



6<sup>th</sup> Duke of Connaught's Rifles    11<sup>th</sup> Irish Fusiliers    88<sup>th</sup> Victoria Fusiliers  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Rocky Mountain Rangers    10<sup>th</sup> New Westminster Fus.    West Kentenay Rifles  
 Reinforcing -    Battalions -    11<sup>th</sup>, 30<sup>th</sup>, 47<sup>th</sup>



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**Experiences of a Manchester Recruiting Canvasser.**

*Contributed by a friend of the "L. P."*

It seems a far cry back to the dull grey days of November last when the clamant call of Lord Derby for more recruits was ringing through Great Britain. Manchester, that busy Metropolis of the North, had already done her duty nobly. Lord Kitchener had said so, and personally visited the City to show he meant it. Still more men were needed. The National Register taken in August which gave full particulars of every resident in the British Isles over sixteen years of age, revealed the fact that there was still a considerable surplus who had not been moved by the call. The Derby scheme of attestation by which a man could enlist and be placed in a class to be called up according to his age and responsibilities, needed canvassers to explain. The present writer volunteered for the duty and was appointed to visit a district of the City contiguous to the docks of the Manchester Ship Canal. My appearance on the scene left no doubt that whatever part of the Country had not done it's duty, this particular district had risen nobly to a great occasion. In long rows of tenements it was only necessary to call at houses here and there, for already the majority of their former eligible occupants had gone. And of those left. Who were they? What were they? Well, for the most part, married men with large families and small wages, "waiting for the single men to go first", together with the halt the lame and the blind. Mr. Asquith's pledge, since redeemed, to hook in the single men, at that time seemed but half convincing to the man with a brood of children clattering at his heels, "Let him do it and we'll follow" was the opinion pretty freely expressed.

*(To be Continued)*

**Sensational Robbery.**

LITERARY WORLD RECEIVES A SEVERE JOLT.

Early this morning it was discovered that yeggmen had broken into the strong room of the Editorial Offices and carried away the great Poetical Masterpiece "Gawd, how my eyes grew dim", composed by the world famous poet, Pioneer N. McLean.

Great as was the shock to the artistic world when the famous "Mona Lisa" painting disappeared, it was a mere "seven days gossip" compared with the disaster caused by the loss of this poem. Letters and telegrams of condolence are pouring into the temporary office hourly. Noteworthy amongst these are letters from Rudyard Kipling, Ally Sloper, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Bud Fisher, Sam Gothard, Bob Edwards, Robert Sievier and Horatio Bottomley. The whole of the Secret Service machinery has been set in motion and early results are breathlessly awaited.

**Serious charge against Pte. Richards.**

CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS  
SUSPECTED OF TRADING WITH THE ENEMY.

As a result of being brought up before Capt. Lees, on a charge of violating the "Defence of the Realm Act".

Pte. Richards has been interned pending further developments. The news caused a deal of consternation among his comrades who had never suspected him of having anything German (barring a razor) about him. Had he not, in a moment of utter recklessness decided to wash himself, he would, in all probability be still at large. Whilst this painful operation was in progress, thousands of German 'Marks' were noticed about his body.

Everyone he has been in contact with are being closely watched, and early developments are anxiously expected.

So eager did his comrades wish to share the spoils, that a rush was made for his blanket and towel.

After a careful examination of the suspect, the M. O. has ordered him to be isolated.

**A word from the Transport.**

Dick Turpin may have been a dare-devil, but his historic ride to York was a Sunday School picnic compared with my nightly jaunt. Yes, although I say it myself, there is more excitement in one mile between our transport and the trenches, than would fill all the penny hair-raisers that I ever got spanked for reading. Dick may have loved Black Bess, but it was merely flirtation compared with what I think of my two Gee Gees, and the Hun that does hit one had better look out.

If he only so much as gives one of them a "Blighty", it will be, "Good night Adolph". I shall quit this job and go in the Infantry and start a battle all by myself. It will be the beginning of the end for all the Herr Hermans.

Loaded up with Maconachies, bully beef, biscuits, and other delicacies which men leave home for, we start in the direction of the flare-lights. This is a signal for all the German snipers to load up their magazines and machine gunners to fill a new cartridge belt.

The wagons rattle over the cobbles, in and out of shell holes and make enough noise to scare Berlin—ZING-SPLUSH, ZING—PHUT—why don't they shoot at somebody else? I never hit a German in my life. I've too much respect for my fist. At last we get there, unload, about turn, out of range, breathe easier, arrive home, unhitch, in my dug-out, havé a smoke, good night.

Yorky.



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Y. M. C. As. in  
Church Army Hut and Y. M. C. A., Bailleul.  
Soldiers Institute, Canadian Corps.

The Pessimist is full of woe,  
And wishes he was never born,  
Because he knows no rose will grow  
Without it's thorn.

The Optimist is full of glee  
Because he surely knows  
That where the thorns are growing, he  
Perhaps MAY get a rose.

