

With Compliments of The Editor - P.W. Lrowdale

# THE Dead Horse Corner Gazette

Christmas Number.

A Monthly Trench Journal  
of Breezy Comment. . .

Price 30 Centimes.

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[Passed by the Censor.]

## EDITORIAL

### The "Gazette."

MANY nice things have been said of our initial number, and the hearty reception of that issue has convinced us that there is a demand for such a journal as ours. We have aimed to make it of general interest—a mixture of seriousness, gaiety, and gossip, such as will appeal to all ranks. The first number circulated widely amongst the members of the First Contingent, in spite of handicaps which need not be enlarged upon here. The members of the editorial staff have their trench duties to attend to, and that, of course, precludes any chance of "booming" the *Gazette* outside the ranks of our own battalions. Nevertheless, with the numerous handicaps which had to be faced, the first number was a success, financially and (we are repeatedly assured) otherwise. We have, therefore, to thank all our subscribers for making such a complete success possible, but at the same time we would point out the necessity of still further co-operation on the part of friends in the various platoons if every company of the battalion is to be represented in "the news." Do not hesitate to send along your "copy"; we will "brush it up" for you if you have not the time or inclination to do so.

Speaking of the many congratulatory messages which have reached us, the following kindly note from Brigadier-General Mercer, C.B., commanding the

First Brigade, will serve as an example: "Your newspaper is a credit to the staff and an honour to the battalion."

But of all the compliments paid us, none, we feel, was more genuine (or more highly appreciated by Editor and staff) than that of Lieut. E. R. Warburton, of "A" Company of the 4th Battalion. Mr. Warburton was (with other officers) seriously wounded by a shell. On his way to battalion head-

### The Old, Old Wish

(REVISED VERSION).

We wish all our readers, as merry a Christmas as is possible under the present circumstances,

The Editor & Staff.

quarters, after having his wounds dressed, he buttonholed the Editor and offered his hearty congratulations on the appearance of the *Gazette*. Could any compliment greater than that be paid or desired? The news recently received to the effect that Mr. Warburton had succumbed to his injuries cast quite a gloom over the Battalion, which loses one of the leading figures in what we

might term its social life. Mr. Warburton was held in high esteem by all ranks, and his death means the loss of a conscientious officer, a true sportsman, and "a gallant gentleman."

### Peace on Earth.

WE are rapidly approaching the season of the year which, among the civilised peoples of the earth, was formerly set aside as a festival of peace and goodwill. Instead of peace, we find ourselves embroiled in a world-war which has no precedent in history. A considerable portion of Europe, as well as more distant lands, is overrun with warring hordes. Man's hand is lifted against his brother man, and impulses of savagery have been permitted to find expression in the desolation of entire countries, and the ravishing of countless women and children. Europe has been transformed into a vast slaughter-house—a shambles running over with the blood of millions of our fellow-creatures. Innocent children in our English coast towns have been slaughtered that the Prussian War Lord might find excuse for the erection of "monuments of victory"; heroines like Nurse Cavell have been murdered in cold blood; hundreds of women have been driven insane by the excesses of the German soldiery; and thousands of Serbs are to-day dead, or slowly dying from starvation—all this because of the craving for world-power by the nominal head of a supposedly Christian nation!

How can we muse on these things and pretend for one moment that we bear to the peoples now at war with us even a semblance of goodwill? Because of

the fact that we are human, possessing man's primal passions, we can neither forgive nor forget. The time has gone by when such expressions carried weight—to offer or even tolerate them to-day demonstrates a weakness which is inconsistent as well as harmful to our cause. "Peace on earth" can never be truly amplified until such time as the bar sinister to the world's peace has been completely swept away; and 'goodwill to men' will remain a mockery while the spirit of militarism rides rampant.

Let us put to ourselves this query: Do we miss from our ranks to-day any comrades, or brothers, who were with us a year ago? The question is answered in less time than it can be put! Some are prisoners in an enemy country, others are maimed for life, and many have "gone West." A mental retrospect brings back vividly the faces of men and boys we loved, admired, and were proud to stand with on the battlefield in the supreme test of manhood.

With Ypres still a poignant memory, can we afford or even dare to forget the record of the past year? Hatred breeds hatred, and while British blood runs in our veins we cannot but hope for the day that will bring us closer to a final reckoning with the fiends who with poisoned gas murdered our brothers and comrades at Ypres and elsewhere. In Service's words we would say:—

Pay us.  
Long and heavy is the score."

And we are less than men, and unworthy the name of comrades, if we forget our indebtedness—to ourselves and to the dead!

"Peace on earth . . . Goodwill to men." What a mockery in terms—under prevailing conditions! Let those who are of an eligible age and yet seek the security of England or of Canada speak of peace on earth! Let those who have no knowledge of German barbarism dilate on "goodwill to men!" Ours is the sterner task. The spilling of the blood of comrades may have embittered our hearts, but it has also clarified our vision and brought home to us our responsibilities. We in the field cannot (even if we desired) rid ourselves of that responsibility. Nor can we shift the burden on to other shoulders. Before Ypres we were here to fight for what we deemed to be the right; now we shall exact heavy toll for each life that has been taken, and for every drop of Canadian blood that has been spilt in France or Flanders. *It is our own quarrel now.*

### "Save us from our Friends."

Let not any man who has never slept out on a cold December night try to stop the issue of rum to the troops this winter. It is little enough they get, a couple of mouthfuls each perhaps, but what warmth and cheer there is in that little drop, taken when the man, tired after his night's work, lays himself down to sleep, wrapped in his overcoat, on the frost-bitten ground.—"A Subaltern," in *The Times*.

**T**H**ERE** is only one fault to be found with the foregoing extract from *The Times*—it is put far too mildly. We are urged to make a comment on the Canadian soldiers' rum issue by the fact that the daily "tot" has recently been cut down from 14 gallons to 12 gallons per battalion, the latter comprising approximately 1,050 men; and by the fact that an anti-rum manifesto, signed by 65,000 women, was

### Re Mailing the "Gazette."

Readers who wish to mail the *Gazette* to Britain or Canada will find that the best plan is to use one of the square envelopes that can be obtained in any store where picture postcards are sold. Fold the *Gazette* twice and it will be found to fit these envelopes perfectly. By adopting this method the *Gazette* will reach your friends in a clean condition.

The *Gazette* can be obtained at the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Infantry Brigade, Y.M.C.A.'s, and is also on sale at the Soldiers' Institute, Baillieu.

recently submitted to the Ministry of Militia by the Canadian Women's Christian Temperance Union. These two occurrences may have been purely coincidental—or they may not. Sufficient to us soldiers to know that, presumably on account of certain pressure by parties in Canada, our rum ration, never more than two tablespoonfuls, has been considerably curtailed.

Now, whether our friends at home know it or not, anything in the nature of an army ration is issued as food and as a NECESSITY. Before an issue of rations of any kind is decided upon, the nutritive value of such rations is discussed at length by a board appointed for that purpose, its *personnel* being men specially qualified to adjudicate upon such subjects. After this Board has decided upon the inclusion in the army list of a certain ration, the latter becomes a matter upon which the commanders of units, with the assistance of regimental medical officers, are best able to judge and speak.

As a sort of "makeshift" for the reduction of the rum ration, it is proposed that (as was the case last winter) pea-soup should be issued bi-weekly, viz., on Sundays and Thursdays. What happened to the pea-soup issue last winter? It was issued as a "dry ration," and in most cases it was THROWN OVER THE PARAPET. For it must be remembered that in the trenches, generally speaking, there is no provision for cooking pea-soup on such an extensive scale as would be necessary if the men are to get the full benefits of the food. Perhaps our friends in Canada will learn with surprise that it is frequently impossible to light fires in the front trenches; to do so is often to endanger the safety of an entire platoon.

But what can our friends who have never been in France or Flanders know of prevailing conditions? Secure in the possession of healthy homes, with all the little conveniences that spell comfort, what can they be expected to know of trenches where the mud reaches the armpits, of dug-outs that are often shelters only in name, and of similar discomforts? What do they know of the physical strain of days and nights of alternate watch and toil, of hours spent on guard, or the solitude and danger of "listening posts?" And, not knowing these things, how is it possible for them to speak with conviction of the physical needs of the men who have elected to endure such discomforts at the risk of their lives. And, incidentally, we are asked to believe that these home-made "reforms" have been designed for our material comfort and well-being!

