops on many a midnight job !

At the appointed place the long file of men telescoped. That is to say the N.C.O. in charge simply stopped. In consequence, those behind followed suit with varying success. There they stood for a trifling matter of forty five minutes, until a Sapper groped his way to them. The Troops knew he was a Sapper because he carried neither rifle nor equipment, and the extreme hauteur of his deportment singled him out of the ruck of Staff Officers.

« One N.C.O. and twenty men, this way, » he commanded. The modesty of the Troops prevented

them complying with his request without a decent show of hesitation.

Ignatz found himself No. 2. of the « Gum Boot Party », whereat his heart sank. In a shrapnel holed skeleton of a barn he removed his boots and puttees, and shiveringly struggled into his gum-boots. Size 11 they were and without side-buckles, whilst our hero wore an eight. He girt them up as best he could, shouldered two sheets of corrugated iron and started after his guide.

The way led through a complicated series of pit-falls and man-traps, lapsed trenches, real trenches, refuse heaps, wire entanglements and natural obstacles of many kinds. The pathway was a welter of mud almost knee deep in places, doubly treacherous to a man wearing gum-boots three sizes too big. It led over the parapet of a trench down which our hero skated on his face, to an accompaniment of noise like a tin-plate factory in full blast. Ignatz was instantly unpopular with his fellow sufferers who fully expected a burst of machine-gun fire as a reply to the noise, but apart from desultory rifle fire nothing happened. As he drained the mud from his great coat sleeves our hero remarked : « You may as well throw me away for I won't be any more use in this war. » Nevertheless he disinterred his rifle, resurrected his corrugated-iron, and stumbled on his way.

For his third trip our Ignatz was given a sack of coke and a sack of bread — part of the rations for the front line artists. He slipped ; he slid ; he wallowed. Sometimes the coke was uppermost, sometimes the bread, sometimes Ignatz.

Eventually he reached the trench — just two walls of mud with a stream flowing through, and fell into it — bread first. The firing step was nearly awash and there was no one around. Ignatz sat on his bread, lit a cigarette and waited for signs of human occupation.

Bye and bye there came a sound of splashing round the traverse, laughter and voices raised in song : « Oh father, dear father come home to me now. » « Rum issue, » said Ignatz to himself hopefully, picking up his coke and his bread and sloshing along the trench.

He reached the dismal hole called by courtesy Company Headquarters, and placing his coke and bread carefully on the parapet — reported. He coughed suggestively and stared fixedly at the rum-jar, but the company sergeant-major simply said : « Good night ! » with unmistakeable finality, and our hero turned sadly away.

Just then he spied a jar out side the dug-out, and shook it tentatively. It was half full. Cautiously our hero raised it to his lips and took a rapid swallow — « Whale-oil » — excellent for the feet but not to be recommended as a beverage. Our Ignatz became instantly and violently unwell, with such utter abandon, indeed, that the C.S.M. heard him, and putting his head out of the dug-out addressed a few pungent remarks to the stooping, coughing figure.

Ignatz climbed laboriously out of the trench and made his way back to the dump, wishing more heartily than ever before for a nice clean « blighty. » But even that was denied him. A man slightly to one side of him, suddenly collapsed, simultaneously with the vicious « PSST » of a stray bullet, with an elegant little touch through the fore-arm. He was tied up by a stretcher-bearer and helped off, crowing cheerily : « Blighty for mine, boys ! »

That night, in the hut, as Ignatz smoked a final « Arf-a-mo », he turned to where his mule driving friend's shock of hair bulged above the blanket — « Tom, » he said « in civvy life I wouldn't do that working party stunt for twenty five dollars a time. » The mule man grunted entire agreement, and they slept.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE « LITTLE BLACK DEVILS » PAGE

Scene — Regimental Canteen. Enter Batman with sand-bag.

Batman. — « Have you any candles ? »

Counter hand. — « No, but we'll have some to-morrow. »

Batman. — « Any Mush ? »

Counter hand. — « No ».

Batman. — « Well, give us a packet of Players, and say, the Battalion's going over the top tonight Straight goods from the Mess. »

This news got to the ears of two bombproof sergeants and immediately they became inspired with martial ardour. They swept the cob-webs from their equipment, made their wills, and (almost) cleaned their rifles.