**EDITORIAL**

**DOES THIS MEAN YOU ? ? ? ?**

Did YOU say that the last number of this paper had too much "would be" poetry in it? Well listen; the men who wrote that poetry probably put in their spare time at rest billets composing those little poems, whilst YOU were perhaps playing "Black Jack", or maybe playing a "Mouth organ". Now don't fly off the handle when you read this, it is right here in print for YOUR especial benefit. There are only three reasons why a man should write poetry—1st, he may wish to see his efforts in print, 2nd, he may have a kick to make, 3rd, he desires to help with the paper, and thereby help his Battalion. NOW, what have YOU done towards filling up our eight pages? Oh! you say, WE'RE not EDITORS—neither are WE poets. Now, that's where WE, the Editors, have YOU. Before we took over the job of running the "L. P.", we had never written anything but an I. O. U., or an essay on "Income Tax and how to AVOID it". We have, (long ago), forgotten how to write an I. O. U., probably for want of practice, but that income tax stuff was easy for us as we had no income to tax.

To get back to our subject, we admit publishing stuff that would get a civilian editor cast into an asylum, or prison, but, "there's a reason". This is YOUR paper; it is only through your interest that it can exist. If we engaged the services of some professional arm chair war correspondent to write and edit the paper, we should soon go stony, and the paper—"Na poo".

We spend the profits on improving the paper, hence illustrations and increase in size; any other wealth that may accumulate will be "blowed in" on the battalion when a favourable opportunity presents itself. NOW, sharpen that pencil and "GET BUSY"—WE are waiting to see some of YOUR stuff in print.

**Mentioned in Despatches**

He is O. C. runner for the 7th Battalion, and he used to accompany me from H. Q. to the front line. There was something about him that had puzzled me for a long time. Catching him in a confidential mood one night, I solved the mystery.

"How did you get in the army with such a long neck?"

"Oh, it wasn't always as long as it is now."

"Then what made it grow; reaching to kiss the Sergeant or reaching for something to eat?"

"No, it is developed through ducking from side to side in order to allow the bullets more room to go by."

**Kronicles of Ye Ancient and Honourable  
1st B. C. Rifle-iers,**

(Continued)

22.—And as time went on the hirlings did murmur, saying, "Where is the dollar ten per, that was promised by Our Lady to each and every man?" And a deputation did go up unto the O. C. and say unto him; "Oh, Great O.C., Our Lady did promise unto us one dollar ten per; Grant therefore, we pary thee, that we be given of the shekels of gold and of silver that we may purchase of the mint jujubes and the lime-juice to allay the suffering in our throats."

23.—And the O. C. did harken unto them and did say; "Your requests are small and with much ease dispensed with. I will appoint forthwith a keeper of the Privey-purse and he shall give unto you shekels of gold and of silver."

24.—And the O. C. did send for one of his henchmen who had fought for Our Lady against the rebels many years before; he was of proud and haughty mein, (yet withal he was humble). And the O. C. did say unto him, "I will make thee keeper of my Privy-purse and thou shalt pay out to my hirelings the shekels of gold and of silver every man according to his due, and thou shalt hereafter be known as my P. M."

25.—And the O. C. did receive unto his band a robust man from the Isles of the Western seas did he come, and did wear besides a look of satisfaction, upon his neck band a cross, as a symbol of the Christain Faith. And the O. C. did say unto him; "Thou shalt be as a shepherd to my flock and lead them and train them in the mystery of thine art, and I will make it known that thou shalt be called the 'Padre'". But the assassins of the fire-sticks that shoot forth the forked lightning did murmur amongst themselves saying, "It is the sky pilot that hath come amongst us, henceforth must we forbear to linger where the wine is red lest he rebuketh us".

26.—And at this time the Chief Councillor took away those that had mined the coal in the bowels of the earth and gave them unto another band, and there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth.

27.—And the O. C. did muster his band again and say unto them; "I will divide ye into eight groups and hereafter ye shall be called 'companies' and I will set over each group one of my henchmen known as 'Company Commanders.'"

28.—And of the first company did he set over them a little man with a voice like unto a little dog and who was well versed in the barter of the lands beyond the mountains.

29.—And of the second company did he place to command them a big man who was a city father and a wise councillor in the far West where the sun goes down.

30.—And over the third company did he place another of his henchmen who spake much.

31.—And over the fourth company placed he a dark man without a beard upon his face, and the crown of his head was shaved also.

32.—And to the fifth company he sent a little man, but wise beyond all wisdom, the fount of knowledge to many youths in the Isles of the Western seas.

33.—And the sixth company gave he to one whose hair was white, but not with age; for he had been guardian of the King's peace in many strange lands and in divers parts of the earth. And he too wore many trophies of battles with warlike and savage peoples.

34.—And his seventh company gave he unto one of his henchmen who was old in years and wore the crown of gilt upon his shoulders.

35.—And his eighth and last company he did place to the care of one who bore himself with careless swing of youth and who had spent many moons as Chief Scribe to the Fusiliers of the river where the salmon spawn.

(To be con inued next issue.)

## Encyclopedia of Military Terms

(Continued)

**Engineers.**—The wise men of the army. They teach the ignorant infantry how to carry sand bags, barbed wire bath mats, etc. and how to work intricate machinery such as picks and shovels.

**Estaminet.**—Translated into English means the "Rendezvous de la Police Militaire". It is where soldiers (including engineers) congregate to spend their unearned increment and to recount the many brave deeds they have done, also to listen to Mademoiselle's "Arf an' Arf" language whilst drinking her "Arf an' Arf" bier.