Apparently, the idea prevalent in Canada is that, like the wine served *ad libitum* to the Austrian troops, rum is kept perpetually on tap, and that all one has to do is to go over and help oneself. The commanding officers and doctors should be best able to judge the physical needs of the men; and it seems to us to savor of impertinence for outsiders to dictate, by suggestion or other means, the extent or nature of the stimulants to be served to the Canadian troops on active service.

Oh, will no one save us from our friends?

### December Parcel Mail.

**A**NY decision regarding the delivery, &c., of mail by the British postal authorities is of vital interest to Canadians at the Front. Statistics go to prove that the average Canadian is a prolific letter-writer—much more so, indeed, than his Imperial brother,

Tommy Atkins. The Canadians are also in the habit of receiving many parcels—both from England and Canada. There are bound to be delays and "accidents" with Christmas parcels, owing to the tremendous strain which will at that season of the year be placed upon the resources of the postal "machine." Everything depends upon the senders of parcels religiously carrying out the instructions issued in respect of parcel mail for the Front. If any readers have failed to receive parcels which they know have been dispatched by friends, it may be of interest to them to find out if the senders duly carried out the instructions. But it will be seen from the following reference to the subject that it will be practically hopeless to expect any parcels that have not been properly packed to turn up!

From December 1st, the maximum weight for a single parcel sent from England to France or Flanders has been limited to 7 lbs. As far back as November 24th the British newspapers contained notices to the following effect:—

In military interests, the War Office points out, it is necessary to limit parcel traffic to the troops during the Christmas season, and the public are requested to send only articles of real utility. Fruit, perishable articles of all descriptions, bottles, pudding basins, &c., are prohibited, and will not be accepted for transmission.

All parcels must be packed in covers of canvas, linen, or other strong material. Parcels which do not comply with these requirements are *unlikely to reach their destination safely*, and if observed in course of post *will be returned to the senders*. The name and address of the sender must be written on the outside, and parcels which do not comply with this condition will be refused.

We shall comfort ourselves with the reflection that we should be grateful for small mercies.

### Petty Thefts at the Base.

THERE are some men too small to be placed under a microscope. Frequently, particularly of late, there have been brought to our notice cases of petty thefts which, though of small account in themselves, show that there are men wearing the badge of the Maple Leaf who are nothing less than uniformed thieves. These men hold

down *soft* jobs miles away from the firing line, and their particular *métier* is to indulge in petty larceny. They are not courageous enough to thieve on a large scale, but pilfer whatever they imagine will not be missed. And this pilfering is done at the expense of their comrades in the firing line or in the rest camps adjacent to the firing line. We will quote one concrete instance. A couple of weeks ago a consignment of socks was received from Canada for distribution to sick and wounded men lying in the hospitals and rest camps near the front line. Several of the socks contained this brief note:—"Hope you will enjoy the chocolate and cigarettes enclosed." But there was no sign of cigarettes or of chocolate. Perhaps



CAPT. ED. ARCHIBALD.

leaving the notes intact was an oversight on the thieves' part, but it also might have been a deliberate attempt to add insult to injury. Men whose sense of true comradeship has been strangled by rapacity and greed cannot be expected to possess any humane feelings. These blackguards give their comrades a bad name, and we cannot blame the men in the firing line if they have aught but a withering contempt for the men whose duties keep them in safety miles away from the scene of the fighting. "Graft" is as old as the mountains, and doubtless we shall have to continue to put up with it in one form or another, but the English

language fails us when we try to find an adequate description for men who can stoop so low as to rob the wounded and the sick.

R. W. T.

## Grin!

(A Parody on R. W. Service's Poem of the same name.)

IF you joined the First Contingent and you're sorry that you came—

Grin!

If your Sergeant isn't friendly, and your credit's on the wane—

Grin!

Don't let his black looks scare you—he is only seeking fame;  
Keep smiling, though you're itching to "get back" at him again

Be cheery, and you'll find Life's *jake* if you but "play the game"—

So Grin!

If lost is your smoke helmet, and the O.C. cuts up rough—

Grin!

Seven days of "First Field's" nothing, though it *does* sound rather tough—

Grin!

If your pay gets lost in transit (and sure that is bad enough!),

Why, what's the use of whining? You'd only "trade" the stuff

And give it those dear people who can never charge enough!

So Grin!

The mud may reach your armpits—(but so it does the Hun!)—

Grin!

Your boots may leak like sewers, while from out them streamlets run—

Grin!

The "pariah-dogs" may glitter as they saunter in the sun.

Don't heed them. Grin! And you will find a new life has begun.

You've stood the test of *Service*, and the man in you has won!

So Grin!

If you're feeling kind of "lousy," and a hot bath would be *jake*—

Grin!

Don't grumble if a tired S.M. a nice excuse should fake—

Grin!

If the dear things should torment you, and you from sleep should wake—

Be tender! Shoot them one by one and burn them at the stake!

Then take your shirt and throw it, with a big splash, in some lake!

And Grin!

Don't let the loss of breakfast or of dinner spoil your view—

Grin!

Your daily pay of "Dollar-ten" will surely pull you through—

Grin!

The cooks may rave, the Q.M. swear, till everything is "blue";

"Lost Rations" had long whiskers ere you joined Sam Hughes's "crew."

Don't worry! Go on grinning, and see the damned thing through!

And Grin!

## Condition

By CAPT. ED. ARCHIBALD.

THE word *condition* means a great deal when used in connection with the physical side of life.

What does it mean to be in condition physically to take part in a championship, football, lacrosse, hockey, or an athletic meet consisting of track and field events?

In answer to this question I would like to give you an idea of how an athlete has to handle himself in order to get into the best condition.

The first thing he does if he is a wise man is to visit a medical examiner and find out if his vital organs are in *condition* to stand physical training, which, of course, is the foundation to build on, and if any of a man's vital organs such as the heart, lungs, or digestive organs are weak it would be useless to try and put on muscle without first following the advice of his examiner *re* getting the foundation in first-class *condition*.

Taking for granted the man passes his physician he must see that his food agrees with him, and he must be regular in his habits, and when he begins to feel that he could trim every man he meets it is time for him to start on very light exercise, and never overdo it. He must stop while he feels fresh, and as his muscles gradually round into shape he may increase his training, but never enough at one time as to cause him fatigue, and he must stop while he has the energy and the ambition to continue, and never should he extend himself to the full in his training, as his best should be kept for the final test or competition.

As to the number of times a week a man should practise all depends on the man himself and must be judged by the effect the training has on him, and a lot depends upon his nervous temperament.

All this training is to get his muscles working co-ordinately; in other words, to have them under perfect control.

Not only has he to have his muscles under control, but also the mind, which plays, in most cases, a winning part in sports, as we know very well that a pessimist never won a competition. An athlete must have a good clear head, an accurate knowledge of his possibilities, and confidence in himself, which comes as the result of being a consistent trainer.

Then comes the final or finishing touch which is the spirit with which he enters the competition, which best reaches perfection by the conservation of nerve energy by good clean living and the abstinence from anything which would weaken him morally or physically. The man who cannot control his appetite for stimulants and his desires, passions, and thoughts along sexual lines will not last as an athlete.

Some foolish people have tried to prove the reverse of my last statement by reciting examples of athletes who dissipate and are still winners.

I will try to explain the reason that there are such examples.

In the first place, I would like to say that such athletes do not last as long as they otherwise would have had they taken the

proper care of themselves. These men generally come from strong, hardy stock, and have inherited the grandest birthright which could be handed down to a child by his parents, a physique which has probably taken centuries to build up by perhaps outdoor living, and the result of an abstemious life on the part of his ancestors, and this man, with physical perfection, starts into athletics, where many a competitor finished on account of not being so well favoured by Nature, and he abuses himself, sells his birthright as it were "for a mess of pottage," and thus undoes the work of ages.

On account of the great strength he naturally inherited he lasts a while, but once a man has lost moral control his days as an athlete are numbered.