That night the two N.C.Os made their way down the communication trench. The first sentry they met almost had palpitation when he saw who they were, but forward they pressed and ever on. At last H. Q. was reached. Of course the S. M. was the man wanted, and having found him they entered his abode of love much to his surprise. Naturally he asked why they had risked their lives in this reckless fashion, and on being told refused point blank to believe it. For a moment he mused as one who would sift the matter to its very foundation and then going over to the corner he produced the rum jar and said : « You fellows must want a drink pretty badly to come all this way for it. Now go home and don't take any more risks like this. »

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OH, LA LA !

At 1.15 p. m. C. Coy's officers were enjoying their mid-day repast when a message came from the sentry on top of the dug-out to the effect that « two fellows wanted to see me », so since nothing appeared urgent I told this intelligent specimen to send the « fellows » down. Word came back that they would only keep me two minutes, so, leaving my pork and beans, I went up above to find !!! the Brigadier and a companion !!!

Profuse apologies for interrupting lunch, etc., while I stared at that sentry, longing to grab him by the throat. Then as best I could with chronic bronchial trouble and a whisper, answered all the Brigadier's questions.

Afterwards the sentry explained that one of the fellows had a « sword and cannon on his shoulder. »

N. B. — This man is next on the list for the T.M. Battery.

D.K.T.

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## THE EXILE.

I'm home-sick for the Prairie, I hunger for the Plains,

I'm aching for the Coyote's midnight call.

I'm longing for the Home-land, and it bids me hit the trail

To those who, sweet and joyous, are my all.

I've wandered far, and I have seen  
The blood of nations shed :  
The pitted fields, the crimson soil  
That shields the mighty dead.

Oh, I am hungry for the Plains,  
The peaceful, virgin sod,  
The busy life, the well-spent toil  
That lifts man's soul to God.

R. W. Trowsdale. 13164.

1st Canadian Contingent.

## THE « LITTLE BLACK DEVILS » PAGE

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

1. — What a certain dispenser of Bully Beef and other delicious refreshments thinks of the shrine as a safety deposit box ? We would like to suggest a shovel, a convenient slack heap and about five minutes labour as a place more likely to give results on future occasions.

2. — What happened to Siggy's Printania which he built at our recent resting place ? How about getting it transported here for use as a Wet Canteen ?

3. — If there is any truth in the statement that our late pioneer sergeant volunteered to return to duty in the trenches on account of his being unable to paint the historic picture which is to be hung in the Art Galleries ?

4. — When will Figsby return from leave ?

5. — What is the name of the song to be substituted for « Poor Old Joe » as a Sergt's Mess chorus now that the gentleman in question has departed on long leave ?

6. — Where is our band ?

7. — What our runners will do for rum now that their father has partied ? They are anxious to know the date of his return.

8. — What our late Transport Officer thinks of « hoofing » as an exercise. Great stuff to make you « feel your oats ».

9. — When will Hogan get his leave ?

10. — Where can we find a stage large enough for Ceasefire to adequately put on his great one man melodrama « The Bank Robbery » — or is he working his ticket ?

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NAOLA.

Far out on the plains
Where the rivers run, winding
Like silvery threads
From the dim, purple hills ;
Where in each lowly flower
Lurks a spell that is binding,
And each blade of grass
Holds a pleasure that thrills.

But fairer by far
Than the grasses or floweret
Or deep winding rivers
That flow on apace,
Fair Naôla, my Queen,
Sits enthroned in her boweret
And welcomes my coming
With radiant face.

Proud as the Eagle
Aloft in his eyrie,
As sweet as the breezes
That sing through the grain,
As soft as the moon-light
That mantles the Prarie
And gently caresses
Each valley and plain.

In the pools of your eyes
I can see your soul leaping.
— Your eyes like twin stars
In a mystical sky —
Enslaved by loves bands, dear,
My soul's in your keeping
Naôla, my Queen,
'Tis for you that I die.

Pte Joe Sullivan. 466410.

HOW BATTLE PICTURES ARE TAKEN ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By our Licensed Liar.

« Action ! Front ! » — or the movie equivalent of that — said the Cinematographer to the carefully posed group in the communication trench. « Now then, boys », he continued, ejecting his gum to give freer play to his accent, « plenty of life, plenty of animation, if you please. The title of this picture will be **Canadian soldiers preparing dinner five minutes before going over the top.** (how he figured we were going over the top in five minutes, beats me, the front line being at least two kilometres away). You in the foreground with the cheese sandwich, « he said to Fatty Maguire, » register emotion. Remember, I rely on you to show by manipulation of the facial muscles that you lost your half sister's husband on the Somme; but in spite of that you are determined to go on to the end ».