**Form Fours.**—All military experts agree that it is absolutely imperative that a man be able to form fours before he is fit to defend the Empire.

Although this intricate manouver can be accomplished in any number of movements a Drill Instructor usually recommends three. The odd numbers stands pat, the even numbers step on somebodys' toes in the rear with the left foot, and somebodys' heel on the right with the right foot. The even number will then find himself viewing the landscape on the back of the odd numbers neck, whilst the Empire totters.

Lack of space prevents forming fours in the trenches, but the War Office has the matter under consideration.

(To be Continued.)

### THE STRAFING OF THE HUN.

Our Victor of Vancouver, by the nine Gods he swore,  
The dirty Huns across the way, should dwell in peace no more,  
By the nine Gods he swore it, and named a trysting day  
And bade his runners hasten forth  
To East and West and South and North,  
To summon his array.

East and West and South and North, the runners hasten fast,  
Trench mortars, Scouts and Grenadiers, begin to damn and  
blast.

Come turn out of your dug-outs, in moments just a half,  
Our Victor's on the war-path, our Victor's going to strafe.

And now has every Captain, sent in his tale of men,  
The odds and ends are forty, the Scouts just tally ten;  
From every hole and dug-out, hot-foot the worriers come  
With clubs and axes, picks and spades,  
With mess-tins, bayonets and grenades—  
(Someone had shouted "Rum").

With clubs and picks and spades they ran and rallied  
round their chief,

Who told them of his wishes, in orders terse and brief.

"Come get your Threlfallites and Mills, your bayonet and  
gun

Get out beyond the parapet—go forth and strafe the Hun".

The dirty Hun had been well strafed—he got it in his lair,  
He got it in his back and neck, he got it everywhere,  
And Victor of Vancouver was jumping with delight,  
When Scout and runner hastened in,  
With Captives fat and Captives thin,  
He jumped clean out of sight.

So Fritzie's evening party proved such a great success  
That asked if they would go again, the Scouts all shouted  
"Yes",

Shame on the false Columbian, who comes not at the run  
When Victor of Vancouver, is out to strafe the Hun.

A. A. A.

Officer to man studying an atlas: "What are you  
looking for, the Sandwich Islands?"

Geographical Student; "No Sir, you see when I went to  
school they told me that this world was composed of three  
parts water and one part land. Now I'm just trying to  
find out where that piece of land is".



Are the military authorities going to supply "tin" hats for the following natives;

The swan at Swan Farm, (who puts his head under water when Fritz shells him.)

The rats which take cover in the gum boots at Transport Farm, and the Pigeons at Hooze Farm?

Will the first Contingent soon get a vote in this country?

If the first ten years of this war will be the worst?

### Our Weekly Cinema Film.

(Continued)

ACT IV SCENE III

Bill Davis is relieved from the trenches and spends a sleepless night scheming to get even with Johns and wondering what to do to win Mary. Just as the grey dawn reddens the blue sky, Bill gets an inspiration. He decides to prove his love for Mary by giving her a present. The vital question is; "What shall the gift be? It must be something like her own sweet self—a thing of beauty and a joy forever; Something that will appeal to a woman's vanity." He goes through his kit bag, and out of the depths he produces a pair of socks. His comrades are awakened by his shouting of "I've got it, I've got it!" He ignores various sarcastic remarks such as; "Why don't you kill it", and "Put it in the Sergeant's bed and go to sleep". Several attempts are made to steal the socks, but they display their undying friendship for Bill by creeping back to his pack. He arrives at English Farm while the inmates of the Farm are still sleeping. Producing his mouth organ he proceeds to serenade Mary with, "Come be my Baby Bumble Bee" and "There's only one in a million like you". The German prisoners protest against Davis's music, and endeavour to rouse their escort. Johns threatens to send them back to the trenches and the Germans ask for mercy. Mary opens the door and Davis prepares his mouth to greet her. Before the echo of the greet has died away, Mary, with a look of intense scorn on her face exclaims, "William Davis! Have I not told you that lips that touch citron and grenadine shall never touch mine?" Just as she is about to leave him for ever, he produces the socks. With a screech of delight she falls on his neck—(Orchestra will play kettle drums at the double). They are brought back to civilization by hearing Johns shouting "Break away". Mary departs to put on the socks leaving the two rivals saying rude things to each other. She reappears and asks Davis to "promenade with her through the main street and up to Neuve Eglise church. Knowing that she wants to "show off" her new socks, he agrees to escort her; but asks her to change her mind about the church. "Think of the danger from shells" he says. "You can see by my medals, that I am not afraid. What would I do if anything happened to you?"

"Medals!" exclaimed Mary, "Why Johns tells me that you got them from a 'Dog Show' in England".

"He's a fibber" says Davis, "I got those in Africa for killing better looking niggers than him".

On the way to Neuve Eglise Davis changes his position. "Don't take cover behind me" says Mary, "Show the Germans your medals". He ignores her cutting remarks and commands her to either marry him or return the socks. She refuses to do either, so Davis returns to English Farm and challenges Johns to fight a duel. They decide to meet at midnight at Hyde Park corner and fight it out in Plugstreet wood.

(To be Continued)



When on the march at night time and one regiment passes another the only questions one can hear are; "What Regiment, fellows?" or "What bunch boys?"