Then a lot depends on a man's motive in entering into sports whether he gets the most out of them. If he goes into sports with a pecuniary object in view then the sport leaves the competition and it becomes a business; but if he takes part as a true amateur sport for sport's sake it will do him more good not only physically but mentally, and he does not glory in the prize he wins but rather the fact

### Christmas Greetings from Brig.-Gen. M. S. Mercer.

The following message for publication has been received by the Editor of the *Gazette* from Brig.-General M. S. Mercer, C.B., until recently commanding the First Canadian Infantry Brigade:—

Editor, "Dead Horse Corner Gazette."

It is a great pleasure to extend greetings to all ranks of the First Brigade.

Will you kindly express my warmest regards and sincerest wishes for their safety and success, and the hope that the coming Christmastide may be full of brightness and the New Year crowned with the joy of victory over the foes of humanity, liberty, and national honour.

Faithfully,

M. S. MERCER.

that he is physically fit to win, which is a true athlete's greatest reward.

Now, before I finish this little article, I would like to draw your attention to the fact that we are all taking part in the greatest game the world has ever known up to the present, and if ever a man needed condition it is now. The man who is in the best shape will stand the hardships better, for never had men greater hardships to go through, and never did men go through these hardships with a better spirit than our boys, and every man is entitled to be called a hero in the truest sense of the word.

In conclusion, I would like to say that I am interested in every man in the Brigade, and if I can be of any practical assistance in any way I will esteem it an honour to have the opportunity, and will say again, as I have already said on a previous occasion, that nothing is too good, or no sacrifice too great, for the boys who have laid down their all upon the altar of service for their God, their King, and their country.

Sentry: "Who goes there?"

His Reverence: "Chaplain."

Sentry: "Pass, Charlie"

## Regimental Rhymes.

By R. W. T.

### "STRAPE THE COOKS!"

A Curate, Rev. Scrivener Snooks,  
Has got in the Q.M.'s bad books.

He to hospital went,  
And his church is for rent,  
Since he took for his text: "Strape the  
Cooks!"

### HIS NIGHTMARE.

There was a young soldier named Trickett,  
Who was made an estaminet picket.  
When they stopped "English beer,"  
He was haunted by fear  
They'd do something else just as wicked.

### "C" COMPANY'S LAMENT.

O, pity us—the "ginks" of "C"—  
Whene'er we hit the road, we race;  
The reason being all the time  
Our long-legged leader makes the Pace!

### "P.J.'s" ONLY WORRY.

There's a gunner named Kelly—"P.J."—  
Who is always lighthearted and gay.  
No cares can him worry,  
He has never known hurry—  
Except when parading for pay!

### "NO PARADE TO-DAY!"

The Bombers' School—"Starvation  
Home"—  
Is pretty good. We'll come again,  
Provided Pluvius sends his showers—  
For there's no drill when there is rain!

### THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

Look out! He comes! Squad, 'shun!  
Salute!  
(And mark how well he looks the part.)  
We used to call him just plain "Bill,"  
But now—he is Lieutenant Hart!

### "CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO ———."

At Brigade Bombing School there's a Cook,  
Whose skin has the Jack Johnson look;  
It may come off with soap,  
If he finds the right "dope,"  
But most folks would call that a fluke!

### NO LUCK, SERGEANT!

At the Hotel Fleur-des-lys lives a "Pet,"  
Who is Bomb-Sergeant Freeman's best bet;  
But in spite of his coaxing,  
She still thinks he's hoaxing,  
And so she replies—"Not just yet!"

### THE DOCTOR'S MAN.

Tom, Tom, the doctor's man—  
A real old sport and a football fan:  
He'll fix you up so nice and fine  
With a Scotch "highball" or a "No. 9."  
If wounded, he'll use his magic saw  
To sever a limb, or mend your paw;  
He'll use his skill in the good old way  
To make you young or turn you gray.  
You'll live—or die—as a soldier can  
If you pin your faith on the doctor's man!

## Serbia's Homesteads.

In Serbia the land belongs to the people, and every grown man has a claim to five acres, which he can neither sell nor have taken from him. His land and its produce are exempt from all claims for debt. Thus the poorest man in Serbia has always five acres to his credit.

## Our Thirst for Knowledge

WANTED TO KNOW.

IS it true that over 90 per cent of "D" Company volunteered to take over the mail job when Johnny Mische took up temporary residence in the Battalion Post Office?

Who is the Private in 13 Platoon who is known as "The Human Encyclopædia"?

Is it a fact that the batmen of "D" Company are going to put their war savings into a certain classy estaminet? And if George Clarke's fiddle is to be hung up as the sign of "The Fiddler's Rest"?

Why the Editor and Circulation Manager sometimes go "round to Mary Ann's"?

The name of the 4th Battalion batman who did not know that there was a war on in Turkey?

The name of the 4th Battalion Corporal who used to hold the rank of General in the Mexican Army?

Who baptised Jim, the cook, with flour on a certain pay night recently?

Who was the Second Brigade officer who, in a certain charge at Festubert, was "wounded in the puttee"? And is it true that he is a fine cyclist?

Is it true that a former member of the Motor Transport section of the First Canadian Divisional Supply Column was some time ago given his transfer to a line battalion; and whether the discreditable incident with which his name was connected has not been reopened by the recall to England of a certain Major?

The name of the Platoon Sergeant who attempted to steal a leg of mutton from a butcher's shop in B— recently; and the name of N.C.O. who aided and abetted him in this attempt to re-stock the platoon larder?

The identity of the Sergeant and two Privates in "C" Company who attempted to make an "hermetically sealed" dug-out and very narrowly escaped suffocation?

If Private Jones, 12 Platoon, can only reach the top notes of "Thora" by using a chair?

If Corporal Andy Thompson is still passionately fond of polony sausages?

If Private Charleton, 12 Platoon, did not feel disgusted when his recent concert was quashed by the arrival of "Lights Out"?

The name of the "lance-jack" in "B" Company who when on leave wore *two* stripes on the sleeve of his raincoat, and how much he was soaked for the officer's cap he wore?

If Corporal Desjardins will consider his luck in if he receives by New Year the pair of braces he indented for at Plug Street; and if he is not suffering from "nerves" on account of the fact that the single support for his breeches now hangs by a thread?

Is it true that some members of the M.T. section of the 1st Divisional Supply Column have had to do extra fatigues because they gave the nickname of "Taxi" to one of their officers?

Who is the prominent N.C.O. in "D" Company who always "chews his cud" on parade, even when engaged in conversation with his officers?

If a goat at one franc is not the latest thing in bargain sales?

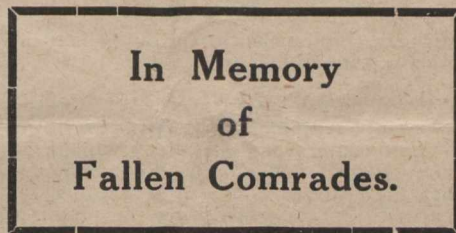
What did Sergeant-Major Jaminson say when he returned from leave and found his dug-out flooded and the furniture afloat?

Which member of "B" Company recently thought he had discovered a German submarine in the front line trench? And whether the fact that he had been given an extra spoonful of rum had anything to do with his "discovery"?

Is it true that Harry Garrity used to be known on the vaudeville stage as "The Handcuff King"?

The name of the stretcher-bearer who always pays his debts provided the creditor finds him in a "happy" frame of mind.

Who is the N.C.O. in the machine gun section who is not allowed to dole out the rum issue?



Does Gordon Smith wear his mitts all day long in order to save buying pocket handkerchiefs?

The name of the big Russian in one of the Battalions of the First Brigade who was "carpeted" at Givenchy for "killing too many Germans"?

Can Sergeant Chauncy Young tell us why he is known to Mademoiselle Brigette as "Lucifer"?

How many drinks can an estaminet picket legally accept?

The name of the "lance-jack" in 14 Platoon who, after a rum issue one morning, asked to be allowed to take one line of trenches on his own?

If all the subalterns who visit the estaminet near the Forge are known to Mademoiselle Marie by their Christian or pet names? Or are "Charlie" and "Freddie" particular favourites?

Where does George Clarke, the violinist, make his home when in rest billets? And is it Mademoiselle Marie who is the attraction?

