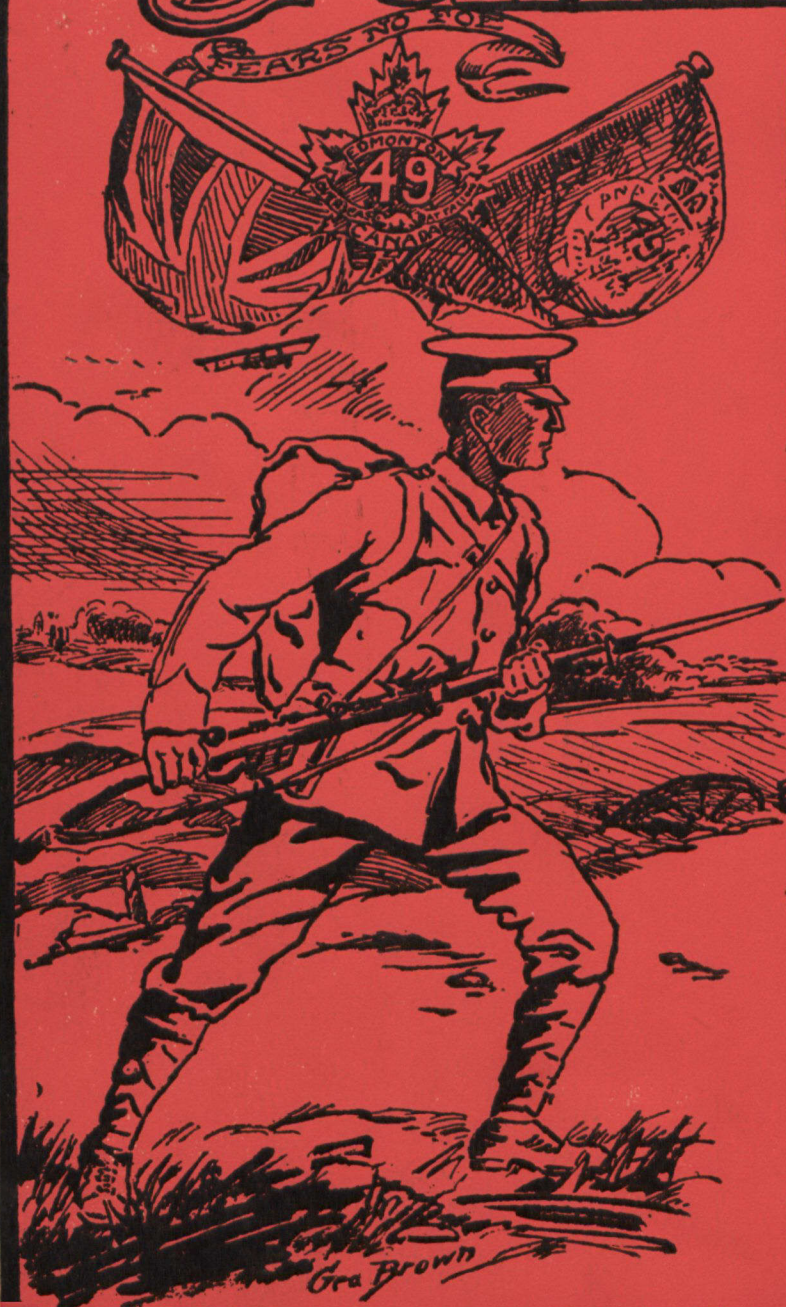


CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1915.

# THE FORTYNINER



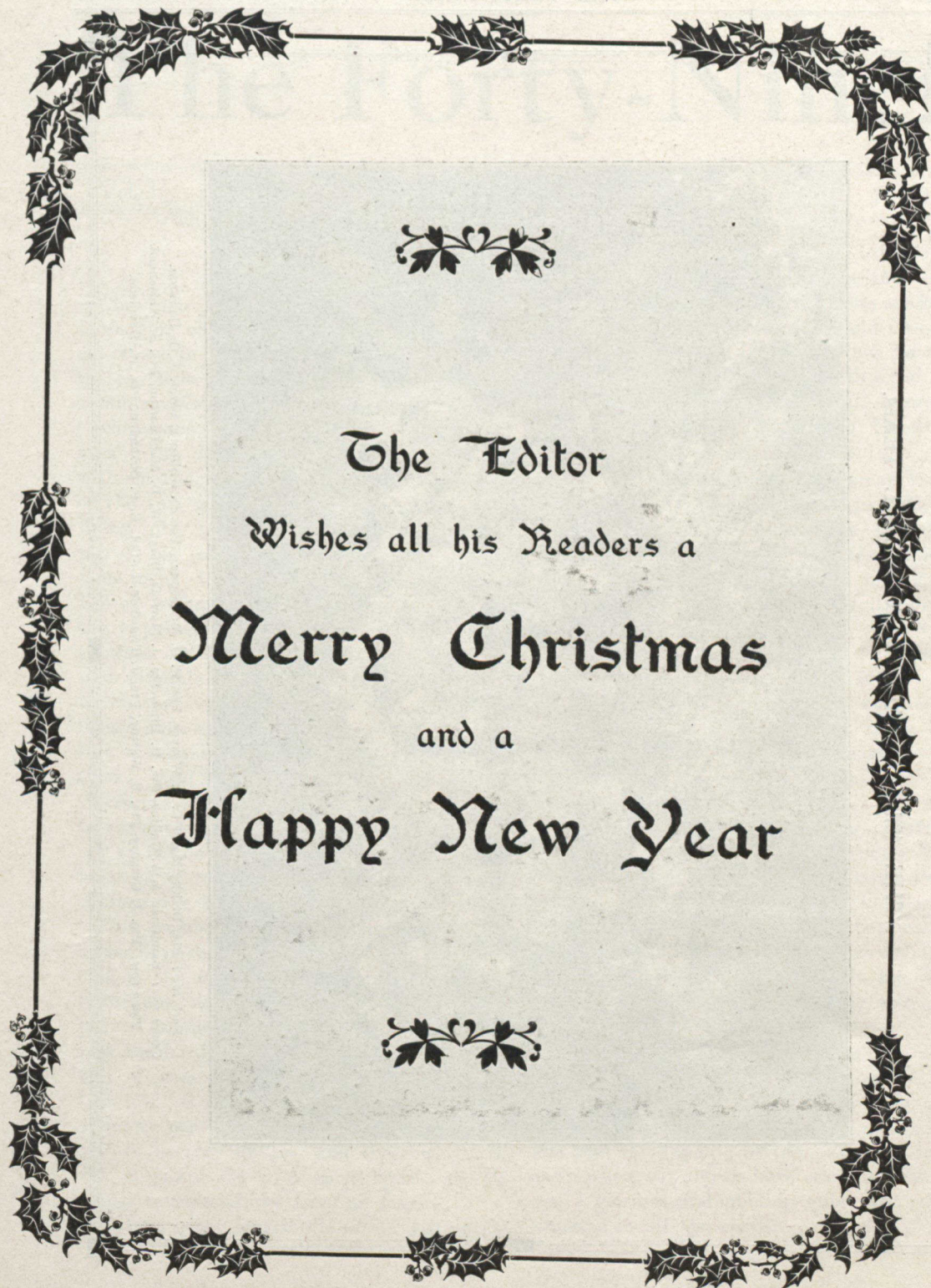
MAGAZINE OF THE  
49<sup>th</sup> Batt. CO. E.F.  
Edmonton-Alberta  
CANADA

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PRICE 6<sup>d</sup>

Vol. I. No. 3.



The Editor

Wishes all his Readers a

Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year



## THE 49th BATTALION FOOTBALL TEAM.



*Back row :* Pte. Dickie, Major C. Y. Weaver, Pte. F. D. McSwiney, Pte. B. Glibbery, Sergt. J. G. Downton.  
*Centre row :* Bandsman A. A. Collins, Pte. H. Hind, Pte. J. Merrick, Sergt. W. D. MacPherson, Pte. S. Whitehead.  
*Third row :* Pte. J. Gregory, Pte. R. Waring, Pte. J. Tweedale, Lt.-Cpl. E. F. Ockenden, Pte. W. Davidson.

# The Forty-Niner

Vol. I.

No. 3.

## EDITORIAL.

Christmas is with us again, a Christmas foreboding of many things, telling the old, old story in a different strain, singing us the rhythms of our boyhood days to the accompaniment of the "coal-box," the "whizz-bang," and the various other tunes man in his devilish ingenuity can produce with small doses of guncotton and a handful of the raw material. But be there bullets flying or "Jack Johnsons" bursting in places our feet have just left, it is all the same to us; Christmas is Christmas, and the Editor wishes every one of his readers all the happiness that this festive season can produce. May He Who rules the destiny of man so guide and guard the boys of this battalion that everyone may in the very near future once more be gathered round the fire-side of those most dear and most loved by them. And let us all hope that, ere another Christmas rolls round, the world may not be shaken from end to end by the cannonading of nations at war, but that the perfect harmony of true and lasting peace may have claimed the belligerent nations as her own.

This number of the magazine sees light under very different circumstances, and the task is not made any easier by the altered conditions; nevertheless, as the battalion has proved in the past that one cannot place a task too hard in their path, so we hope that this number may show that a task set is a task fulfilled. We have had the co-operation of many members of the 49th who have the gift of literary ability, and those who are not so gifted are with us in spirit, so, all things considered, we have no fears.

Among other contributions you will notice

several from members of other battalions. This, methinks, shows the unity with which the men of the Canadian contingents are knit together; shows the love for dear old Canada that every man who is fighting her battles bears towards the land of his birth or of his adoption, a land that one and all is ready to shed his life-blood for or do his little part in the greatest of all great wars.

War exacts her payment in human lives, in ruined homes, in heart-broken parents, in lands left desolate—lands where once the golden grain was king, now only the scars of warfare are left. She spares no individual battalion, and we have paid our toll. From amongst us are gone faces—men cut off in their prime, whose young lives have been given to the country they served. We honour them, and those bereft have our heart-felt sympathy. Their death has made the dawn of peace a little nearer, has made the exaction that must come a little more severe, and when the call comes may we all die as happy a death—a life given for a glorious cause. Some have seen death face to face, and have come away bearing the honourable scars of war—scars from wounds inflicted while performing their duty. May they soon be amongst us again, to once more do their little bit, perfectly restored to health and ready and willing to fight in the name of justice.

Our life out in a foreign country is certainly harder than it has been before, but let us not complain; let us but do our duty, and rest assured that abiding victory must come, and that the day of a perfect peace will soon dawn when war alarms have ceased to trouble and a glorious and abiding quiet will reign supreme in all the earth.

## OPEN LETTER.

Fate is unkind, and the work of editing even so small a journal as ours is not all honey. The Censor will not allow certain articles, one is not allowed to mention casualties in any shape or form, and we must bow our heads in silent grief to those of our boys called Home, and names must be left unmentioned. Wounded men we hope to soon welcome in our midst.

Articles have been handed in by the score, and good articles, too, but space is not unlimited, and perforce some will not, in this issue, see the light of day. Writers will not think they are slighted because they are 49ers, and they know that their efforts are appreciated.

In the body of the magazine one will find an article on "Our Sing-Songs." We have had three, and hope to have many more. Those we had we greatly enjoyed. The audiences were large, all things considered, but what was lacking in numbers was made up for in good cheer and general comradeship. All the officers of the staff were present and shedding their "august majesty," which is so necessary on active service, and thoughts donned the service tunic of the "ranker." Each time a programme of from seventeen to twenty-two items was handed to the boys, and all went without a hitch, even to the rum ration afterwards. The artists' names cannot be mentioned owing to lack of space, but one and all are thanked for their excellent efforts.