When the Second Brigade were somewhere near Bethune they passed the world famous history makers known as the West Riding Regiment.

Everything went along smoothly until they passed our Fifth Battalion.

"What regiment fellows?"

"West Riding, who are you?"

"Fifth, walking".

x x x

TIME MIDNIGHT:

Voice in the dark: "Hello old trapper, what time is it?"

Old Trapper (who happens to be Company Commander)

"I'm not old but I don't mind telling you the time".

Painful silence in the dark.

x x x

#### HOW AN ANGLO-FRENCH-CHINAMAN WOULD DESCRIBE ACTIVE SERVICE.

Need um bath,	Itchy Coo.
Catch um bath,	Fleas Na Poo.
Need um rest,	Heap much sick.
Catch um job,	Spade and pick.
Catch um pay,	Plenty glad.
Go bloke,	Velly sad.
Bime bye,	War finis.
German soldiers	R. I. P.

x x x

British Officer to Canadian somewhere in London;

"When do you expect to go to the front?"

Canadian slang artist: "Search me".

B. O.: "But I don't want to search you, carry on".

x x x

Officer: "Now then men the wind is in our favour, and the Division on our right is going to make a gas attack on the Bosches, and everyone must have his respirator ready in case Fritz sends some gas back".

x x x

Paymaster to batman asking for pay: "Why didn't you come for your pay on pay day?"

Batman: "I was busy pearl diving, Sir".

P. M.: "What the devil do you mean by pearl diving?"

Clerk: "He means dish-washing Sir".

x x x x x x

#### This Weeks Bulletin.

I regret to say that the news from the trenches for this issue will be about as interesting as an official communique. After writing a note informing my next of kin that I was about to take another chance and incidentally they might hear of something which might help them pay off the mortgage, I armed myself with paper, pencil and smoke helmet, and went in search of an accomplice to accompany me to my doom. He was reading a letter from which floated the perfume of crushed violets. To attract his attention I said, "Why don't you fellows hang your wet socks outside?" He looked up and I said, "Coming down the trenches?" He tore the letter into a thousand pieces, and with a vacant look peculiar to all fellows who receive letters perfumed with crushed violets or crushed lemons, he sighed or groaned, "Yes anywhere, even on to the enemy trench if you wish".

Noting that Dan Cupids ammunition was having more deadly effect than that of the Huns, I tried to cheer him up by telling him that the enemy machine guns were sweeping all roads and trails behind the trenches. He brightened up wonderfully and when he had equipped himself with long rubber boots and buttoned a long rubber coat around his neck we proceeded to slush slide and swim towards the firing line. We hadn't gone far when a voice in the distance suggested that we should halt. We tried our best to carry out the suggestion without sitting down on the greasy mud, but when I noticed the owner of the voice bring a beautiful piece of steel from the perpendicular to the horizontal, I and my friend decided to go back to the land. Just as the sentry was about to bayonet us a Hun flare-light went up and he asked us for a cigarette, a match, the time, and the pass word. We gave him the first three but apologised for not having either of the last named articles. In order to take him from the painful subject of pass words I asked him had he any news for the "L. P."

"Well no" he replied, "But if you don't halt next time I challenge you, or, if you try to pass me without giving the pass word, there's going to be an "L. P." published with a 'black border'".

(To be continued—maybe.)

#### The Q. M. Stores.

Several of our lady readers have requested us to explain the meaning of the mystic letters "Q. M. Stores". This is a pretty tall order, but we will do anything for pretty tall ladies, or pretty short ones either.

One young lady who signs herself Claudie (this is how we know she's young) says she knows 'Harrods', 'Liptons', 'Selfridges', 'The Army and Navy Stores' and the 'Lost Luggage Office' but is unable to locate a 'Q. M. Stores'. And no wonder!

If Claudie has been looking for the Seventh Battalion Quarter Master Stores, in search of mid-summer sales and bargains in Crepe de Chene, cut glass, curtains, carpets, comb----- (Censor). (Alright Censor I was only going to say combs), she is out of luck. In order to get within speaking distance of our Q. M. Stores it will be necessary to equip oneself with a pair of stilts, an Alpenstock, and at least an "Indent". Dear Claudie, never, never approach our Q. M. Sergeant without an indent. You wouldn't even get a pleasant smile if you had fifty indents; but to ask a Q. M. Sergeant for a pair of socks, without an indent or an order from the General officer Commanding, would be as disastrous as "Oliver asking for grapenuts". The Q. M. Sgt. sits in the Stores, Monarch of all he surveys. The Army Service Corps supply him with hardware, dry goods and wet goods, food, fuel. When he has the store overflowing with junk, until it resembles "The Old Curiosity Shop" and a ship's Chandlery combined, he is happy. As the Q. M. Stores are quite a respectable distance behind the firing line, he is able to get a panoramic view of the raging battle. (with a powerful telescope). A Medical Officer is never called upon to inoculate a Q. M. Sgt. against bayonet wounds.

Supposing a new recruit has lost his emergency rations or, as they are called on account of the biscuits, "Iron rations", some practical joker will tell him to go to the Q. M. Sgt.

"Could you oblige me with a set of Iron rations?" he innocently asks.

"Have you got an indent from your officer?"