Is it true that an up-to-date heating system is to be put into the trenches this winter?

How many Belgian mademoiselles have accepted the invitation to go to Canada "after the war"?

The name of the Company O.C. who has earned the nickname of "Half-Right Turn"?

How is it that late draft men are going on leave before men of the April 26th draft?

The name of the Canadian subaltern who "borrowed" a staff officer's automobile for a few hours?

The name of the young subaltern who is saving up champagne corks as a record of his hospitality when in rest billets?

If a certain French-Canadian N.C.O. still thinks he is IT with the Belgian girls? And whether it is not a true saying that "Pride goes before a fall"?

Was the Charlie Chaplin craze in existence before Captain Dyas commenced to cultivate the growth on his upper lip?

The name of the teetotal N.C.O. who pleads a "conscientious objection" to doing picket duty in an estaminet? And if the location of the estaminet doesn't make all the difference?

Why did "Freddie" give Mademoiselle Marie his portrait? And is the friendship purely platonic?

If the identity of "Star Shell Willie" is yet disclosed?

If it is true that "Jerker" Thompson, 6 Platoon, received his musical education at the hands of Caruso and other notable singers?

If the smoke helmets of the men in No. 2 Hut at the reserve billets did not get thoroughly tested when the "B" Company Corporal and his clique lit the fire?

If "Silver's" impromptu concert at the "Y" did not hit the fancy of the boys who had the luck to be there at the time?

If the cut of the Editor's greatcoat is patented?

If the casualty lists at the Brigade Bomb School have not been heavy of late?

Which members of this Battalion, a few weeks ago, spent a portion of their fortnightly pay in making the R.E. goat drunk in the estaminet? And were they afterwards surprised to learn that the goat was used to that sort of thing, and that he only drinks from a glass?

If members of the 8th Battalion are still laughing over the fact that one of their Patrols, when out between the lines recently, gallantly charged the carcass of a dead horse or cow, thinking it was an enemy Patrol?

When is Private George Smith going to make a working model of his recently-invented bomb sling?

Why does T— S—, when visiting an estaminet, always make it a point to sample every kind of liquid in the house?

If there is any truth in the statement that "General" Lees' services have already been booked for the next five years by Foley, Welch, and Stewart, the big railroad contractors? And what was the figure mentioned as his future salary?

Is it true that Lieutenant Sutherland's tailoring bill was rather heavy after his visit to the German lines?

Who is the First Field Ambulance Staff Sergeant known to his colleagues as "The Iodine Kid"?

Is it a fact that Private Willday, "B" Company, has been in communication with the new Board of Inventions regarding his bomb improvement schemes?

If the fiddle joke is still fresh in the estaminet where Mademoiselle Marie hands out the liquid refreshment?

The names of the N.C.O.'s who ran off with the mess-tins of the Orderly Room Staff?

What room in the First Field Ambulance hospital is known to the staff and patients as "The Ram Pasture"?

Have you heard the origin of Private Daniel Quayle's ("D" Company) latest song: "One more river to cross"?

If Private Page, 12 Platoon, caught a cold after the mud-bath he had to take when a big shell chased him out of his dug-out recently?

Whether Private J. J. Woods, "B" Company, is not the real thing when he starts in on one of his Indian pow-wows?

If a certain officer shaved his upper lip in order that he might escape being identified as one of the apostles of the Charlie Chaplin cult?

Is Q.M.S. McMaster still war correspondent for that newspaper with an international reputation, the *Simcoe Sun*? Or does he find his present duties too onerous to allow of a little labour "on the side"?

Who is the battalion postal official known to his intimates as "The Serpent"?

Is it true that if a man is to get on with the S.M. of "B" Company he must claim to be an Irishman—or at least to be of Irish descent?

If it is Cyclist Orderly Wheeler's invariable custom to smoke expensive cigars when the rest of the boys are in the trenches?

If the new anti-shrapnel helmets do not make the wearer look like a Chinese Mandarin?

If Pte. Charlton (who in civil life is a concert promoter) still arranges his little "sing-songs" at the estaminet where live the girls with the healthy complexions?

Who is the Company Q.M.S. known since Ypres as "Whiz-Bang"?

The name of the Strathcona Horse officer who got two months' special leave in Canada for the purpose of tracing a black fox he had lost?

Who is the Battalion Orderly who gets free meals in return for his services as dishwasher?

What is the special Sunday attraction that takes the pioneer sergeant so often to B—?

Does Pay-Corporal Bob Cross still attempt to make tea out of coal oil?

## RICOCHETS

By "The Sniper."

IT takes some clever manoeuvring to get the better of the Belgian tradespeople. For example, take the institution of the 2½d. glass of French beer. After all, what's in a name?

For a young man, Private Johnny Miche, of mail-carrying fame, has had a crowded career. In the last five years he has been in turn a Sergeant-Major, Corporal of remounts, a Scout, Bugler, mail carrier, and Post Office official.

Sergeant-Major McInery, of "B" Company, once bought a ferret for the sum of five francs. He really didn't need the creature, but then, his pal Frank Rothery had bought a sorry-looking nag for the same sum, and "Mac" didn't mean to be left. The S.-M. may have had visions of rabbit pie and hare soup, but from all accounts the only one who made a meal was the ferret, who dined off a chunk of "Mac's" thumb one day!

Private Murphy has the reputation of being the best debater in 13 Platoon. No wonder, seeing that the Canadian-Irishman used to spell-bind people looking for Western real estate bargains!

Private Gordon Smith's favourite hero in fiction—Sexton Blake.

The "Pioneers' Convalescent Home" is the name suggested by Pioneer Sergeant Dymott for his quarters. He does not complain at being saddled with all the N.C.O. cripples when the latter go "lame" on reaching the trenches. On the other hand, he promises that foot-warmers will always be available on application.

Lance-Corporal Fred Edmonds says he hands over his excess "visitors" to "Andy" every night. If this is true, their Platoon Sergeant should indent for an extra bar of disinfectant soap.

Why has that old favourite, "This is the Life!" gone out of date?

According to George W. Elliott, of the "Y," that institution has to stock jam because of the extraordinary demand for that article by the Canadian Mounted Rifles. George says he'd "throw a fit" if a First Contingent man asked for jam.

The man who shines at a drinking party is not necessarily a leader of men.

Talk about "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," one night in the "Clink" has got 'em all skinned, says Private Pat McCarthy.

Sergeants Paterson and Thom, of the 2nd Field Ambulance, say they have found "Doc" Elliott a good fellow, but that he does not stock a sufficiency of "lubricating oil" in his medical stores. (Will someone tell us what is meant by "lubricating oil"?—EDITOR.)

Private Beckley, the 4th Battalion Transport smith, and Arm.-Corporal McKay are joint patentees of a new forge blower. It took a long time to perfect, and "Mac" is

said to have grown grey threshing out the problem, but it does all that is demanded of it. This labour-saving device is worked by the chain-drive of an obsolete bike.

Good fellowship often evaporates when the wine bottles are empty.

Private Fred Wilkinson, of the 2nd Field Ambulance, claims to have christened the 2nd F. A. newspaper—*The Splint Record*. (By the way, we always thought the "christening" ceremony was performed after a project was successfully launched.—EDITOR.) Incidentally, Captain Duck (Paymaster) is to edit the new journal.

I am credibly informed that Arm.-Corporal McKay will have his Fife Band going strong by Christmas. But at present the instruments lie amongst "the lumber of forgotten things" at the Armoury.

Who said there was to be no "fireworks" celebration at the front on "The Fifth"? The sale of English beer and stout was stopped on that day. Wasn't that a first-class bomb?

Major Raikes, formerly M.O. of the 4th Battalion, has been appointed Chief Inspector of Canadian Hospitals in England, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Every member of "The Fourth" who knew the genial "Doc" will be delighted at this well-earned promotion.

There was a high old time at the "Y" on Hallowe'en Night. Captain Ed. Archibald tried to make the festival as "old-fashioned" as circumstances would allow. Tea, cake, apples, and chestnuts were distributed to all comers—until the large stock of these edibles broke down before the attack of Young Canada.