*John L. Ward.*

Two Irishmen arranged to fight a duel with pistols. One of them was distinctly stout, and when he saw his lean adversary facing him he raised an objection. "Bedad!" he said, "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me." "Be easy now," replied his second. "I'll soon put that right." Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he drew lines down the stout man's coat, leaving a space between them. "Now," he said, turning to the other man, "fire away, ye spalpeen, and remimber that any hits outside that chalk line don't count."

## A PARABLE.

1. In the days of Georgius Rex, when Wilhelm the Butcher ruled the Hun, there lived in the far lands a certain ruler.

2. Now there was born unto him a son, and he gave a great feast unto the people, and there were great rejoicings.

3. Then many prophets and seers came and made obeisance to him. And each spake as he was minded of the excellent gifts which should come to the child, and one said: "Behold how strong a child he is; he will grow in strength, and become a mighty man of war."

4. Another said: "See his beautiful face and well-shaped limbs; he will be called 'Handsome,' and will win laurels at the great games."

5. And the third prophet said: "Verily he will succeed, for he hath a great head, and his thoughts even now teem with wisdom; he will become first among men."

6. And yet another said: "Behold how he weareth his apparel; it setteth well upon him, even unto the tilt of his cap. Yea, all the women speak well of him."

7. And in like manner so spake they all.

8. But a certain wise man lifted up his voice and said: "My brethren, restrain your praises, be not too previous. We have prophesied many things of this child; it is therefore meet that we should train him in the way, so that he may fulfil all these things which ye have spoken concerning him. Neither must anything be lacking. Therefore see ye to it.

9. "Otherwise the lad will become a waster, and both you and he laughing-stocks unto our enemies. And they will stand at the corners of the street and in the marketplace, pointing at him and saying:

10. "Behold the mighty, the handsome man, where is his beautiful face, where are his well-shaped limbs? How, oh! how are the mighty fallen!

11. "See to it, therefore, that he groweth up even as ye hath said, and thus shall he win the good opinion of all and bring great credit unto his tribe."

12. Now the name of this child is "Phaughtynyne."

Selah. Amen.

Pte. SANDILANDS, "C" Company.

**WHAT WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW ?**

Who it is in "B" Company who prefers eating pears to a route march with full pack?

What the transport sergeant thinks of the mud around here, and whether he is now able to avoid muskegs behind the barns?

Why the guard in "A" Company fired on one of his own men, and whether this was the result of fright or only the after-effects?

Whether our pay corporal likes the kisses of the young ladies in the various billets?

Who is the officer who, although he is a vet., is afraid to ride a certain horse, and why the transport officer had to trade horses with him?

How a certain Q.M.S. and C.S.M. like a bull for a bedmate, and who turned the animal loose?

Who it was in "A" Company that received a present of a tin of bully beef, and what he said on that occasion?

The name of the man who, on the wood trip to St. Omer, wheeled the baby carriage and lost his party in consequence?

Why the medical sergeant prefers the house at a certain billet to the M.O.'s tent?

Why it was that a certain transport piquet could not find his way home, and always returned to the self-same mule?

Where the officers got the material for their chicken supper?

How much rum goes to a ration?

Who the sergeant is in "C" Company who reported a man for stealing fence posts and was caught at the same game a few days later?

How much the bandmaster paid for his lift to Folkestone Harbour, and what he had in his pack to make it so heavy?

How a certain major likes acting wet nurse to a private in "A" Company?

Why the officer in "C" Company locks the door on his brother officers on certain occasions?

The date of the issue of horses to certain gentlemen in the ranks of this battalion who sport riding pants, and who pays for the spurs?

The names of the N.C.O.'s in "D" Company who set out to buy apples and returned with turnips?

Who gets the surplus of cigarettes when a full issue is sent from the Q.M.S.'s stores!

Who pays for the coke, and how much profit is made on the handling of same?

The reasons why certain companies have eight to ten gallons of rum on hand all the time?

How much Government-issued cigarettes sell for by the packet?

Who it is in "C" Company who waits for star shells before he starts working?

Why a certain member of "B" Company walked through a shell hole after having seen an N.C.O. do the same trick?

When a certain member of "C" Company is going to bring home a piece of the shell that did not hit him?

Why a certain officer in "B" company did not wash his platoon in the slough?

If a member of "B" Company thinks that it is the part of a soldier's duty to sleep on night working parties?

Whether the sick list would be so long if certain people knew what light duty really is?

If the best way to get into hospital is to go to the C.S.M. for pills?

Whether a teetotaller in "C" Company likes rum?

What becomes of the daily papers that are daily sent to the various companies for distribution?

Why a certain lance-corporal is writing to a certain young lady, where he got the address, and when the photo arrives?

Where the green envelopes go when the issue comes round, and why it is that there are only 112 given to the men when 150 were given to the company?

What's the baby's name, and who is the godfather?

Where did the washing of certain gentlemen go?

Who went out to look for snipers with fixed bayonets?

---

"Do you know, my dear," said the young husband, "there's something wrong with the cake? It doesn't taste right." "That is all your imagination," answered the bride, triumphantly, "for it says in the cookery-book that it is delicious."

"So ye wur foined a pound fur assaultin' Clanty," remarked Mr. Rafferty. "I wor," replied Mr. Dolan; "an' it wor a proud moment whin I heard the sintence." "Fur what rayson?" "It showed beyond a doubt which man had the best iv the contest."

## DEFINITIONS.

**BATMAN.**—A curious species of animal, nocturnal in their habits, usually decorated with sundry pieces of rags, tins of paste, and sword belts, a breed that are not good mixers. Most often seen on pay and rum parades.

**COOKS.**—A species of the genii Man, gifted with the art of making a lot go a little way, with filling the empty stomach with a glass of water and a dog biscuit. Adapted to the art of lifting glasses. Can be domesticated by gentle treatment, and very useful when so trained; but be careful—they can bite.

**OFFICERS.**—Something human. Eyes cannot gaze without wondering how they keep their boots clean in dirty weather. Very fond of chicken, stolen ones preferred. Must be an offshoot of a heavenly body, as most of them wear stars.

**BAND.**—A collection of herbivorous and carnivorous animals noted for the peculiar sounds they at times produce. Useful as snake charmers; very easily controlled with a stick in the hands of a stout person.

**RUM.**—The English language does not contain sufficient words to define this commodity.

**BUGLER.**—One noted for the ability for playing a tin horn and producing noises never before known to humans. Usually too young to imbibe, but, nevertheless—

**BILLET.**—A place where one hangs one's hat for a brief period. Very productive of rats and lice. Sometimes used for pigs and sometimes for soldiers to sleep in—it matters not which.

**COFFEE.**—A drink used very extensively in the place of beer when one is broke. Made by heating some water and adding a little of anything that is handy, stirring well with a greasy spoon, and pouring into an unwashed cup. Very good when no slough water is near.

**BULLY BEEF.**—A conglomeration of sundry pieces of horse, dog, camel, and any old thing at hand. Used to keep the British soldier happy by having something to grouse about. Prepared in a tin that it is impossible to open without the use of a blacksmith, hammer, and anvil, and a good volume of curses.

**CHICKEN.**—Ask the transport section; they know the exact nomenclature of this inhabitant of the average farmyard.

**WHISKY.**—Ah! ye gods; would that the tongue of human could define the glories of this nectar of Bacchus. May good old Bacc. never die!

## IT IS REPORTED THAT—

Turkish baths are not the correct thing these days, and that the moon has discarded its crescent.

Apples are being donated to the British Army by the U.S.A. This proves that the States favour the Allies, as they are supplying several thousand army cores.

The Mormon fashion of plurality of wives is to be followed by the belligerent nations. Are we in luck or no, we simply ask, as the Staff is not admitted to the blessed unity of the married.

A soldier found a tin watch in his bully beef. We must examine ours more closely, and maybe we shall find a set of false teeth belonging to the last user.

The town of Enos has been captured by the Allies. That's what one might call the "fruit" of victory given to the "salt" of the earth.

The U.S.A. have broken their neutrality, insomuch as they attempted to ship a cargo of water melons to the Huns, but they were detected in the attempt, and the boat was sent to the bottom (49th Batt. special wire). Well, that's all right; they can now feed them on the Rhine.

The much-discussed meaning of S.R.D. on the rum jars has at last been discovered. It means—and we have this on very good authority, and don't speak too loud, we are prepared to give our knowledge to the public—we repeat it means "Soon Runs Dry."

The recent issue of woolly coats are the spoils of the cats destroyed in London during the recent Zeppelin operations.

The football teams of the various head-quarter sections have been offered an exorbitant price if they will play in the final match, which is to take place in Berlin on the 75th of October next, B.C.

"The barber told me a funny story this morning." "Illustrated with cuts, I suppose?"



PLATOON OF THE FORTY-NINERS ARRIVE AT THEIR BILLET.

Scene—Somewhere in Belgium.

Sergeant: "All right, boys. Here's your happy little home. Turn in, and don't disturb the natives."



## NEWS ON GOING TO PRESS.

There has been formed at Headquarters a concert party who call themselves "The 49 Headquarters Concert Party." The president of this party is Major Weaver, and the object is to go to each company once every two weeks, if possible, and there give a concert. The party is always prepared to put on a fourteen-item programme, which will include the band, various song and instrumental pieces, mandoline solos, and recitations. But it is not so much the purpose to provide the whole programme from Headquarters, but that the company visited should be called upon to supply talent themselves, and we think that at any moment a very good time can be had, and that the monotony of the daily life can be thus very much relieved. Two concerts have already been arranged and carried to a successful end, and by the time this little journal sees the light we feel certain that others will have taken place, not only at the companies, but at the Hospital adjacent.

A football match has been arranged against our old opponents, the 42nd, to take place on November 29 on the Convent ground; other matches are also proposed, and will in the course of the next week or so be played. We will publish the results in our next.

Who said dug-outs? If you don't believe it, why, just come down to the band or the transport section, and see for yourself. Dirt has been flying in all directions, sacks have been stolen, boxes purloined, rafters made from any old thing handy, bricks have been fetched from bombarded towns, rum-jars with the bottom knocked out take the place of windows, doors are just holes in the atmosphere, stoves are knocked together from wire and tin boxes; one dug-out even sports one with a shaker bottom, but it shakes so much that the stove has to be riveted to the wall. Whole streets appear, the houses are named, and it is rumoured that the residents have applied for a rural mail route. (Nothing doing.—Editor.) Electric lights are expected; water contracts are already let; and no doubt that this battalion will leave a little town of its own, with inhabitants complete, after the war. There are barber shops, estaminets, telephone offices, taxi stands, curio stores, and, in fact, anything that is wanted in the line of merchandise can be obtained simply by the asking. You may

have to wait, but if you wait long enough you will be sure to get it.

There is a school on the other side of the road, where one may send their children, and there they will be instructed by the most learned lieutenant professors obtainable. We expect to have the church built in the course of the next few years, and then the little town will be complete, and we shall name the burg "Billyville," and the opening ceremonies will take place at a date to be published later.

Soon after arrival on foreign shores the Rev. Captain Buckland was attached to this battalion as Chaplain, and from the very start was "one of the men," and the men everywhere one went had a good word to say of him, and we are sorry that illness has deprived the battalion of this officer. We hope that his sickness may be short, and that soon we shall see him with us again.

Our dear "Mother," Mrs. Padgett-Gibbons, still writes and cheers our boys, sends them papers, small parcels, and little tit-bits that make up for such a lot in our life out here. The Editor received a letter from one of the boys in hospital, who told him that Mrs. Gibbons had been to see him on several occasions. He said she was kindness personified, and that his every little want was attended to. So, boys, if we get a blighty, we shall have a ministering angel to attend to us. May God bless her kind old heart!