"No. I don't want my officer to know I lost 'em cos he'll soak me one days pay".

"Well I can't help that; I aint running no free lunch counter. You go back and get an indent, and close the door from the outside".

The rationless soldier returns to his company and the Q. M. Sgt. returns to his interrupted letter on the Horrors of Modern Warfare as experienced by a Q. M. Sgt.

(Continued on page 90)

THE 5<sup>TH</sup> BATTALION'S PAGE

Once in the brave days of old we used to dance to that perfectly good tune "When it's apple blossom time in Normandy" and the enthusiasts would invariably pipe up, "I want to be in Normandy". Most of them have got their wish and are hitting up the old tune in clinking style, notwithstanding the fact that the sound of Revielle has replaced that of revelry. Anyway, spring and spring poets and spring fever and apple blossoms are about as rampant just now as the festive bronco on our Regimental crest. All ranks seem to be afflicted and so far the all wise and provident guys up top have not offered anything in the way of a remedy. We've had anti-tetanus once, vaccine twice and anti-typhoid thrice, and what whale oil we couldnt use on our feet, has been tried on our hair, and since our old friend Bock is out of reach and far away, we don't see how the epidemic is to be, checked particularly in view of the fact that the M. O. has broken out in a brand new place and written it down as the Chinook whispered it to him. The Second in Command thinks it's a good chance to even up matters and suggests a number nine, while the O. C. A Co. suggests painting the Doc's neck with iodine, but we think it's not so very bad for a young fellow whose favorite song is, "There's my youngest daughter, take a look a her" anyway we like those touches about the gopher and honk of the goose, probably because this is the second spring we've been without them and so here goes—

## DOPE FROM A DUG-OUT

You may sing of France and her sunny skies  
As a land beyond compare,  
You may sing of Old England were honour lies,  
Her hills and dales so rare,  
You may sing of the land where the Shamrock grows,  
Of Scotland's mountain and plain,  
But ours is the land where the gopher lives  
Mid the fields of golden grain.

There's a song in the howl of the grey coyote,  
In the whirr of the mallards wing.  
There's a call in the honk of the old grey goose,  
As he sails away North in the spring,  
There's a lure in the dance of the prairie grouse,  
As he pledges his troth again.  
'Tis heard in the land where the gopher lives  
Mid the fields of golden grain.

There's a twang in the air of the Golden West,  
Be it winter or summer or spring,  
There's life in the rude North Wester's jest,  
When he howls like a fiendish thing.  
There's time for thought 'neath the Autumn sky,  
When it's blue as the rolling main,  
And we love the land where the gopher lives  
Mid the fields of golden grain.

From far we're travelled, many a mile,  
As sons of the bulldog breed,  
To win from Fortune a fickle smile,  
To maintain a nations creed,  
To keep the word of our Mother true,  
Her honour free from stain,  
But we long for the land where the gopher lives  
Mid the fields of golden grain.

In sunny France and in Flanders fair,  
They have fallen, many a one,  
But they fought the fight for a plighted word,  
And we count their task well done,  
But on the Qu'Appelle and Saskatchewan,  
And the wind tossed Western Plain,  
Their souls still live in the golden West,  
Mid the fields of waving grain.

Two American newspaper men on a special visit, were watching a Canadian battery, which was sending some hot stuff over to Fritz. "That's it" said one admiringly, "Give it to them". After a while Fritz began to retaliate and succeeded in landing one within a few yards of the spot, which fortunately proved to be a 'dud'. One of the gunners looked over at it and said, "Lie there you American son of a gee-haw-buck—too poud to fight, eh?"

A Brigadier General of the Regulars became much concerned upon learning that his younger brother, who had followed a pale lure in Canada, was a private in the First Canadian Division and with true brotherly affection looked him up at the front intending to try and procure advancement for him. After the first greetings were over, the subject of the visit was broached and the General eagerly offered to do something for his more humbly situated frater, but he was assured by the Canuck that all was well as he had a good job, "Good job" questioned the Brass Hat, "Why, what are you doing?" "I'm a full buck private in the Fifth Battalion" was the answer. "Yes, of course but can't I do something for you?" "Sure" was the come back, "You might send me a pipe".

ODDS TO TRIFLES No. XXIII

## TO A GREEN ENVELOPE

There's not a word in Thee of paradoxes,  
Platoons, positions, and plans—military;  
There's just a score of kisses for Herself,  
And then a wee one for her sister Mary.

There's not a mention in Thee of Petards;  
And if I use the word "Lachrymatory",  
It only deals with a domestic bomb,  
That hoist me ages since—another story.

There's not a line in Thee to help the Bosche,  
Shouldst Thou by mishap reach his fist nefarious,  
Merely the usual—"I wish I were there"  
And "You remember, eh?" occasions various.

Perchance they'll tear Thee open at the Base,  
And table Thee for rude evisceration,  
And cynically search mild metaphors,  
For scraps of surreptitious information.

In Thee there's not a hint of great deeds done,  
No purple patchwork effort at description,  
There's just a mention of some cigarettes,  
My sort—the Melachrino-ish Egyptian.

Thou dares't not tell my dear one where I am,  
Thou must not mention trenches that we've taken,  
But really, really, does she give a damn,  
So that Thou proves't my love is her's unshaken?