It's a long way back to those "pleasant" days at Festubert, but Q.M.S. Dick Hunt is still looking for that Fourth Class ribbon of St. George, for bringing up "C" Company rations without spilling the salt or spoiling the mustard. (Our sympathy, Dick!—EDITOR.)

### THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Q.M.S. McD— (to "D" Company Cooks): "Fetch me in a little lunch, will you?"

Cooks (in chorus): "Like — we will!"

There was a persistent rumour afloat that "the Fourth" were to have a regimental band, and that all the needful instruments, except the drums (which were already possessed by the Battalion), were promised by a generous friend. One question I am going to ask:—"Is it true that the fact that the drums were 'loaned out' to another regiment 'for the duration of the war' is responsible for the present deadlock?"

Speaking of bands reminds me of many complaints emanating from members of the 10th Battalion, whose band has been "commandeered" for certain work. The "kick" appears to have a certain amount of justification, seeing that the instruments now used

were originally secured through the regimental funds and are, therefore, the joint personal property of the officers and the rank and file.

We are told that "frozen feet" and "trench feet" are henceforth to be classified as disabilities of the self-inflicted class, if the unfortunate sufferer has not used the preparation known as "Anti-Frost." Presumably, this new Order is necessary, but it strikes me that few men will risk having to endure the physical agonies arising from "trench feet" simply on the chance of missing two or three months' duty in the trenches.

Now I have got to the subject of "Antis," why do not some of the big firms of chemists make some "dope" and call it "Anti-Shock"? But perhaps that title is not high-sounding enough, especially as none of the rank-and-file are ever allowed to claim that they have "shattered nerves"! (NOTE.—"The Sniper" is not allowed to speak further on this subject, as censorship rules strictly forbid any fomentation of class distinction.—EDITOR.)

I am asked to announce that the executive heads of the Canadian Army Corps have organised a series of entertainments and concerts for the winter months. Of course, very few of the soldiers at the *Front* will be able to avail themselves of the privilege (which costs twopence), but in case they can manage to hit up their O.C.'s for a pass to town I will mention that the concerts (including a "movie" show) are held daily in the Caisse d'Epargne. The 3rd Field Ambulance Minstrels are, I understand, the chief mirth-provokers, and the 10th Battalion Band is also on the "bill." There are two shows daily—from 2 to 5 o'clock, and from 6 to 8 o'clock. I may mention that the boxes, dress circle, and reserved seats can only be booked on the personal recommendation of members of the Mechanical Transport, Field Ambulance men, or of Military Policemen.

I hear Sergeant Williams, of 11 Platoon, has decided to take swimming lessons in consequence of his recent immersion—and fright. But perhaps his recent attack of "gas poisoning" will prevent him from indulging in the natatory art!

I hear that Company Sergeant-Major Smith signalled his recent reunion with his men by "pulling" three N.C.O.'s for non-attendance at Church parade. What about the old proverb of "a mote in your neighbour's eye and the beam in your own"?

Members of the 4th Battalion are still anxious to know what became of their rum issue on the morning of November 15th. It was a cold, frosty morning, too!

Members of "The Fourth" will be glad to learn that our late Paymaster, Captain McComb, has not had to sacrifice his hand or arm to the recent blood-poisoning trouble he experienced.

The Soldiers' Institute, run under the direction of Rev. Captain Warner, of the First Infantry Brigade, is going strong. Private Johnny Bull, late of the 4th Battalion and Private T. E. Murray, formerly of the 5th Battalion, are jointly in charge of the institute. By the way, how do fellows manage to get these staff jobs?

The 2nd Field Ambulance mascot is a three months' old kitten which, having been

run over in the street, crawled into the "Red Cross Hotel" for medical treatment!

I hear that Courtesy is a negligible quality among the N.C.O.'s in the Canadian Pay and Record Office in London, England. Scores of oral "kicks" have been made on this subject during the past two or three months. Aren't the N.C.O.'s in question content with their "bomb-proof" job? If not, let them make way for men who will at least be civil to Canadian soldiers on leave.

Lieut.-Col. Raikes (late M.O. of the 4th Batt.) has forwarded to Lieut.-Col. Colquhoun the sum of 600 frs., to provide additions to the men's Christmas fare. It is understood that the money is a gift from a lady.

I am told that officers can get "Black and White" at the extraordinarily low price of one and six. For the self-same article it usually costs a "ranker" a month's "scouting," about 12 francs, and—later—about 28 days' F.P. No. 1.

Bomb-Corporal Preece's idea of privation and hardship:—"My gloves are wet through to the skin!"

#### EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS STAFF OF THE GAZETTE.

Editor - - - Pte. R. W. Trowsdale.  
French Editor - Pte. Cyril France.  
Art Editor - - L.-Cpl. V. C. Collins.  
Circulation Manager Pte. A. Gillespie.

Offices - - - "Somewhere in Flanders"  
(But liable to be moved to Berlin at short notice).

Congratulations are due to Lieutenant (late Corporal) Thoday on his recent marriage, which took place on November 6th, "somewhere in England." Appropriately enough, the lady of his choice was formerly Miss French. Another illustration of the *Entente Cordiale*, I suppose!

A correspondent in "C" Company sends in a series of vital questions—I say "vital" because the queries affect the men's rations. My correspondent asks:—

(1) What happened to Q.M.S. Hunt the night he brought up "A" Company's mail instead of that for his own bunch?

(2) How did the issue of bread for 12 Platoon come to be missing; and how was it that it was found next day in the transport lines?

(3) The name of the sergeant who took with him on leave his water bottle full of service rum; and had the misfortune to lose same when staying in the transport lines overnight, waking up to find that dishwater had been substituted for the liquor?

How long are the men in the firing line going to stand for the thefts of timber and firewood which are daily being perpetrated in order that the Second Contingent troops back in billets may have bonfires each night? It seems to me that the First Brigade troops

are being systematically robbed of their winter's stock of "firing."

The wider the publicity that can be given to the Soldiers' Institute in B—, the better it will be for the men of the Contingent. The Institute possesses a couple of reading and rest rooms, and a refreshment bar. All that is now needed is a quick-lunch counter on the Canadian system, where visitors can secure a good hot meal at a reasonable price. The Institute is also sending up to the firing line a batch of 1,000 old magazines, for the use of the First Division troops. The Institute bids fair to develop into a much bigger thing than it is at present.

Congratulations to three of our comrades in Messrs. Hart, Thoday, and Healy, who have been granted commissions. The last-named is now in the Engineers, Lieut. Thody (now a Benedict) is in the Imperials, and Lieut. Hart is the 4th Batt. Signalling Officer.

Sergt. F. Rothery, 15 Platoon, has in hand the work of taking voluntary subscriptions for a memorial plate to honor the gallantry of the late Col. Birchall, former O.C. of the 4th Battalion.

Sergt. J. B. Hathaway, of 15 Platoon, has in hand the work of securing voluntary subscriptions to erect a tombstone over the grave of the late Corporal James May, 16 Platoon, who died of wounds received in attempting to rescue a wounded comrade.

### The Empire's "Cubs."

IN nineteen hundred a war was on;  
Not much of a war, it's true;  
But the Boers were a handful just the same,  
And gave us a bit to do.

The "tight little island" sent off its best,  
And 'twas mighty good at that—  
Boys who had never failed in a pinch,  
And would fight till the drop of the hat.

And just to prove that we'd come of age,  
And could do a bit on our own,  
We asked for a chance out in Canada  
To show how fast we had grown.

We went to war as greenhorns do,  
Without records, or fame, or name,  
But we had all these when we came back home  
And were good as the best at the game.

Now times have changed, but the boys have not,  
And the heroes of kop and veldt  
Are first to come and last to leave  
Where the powder is to be smelt.

Where there was one there's a hundred now,  
They're coming to answer the call;  
'Twas bred in the bone and it's in the blood,  
To fight and keep on till they fall.

And the Kaiser will find, as Kruger did,  
That Lion and whelps are one,  
And we'll stand together for good and all,  
Till he and his brood are done.

And never again will there be a doubt  
How the sons of the old Empire stand;  
Just flash up some trouble, we're there at  
the double,  
To give the Old Lady a hand.

A. A. DURKU, Capt.

BELGIUM, 1st Brigade Am. Col  
Nov. 11th.