We have received the following letter from the keeper of our Mascot, and publish it, thinking that it would be of interest to the members of this battalion:—

*To the Editor of THE FORTY-NINER.*

Dear Sir,—You may be interested to know that I have had word of the battalion Mascot. In a letter dated London, November 11, there was news to the effect that "Lestock" is still in office as our representative at the Zoo, Regent's Park. He, like "Ours," is becoming more popular every day (the men with the Engineers, and the mascot with the British public). The keeper states that he has grown tremendously, and is a mascot that any regiment would be proud of. He takes him for a walk every day, and causes great attraction. At some future date I hope to receive his photograph, which will be forwarded to you for the benefit of your readers, so that they may be acquainted of his progress from time to time.—I remain, yours truly,

ALLER MASON, "D" Company.

**PROMOTIONS.**

Private Band, J., to be Lance-Corporal, as of November 4.

Private Monk, to be Corporal, as of November 20.

Lance-Corporal McDonald, P. M., to be Corporal, as of November 26.

Lance-Corporal Francis, A. H., to be Sergeant Cook, as of November 29.

Corporal Monk, to be Lance-Sergeant, as of November 20.

Private Giles, A. V., to be Lance-Corporal, as from November 26.

Private Critchley, to be Lance-Corporal, as from November 26.

Corporal Stone, J. L., to be Lance-Sergeant, as from November 28.

Private McAuley, A., to be Lance-Corporal, as from November 28.

Private Rawlinson, L. E., to be Lance-Corporal, as from November 28.

**TRANSFERS.**

Lieutenant Carthew has been once more transferred, and we welcome him. We wish him the best of luck.

**STOP PRESS NEWS.**

Well, we didn't beat 'em, but just wait until the ground is in shape, and then the 6th Field Ambulance will have to look to their colours; as it was, we made them go some to keep us from scoring our winning goal. Four to four was the result, and every man did his best not only in playing the game, but in seeing how much dirt his person could contain.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

This is a new column, which has had to be added owing to the many questions received per "male" by our long-suffering Query Editor. He asks that it may be stated that, owing to the oversight of the Quartermaster, who left his encyclopædia at home, he is not very well versed on some subjects on which he has been asked his advice, but that he has done his best to satisfy all wants.

We much regret that we are unable to mention the name of the editor of this column, but the Censor says that if we did it would have serious effects on the issue of the war—and also the magazine—so we must before leave names out.

Dear Editor,—I have, or rather had, very luxurious flowing locks a few weeks ago, but I now find that my hair is getting very thin and much darker than it was. Could you out of the kindness of your heart tell me a remedy?

BLONDY.

Not so much of the "kindness of the heart" stuff. Your best plan would be to leave the girls alone, and take a wash at least every three weeks.

Sir,—I am told that rum is a Government issue. Please tell me in as few words as possible if this is so, and where one may obtain it?

TEETOTAL.

Your "nom de plume" is too suggestive, and all information on this subject must be withheld. Estaminets supply a fairly good brand of a substitute called champagne if you are in the know.

Honourable Gentlemen,—Mother is not receiving the two francs a month I assigned to her. Can you tell me why this is, and whether the Government is broke or no?

A little less of the complimentary language. We are not in the hot-air business. Alexander the Great attends to these matters. We regret that his present address is unknown, as we are broke ourselves.

Oh, Wise One,—Where, oh, where can one obtain water to wash in?

Quit your kidding. Spend a franc, and use beer.

Editor,—Can you please tell me why Robinson Crusoe?

Why, sure I can. Because his platoon is so Black that the opposing Band could not see them for Miles. You can't stump me.

## "EAGER TO GO."

Eager to go. Why? Why?  
 When going means forsaking  
 Home and friends, and all that dearest seems,  
 Position, comfort, and farewelling  
 All fond ambition's dreams.  
 Eager to go. Why? Why?

Eager to go. Why? Why?  
 When eager means, perhaps,  
 Eager to die, eager for pain,  
 Eager perhaps to travel down the Western  
 slope  
 Before the peak of life's full strength is  
 gained.  
 Eager to go. Why? Why?

Eager to go. Why? Why?  
 Have all life's sweets proved bitter to the  
 tongue?  
 Does hope lie slain?  
 Has evening's gloom attended morning hours,  
 And life held only shattered plans and  
 longings vain?  
 Eager to go. Why? Why?

Eager to go. Why not?  
 Can we forget sad Belgium's brave vicarious  
 grief?  
 Forget Louvain?  
 In just a few short days forget her ravished  
 homes,  
 Her noble slain?  
 Eager to go. Why not?

Eager to go. Why not?  
 When mighty foes are drinking to "The  
 Day"  
 Of Britain's fall;  
 Shall we not, for dear Empire's sake,  
 Hear and obey the call?  
 Eager to go. Why not?

Eager to go. Why not?  
 When we believe the path of battle  
 Is to-day the path to God;  
 When we believe the Voice that calls us  
 Is the voice of our Eternal Lord.  
 Eager to go. Why not, when God and duty  
 call?  
 Yes, yes, thank God—*eager to go.*

## IN BELGIUM.

There's a wild, weird light in the West  
 to-night.  
 And why is the sky so red, so red?  
 It shines through the vapour steaming up  
 From the blood of a million dead.

There's a sigh, a cry from the leaden skies;  
 And what is the tale of woe, of woe?  
 'Tis the anguished cry of a ravaged land  
 By the hand of a ruthless foe.

There's a dusky cloud like a funeral shroud,  
 Man ne'er saw like before, before;  
 It comes from the cannon's belching mouth;  
 'Tis the cloud, the shroud of war.

There's a chill, cold blight on the air to-  
 night;  
 I fear, oh, I fear, its breath, its breath.  
 Oh, that is the thing that walks with war,  
 And the name of the thing is Death.

There's a God above, who hears in His love  
 Our orphans' cry, our prayer, our groan.  
 May God in His love look down from above,  
 And give peace to those who moan.  
 D. R. WARE, "D" Company.

## A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM THE FRONT.

'Tis strange that a peaceful message  
 Should come from a land of strife;  
 'Tis strange that from the form of death  
 Should spring the germs of life.  
 So spring the germs of life and joy  
 From the forms of grief and pain,  
 Which combined with love make the sweet  
 alloy  
 Of the message we send again.

'Tis the same old Christmas greeting,  
 But its meaning deeper seems  
 Because of that longed-for meeting  
 Which we picture in our dreams;  
 But with hope and love and courage  
 We shall surely reach the end,  
 When, instead of a distant mirage,  
 We shall welcome the face of a friend.  
 PRIVATE J. SPITAL, "C" Company.

## FROM "C."

We miss his kindly face, his genial smile,  
 With which he always greeted one;  
 Whate'er the plaint, he listened with atten-  
 tive ear,  
 And forgave or censored as was meet to do.  
 E'en those he punished took whate'er he  
 gave,  
 And felt and said that such was due to him.

He set a grand example to us all,  
 And always was the last to think of self;  
 His body (not the strongest) did obey his  
 will.

He therefore was the first to show the way  
 In all things, and when sickness came  
 He kept it under until it came too strong for  
 him.

And even after that he came to us again,  
 And tried his best to keep with us—his boys;  
 But now he's gone, and may no more return  
 To lead us, but where'er he be  
 We know there's benefit for others,  
 Who will learn by his example "Duty."  
 Our prayers are for him; may he soon  
 recover,

May we meet him ere long, and then  
 We'll greet our Major.

Pte. SANDILANDS, "C" Company.



IN A BELGIAN INTERIOR: THOUGHTS OF HOME.

## ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. CHESTER HUGHES, CANADIAN ENGINEERS.

[It will be remembered that Lieutenant Chester Hughes was nephew to Major-General Sir Sam Hughes, and that he was the gentleman who was with us during our baptism of fire.]

Rest in the calm of God's great country, rest;  
Brave citizen, thy work is bravely done;  
The furious fires of that last setting sun  
Meet funeral pyre for thee, Canadian breast.

A foreign sky is shield above thy grave;  
An alien tongue thy Miserere deep;  
And slow black figures pause beside thy  
sleep  
To bless the strangers who thou died to save.

Herein the murk of this pale silver night,  
Hard by the shadow of the old church wall,  
Blank in the silence of the secret All,  
We search the dying days for life and light.

Thy mind had both the purpose and the plan,  
Thy heart the common chords, thy ready  
hand,  
Untiring, led where many but command;  
Thou had no fear to live and die a man.

Can that fierce energy that sped thee hence,  
Scorning the world and all its beggar  
bribes,  
Die with the passions of the paltry tribes,  
Fail thy great spirit in that great home  
immense?

We are Canadians, too, O man from home;  
We know thy hills and valleys, lakes and  
streams,  
And by the sun that on their banner  
gleams,  
We swear to hear the voice that bade thee  
roam.

Woe to the blind self-ridden monarchy  
That burned thy candle (brightly, it is  
true;  
But it was thine, tho' stolen). They shall  
rue

And pay the last tittle of their debt to thee.

Come, come away. The wind on — Hill  
Is fresh and sweet, as in the unknown days,  
Before man sprinkled on the starry ways  
The taint and tinsel of an evil will.

And here on this high altar, rear'd by God,  
Dream of the dead and living that he  
made;

Not of the purpose can we be afraid,  
Where they that knew it not sank in the sod.  
SAPPER C. A. GIRDLER, 6th Field Co.,  
Canadian Engineers.

## THE LADS OF THE FORTY-NINTH.

They shouldered their guns and they  
marched away  
With blithesome hearts at the break of day,  
All willing their part in the game to play,  
The lads of the Forty-ninth.

Some left behind them a silvered head,  
Others a sweetheart with heart of lead,  
While others left nought but an empty bed,  
The lads of the Forty-ninth.

Their arms are strong and their hearts are  
strong;  
No faltering steps in their ranks are seen;  
Bill Kaiser will certainly duck his bean  
To the lads of the Forty-ninth.

The blood coursing madly within their  
veins,  
Like hounds they are straining against their  
chains;  
Just watch who increases the Allies' gains.  
The lads of the Forty-ninth.

The fifes and the drums sound loud and clear  
As they march through the crowds that  
madly cheer;  
Small wonder that "Billie" holds most dear  
His lads of the Forty-ninth.

From every part of the Globe they came,  
On the Roll of Honour inscribed their name;  
Worthy indeed to uphold Britain's fame,  
The lads of the Forty-ninth

"Billie's" brave lads are all out to win  
A straight road through to the gates of  
Berlin,  
Which will fall asunder like sheets of tin  
To the lads of the Forty-ninth.

And so we are bidding you all adieu;  
To your flag and country be ever true;  
We'll welcome you home when the fighting's  
through,  
Brave lads of the Forty-ninth.

FRED COLVIN.

**TOMMY'S HYMN OF HATE.**

Gooseberry jam or apricot,  
 We love them not, we hate them not.  
 Of all the victuals in pot or plate  
 There's only one we loathe and hate;  
 We love a hundred, we hate but one,  
 And that we'll hate till the war is done,  
     Bully beef!

It's known to all, it's known to all!  
 It casts a gloom and it casts a pall;  
 By whatso name they mark the mess,  
 You take one taste, and you give one guess.  
 Come, let us wait in the waiting-place,  
 A vow to register face to face:  
 We will never forego our hate  
 Of that tasteless fodder we execrate,  
     Bully beef!

Gooseberry jam or apricot,  
 Some folks like them, and some folks not;  
 They're not so bad if they're made just right,  
 Though they don't enkindle our appetite.  
 We don't mind mutton that's hard to chew;  
 We don't mind bacon, we don't mind stew;  
 But you we hate with a lasting hate,  
 And never will we that hate abate,  
 Hate of the tooth and hate of the gum,  
 Hate of the palate and hate of the tum,  
 Hate of the soldiers who've choked it down  
 Till their mouths are filled with a taste dark  
     brown.