There's not a whisper in Thee of war,  
As Heaven and the Censor are above me;  
Of where, and when and why, and what I am,  
And in what portion of the line the shove me.

So speed Thee to Thy destination hence,  
Beneath the cachet of my parole d'honneur,  
And bid Her—(It's the fashion to spout French,  
Even on leave to England)—a la bonne heure.

## The Game of Craters.

This fascinating pastime is now in full swing at Ypres salient. Crater parties are organized nightly both by the British and German Governments. As bombs and Blighties are issued free of charge the game is becoming popular. The rules of the game are very simple. According to Hoyle, it is a mixture of Hop Scotch and Checkers.

THE 8<sup>TH</sup> BATTALION'S PAGE

## A Ballad of Love and War.

By 438825

Where the shells are falling thickest clear from Arras to the sea,  
Where the Bosches bomb the quickest, that is the place I want to be.

I'll leave off my respirator, let them send the welcome gas.  
I'm become more desperator, as the leaden rest days pass,

Send me up, and at the double, up to bomb at Deutschland Fritz,

I'll be done with all life's trouble, when his old machine gun spits!

Where the Pacific waves so high, wash, lived a maiden, young and fair.

She was 'bout a quarter Siwash, but that's neither here nor there.

On the fair Isle of Vancouver, where we strolled along the beach,

I was her accepted lover, she was like a Vernon peach;  
But a letter now has found me, post-marked from Victoria Town,

All the world seems dark around me, for—she's gone and turned me down.

Nevermore I'll see my Maisie's loving long-lashed, down cast eye,

Let me go to push the daisies, let me like a soldier die!  
Send me out to face the dangers, (first I'll take that snort of rum).

Happiness and me are strangers, now old Fritzie let'er come.

## To the Boys at Home.

When war came to our Canada fair,  
We joined at once to do our share.  
And all the "First", they stood the strain,  
Of Valcartier and Salisbury Plain.  
We came through Ypres, our honours flew,  
Through Festubert, Givenchy too,  
But some for aye in Flanders stay,  
On their account I write this lay.

The response so far's magnificent,  
But thousands more must yet be sent,  
If Canada would still retain,  
Her great and glorious freedom's strain,  
One man in three they have to get,  
Don't say conscription's needed yet.  
So, come on, boys from every trade,  
Show them of what our Canada's made.

The Call has gone from East to West,  
And every man is put to the test.  
We want your help to cross the Rhine,  
So jump in boys, the water's fine.  
Come hastening to your country's call,  
Commissions can't be held by all.  
To avenge our chums we've all promised,  
And we can do it if YOU enlist.

Pte. C. T. Cooper,  
1st Can. Div. Cyclests Co.

## The Unseen Comrade

Oh leave me not when far away.  
But let your thoughts abide,  
That I may find you every day  
Unseen, but by my side.  
I cannot bear to leave you there  
That parting cannot sever us,  
Unless this hope be true,  
But I am still with you.

Your voice I'll hear when others speak  
Though none will ever guess,  
And yours the presence I shall seek  
In all my loneliness.  
But this the blessing of the night,  
The comfort of the day,  
Your love and nearness be my light  
When you are far away.

Wire Kinks.

## Q. M. Stores.

(Continued from page 88)

When the soldier arrives back to his Company, he hears the fatal message "Fall in for inspection of iron rations". He offers a silent prayer that a "coal box" or "Minnewurfer" may come over and bust up the parade, before the officer reaches him; but before his prayer has time to be answered, he hears, "Where's your iron rations?"

Cain's reply "I know not" is no good here, so the only excuse worth a trail is "I've eaten them Sir".

"Were you not told that that you must not eat your iron rations until you are so weak from hunger you can't eat them". "Yes, Sir".

"Sergeant, give this man an indent for iron rations and a few hours work so that he wont die from indigestion".

Armed with indent he marches triumphantly back to the Q. M. Stores. The Q. M. Sgt. holds the indent up to the light, bites it, gives it the acid test, and places it on a file. "Alright" he says, "Come back in three weeks, if you don't find one in the meantime".

## Answers to Correspondents.

Got 'em,

No, we do not advise you to advertise the fact that you are a relative of the Kaiser—to be a relative of that gink is decidedly bad taste at present.

Hungry,

Yes, we quite agree with you that the best pork and beans we ever tasted came from Montreal, Canada. Of course that was a long time ago. We could all appreciate a few tins of them now.

Fruit Lover,

Worms in tinned fruit? How particular you are; personally we are always glad to get the fruit, and we don't have it analysed either.

Inquisitive,

Your theory that the Germans put peace messages in the noses of the shells they send over does not interest us in the least. We can't read German, and anyway we have always made it one of our principles never to pry around German shell noses and fuses. We advise you to adopt the same principle.

Brazier,

No, we can't refer you to any particular coal merchant in these columns for several reasons two in particular. In the first place we advertise for no one, and in the second we do not know of a coal merchant except the Q. M. and he seems to be out of this very desirable class of fuel these days; we always did have plenty of coal in the summer.

Beno Porko,

Strange, I almost took you to be one of our Allies on seeing your name. However in answer to your question, we refer you to our reply to "Hungry" given above.