## Canadians' News Items

THE prospectus of a Dominion domestic loan of \$50,000,000 was recently announced by Hon. William White, Canadian Minister of Finance. There is little doubt of its success.

Lieutenant-General Alderson, C.B., commanding the Canadian Army Corps, was recently decorated by President Poincaré with the Commandership of the Legion of Honour. Major-General Currie, C.B., commanding the First Division, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell have received the Cross of the Legion of Honour at the hands of President Poincaré. Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada, has been honoured by receiving decorations from the French and Russian Governments.

The number of foreign-born people resident in Canada is 752,732. About half that number are now naturalised Canadians.

Seager Wheeler, of Rosthern, Sask., has won another world's championship for the best bushel of wheat. His latest success was taken at the Denver (Colorado) Dry Farming Congress.

Mr. T. Chase Casgrain, the Postmaster-General of Canada, has volunteered for over-sea service in any capacity.

A Canadian nurse, Miss Vivienne Tremaine, was on duty with the ambulance which conveyed King George from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace on the occasion of His Majesty's accident.

A residential club for N.C.O.'s and men of the Canadian Contingent has been opened at 11, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London, W. The rates are moderate. The club is known as The Maple Leaf.

An interesting point, affecting emigration from England to Canada, has been raised by the refusal of the Lambeth Guardians to allow a Poor Law boy to proceed to Canada. The application was refused on the ground that Britain needs all her healthy children.

Private Walter Tickner, of the 1st Canadians, who lies wounded in Nottingham General Hospital, is anxious to find his mother Mrs. Robert Symes, who twelve years ago lived at Camberwell Green.

Advices from Halifax, N.S., state that in consequence of the large number of clergymen who have applied to join the 85th (N.S.) Battalion, the C.O. of the Battalion has authorised the formation of a section (14 men), or if sufficient numbers are available, a Platoon (54 men), which will be entirely composed of clergymen.

Some Canadian soldiers assisted the boatmen at Sandgate to rescue the crew of the Dutch ketch *Zeemeeuw*, which was driven aground recently.

During 1914 there was a total of 20,634 immigrant arrivals in Saskatchewan, compared with 44,543 immigrants during 1913. Of the arrivals in 1914, 12,043 came from the United States and the balance of 8,591

immigrated via ocean ports. During 1913 22,142 immigrants came from the United States and 22,401 via ocean ports.

When the story of this year's threshing in Saskatchewan is completed, some extraordinary yields will be heard of. One farmer west of Unity threshed 10,000 bushels of No. 1 Northern off 200 acres, and there are other similar yields.

The premises of the St. Thomas' (Ont.) *Journal* were destroyed by fire on October 8th.

Petrolia (Ont.) now has its own electric light plant. The purchase price was \$11,280.

A new hospital is to be built at Port Hope, Ont. The generosity of the late Mr. John Hehn, who left a bequest of \$20,000, has made the new building possible.

Representatives of the Vickers Maxim Company have been prospecting for nickel deposits north-west of Edmonton, Alberta.

The end of steel on the Alberta and Great Waterways railroad is at Mile 135, 21 miles north-east of Lac La Biche.

Owing to the great destruction of game around Churchill and Norway House, in the Canadian North-west, game guardians are to be appointed in those areas.

Representatives of the French Government are now in Western Canada purchasing horses for the French Army.

In September, nearly four million pounds of fish were landed at Prince Rupert (B.C.) and at the canneries of the Skeena.

The signs point to a great influx of Oriental immigration to Canada via the B.C. Coast.

The B.C. Government has extended for another six months the period of prohibition against the entry of artisans or labourers in that Province through Pacific Coast ports or across the Canadian border.

Captain W. Watson is the new Resident Comptroller of the Maple Leaf Club in London. Captain Watson was formerly in the 5th Battalion (Western Cavalry).

Mr. R. M. Burden, formerly of St. John, N.B., has offered an historic residence on the St. John River, near Westfield Station, to the Canadian Government as a Convalescent Home for Canadian soldiers.

A prairie fire of unusual dimensions occurred in the Saskatoon area on October 29th. It is said that 400 square miles of territory in Saskatchewan were affected.

The Canadian Finance Minister estimates that the war had, up to October, cost Canada the sum of \$18,000,000. The expenditure is estimated at \$60,000 per day.

The Dominion Post Office has arranged for mail service during the coming winter to Fort Resolution, Fort McPherson, and intermediate points. Mail left Edmonton on November 29th for Fort McMurray, Fort McKay, Fort Chipewyan, Smith Landing, Fort Smith, Fort Resolution, Hay River, Fort Providence, Fort Simpson, Fort Wrigley, Fort Norman, Fort Good Hope, and Fort McPherson.

Two Catholic Missionaries and two prospectors who went into the Far North have been

murdered by an Eskimo tribe living 200 miles inland from Baker Lake. Inspector Beytes and a small posse of R.N.W.M.P. are in that region looking for the murderers of the American explorers, Radford and Street. The Missionaries and prospectors were apparently thought to be some of the police officials.

The recent death of Sir Charles Tupper, veteran Canadian statesman, removes the last surviving link with "The Fathers of Confederation." He was one of the outstanding figures in the history of the Dominion.

Quebec City has already given 30 machine guns to the Canadian forces.

A new regiment, to be known as the Irish Fusiliers, has been formed in Toronto. Major F. Magee, formerly of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, has been given the command.

It is claimed that 70 per cent of the male members of the Church of England in Canada have enlisted for over-sea service.

Ninety thousand people patronised the Toronto theatres and motion picture shows on Thanksgiving Day.

In order to adequately express its appreciation of the valour and heroism of the Russian armies, the Canadian Government has cabled that it will contribute \$50,000 for the Anglo-Russian Hospital. This will equip and maintain a hundred beds for one year.

Canada's war expenditure for next year will be between \$200,000,000 and \$250,000,000. Up to the end of this year the expenditure will be \$150,000,000, so that by the end of 1916 it will be about \$400,000,000.

Among prominent Canadians who have volunteered for service at the front are Sir Max Aitken (the present Canadian "Eye-Witness"), who has offered to raise a New Brunswick Battalion and serve in it; and Hon. Arthur Meighen, Solicitor-General, who is coming out as Q.M. in a Montreal Battalion.

The direct winter mail service to Canada via Halifax or St. John commenced with the departure of the R.M.S. *Corsican* from Liverpool on Friday, November 19th.

Among the articles exhibited in the Canadian Government Emigration Office, London, which have come from the front, is the leather belt of a German officer studded with the crests of several British regiments, and also one Maple Leaf badge.

Canada has a new plant for making high-explosive shells. Its initial output was 80,000 lbs. of shell.

Lieut. C. Hughes, of the 6th Field Company, C.E., was killed in action on November 15th. He was a nephew of Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, and was exceedingly popular with all ranks.

"The crops in the West this year are marvellous; have to be seen to be believed. Fifty and sixty bushels of wheat to the acre with forty bushels quite common. It means prosperity to all concerned."—Extract from letter of a Saskatoon (Sask.) correspondent.

A Khaki Club for soldiers was recently opened in Hamilton, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Empire.



Notes and  
Comments

HAVE you noticed how Henry Ford, the multi-millionaire auto manufacturer, has the knack of getting free ads. in the newspapers? He is not too wealthy to refuse "something for nothing"—"summat for nowt," as the Yorkshire dialect has it. Henry Ford is the man who used to pose as a philanthropist, but more recently he has been securing a cheap if nasty publicity on account of his pro-German views. He did his best to destroy the purpose of the Anglo-French Loan Commissioners, and declared if he had his way "he would tie a tin can to their tails and send them back where they came from." To remedy the setback

British airman attacked a German 'plane, and after exchanging machine-gun shots at a range of only *fifteen yards*, the German was forced to descend. The machine crashed to earth and turned completely over. It was found in our lines, with the pilot dead and the observer wounded. The curious part of the happening was that a Colt machine gun which was mounted in the aeroplane was found to have been one captured from the 13th Battalion at Ypres, and it was members of that battalion who held that portion of the line where the 'plane fell. Men of the 13th recaptured the Colt gun under shell fire from the German artillery.

Listen to this stuff, which appeared in the Canadian papers, and is reputed to have been declaimed from the

And will the Colonel also tell us just where "the kindness of the Canadian people" comes in in this particular connection?