« Don't have much choice about that, » said Fatty, « and as to registering emotion, it ain't difficult when you size up my rations. » He swallowed a bite and choked with more than emotion.

« Will the gentleman holding the mess-tin lid kindly refrain from whistling, » entreated the crank expert, « it alters his alignment and puts his chin out of focus. All ready ! » r-r-r-r-r

« Thank you, boys ».

« The next picture will be **RED CROSS HERO RESCUING WOUNDED COMRADE UNDER FIRE.** »

« 'Tain't done in this war », said Fatty Maguire.

« But it's got to be » insisted the picture man. « The patrons of the silent drama must have what they have been educated to expect. » You, « he continued pointing at Fatty, » have a nice refined face. You'll do for the Red Cross man ».

« Not me », said Fatty, hastily. « I got canned off the Stretcher-Bearers, and I swore I'd never risk another stiff. »

« Just this once », pleaded the movie man, « for the sake of the women and children at home. »

« All right ». Fatty agreed, finishing his sandwich. « Lead me to it ».

The camera artist then selected a little bomber, and told him to stretch himself on the ground near the parapet.

« A little more agony, please, » he directed, « Writhe, and raise your hand weakly at intervals towards heaven. This isn't a Catch-as-Catch-Can tournament », he added quickly, as the Wounded Comrade began to throw half-nelsons on the atmosphere. « Take it slowly. Remember your right leg is shattered from the knee down. That's better. Now, hold that ! » You, « he told Fatty », have got to crawl forward towards your wounded comrade, hold a water bottle to his lips, wipe the clammy dews of agony from off his suffering brow and then, daring all, carry him back to safety through the puffs of shrapnel smoke. Of course we can't have real shrapnel », he assured Fatty with obvious regret.

« Not with me on the job » stipulated Fatty.

« That's all right », declared the film manipulator, « in the O.K. Moving Picture Studios we can fake anything from a cyclone to a snow-storm. Ready ! Go ! » r-r-r-r-r-r-r « Thank you, boys ! »

« The next picture », said the movie man, « will be **BIVOUAC AND BILLET, Scene I. CANADIAN SOLDIERS WASHING CLOTHES.** »

« It ain't done in this war, » declared Fatty Maguire. « Canadian soldiers ain't got time to wash. Besides, we get a bath and a complete change of clothing every two months whether we need it or not. »

« Come, come, » reproved the movie man, « this picture is to be shown in the land of the big enamelled bath-tub. Here are all the accessories, soap, tubs, water and clothes. A little more soap-suds, please, » r-r-r-r-r-r « Thank you, boys ! »

THE REST.

The Seventh marched into B.....
One cold December day,
And the men were feeling joyous
Though they hadn't got their pay ;
For the O. C. had informed them
That for thirty days or more
They would not see the trenches
Nor hear the cannons roar.

Once arrived at billets,
The men sat down to eat
An appetising dinner
Of Grave-yard Stew with meat.
But their appetites appeased
The thing they thought of first
Was how they could obtain the dough
To quench their growing thirst

One man had an inspiration,
And called his comrades three,
And told them of some officers
Who were rich as rich could be.
So each one went without delay
To see a Wealthy One
And told him tales of sorrow
That caused his eyes to run.

Each man returned with a smile on his face
And a wad of dough in his hand,
And each of them swore that their officers were
The best in all the land.
And the four of them supped in style that night
On eggs and chips galore,
And they drank to the Day in Cafe au
And eagerly called for more.

And so they fared for thirty days
Till they word came to depart
And they left again for the trenches
With many a sorrowful heart.
But they often sit in the trenches
And dream of Mademoiselle so fair,
And the whispered words she spoke as they left
Of « Après la Guerre. »

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## MY HERO.

(from a Canadian mother.)

Bonnie Charlie's far away,  
Fighting with his might and main,  
Nor will he return to us  
Until there is peace again.

He will fight for all he loves :  
Father, mother, home and friends,  
Empire, King and Prince of Wales  
He'll defend until life ends.

And his comrades who were slain  
On that dreadful battle-field,  
He will kindly think of them,  
For their sakes his weapon wield.

When the cruel war is o'er,  
When the Kaiser's « Day » is done,  
When the Allies' victory's sure,  
He will then lay down his gun.

At the front « Somewhere in France »  
You can find my hero true,  
So be grateful that he went,  
Perhaps to give his life for you.

Bonnie Charlie's far away,  
Fighting with his might and main,  
Nor will he return to us  
Until there is peace again.