We love a thousand, we hate but one  
 With a hate more hot than the hate of the  
     Hun,

Bully beef!

**"OURS."**

Why is it we're so anxious  
 To read the news each night,  
 To see how our brave boys gather  
 And fare in that awful fight?  
 'Tis because we've learned to love them  
 And cherish them every one;  
 And we miss them, oh, so badly,  
 When all is said and done.

We shall never forget their kindness,  
 Which to us they all have shown,  
 And a cross word, neither a sourness,  
 From them was ever known.

We shall always well remember  
 The good deeds they have done,  
 And the way they worked together--  
     Loyal soldiers every one.

And now they're yonder fighting  
 For Empire and for right,  
 We pray the Lord watch o'er them  
 And guard them day and night;  
 And into His safe keeping  
 We commend our boys to-night,  
 As they fight for King and country,  
 For Empire and the right.

H. THOMAS, a well-wisher from  
     Edmonton.

**TE MORITURI.**

We are indebted to Sapper C. A. Girdler,  
 of the 6th Field Company, Canadian En-  
 gineers, for the following brilliant verse.  
 It is good to see that other battalions are  
 good enough to contribute to our humble  
 effort; it makes the ties of the Canadian  
 soldiers a little closer and knits the bond of  
 friendship each and every one bears towards  
 his brother soldier in this world struggle for  
 the upholding of justice and right:—

"Men of the clear eye, where are you  
     going?"

(Canada, Canada, ah! for your skies.)

"Out to the fields where the gardener's  
     sowing,  
 Out to the land where the lone grave lies."

"Men of the strong heart, why are you  
     singing?"

(Canada, Canada, ah! but you're far.)

"Voices are loud, laddie, voices are ringing,  
 Voices that call us and make us or mar."

"Men of the tired face, why are you weary?"  
 (Canada, Canada, ah! for your fires.)

"The days are too long, lad, the night  
     hours weary,

The light of a face, it is lost, and one  
     tires."

"Sing, then, and speed ye for ever and ever."  
 (Canada, Canada, come in our dreams.)

"Thou holdest the chain that death will  
     ne'er sever,

Thou walkest the path where Eternity  
     gleams."

## NEWS OF MAJOR DANIEL.

DEAR WINNER,—I had a letter from Major Daniel, written from hospital in London, and think that a few notes from it will be of interest to the members of the battalion. He has been invalided home on account of his knee, which he damaged just before we left Shorncliffe. It has gradually got worse, so that he has been compelled to take a rest. We are hoping to have him back in about six weeks.

He sailed on the ill-fated hospital ship "Anglia" on the 17th inst. from Boulogne. She struck a mine about 1 a.m., and immediately began to settle and list badly. The major made his way to the top deck, and when he got there her bows were already under water. There was a heavy sea running, and they tried to lower the boats, but their efforts failed, as davits, ropes, etc., broke. One boat, overloaded, landed fair, but only the stern hook was loosed, so that the bow was raised right out of the water, sliding all the occupants to the stern, and then she turned turtle. Other boats in lowering scattered the occupants out like a handful of rice. The major then made his way to the lower deck, and threw over all the loose stuff he could, such as lifebuoys, chairs, seats, etc., until it was impossible to stand, as the decks were at an angle of about 20 deg. He was taken off in a destroyer which came alongside, but, unfortunately, she damaged the sheathing near her propeller, and immediately began to take in water and list, so they made full speed for Dover, where they were taken on to the hospital train and run straight up to London.

He states the men below in the engine-rooms must have been *hard hit*, as when she struck she appeared to lift about 6 ins. out of the water, and they immediately came up, streaming with blood. Vessels were all round the ship immediately after the explosion; a trawler, striking another mine, was broken to pieces, and sank at once. When the destroyer left the scene the sea was covered with people and wreckage.

The War Office rang him up on the 'phone in the morning to inquire after him, and later on he had a message from his Majesty the King through Sir Alfred Keir congratulating him on his escape and wishing him a speedy recovery from his trying ordeal.

I am sure the rest of the battalion join his company in congratulating the major on his being one of the survivors, and also in wishing him the best of luck and a speedy return to the head of his command.

GEO. Z. PINDER.

November 25.

## LAUGHS.

Friend: "I suppose the baby is fond of you?" Papa: "Fond of me! Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home and stays awake all night just to enjoy my society."

It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. Some people do not believe half they hear, and some do not hear half they believe.

"Would you," he said, after they had been in the dark for a long time, "be angry with me if I were to kiss you?" She was silent for a moment. Then in tones the meaning of which was not to be mistaken she replied: "Why do you suppose I turned down the light an hour and a-half ago?" And yet he wondered, poor fool, how other young men who had started far in the rear were able to pass him in the race of life.

They were "brither Scots" in the Colonies, and used to foregather in a "dry" district, each bringing with him a portable spring of comfort in the shape of a bottle of whisky. One of them was asked one day by a "third party" whether the other, Jock Anderson, did not get a little drunk sometimes. "Drunk, man! The last time I was w' him Jock got that drunk I couldna' see him."

Pete Johnson, Ethiopian, operated a ferry across the Alabama River. One day he was accosted by a poor white stranger who wanted to cross, but hadn't the wherewithal. Pete scratched his woolly poll perplexedly, then queried: "Don't yo' got no money 't'all?" "No," was the dejected reply. "But it doan' cost yo' but three cents ter cross," insisted Pete. "I know; but I haint got three cents." After a final inward think, Pete remarked: "I done tell yo' what: a man what ain't got three cents am jes' as well off on his side ob de ribber as on de odder!"



Austrian Emperor (with suspicion): "Ha! Why do you smile?"  
Kaiser: "I hear that the 49th are to be transferred to Serbia."  
Austrian Emperor: "The h— you say!"



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## THE C.O.'s CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

In picture, song, and story Christmas for hundreds of years has been thought of as a time for jollification, warmth, good living, and happiness, with "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men." Unless I am much mistaken, we shall spend this Christmas in the trenches, and the usual conception of Christmas will be knocked "Galley West." Necessarily I am writing this well before the event, and many things may happen between now and then, but I have no doubt that, whatever happens, the 49th will meet it with that same cheerfulness and willingness which has characterised the regiment since its organisation. Of one thing I can always be certain—that is, that some joker very much in the rear rank will see the humorous side of any situation that may develop. "Crockett's Horse" are not only great cavalymen, but also make up for the water in the rum.

The past twelve months have been full of events for all of us. Organisation, training in Edmonton, the railway journey to the sea, the voyage to England, and, lastly, the "Front" Sadness, gladness, excitement, trepidation, every kind of thrill, in fact, that anyone could wish for. Yet back of it all is the outstanding fact that here we are, somewhat over a thousand of us, in this ancient country that Julius Cæsar wrote about; and twelve months ago we were more or less peaceable citizens at home, in a clean, green, fresh Canada, and in the cleanest and freshest part of it. Comparisons are odious, but of one thing I am sure—that those of us who go back will have a very much higher regard for our country than we ever had before. We shall think more highly of our rights, our liberties, our customs, and our institu-

tions. We shall probably then have a clearer conception of what we are fighting for here now, and we shall forever thank God that we belong to a great Empire whose might and power is all sufficient to keep war away from our country and from those who are near and dear to us.

This Christmas will not be a particularly merry one to the 49th. On the other hand, it will be as merry as it can be, if I know anything of the spirit of this regiment, and of this I am sure—that no man would wish to be elsewhere, and that every man will feel a certain grim satisfaction in the thought that we are here, although we came mighty near not being here at all as a regiment.

In a life filled with uncertainties the most certain thing is the passing of time. There will be other Christmases—over in God's country, under our clear Alberta sky, clean, white snow, and jingling bells, coal and wood to burn that can be honestly come by, dry clothes, and grub aplenty. We shall gather about the fire, and, "sloping" our crutches, "tell how fields were won." And what a story we shall have to tell! Of marches and bivouacs, of camps and billets, and adventures by flood and field. A laugh for the fun we have had, a tear for good fellows gone below. And, over all, the great satisfaction that will be ours in having done "our bit."

I wish you all very many Merry Christmases.

*W. B. Thomas*  
*J. B. Daly*  
*45th - 18th*

We're dry as dirty bones,  
 We speak in husky tones;  
 Our tins and cups are here.  
 We hate this smelling beer,  
 But rum is what we pray and crave for now.  
 By-and-by, by-and-by,  
 In the sweet by-and-by,  
 We'll have some rum to drink  
 By-and-by, by-and-by,  
 In the sweet by-and-by.

## THE STAFF'S JOURNEY TO FRANCE.

After so many so-called disappointments as to the date of our departure from St. Martin's Plain, Shorncliffe, we were officially informed on an afternoon that the advance party, composed of the staff, transport, signallers, pioneers, and machine-gun men would entrain at Shorncliffe Station that night. Our belongings were soon gathered together, and natural excitement prevailed until we boarded the train. Major Weaver was in charge, and the next morning we arrived at —, up the streets of which several thousand German prisoners were marched the day previous.

Our good friends the 42nd Battalion had preceded us, and until 4 p.m. we waited at the wharf together, embarking just before dark to lands unknown. Before darkness sets in we see the many defences that guard our island home; blazing searchlights throw their angry gaze across the waters ere land is lost sight of; destroyers dash here and there, signalling their orders to the captain at his post on the bridge; in fact, England is awake to all the dangers that lurk unseen, ready to engulf her should opportunity be given. With lifebelts at our side, we patiently wait on the deck below, passing the night with speculations as to our final destination, waiting for the break of dawn which would herald us to our new abiding place until war shall cease.

In spite of painful injuries to his knee and the dismal prospect of being left behind, Major Daniel was the first member of the 49th to set foot on foreign soil. On stepping from the transport his face lit up with a glow of satisfaction, which showed that his will had conquered the flesh, and that he is not made of the stuff that gives in.

The task of unloading was started, and the completion did not take long, perfect order prevailing during the whole process. This over, the party proceeded to a rest camp outside the city, remaining there for twenty-four hours, the next day seeing us once more embarked for the final stage of the journey which was to land us somewhere in France.

Despite our unique mode of travelling, the trip was enjoyed by all. Our train carried extra cars for the remainder of the battalion, which we were to meet somewhere on our trip,

and the following day at noon we meet them at a wayside station, waiting in various styles of composure for the ride which seemed so long in coming. Then again united, we continue our journey to (darn this Censor!), where on arrival we detrain and start the march which will finally land us in Berlin; but for the present stopped at the billets allotted to us by a kind and parental Government.

## LIMERICKS.

We believe there's a ration called rum,  
At least 'tis said so by some;  
And, no doubt, it's true,  
For you're only to view  
Their faces more joyful than glum.

There was once a coke fire in camp,  
And the night was exceedingly damp;  
When that fire went astray  
'Twas amusing the way  
That a Q.M.S. searched with a lamp.

Pinder's Pets a billet obtained  
One day when it heavily rained;  
Some slept fairly well,  
But to others the smell  
Showed where pigs originally reigned.

"Is she proper?" "You bet! She is so proper she won't accompany you on a piano unless she has a chaperon."

"Why are you praying for rain?" "I had my roof fixed to-day, and I want to see if it's all right before I pay for it."

Choleric Colonel: "How the dickens did this collar-stud get into the plum-pudding, Atkins?" Orderly: "I'm afraid it's the cook's, sir. Y'see, sir, we couldn't get a pudding-cloth for love or money, so cook 'e used 'is shirt, an' one of the studs must 'ave remained in, sir."