Here is another choice tit-bit from Canada:—

"A farewell social and dance was held last night in honour of two of Dundurn's most prominent young men who have hearkened to the call of the empire. These men, who have been very prominent in the social and sporting life of the village, have given up lucrative positions to don the king's uniform and help to "do their bit," and their example will doubtless be followed by many other young Canadians of this district who, though loyal and patriotic, have not had the seriousness of the situation brought home to them."

"Harkened to the call of Empire," and "given up lucrative positions" is distinctly good. The young men referred to must have had difficulty in passing the hearing test if it took them over twelve months to hear the "call of Empire." Apparently, the implication is still that we of the First Contingent joined up to make sure of our "winter's keep"!

The Folkestone Chamber of Commerce has entered an energetic protest against the allegation (made in the House of Commons last month by Sir Arthur Markham) that Folkestone traders have systematically overcharged Canadian soldiers quartered in the neighbourhood. Sir Arthur and Lady Markham's residence, Beachborough House, near Folkestone, has for nearly a year been used as a hospital for wounded Canadians.

Philip Gibbs, the *Daily Chronicle* correspondent with the British Expeditionary Force, relates a curious incident which took place during the storming of Loos by the 15th and 47th Divisions—Scottish and London Territorials. A London Irishman was out in advance of his comrades, kicking a football towards the attackers' objective. Watching French troops thought he had gone mad with the excitement of battle, but it was not so. The gallant Tommy was "dribbling a football towards his goal, and he held the ball for 1,400 yards." "It was," says Mr. Gibbs, "the best kicked goal in history." Who will now dare say that love of sport has made Britain a decadent nation?



which this attitude has caused his immense business, the millionaire is endeavouring to gull the public by extensive advertising in the British papers. A two-column article (evidently "inspired") recently appeared in the *Toronto Sunday World*, and contained some peculiar paragraphs. As instance: "He is a shy man . . . and avoids all publicity. He sneaks into the factory by back ways, and sneaks out again so that he may not be seen of men." We will let this *eulogy* speak for itself—and for Ford! Our personal opinion is that Canada has already interned hundreds of men who are far less dangerous to the State than this same Henry Ford.

A curious coincidence occurred recently, after an air duel which took place on that part of the line now held by the Canadian Division. A

platform by Colonel Currie, a Canadian officer home on leave:—

"Every man has to have at least one fine, full, hot bath each week. And he gets all the ham and eggs; and white rolls from London or Boulogne every morning; and roast beef or roast mutton or mutton chops and plenty of soup—all the good food he wants. Never was there a better fed army in the world than is the Canadian, owing to the kindness of the Canadian people."

We have no kick against the feeding of the Canadian army, but we would dearly like to know what particular outfit Colonel Currie refers to as possessing such a menu as the above. It might be worth while contemplating transfer to such a first-class hotel—we cannot call it by any other name.

At a "beauty show," held at Folkestone some time ago, and open to Canadian soldiers, a drum-major of the 11th (Reserve) Battalion is reported to have won first prize. The occurrence reminds us of an old saying: "Handsome is as handsome does." Some men we are privileged to call comrades have in this war received scars which would preclude them entering a "beauty competition," but their scars are honourable scars, that could never be won in the comfortable billets of an English garrison town.

THE increase of the Canadian forces for war purposes will give the Dominion a quarter of a million men under arms by next spring. It is computed that Canada has now 200,000 troops on service or in training.

The first official computation of the Canadian losses since the commencement of the war show that the names of 677 officers and 14,510 men appeared in the casualty lists up to the middle of this month. The number of officers who were killed in action or who died from wounds is 119.

It isn't usually the top dog that howls for the peacemaker.

AFTER the Rum trouble comes another Cigarette scandal. From the Canadian papers we learn that some Church adherents over there are attempting to stop the supplies of cigarettes which are often enclosed in stockings and other comforts sent from Canada to the Front. It will be noted that in one of our Editorials we have laid the blame for certain petty thefts on soldiers at the Base. It certainly begins to look as if we shall have to make an apology to the latter, and refix the blame nearer home.

AN APPRECIATION.—We are indebted to *Canada*, the well-known illustrated weekly, for much of the Canadian news published in this issue.—EDITOR, *Gazette*.

GOOD news travels quickly, and we doubt if it is at all necessary to draw attention to the recent Divisional Order giving each man the privilege of drawing an additional 50 fr. this month, provided he has the money to his credit. The popularity of the Order can be gauged by the percentage of men who have taken advantage of it.

PROFESSOR MORGAN, of University College, recently told a London audience that when going into action soldiers swore most horribly, "because what was called the subconscious self got the upper hand, causing men to use language which ordinarily they would not." Judged from our first-hand knowledge of the language used during a quiet day in the trenches, we should positively hate to have the language of "action" recorded.

POETS are generally accorded a certain amount of licence, but the rhymster who wrote in *Tit-Bits* that junk about the "Night Sentry" deserves to be put on short rations for the rest of the war. Listen to the first two lines of his effusion:—

"With my rifle close beside me I  
am keeping watch at night,  
Sitting well down in my dug-out  
until day."

We wonder what would happen to any sentry on night duty who "sat well down in his dug-out until day!"

A DOVER correspondent of *Pearson's Weekly* tells readers of that journal "how to recognise Canadians." This trained observer says:—"He (the Canadian soldier) has seven small buttons on the front of his tunic, whereas a British Tommy has five large ones." We might remind our unknown friend that the average Canadian also has half-a-dozen buttons on his underwear, usually a similar number on his trousers or breeches, and it is not unlikely that (even after the souvenir-hunters have bespoiled him) he still retains one or two extra large size buttons on his greatcoat. But why all this unsolicited interest in our sartorial appearance?

ONE of the features of the Canadian Art Club's recent exhibition at Toronto was Homer Watson's series of canvases representing life at Valcartier Camp, Quebec. The pictures are the property of the Canadian Government, and are called "The Birth of our Army," "The Review," and "The Ranges" respectively.

WHAT about the superfluous N.C.O.'s? Are the "old hands" never to be given a fair chance of promotion?

#### "TIRPY"-CIDE.

IN a German Canal called the Kiel Floats Jellicoe's coming big meal;  
And Von Tirpitz that day  
To the Kaiser will say:  
"If I thought it would save me—I'd  
squeal!"

THE first and second numbers of the *Iodine Chronicle* (the organ of the First Canadian Field Ambulance) show that the "trench newspaper" fever has caught on. The editor of this latest edition to the ranks of "active service literature" is Corporal R. O. Spreckley, and the managing-editor Major G. J. Boyce. The scope of this little journal is naturally limited by the numerical strength of the unit whose doings it seeks to mirror. Nevertheless, it bulges with wit and humour, and some items, such as the verse of Pte. Tom Harton, bear the impress of real ability. When the great Peace arrives, these "battlefield souvenirs" will possess a value beyond purchase. Incidentally, we may mention that at a Red Cross sale at Lurgan, North of Ireland, recently a copy of the first number of the *Iodine Chronicle* sold for the sum of £7 15s.

"AUSTRIA needs gold," says a daily paper. That may be so, but not nearly so bad as we sometimes need the loan of half a franc.

### The First Contingent.

(A REPLY TO THE CANADIAN PRESS CRITICISMS.)

[NOTE.—We have decided to reprint this poem, owing to repeated requests from many quarters.—EDITOR, *Gazette*.]

You say that the First Contingent  
Are bums, and rotters, and snydes;  
You say that we sullied our honour,  
And a whole lot else besides.  
We are probably all you call us,  
But you must admit we're men,  
So I smile when I hear you bragging—  
For we fought at St. Julien.

We were a bit wild and roughish,  
Though a soldier isn't a lamb,  
And we drank, and squandered our money,  
And none of us cared a damn.  
So you thought us as black as painted,  
But you'll change your opinion when  
You meet the souls of the Germans  
That died at St. Julien.

When you've learnt the lust of battle,  
When your bravest and best have gone,  
When seventy per cent are stricken,  
And the rest keep fighting on—  
You cease to mind the ravings  
Of an Editorial pen,  
When you've tasted blood and slaughter,  
At a fight like St. Julien.