Easy Mark,

You seem to have been bit too. Well, we sympathize with you very much, at the same time we have a lingering suspicion that the people of this country never have change as a business principal, so the poor soldier must needs spend the five francs or go without.

Anxious,

We too, were quite surprised to hear that the Canadian Parliament Buildings had burned "in a flash" as it were, but on thinking the matter over in our "Comfy bed" we came to the conclusion that the timbers in the building had become dry, as we understand the building was poorly ventilated. No doubt the architect who has charge of the new building will take a liberal view of the uses the structure will be put to, and will install a ventilating system of generous capacity, as a special safe guard for the future.

THE 10<sup>TH</sup> BATTALION'S PAGE

Rich folks may ride on camels, but it ain't so easy for them to see out of a needle's eye.

x x x

Say Beau! Ours is some "Chef" believe me. Fancy "Bully Hamburga" for breakfast.

x x x

SOME MONKEY is right.

x x x

Good luck to our late Corporal Wheelwright and his Pal. Sorry you are gone. We certainly miss you.

x x x

Any of our readers wishing for a regular supply of "MacDonalds" and "Copenhagen", please notify the Gink. Regular shipments arriving weekly. We don't use it ourselves.

x x x

What did the shy bashful Curate do, the first day of his Honeymoon? He went shopping. See "stung".

x x x

No. We do not run a Matrimonial Bureau.

x x x

We badly want to start a column for Society News. Now then you Guys that have been having all sorts of Pink Teas, Bridge Parties etc., come through with the dope, and we'll print it.

x x x

Would a Personal Agony Column be appreciated by our readers. Now this will really start something.

x x x

I'm coming to an awful spicy yarn soon. Now don't look at the end, whilst you're in the middle, it's awfully bad taste.

x x x

Is anyone suffering from Inexplicable Inexatitudes? Ask the M. O. He knows.

When we were kids our old man used to say: "Nothing like leather my lad". Evidently he had never visited Flanders in Febuary. Personally, we swear by rubber.

x x x

Have you turned in those "hip boots" yet?

x x x

Never new till the other day that we had in our outfit a Guy who claims to be the finest shot in the U. S. A.

x x x

Whose suffering from a swelled head?

x x x

Anybody got wise yet to the latest stunt for shipping Walker's Johnny?

x x x

Which of the following sounds good to you:

Flo — Madeline or — Gladys?

Our Office Boy says the latter any old time.

x x x

Some day we will give you the meaning and origin of all your girls' names.

x x x

To "The man who stayed at home". Don't you read this dope because you would neither understand or appreciate it.

x x x

Some class to the new issue of "Arf-a-Mo" eh? Good old Tuckettes.

x x x

Anybody care for a real "Marguerite"? New shipment just arrived.

x x x

We've decided to leave out that spicy yarn till next issue.

x x x

Anybody seen a fatigue party attached to C. E.? Was last seen beating it to somewhere near the other place.

x x x

Should a monkey be fed on Strawberries and Cream?

Dear Tom,

I suppose you have heard about the seven days leave the heroes are getting now Just think of it. Seven whole days away from the din of the big guns and roar of the R.S.M's voice and the gentle murmur of the rum as it trickles out of the stone jug into the Sergeants' mess tin. Well, me personally, I ketch um. The Orderly Sergeant asks me where is my destination and I says in my haver-sack, but it's getting worn out and I'll have to indent for a new one

"No, you big simp, where are you going?"

"Well, I says, I'm for ration party for to-night, but otherwise I'm disengaged for the evening".

Say Tom, you should have seen the O.S's face. I was just going to ask him where he felt the pain most when he comes out of it and he says, calm like.

"Where do you want to go when you go on leave?"

"Oh, I guess London will do me alright", I says free and easy like, "Will I report to the Paymaster to-night?"

"No" he says "I'll tell you when" and with that he leaves me to undisputed possession of an H.F. which Fritz had just sent me. Well, Tom, I got away a week later. The trains are pretty slow over here but the boat was faster and I got to Blighty at last. You see Tom, I had forty-three pounds of Angleterre kale and I desired to spend the same, just like we used to do when we came off a job, all staked up. Of course forty-three quid isn't much of a stake but if a man is prudent and economical it ought to last the seven days. Well, when I got to London I endeavoured to brighten up the dark streets and put a bit of cheer into the natives lives. Say these English people have got queer ideas about the war. One fellow says to me, "Maybe the war ain't all beer and skittles, is it?" Now Tom, we know what beer is but what is skittles? Perhaps it is a free lunch. But far be it from me to put B.C. to shame by showing my ignoran ce

so I bought him another to keep him quiet. Well anyway, I was having a fine time and I got pretty well acquainted with the leading bar ladies in town. One evening, me and two little fairies was chewing the rag in a swell dump near the big creek. Me, I was smoking a good cigar; knocked me back two pounds. Well, we were chewing the fat, as I says, and Flo, that's the red-haired one, she was trying to kick the ashes off the end of the cigar. So you see, Tom, we were amusing ourselves in a quiet sort of a way. A guy comes up to me and says, "Say Bo, have you got the mate to that cigar?"

"No", I says, "it's an orphan, but here's some money, go and buy one for yourself and bring me back the change", and with that I gave him a five pound note.