"As a thorough-going patriot," said Smithson, "I'm sorry the noo taxes don't touch me. Tea piens me liver an' beer sets up uric trouble no end. But just to show there's no ill-feeling, I don't mind if I do have threepennorth of neutrality alonger you." "And wot-in-ell might that be" asked Jobson. "Wy, 'Ollands, of course, sonny. See?"

Hotel Proprietor: "Better twelve for lunch at two than two for supper at twelve!"

## THE MURDER BY THE OLD LYCH-GATE.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY J. HARTLEY KNIGHT.

"There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

—Hamlet.

### I.—THE VISION.

You don't believe in ghosts, eh? Ah! neither did I once on a time; but I've changed all that. Oh, you may smile and shake your head incredulously; but as sure as I've a neck upon my shoulders, so surely, one memorable December night, did I see a ghost. Ay, and not one ghost either, but several; and, what is more to the point, had the satisfaction of knowing that what I saw was neither the outcome of a disordered imagination nor the ill-effects of a badly cooked supper.

But sit you down whilst I a plain, unvarnished tale deliver.

It occurred five years ago come Christmas, when—but "wait a little," as we say in South Africa, before I proceed further, let me offer you a weed. That's better. I'm going to make your hair curl, as the saying is; you've come to scoff at me and my ghostly visitants, I know, but, mark my words, before I've done you shall remain to pray.

After you with the lucifer. Thanks. Well, as I was saying, it happened five years ago this Christmas. I have reason to remember the date very well, for, look you, I had but just returned to the Old Country after a ten years' fortune-seeking in the lands of the Southern Cross. Had I been successful? So, so. I'd mustered sufficient, anyhow, to bring me home to marry the little woman whose heart through all those years had remained faithful to mine.

Amy—she's my wife now, you know, but we weren't married then—Amy lived at Murdstone, away north in Cumberland. I hail from the same quarter myself—and although I say it, a prettier spot you won't find in all England.

As soon as the boat reached Plymouth—I had come straight from Port Natal, by the way—I wired to my darling to expect me home by express without delay.

It was a bitter cold day when I reached London. The snow had been falling almost without ceasing for three whole days; and you, as a Londoner, won't need to be told that the condition of the streets was deplorable. I had been in London but once before in my life; but, so far as I knew, hadn't a friend in the whole of the metropolis. Not that that troubled me. I passed the time agreeably enough whilst I was there in buying all sorts of pretty things for my sweetheart; but once I narrowly escaped being struck in the fog and killed by a house crane in Thames Street—whither, of all places in creation, I had wandered.

Late in the afternoon, however, found me at the railway station comfortably settled in a first-class carriage. The cold was intense; and as for the fog—well, I defy anyone to have seen in the open an object three yards distant. I had the compartment to myself; indeed, so far as I could see, there were few passengers of any sort on the train, which, considering the inclemency of the weather, was scarcely to be wondered at.

For a long time after the train had left London I had as much as I could do to keep myself warm. After a ten years' residence in the sunny south, one *does* feel the cold pretty acutely, and more than once during that journey I wished myself back in sub-tropical Natal.

Outside the snow was whirling down as if it meant to fall until Doomsday. I was wrapped to the chin in karosses and rugs, and in order to while away the time had laid in a good stock of "seasonable" literature. One story in particular—it dealt with the discovery of a peculiarly horrible murder—had taken my fancy, and as I lay in my corner and mused over the ingenious narrative a very curious thing happened.

The light in the roof of the carriage suddenly became extinguished, and I was alone in a darkness which could be felt. An indescribable horror—a dread of something I know not what—swept over me at the moment, and it was only by an effort that I refrained from screaming aloud for help. I thrust forth my hand; it struck against something hard, and the next moment I could feel the warm blood oozing from my knuckles; and then, unable to restrain myself longer, I tried to scream aloud. I could not—my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and I was dumb.

And then to my ears—as it seemed—came

the rich, soft tones of a beautiful organ. Straining my eyes to pierce the blackness, I presently perceived—at first but faintly—the dim outlines of what was evidently a church, with a warm, ruddy light streaming from its painted windows.

The music ceased. I looked fearfully around, but could see nothing but graves and tombstones, covered everywhere with a soft, white, snowy pall. But the silence, now that the music had ceased, was awful—my very breathing was painful to hear. Once I tried to struggle to my feet and fly I cared not whither. In vain; try as I would I could not move, and sank back exhausted from my exertions. Presently out of the deep silence came the solemn words of the Benediction; then a jubilant outburst of music, and then from the gaping door of the church troops of worshippers came filing slowly out, and, for a brief space, gathered together in little groups at the lych-gate and gave each other Merry Christmas. One by one they dropped off; the music ceased, the light in the church disappeared, and then—but with difficulty, owing to the darkness—I saw the figure of a young man emerge from the church, lock the door, and, with an angry imprecation, hurl the ponderous iron key far among the tombstones. It struck a stone

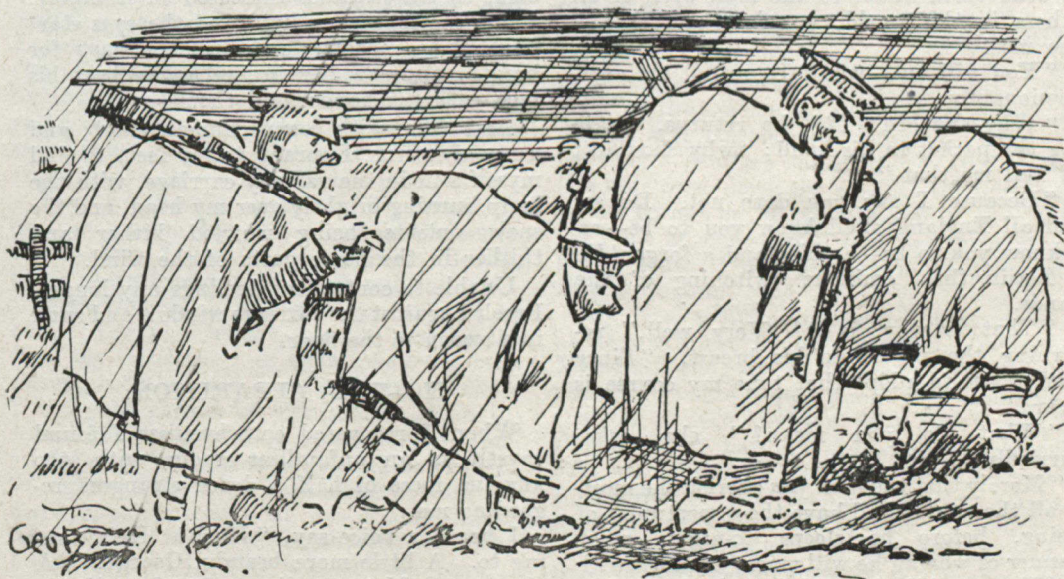
monument, and, after emitting a spark, fell with a disagreeable thud, and was buried in the snow.

I saw the man pace hurriedly to and fro on the path and stop ever and anon, as it seemed, to listen. He drew nearer to me—so near, indeed, that I could have touched him with my hand. He was poorly, even miserably clad; and was remarkable for an ugly habit he had of twitching his hands—and not the less so, I thought, for the peculiar glitter of his eyes—a glitter such as I have sometimes seen in the eyes of an angry puff-adder. He brushed the snow from the flat top of a tombstone and sat him down. He sat thus, I suppose, about five minutes—it seemed so many hours to me—when suddenly he arose, and, gazing carefully around, moved slowly towards the gate and stood in its deepest shadow.

Hark! what is that? A light, hurried footfall, clearly audible on the crisp, hard road; and then the lych-gate is swung heavily open, and a female form, looking strangely unreal in the fitful light, stands irresolutely beneath its snowy roof.

"Where are you?" she says, in a voice that sends an icy thrill coursing down my back. "Where are you?"

"I am here," replied the man, advancing



THE CAMELS ARE COMIN'.

49th Battalion in their new raincoats moving to new billets.

from the gloom. "Where I have been this half-hour. I thought you weren't coming. I thought you had played me false."

"I gave you my word," she says, with a quite remarkable deliberateness, "and I am here at your bidding. Say what you have to say and let me go. We meet to-night for the last time."

"For the last time," he echoed, in a voice so strangely like her own that for a moment I am deceived; "for the last time! True. To-morrow you are to be—married?"

"Yes. To the man above all else in this world whom I most love and cherish." She looks at him fixedly as she says this, and speaks with frigid distinctness. I see his hands twitch as if he had been seized with some sort of paralysis.

"I know it," he answered; "that is why I bade you come. Do you know these?" He puts his hand in his breast pocket as he speaks, and draws forth a small packet of letters.

"Yes," she says, bitterly, "I do. You have promised to return them to me to-night. Do so." And she holds forth her hand.

He disregards it. "What," he begins, with a hard, mocking laugh, "what if I, instead of handing them over to you, were to send them direct to the man who, of all others in this world, you love and cherish the most?"

"You will not—you dare not!" she says, passionately.

"Why shouldn't I?" he returns, weighing the packet in his hand; "why shouldn't I? Tell me that."

"Because I say you dare not. Do so, and all England shall know you to be—as I know you to be—a thief and a forger!"

Again that ominous twitching of the hands.

"That is why, is it? Very well," returning the packet to his breast. "Since you choose to adopt that tone my course is clear."

"What do you mean?" she asks, hurriedly.

"Merely that the man you cherish the most in all the world shall have the opportunity of seeing, before he sleeps to-night, what manner of woman he will marry to-morrow."

"You cur!" she exclaims, hotly. "You mean, despicable villain! You think to mar the happiness of an innocent, thoughtless girl who never so much as harmed you

even in thought. . . . Then do your worst!" She turns swiftly and makes for the gate.

"Stop!" he cries, detaining her. "What would you do?"

"Let me pass," she says.

"Not till you promise by all you hold most sacred to keep my secret. Reveal it at your peril——"

"Let me pass," she says again.

"You loved me once," he says, brokenly, "and promised to be my wife——"

"That was before I knew you to be what you are," she rejoins. "I long ago ceased to love you. If you value your liberty you will detain me no longer."

"Oh! So you mean to betray me! You will hand me over to the police, eh, and see me transported! But you shall not—by heaven! you shall not! I have suffered too much already at your hands. But for you I should have been an honest man to-day! It is you, curse you, who have brought about my ruin!"

Before I could realise what he was about the fellow had pinned the woman to the ground in a maniacal grip, and with his fingers at her throat was strangling her, whilst I looked helplessly on.

I saw the blood spurt from her mouth and ears, as the pressure increased in intensity. I saw the face grow livid and the eyes start from their sockets. I heard her gasp for breath, and saw her in her agony beat his face with her hands, and then——

And then, with a superhuman effort, and a cry of horror, I sprang to my feet, to find myself still in the railway carriage, with the lamp burning brightly over my head, and the snow outside being whirled hither and thither in the fierce gusts of the wind.

Unable to control my feelings any longer, I reeled against the carriage window and sunk in a swoon to the floor.

## II.—THE APPARITION.

When I recovered consciousness I found myself in an unfamiliar room, with the anxious faces of half a dozen strangers regarding me.

I heard a voice say, "Hush! He's coming to. A little more brandy, George." A glass was held to my lips and a fiery liquor poured down my throat. It revived me, and I sat up and inquired where I was.

"You are quite safe," a kindly voice re-

plied, "and are at the station. You have nothing to fear. How do you feel now?"

Presently, when I was quite recovered, I learnt that on the arrival of the train at Murdstone Station (as it was called, although Murdstone proper was five miles away) I had been found lying prostrate on the floor of the carriage. At first they had thought me dead and suspected foul play, and were not a little puzzled to know how I had come to be in such a predicament, as there were no indications of any struggle having taken place, and nothing, save a broken pane of glass, to help solve the mystery.

For the moment I scarcely knew what to say. If, thought I, if I tell them what really happened, if I relate in detail every incident of the murder in the churchyard as I had seen it with such awful distinctness, they will laugh at me, and, perhaps, attribute my vision-seeing to whisky-drinking. So I put them off as best I could. I told them that, having lived out of England for so long and in a semi-tropical climate, I had suffered most acutely from the cold during the long and tedious ride from London; and that, after having vainly attempted to keep myself warm, I had at length, I supposed, succumbed to the nipping, eager air, and relapsed into the unconscious condition in which they had discovered me.

The broken window and my bruised and bleeding hand, however, sorely puzzled me. I most distinctly remember in my trance (for such it must have been) striking my hand against something extremely hard; but instead of having, as I had supposed, struck my hand against a tombstone, I must in reality have struck the window-pane.

Then I had only been dreaming, after all, and my dream had its origin in the sensational story I had been reading? Really, there seemed no doubt that it was so.

Nevertheless, I was nervous and ill at ease. Try as I would, I could not banish from my mind the idea that I had *not* been asleep, and that for some inscrutable reason I had been chosen by Providence as an instrument by whose aid a crime, already committed or to be committed, should be brought to light. The more I thought of this the more strongly convinced was I that I had seen a vision in the materialisation of which I was destined to play a prominent part.

My journey was not yet concluded. The home where my aged mother and my future wife lived together was some five miles from

the little station in a northerly direction, and accessible only by first crossing a dreary and particularly lonesome moor—so lonesome, in fact, that I remembered the terrors it had for me as a child, when my poor father and I used to trudge it after market time in the long winter evenings.

Now, prior to my return to England, I had asked my people to have our one-horse cart in readiness at the station to meet me on my arrival, so that I might get to the house without loss of time. But neither horse nor cart was visible, which, indeed, was not to be wondered at, for the snow had fallen so heavily for nearly a week past that the roads were next to impassable. Seeing my perplexity, the stationmaster, learning who I was, kindly persuaded me to remain his guest for the night, and set off for home the first thing in the morning. But I wouldn't hear of it. I knew there were two anxious hearts awaiting my coming, and, snow or no snow, I determined to reach home that same night.

Leaving my traps in safe custody, and selecting a stout Kafir knobkerrie, I quitted the station and made for the well-remembered moor. I hadn't, however, gone above a dozen yards when a cheery voice hailed me from behind, and in another moment one of the gentlemen who had been so solicitous for my recovery during the swoon came panting up after me.

"Pray do not think me obtrusive," said he, "but I thought I would bear you company part of the way. I had intended to remain at the station all night—the roads are trying, and I'm not so young as I used to be—but as you are going my way (my house is a mile or so down the road), I thought you would permit me to go with you."

"With all my heart," I replied, promptly, for in truth I was glad than otherwise at such a proposal.

My new acquaintance was Professor—or, as he was more popularly called, Doctor—Marsden, who, skilled in many things, had also an intimate acquaintance with medicine. He was a man between fifty and sixty, I should think, hale and lusty as a vigorous oak, and gifted with a voice that Lawrence Boythorne or the classical Stentor might have envied. During the walk he told me much about himself. He had, it appeared, lived in the neighbourhood for nearly six years, was a widower with one child—a daughter, whom he expected to lose, he said, sadly, on the coming Christmas Day.

"To lose?" I queried.

"Yes," returned my friend, "to lose, for she is to be married to a worthy young fellow in the village yonder"—he pointed towards Murdstone—"to whom she has been engaged for a year past."

I commiserated, and told him of my own prospective happiness. He congratulated me heartily, and hoped that now I was returned to England I should speedily become re-acclimatised, and not again risk my life by yielding to the cold in—of all places—a railway carriage.

"Doctor," said I at this, "do you believe in ghosts?"

"Ghosts!" He stopped suddenly in the middle of the road and stared at me as if I were the sphinx. "Ghosts! No. What a question! Surely *you* don't!"

"I didn't till this very night," I replied, solemnly; "but if ever a man on this earth had a ghostly visitation that man is certainly I."

Then I told him—I felt I *must* do so—of what I had seen. I described minutely the appearance of the murderer in the churchyard, and gave so faithful a description of his victim that my friend was strangely and painfully affected. I repeated every word of the conversation I had heard between the two, and accompanied my remarks with a pantomimic reproduction of the manner in which the assassin had seized his helpless victim by the throat and forced her, dying, to the ground. When I had finished I felt, rather than saw, that the doctor had grown ghastly pale.

"I cannot," he said, hurriedly, "tell what to make of it, nor how very nearly your vivid description of the poor girl affects me. Your words carry so much conviction with them that I am disposed to think, with you, that there is vastly more in the story than appears on the face of it. Still, it may be, after all, only the result of reading sensational literature. The girl was young, you said?" he added, musingly.

"About eighteen or nineteen, at most," I answered.

"And fair?"

"Very fair. She had a peculiarity which I distinctly recall, and that was the measured and dignified way in which she spoke—a not usual thing in one of her age."

We parted presently at the bifurcation of the road, the doctor vainly pressing me to discontinue the journey and remain at his

house, close by, till the following morning. However, we should meet again, he said, on Christmas morning at Murdstone Church, where, by a coincidence, I and my Amy, and his daughter and her betrothed were to be united at the same time. He half suspected, he continued, that his daughter was already acquainted with my future wife, which would certainly make our next meeting the pleasanter. We separated with great heartiness on either side, and with a lighter heart I set forth to finish my journey.

I had still a good three and a-half miles in front of me. The way was dark, notwithstanding the whiteness of the snow; but I knew there were bright fires and brighter smiles at my journey's end, and strode forward as smartly as the heavy nature of the road permitted me. To make matters the more disagreeable, the snow recommenced falling very heavily; and although I felt pretty sure of the road, there were moments when I began to have grave doubts as to whether, after all, I should reach my destination that night or not. Twice or thrice, as I blundered on through the blinding flakes, I stumbled and fell; and it was only with extreme difficulty once that I managed to extricate myself from a snow-filled quarry by the wayside.

How long it took me to perform that journey I never knew—it seemed days to me. I lost the road completely, but gained some consolation from hearing a church bell near at hand give out the midnight hour. I guessed—and, as it proved, rightly—the bell to be that of Murdstone Church—the church in which, very soon now, I was to call Amy wife.

There was something unutterably weird and awful in the tolling of those dozen strokes which, far from allaying the disquieting effects from which I still suffered, filled me with a vague dread which, even now, I can scarcely recall without shuddering.

I grasped my trusty knobkerrie and pushed on. Whether I had dreamed a dream or seen a vision that night, I mused, mattered very little. One thing was certain—that if I lived for a century the feeling of horror I had experienced during the visitation would never cease to be remembered. Such another experience as that would certainly—

My God! What was that?

I felt my flesh quiver as if I had come in contact with the Evil One; each single hair upon my head started and stood erect as if



FORTY-NINERS GETTING THEIR FAVOURITE RATION.  
First Soldier of Night Working Party: "Let the jar slip, Micallif!"



moved by some infernal magnetism ; my eyes seemed to start from my head, so fearful was the sudden strain to which they were subjected.

For once again I saw the livid face, the staring, glassy eyes of the murdered woman—once more I beheld with horror the fragile form lying, where he had left it, stiff and stark in the shadow of the old lych-gate.

And even as I looked it disappeared!

\* \* \*

Shall I confess it? Why not? Man is but mortal, after all, and I had looked on that which might have appalled the devil: I turned and fled—fled from the spot as fast as my legs and the heavy snow would enable me, and never paused until, faint and trembling, I stood beneath my mother's roof.

### III.—THE HAND OF HEAVEN.

It is Christmas morning. We are in church, Amy and I, with our good mother and many of our neighbours and well-wishers. We are early—by at least a full half-hour, somebody says—but the time passes pleasantly enough in lively but subdued conversation and the soft cracking of jokes appropriate to the occasion. The fact of my being a globe-trotter of ten years' experience is sufficient to make me the principal theme of conversation, and helps, I am afraid, to divert some of the female attention which, in the circumstances, should have been wholly absorbed in the glories of the bridal frock.

I feel proud of my darling—bless her!—as I stand chatting with a neighbour and watching her bonny face the while; and I have good reason to be, for, look you, it isn't every girl that'll wait ten long weary years till a fellow is in a position to marry her. And Amy, I know, has had offers by the score—aye, and refused them every one for my sake. Well, well!

Three couples are to be united this morning—Amy and I, farmer Buxton and the widow Smith, and George Stanton and Kitty Marsden. The latter had come together after much vicissitude. Originally sweet-hearts as children, they had, as they grew up, drifted apart. George, like myself, had been abroad; whilst Kitty, being fancy free, had become engaged to Philip Lester, the organist of the church, who loved her, Amy

told me, to distraction. Alas! Philip's dissolute habits and mad outbursts of temper had proved too much for the girl, the match had been broken off, and George, the sweet-heart of yore, had been restored to favour again.

The organ begins to play. One by one more neighbours drop in and sit down to a seasonable but subdued gossip.

Farmer Buxton, fat and scant of breath, enters, bearing on his arm his elderly widow-*bride*, who, methinks, glances with malicious triumph at the single ladies present, who, in turn (or some of them), I hear, *sotto voce*, express their views of the match in terms anything but complimentary to the unsuspecting widow.

George Stanton comes in, too, with his best man. He is surprised, and not agreeably so, to learn that his *fiancée* has not yet made an appearance. She was to drive over, George says, with her father and an aunt, and it wants but ten minutes to the hour fixed for the ceremony.

We go to the door together, George and I, and look anxiously down the road. We can see but a short distance, for the snow is again falling steadily, and the sky is gloomy with heavy clouds. I glance uneasily at the lych-gate in front—weighted and shapeless now almost with heavy masses of snow—and for a moment an awful suspicion crosses my mind. No sign, no sound of the carriage. Shivering with cold, we re-enter the church, and the next moment the vicar (a stranger to me) enters with the curate. And still the organ plays grandly on.

A whispered consultation is held, and presently, when the music has died away, Amy and myself and the elder couple take our places before the altar rail to be married. George has begged that the ceremony shall proceed without Kitty and himself, and with an anxious look once again turns to the door to watch for the coming of his bride.

My darling and I have plighted our troth to each other and are married. So with the other two. We all four withdraw to sign the register in the vestry, and are presently emerging therefrom, smiling and happy, when I become conscious, as do we all, that something unusual is occurring outside the church. Those nearest the door, I see, have a scared look on their faces, and as I and my wife make our way through the bewildered throng, once again a nameless dread takes possession of me.

Dr. Marsden is in the churchyard with his sister, a lady well stricken in years. Their carriage is in the road just outside the gate. Both are staring helplessly at George Stanton, who, no less wildly, is regarding them. Half the congregation, split up into little groups, stand expectantly by—eager but silent. Not a man speaks; and for a moment all appear transfixed. My arrival breaks the spell.

"She retired to her room early last evening on a plea of headache." It is the doctor who speaks, but in a voice so strangely unlike his own that I do not recognise it. "She went to her room, we know, but the bed therein has not been occupied."

"What—what does it all mean?" gasps George.

I think I know—nay, am sure of it. A light breaks in upon me suddenly. I look at the doctor, who, meeting my glance, returns me such a look of mute, agonised entreaty as I would not see again for all the wealth in South Africa. My heart beats wildly, and I tremble like an aspen leaf.