Well he didn't bring back any change and that made me real sore. You know me Tom. I never look for trouble. That's why I joined this man's army, you know how that old woman of mine used to bawl me out when I'd be enjoying myself at Dan's with a few of the boys, I just naturally had to join or have family troubles. Well, anyway, I jumped up and done the Kalispell about twice and took after this funny gink. When I reached him I swung and landed under his ear and knocked him over a pile of shovels and onto a sentry.

Good bye, Tom  
Your old friend  
Smoky.

### Canadian gift to Russia.

The Salvation Army in Canada has presented to the Russian Forces five fully equipped motor umbulance cars which were dedicated at Guildhall.

"The people of Canada", said Sir George Perley speaking on behalf of the Canadian Government, 'fully appreciate this handsome present, which has been so generously made by the Salvation Army.

### Stray Shots from our Contemporaries, and Books we have Read.

From a conscientious objector.

Sir,

Let the conscientious objector to fighting be trained and sent out here to put up wire. The job seems to be the very one he is looking for, because he can remain as non-combatant as he likes while doing it, and he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is doing useful work and also rendering several hundred other men non-combatant as well. This last point should appeal to him immensely.

Conscientious objector to the job.

In the field, B. E. F.

(The Daily Mail).

#### She knew her man.

We think the Ladies Home Journal caption of "The Silver Lining" is a bit too severe for the following:

He was a Scot with the usual thrifty characteristics of his race. Wishing to know his fate, he telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After waiting all day at the telegraph office he received an affirmative answer late at night.

"Well, if I were you", said the operator who delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl who kept me waiting so long for an answer".

"Na, Na", replied the Scot, "The lass for me is the lass who waits for the night rates".

(The Ladies Home Journal)

#### A boost and a knock.

(2 in 1)

To The Editor,

We have read with great interest your compliment to English girls i. e., your advice to the two Vancouver advertisers: to choose some of the fair queens of England's Shores, and must say we were somewhat flattered,

One paragraph under the heading of "Side lines" from 10th Battalion was however amusing.

The Canadian Tommy who is anxious to know what is going to happen—or become—of girlie in England, and the other in Canada after the war. Has Canadian Tommy ever given it a thought, that perhaps he is taking the "girlie" in England too seriously, and that she is wondering what is going to be done with Canadian Tommy (who helped to pass away dull months while England's Heroes have been fighting) when England's boys return to claim their girls.

It certainly looks as if Canadian Tommy will have to console himself with the little girlie in Canada after all.

(Some girls Somewhere).

### ADVERTISEMENTS

#### For Sale or Exchange

We have the largest stock of Poetical Brainstorms in the country. These Masterpieces can be seen at any time of the day or night at our head office. Besides a bumper crop of Spring poems, we have a fine assortment of Casabianca parodies; one of these describes the burning ship so vividly that when we attempted to print it, the sheets became scorched. We will exchange the above for a cushy job in England or a bomb-proof job out here. What offers?

Apply, Editor, The Listening Post.

#### Tommies Friend or the Great 23 in 1.

Take a tinful with you next time you go to the trenches. Rub the paste into the skin and it makes you impervious to the cold and wet. Lice turn their heels up in the air when they smell it, rats keep away. Rub with your brush to a lather on your face and you can have a "head barber shave". Wipe the lather off with a towel and you have

had a wash. Touch a match to what remains in the tin, and you have a "Tommy's Cooker". To man it is so harmless that you can "chew the fat". Can be obtained from all dealers.

### BOOKS FOR REVIEW

*Maconachies and it's uses*". By Ptes. Gray, Groves and Legg. The authors of this work were evidently well acquainted with the horrors of modern warfare.

*Craters, and their relation to Old Age Pensions*. By Pte. Drumm. The author has proved in his usual style that those two have no connection whatever. He has evidently been there.

*Kissing bath mats*. By the same author. Anyone who has read his previous works will agree with his statements that during a bombardment by the enemy, there is no humiliation in biting a dug-out door step or kissing a bath mat even in the presence of an officer.

### SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS

Contributed especially for the "L. P."

Somewhere in Flanders Oh! could we but know

Just where our brave boys are facing the foe,  
From somewhere the call comes over the sea,  
They're pleading for help, from you and from me.

They're fighting for us, our homes and our all,  
They're dying for us, shall we heed their call?  
Come, don the khaki, the uniform grace,  
Answer the summons, take some heroes place.

Somewhere in Flanders, their thoughts oft will roam,  
To dear ones they left in each boyhood home,  
Have we done our best to lighten their care?  
Have we striven hard their burdens to share?

Somewhere in Flanders—these words send a thrill,  
To lone anxious hearts they're bodings of ill.  
From there comes the news of each soldier boy,  
The messages sent are greeted with joy.

What part shall we take in this awful hour?  
Our Empire in peril, oh! had we the power  
To waken each soul, ere it is too late  
To drive back the Huns with their songs of hate.

Somewhere in Flanders the brave boys will sing  
"God save our Country" and "God save our King",  
May he share their griefs, their sorrows and joys,  
Somewhere in Flanders, oh! God save our boys.

Sara E. Faulkner,  
Stirling, Ontario,  
Canada.



"The Mystery of the Mulligan"  
or "Alas, my poor Brother".  
with apologies to Bovril.