"We have searched high and low, far and near," the distracted father pursues, "but we can find no trace of her. I have scoured the neighbourhood since daybreak in all directions, but not a trace, not a trace."

A woman steps forward and curtsies respectfully. Her gaffer, she says, saw Miss Kitty on the road last night.

Let the man be brought hither. Gaffer, pushed and prodded by his spouse, comes awkwardly forward. He is rather deaf and wants a deal of prompting in his examination.

Yes; quite true. He "see Miss Kitty on the high road, just by the Three Stones, last night, a-runnin' like a hare —"

"In which direction?" asks the eager George.

"*This*," indicates Gaffer. "She stopped at seeing me, frightened-like, and I made bold to ask her where she were going to. She said, "'To the church.'"

"Here?"

"Ay—here; and what's more, she give me a shilling to get some 'bacca for Christmas, and she said I needn't say as I'd seen her."

"Then," observes George to the doctor, "she must have come to the service last night without you knowing it, in which case she would have been seen and recognised by those present, most of whom were at church last night. Friends, neighbours," he shouts excitedly, "if any of you saw Miss Kitty

Marsden here in church last night, I beg you to tell me so."

No answer. A silence that can be felt.

"Perhaps," pursues George, in desperation, "perhaps she came late, towards the end of the service. No doubt of it. Who would be the last to leave the church?"

"The organist—Philip Lester," say a dozen voices at once; "he would lock up."

"Fetch him here, some of you, in Heaven's name," says George. "He is in the organ-loft now."

Some three or four depart to do his bidding. For a few minutes a busy hum of conversation is heard. Then, as I turn aside to whisper to Amy, the villagers re-emerge from the church and with them, in their midst, I see—

"Merciful God!"

It is I who give utterance to these holy words—I, who, for a moment stand spell-bound, and then dash madly forward and lay violent hands on the organist. My reason leaves me—I hear nothing, see nothing—nothing but the craven face of the man before me. 'Tis I who, in a wild outburst of delirium, denounced the fellow as an assassin and drag him, unresisting, to the very spot where, in the shadow of the old lych-gate, *I had seen him a week before strangle a poor innocent girl whom I now knew to be Kitty Marsden!*

\* \* \*

They told me afterwards that in my excitement I had nearly killed the organist; and I can quite believe it. At the time I was capable of anything.

Had he committed the murder? Oh, yes; and from his confession of the crime it must have been performed exactly as I saw it—and have described it. He had determined, he said, that Kitty Marsden should never marry another whilst he, her former lover, was living; and on the plea of restoring to the poor girl some foolish love-letters which had once passed between them had lured her to the churchyard the night before our wedding and had there deliberately murdered her. He cheated the gallows, after all, for he took poison in prison the very morning he was to have been hanged. How or where he obtained the poison nobody ever knew; but he was obliging enough, before making his final exit, to write a further confession of a forgery in connection

with a gentleman who had befriended him before he came to Murdstone.

The remains of poor Kitty were found buried in a thick mound of frozen snow, just outside the lych-gate. The face, they tell me, was awful to look upon—I had seen it in my "dream." The funeral will never be forgotten in Murdstone.

The good doctor never recovered from the shock and died within a month of the terrible discovery. Poor George, broken in health and mind, took my advice and went to South Africa, where he still is, a changed and saddened man.

How did it affect me? Look at my hair—changed from jet-black to silver in a night. Surely that speaks for itself?

*Do I believe in ghosts?* Can you ask me after that?

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## MARRIAGE.

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Private C. A. Russell, of 15 Platoon, "D" Company, of "Ours," was married to Miss Florrie Hetty Bond, daughter of H. Bond, Esq., of the Royal Navy, at the Registry Office, Folkestone, on September 25, 1915. We wish the happy couple the very best of luck and every prosperity.

She: "This is the fourth time you have proposed to me. How many times do you want me to refuse you?" He: "I think three times quite sufficient."

Pupil: "Teacher, may I be absent this afternoon? My aunt's cousin is dead." Teacher: "Well—yes—I suppose so; but really I wish it was some nearer relative."

"This stone is covered with hieroglyphics," explained the curator. "Why don't they have the board of health exterminate them?" asked the woman from upstate.

"I reckon," said Farmer Corntossel, "as how mebbe barbed wire ought to be counted as one of the most useful inventions of the age." "For what reason?" "When there's a lot o' work to be done barbed wire makes it impossible fur a feller to sit on the fence an' look on."

Friend: "Why don't you enlist?" Pugilist: "What! Me fight for a shilling a day? I'd lose my reputation."

## OUR "SING-SONGS."

A large, roomy barn in that elusive "Somewhere in Flanders"—in fact, a dirty barn, cold, draughty, and littered with straw and the débris that gathers round those ancient places used as the quartermaster's stores, the signalling station, the post-office, and the sleeping quarters of many men. About a hundred of us are gathered here, some sitting round glowing braziers, with one side of their anatomy very warm and the other side very cold, others lying and sitting about in the straw, nearly all of us wearing greatcoats, for outside it is freezing to-night. A few guttering candles, with their lives fast ebbing away as though in drunken debauchery, are set up along the beams, and shed a soft, uncertain light over the scene and dimly outline the recumbent forms of the transport men in the "gods," peering down into the "stalls" below—cow stalls. A few rats play hide-and-seek along the rafters. Twelve overcoated members of the band sit in two lines with their instruments, looking somewhat chilly. Less than three miles away the trenches, with the flare lights, the rattle of the rifles and machine guns, comrades being wounded, and some killed, while we sit here listening to the music and enjoying ourselves.

It's the first time we've had any such enjoyment since we came here, for we've been out on working parties and fatigues most of the time, often coming back to our billets with wet and sodden clothing. But when we hear the music and listen to the songs and jests, and join in the rollicking choruses, we forget any little discomforts and our thoughts dwell on pleasanter things. Our minds go back to the bright, sunny days in Alberta, when we used to go gaily marching out behind the band to the tunes we are hearing now, marching with the pride that every man feels when first he dons the King's uniform.

Now the band has stopped playing, and we're listening to some mud-stained boys just up from the trenches, singing and jesting. Everything is applauded, encores are called for, and a fine spirit prevails. Now and then the concert is stopped while the signallers take down despatches. In the pauses we can hear the rumble of the

howitzers, and the rats still gambol playfully in the straw.

The time is passing very quickly, and the Colonel rises to speak. To-night he is hardly recognisable as the same stern justice who holds court at nine-thirty every morning. He speaks of the peculiar conditions under which we are fighting—so near the firing line and yet in comparative safety—of the cheerfulness of the men, not only in this, but in other battalions, and of the certainty of victory. Then, drawing on experiences gained in the South African campaign, he touches on a subject very near and dear to the hearts of us all—the life and adventures of a bottle of RUM from the time of its birth until it is killed by the private soldier.

“Bonnie Dundee,” the regimental march, then “God Save the King,” and the concert is over, and we go back through the mud to our billets, much happier and with freshened memories of home and of all that is dear to us.

“Us.”

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## OUR “FEETBALL” MATCH.

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### THE PIONEERS *versus* THE TRANSPORT.

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It had been a freezing night, and the ground was in a perfect condition for the game which was to decide the destination of the rum issue (of the losing side). Many a quaking heart beat under a service tunic, many a stalwart man thought of home and mother as he faced the opposing side, fearful of what would be his end when once the battle was over; but each and every man was willing and ready to lay down his life for the issue of rum. Many the stakes that change hands. Millions of dollars are staked, with the hope of the stakers becoming multi-millionaires in quick order. The genial referee approaches, hearts beat a little faster, the omens of fate kindle in every man's breast. Whist! not a word is said as the referee raises his whistle to his lips, a breathless silence pervades the atmosphere. The battle has commenced—the battle on which the fate of nations depends.

The Transport, with a mighty rush, endeavour to take the Pioneer position by storm, but nothing doing, thanks to the com-

bined efforts of Scotty and Mike, who stem the tide of battle and take the ball into the enemies' quarter, only to be repulsed and having to fall back on their half-backs, who nobly defend their position against overwhelming odds. But fate had decreed that the victory was not to be theirs, and, with incredible courage, the Transport general advances to the attack, and heavily bombards the position of the Q.M.S., who is defeated, in spite of wonderful tactical operations, and the first death is to the Pioneers, who lose their first goal. The mud-stained heroes once more take their positions, and the desperate struggle is once again on. Skirmishes, flank attacks, bombardments from the rear, fouls in the back, and all the science of modern warfare flash and dart before the bedazzled eyes of thousands of cheering spectators. Concentrated rushes and skilful combinations mark the progress of the game as the Pioneers advance under cover of the dirt on their perspiring faces, determined to do or die. Deep were the plans that had been laid, stealthy were the steps of the oncoming victors; the enemy were taken completely by storm, and before them the oncoming horde scatter as chaff before the wind. The Pioneers C.O., taking advantage of the route detailed Captain Gregory to advance and make terms of peace, which he did in a manner worthy of a 49er, by neatly placing the pill beneath the beams, and, honour being satisfied, it was decided to prolong the battle for a further five minutes. Again the shrill blast of the whistle, again the onslaught in which thousands bleed for the right and thousands swore at the wrong; backwards and forwards swayed the tide of battle. Wounded men fought on, too much was at stake to quit. At last, with a rush that could not be stemmed by all the armies of the world, the Transports, with a mighty attack, bomb the goal of the enemy, and, reducing it to atoms, score the final and deciding goal; and, with heads proudly poised, march in column of route from off the blood-stained field, amid the voluminous cheers of the admiring crowds, who swarm over each other in trying to catch a glimpse of these world-heralded heroes.

JUNIUS.

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Drill Sergeant (to awkward squad): “A rifle bullet will go through more than a foot of solid wood. Remember that, you block-heads!”



Well! here we are in Belgium. That "Unter den Linden" stunt is so much nearer. "Nearer, my Fritz, to Thee" is our battle-cry for the nonce.

First casualty in the band, Bill Bowles' pipe. Wirrah! Whirrah!! and the only thing Bill swore about was the losing of his pipe. If he could have just got his fingers on that Hun sniper. If!

Second casualty in the band, Bill Jack, spent bullet in the Dardanelles. No damage is reported by the War Office.

The band of "Ours" gave a much-enjoyed concert at the Convent Hospital. Compliments have flown ever since, and they want more, and, like Pears' soap, won't be happy till they get it.

They say we are not the largest band that has played there, but, nevertheless, we are the best. (No; they said it. It did not emanate from other sources.)

No wonder they say this. They have only to look at the chef d'orchestra.

The C.M.S. and the Q.M.S. of a certain company, who found their bedroom occupied by a bull and bouncing calf, were very unkind to blame the band. We are all angels, and are innocent of such tricks.

"Doc" Bowles is very proud of the fact that he and he alone snatched the chef d'orchestra from the jaws of death. (Bill is sure some vet., but give me death.—Chef.)

The wives of some of those bandsmen who never could get their better halves to help them should see them now. Holly Gee!

Gee Whizz! We almost forgot another casualty. The genial Jimmy Thompson, rat-bite on the left ear—no, right ear—while sleeping the sleep of the just. The rat then had the gall to use the unoffending eye of Ned Marshall as a foot-bath. Funny how the English customs follow us where'er we go.

One thing we can say, anyhow—the band is across the Channel, and all its members have been in the trenches and under fire. (Did someone say that a stretcher party got lost?)

We have indented for a gramophone record of Duncan Smith's "English" "When the pig stole the band's supper."

Who lost the stretchers, and why?

### IS THE PAYMASTER IN?

"Say, Reg., when are you going to pay?"

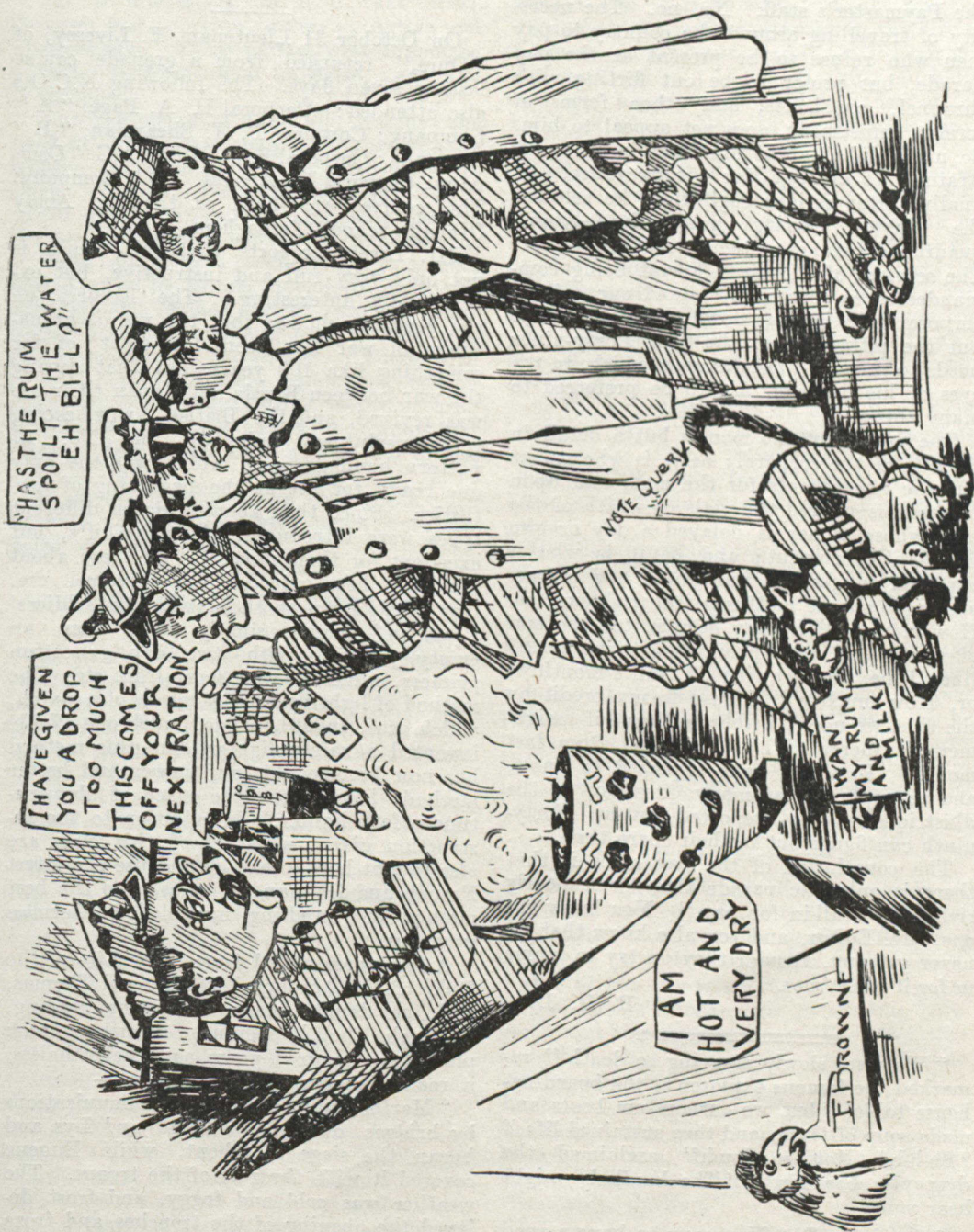
"Hello! Corp. How are chances to see about an assignment?"

"Say, Pay., my wife has not received her money for two months."

The jays of the pay office are indicated in the above queries, which are at all times and in all places, even to Estaminets, otherwise Y.M.C.A., hurled at the innocent head of the pay corporal.

The strong conviction of this particular N.C.O., based upon experience, is that the battalion merely draws money for the purpose of relieving the paymaster of the responsibility of carrying it around, and then rapidly disburses it so as to be able to annoy the corporal as to the possible date of the next delivery of coin of the realm. Nothing is so flattering to a man's self-esteem as to have a man address him with a question that clearly indicates that the questioned party has no other duty but to remember the exact day and hour upon which Pte. Blank executed a document separating himself from a modicum of specie with the idea of storing it up against the furlough he anticipates spending in viewing Westminster Abbey and other places of a similar character—say, the Leicester Lounge.

The method of billeting obtaining in our



battalion was not adopted with the consent of the Paymaster's staff. No, no. The necessity of travelling around the country to pay men who refuse to be present at the pay parade, but prefer to be out flirting with shrapnel, coal-boxes, and other forms of foreign amusement, does not appeal to him. So much did it affect him that he was constrained to arrange for a conveyance, and finally, after serious cogitation, he selected the Clayton carriage and assinine-equine quadruped belonging to the medical officer. The services of Monsieur Ferrat being commandeered as coachman, behold our gallant corporal gaily driving down the road to dole out the pittance that the poor Forty-niner needs to procure those luxuries which, in the eyes of his stomach, are to be preferred to many things.

The paying of the men is but a detail in the life of the corporal; he it is who makes out the assignments for the men, and upon his head is poured the vials of wrath of the man whose money is delayed a day or two by the Government; and he it is who is expected to give an immediate and correct answer to simple mathematical problems, as, How many dollars may be remitted the end of next week, having an assignment of £3 since June, and drawing 30 francs monthly? or, How much will I have to my credit by the time we may possibly get leave if assignment is increased by 10 dollars from last month? In short, he is expected to know, and to reply to, as many questions as the illustrious and oft-reported cut-up Forty-ninth can figure out in their spare time.

The consolation of the pay office is that there is only one parade that even nearly rivals the "fall-in for pay." You know the one, Mr. Editor, and you also know that we never get any, though they do try to blame us for it sometimes.

R. G. D.

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"We were slowly starving to death," remarked the famous explorer at the boarding-house table, "but we cut up our boots and made soup of them, and thus sustained life." "Sh-h-h! Not so loud," exclaimed the dyspeptic boarder. "The landlady might hear you."

Colonel Gruff: "You seem to have a good appetite." Hungry Hawkins: "Ah, sir, that's all I have left in the world that I can call my own."

## BOMBS AND GRENADES.

On October 31 Lieutenant E. Livesey, of "Ours," returned from a grenade course lasting seven days. The following N.C.O.s also attended:—Corporal H. A. Page, "A" Company; Corporal P. J. Shearman, "B" Company; Corporal S. J. Millar, "C" Company; Corporal H. Arnold, "D" Company. The course was held at the 2nd Army Grenade School, Terdeghem.

Mr. Livesey reports that this course is not only very full and instructive, but exceptionally interesting. The lectures on the grenades showed that the use of grenadiers in war has been lost sight of for something like 100 years, but that during the war between Russia and Japan their use was revived, and the British Army, seeing their usefulness, adopted the No. 1J pattern hand grenade, which was the only one ready for use at the beginning of hostilities. Since then about a dozen different types were introduced, all makeshifts, but excellent for their purpose. Of these about six have been selected, for universal use. Not least amongst these was the soldiers' "jam-tin" bomb, simply made from an empty jam-tin, with two dry guncotton primers, and filled with scrap-iron, etc. The method of lighting was by means of a match, which was, indeed, crude, until one Noble invented a safety lighter, but this method has now become old, and newer and better methods have taken the place of the one-time safety lighter. In addition to the instruction given, members of this class are also taught how to handle and use the latest French and German grenades, also the best method of handling unexploded German grenades.

A few words culled from "The Life of the Duke of Marlborough," by Edward Thomas, will, no doubt, make interesting reading, although the happenings described took place two hundred years ago; nevertheless, it reads like present-day warfare:—

"Marlborough secured his communications by bridges over the Scheldt and Lys and began the siege of Ghent, while Eugene covered it with the rest of the troops. The weather was cold and foggy, and frost delayed the opening of the trenches and froze the canals. Marlborough got wet feet every day, coupled with a bad cold and sore throat, but he also got Ghent.

"It is interesting to note that Marlborough had foraging parties at Artois and Furneswhich. These parties were supported by other detachments at La Basse, Lens, and Dixmude.

"At the sieges of Lille and Namur the English grenadiers fought in armour by lantern and candle light in small galleries thirty or forty feet underground. They mined and countermined and blew men in the air and were blown up by hundreds at a time; they were suffocated by smoke, buried alive by falling débris, drowned by inundations, choked with sulphur, sometimes these human moles fought their own men in mistake for the enemy. What with cannon, bombs, grenades, small shot, boiling pitch, tar, oil, and brimstone, to say nothing of scalding water, the English grenadiers had scarce a dozen men alive at the end of the siege of Lille."

So we see by the above description that we have not advanced very much since the times of Marlborough.

## OH, THOSE LETTERS!

Imagine a bell tent, fitted up as officers' quarters, and a tired, weary officer returning from the trenches, covered with real estate from the feet to the head, and feeling that he would like to sleep or take it easy for the next twenty-four hours.

"Hullo! a good fire for once. Here's where I get dry and finish that novel. Wonder was there any mail for me to-day?"

Looking around, he sees a bunch of letters from his platoon waiting to be censored instead of the long-hoped-for letter from home.

"Oh, h—! I suppose that I have got to read a lot of mushy love-letters, and my nice, easy evening is shot to the devil."

After changing his boots (what luxury!) and getting his supper, he lights a cigarette and gets busy on the mail.

"Well, this one looks nice and thin. Guess I'll start on it. Thin, foreign paper, and so darned close a fellow needs a telescope to read it. What's this: "Putting in a gun so that they can shell Berlin." Why can't those fellows follow the regulations, and quit writing dope on military matters? Closed with lots of love and kisses. "Well, I guess I'll have to tear this one up." Finish of number one letter. "Good God! where

did this nut learn to write? Looks like the writing on the wall mentioned in the Bible. Anyhow, no spy could read it. I'll let it go, and good luck to it!" "Nothing but bully beef and biscuits." This gink is fishing for a box of grub. None of my business, auy-how." No. 3 letter.

"Here's another guy wants his girl to know as much about that gun as he does himself; and 'when I meet you there will be a smack as loud as the report of the gun, eh, dearie?' Gee-whiz, here's another from the guy who writes two every day. Wish he had my job; then, perhaps, he would not use the pen quite so much. Why the devil can't the Government supply enough green envelopes?"

So the weary job goes on until fingers get cramped using the blue pencil cancelling likely news. "One thing sure," growls the officer, "I'll never forget how to sign my name after having served my time at this game."

He then proceeds to get a few lines of his own letter written, remarking at the same time, "Darn good thing this letter doesn't have to be censored by anyone." After he has his letter finished he has to go out and rustle coke for himself and start the fire again, and the reading of the novel is again put off, and as a last parting shot as he crawls into the blankets, he says, "Suppose those privates think that it is a highly amusing job messing about with these darn letters."

LOCIN.

"What does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked one scholboy of another. "You better go home and consult your 'Robinson Crusoe,'" was the withering reply.

One of the effects of the war has been a crop of letters from females demanding polygamy and the right to love. Gee! the poor male looks like being worked to death, one way or another.

Gladys: "Mamma, when people get married, are they made into one?" Mamma: "Yes, dear." Gladys: "Which one?" Mamma: "Oh, they find that out afterwards, darling."

"I ran across your old friend Smith the other day." "How did that happen?" "He wouldn't get out of the way when I blew my horn."



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