For though we of the First Contingent  
Are bums, and rotters, and snydes;  
The dregs of the nation's manhood,  
—And a whole lot else besides.  
Though we ruined your reputation  
And blackened your name, but then—  
We held the line for the Empire  
At the fight at St. Julien!

H. SMAILEY SARSON.

Vlamertinghe, Belgium,  
April, 1915.

## Trench Routine

By Private R. W. TROWSDALE.

### IN THE TRENCHES IN FLANDERS.

DEAR OLD BOYS,—I am going to keep my promise, made some time ago, to let you have a line. I think I may as well give you an outline of a day's doings, in order that you will be able to see for yourself what a grand time we have out here—not forgetting to mention the little personal comforts such as hot and cold water connections in the front trenches, electric cookers, warm baths for the asking, a double rum issue every night and morning, and the unrestricted use of stilts when the mud rises higher than the waist-line. Believe me, my boy, we're having "one 'ell of a time," as the British Tommy would say.

Well, to begin with, we "carry on" from where we left off. To be quite correct, we don't leave off at all—because trade union hours are not recognised in the trenches. All the same, this life is one long, sweet song—a sort of continued story made up of chapters and spasms. The imaginary line between waking and sleeping is so very imaginary that it is hard to find signs of our connecting files, so let us begin in the middle of the day, which is where *they* begin with us.

### A QUESTION OF LUCK.

Dinner may or may not be over. Much depends on the supposition that you have been able to "bum" or steal some firewood from the adjacent section, and also whether the Q.M.S. has softened his heart and given you something to constitute a bill-of-fare. If this particular fare is steak, be sure to thump it well, using your rifle-butt for the purpose, and take great care that the juice does not spill when the "tea-bone" starts in to that out. You can easily recognise the advent of the thawing season: the steak will take on a sort of salamander tint, which reveals the interesting fact that it has at last shaken off its Arctic associations.

If you are a good "rustler," you may be able to get in first on the silver-plated spirit stove, but it is generally found that such stoves are useless, owing to the fact that the "spirit" has been spirited away. In that case, you will probably have to make your little smoke from wet planking—a task which, had it been known in Biblical times, would have robbed Job of his reputation!

Dinner over, you settle down in your dug-out for a quiet snooze. Perhaps you sleep, but more likely a fatigue party will be called for, with your name on the honour roll. Then it's you for a course in the latest of society steps, the Giddy Glide, which is liable to increase your knowledge of the work of a navy and also to extend your repertoire of swear words.

As soon as you get back to your lines, the N.C.O. on duty is waiting with the polite request that you will relieve So-and-So on guard. You may have planned that time for letter-writing, but you pretend you are pleased to be serving your country in any humble capacity. After you have done a few months of this life you will find that you need a mighty fine imagination and the digestive powers of a camel to save getting "the hump."

### ON "WORKING YOUR TICKET."

An hour of two of sentry-go passes quite pleasantly, because all you have to do is to

look out on a beautiful landscape of wire entanglements and small stacks of empty bully-beef tins. All you are *really* supposed to do is to look for Germans and other deadly poisons, but as the periscopes have not yet got a smelling attachment, you cannot expect to focus anything except the aforesaid landscape.

There is one consolation, however. If you do your duty nobly and keep your optic glued on to the lens of your 'scope, you may possibly work up a nice "crick" in the neck. This complaint should entitle you to a place on the sick parade next morning and the chance of testing a "No. 9," which is a pilule containing some embrocation and certain other ingredients. If the M.O. should make you swallow the "No. 9" in his presence, you stand a chance of getting a job on "sanitary fatigue," which, if it does nothing else, at least keeps you on the move. And that, so the doctors say, is good for the circulation.

If you should come through sentry-go without getting a "Blightie," it shows that you



"Working parties are called off, and you get a short holiday."

have still a lot to learn. Of course, if you look long and far enough, you may spot an empty rum jar, and you may even work yourself up into believing that it contains something which might benefit humanity as a whole and yourself in particular. That is what the M.O. would probably call an "optical delusion." If you rescue the jar and fail to sniff anything, then you can claim to possess a defective sense of smell, and you might be able to work your ticket to the Base or to "Blightie" that way. But it needs quite a bit of "gall" to carry the bluff through to the bitter end.

### "ARF A MO" AND OTHER LUXURIES.

At this hour, the Germans will probably start in on their regular afternoon rendition of the revised version of "The Hymn of Hate." The process is locally known as "strafing," and consists of the expenditure of much good steel, iron, and other component parts of big shells. Consequently, it is considered safer for one's health to imitate the rats, and seek temporary oblivion in the bowels of the earth. Working parties are called off and you get a short holiday, although it is a matter of satisfaction to know that your pay goes on just the same. The beauty of being a soldier is that there is no "short time"!

So you crawl into your dug-out and lie on your back and smoke that fragrant weed known to the forces as "'Arf a Mo." This latter is a brand of tobacco and cigarette formerly made exclusively for the wealthy classes, but owing to the enterprise of Bert Thomas, Lord Northcliffe and the *Daily Mail*, it has, at great expense to the patriots, named, been "cornered" for the sole use of the troops on active service. I repeat, therefore, that you lie on your back, with a pile of sandbags for a pillow, and imagine that you are lolling in a swell West End joint and smoking a Bock Panetela. You can see what Imagination has done for the Masses.

Then comes tea-time. A couple of enemy rifle grenades may flavour your beverage with a few ounces of parapet. But it is advisable to swallow the entire mixture without registering a kick, because if "Fritz" overhears you he may send over a coloured visitor named Jack Johnson. This is the guy who, a few years back, spoiled Jim Jeffries' Fourth of July celebration in the States. Jim got a husky cowpuncher called Jess, Willard to administer a sleep pill to the nigger. But one pill is not enough to wipe a nigger off the map, and the Kaiser enlisted Jack Johnson in his Munition Department and made him godfather to the souvenirs which bear his name. (Perhaps the Censor will object to this premature disclosure of one of the secret histories of the war).

### THE "STAND-TO."

The evening "Stand-To" precedes the "pregnant hours" wherein anything may happen, from an Anglo-German "conversation" across "No Man's Land" to a gas attack by the enemy. If you are not on guard, you are permitted to go to sleep on a damp, slimy slab of earth or wet sandbag, with your feet in a mud bath, and you are also permitted to dream of the happy days in store when you will probably have rheumatics in every joint, and neuralgia and toothache and other pleasant companionships. These recreational exercises will keep you more or less employed until dawn, when there is another general "Stand-To." A "Stand-To," by the way, is a sort of institution designed to break life-long friendships. Platoon Sergeants are understood to get extra pay for doing what in Lancashire is known as "knocking-up." As luck has it, there is a scarcity of gramophones in the trenches. If there were many recording machines around, somebody or other would get a nice little haul of blackmail. Fancy anyone offering to sell to your wife or your best girl a record of your language at the "Stand-To" hour!

The early morning "Stand-To" is rather worse than the other. But by that time your sense of smell has become rather acute, and you can easily detect the proximity of your "best friend" by the "atmosphere" which the presence of the Platoon Sergeant creates!

Occasionally—and these are dismal days—you get extra fatigue duty in lieu of the rum issue, but this is immaterial, as both are said to warm up the system. But then, some fellows would "grouse" at anything! That is the worst of recruiting an army from the monied classes!

After the rum issue, there is "that tired feeling." Then comes sleep, and forgetfulness, and peace—save for the peculiar nasal music which characterises some fellows when they are folded securely in the arms of Morpheus.

And, being one of the bunch, I turn in, too!

Your Friend,  
A CANADIAN SOLDIER.

## Sport Gossip.

By THE SPORTS EDITOR.

ALTHOUGH it is now a matter of several weeks since the First Brigade Sports Meet was held, I have not yet had an opportunity of referring to the event. Needless to say, the meet was a great success—as indeed is everything that Captain Ed. Archibald, First Brigade Y.M.C.A. officer, takes charge of. Some of the competitors had to be given a day's leave from the firing-line in order to attend, and it should be remembered that these men *had not had their boots off for five days and nights!* Therefore, all circumstances considered, no one should cavil at the times recorded. Lieutenant Gardner, 3rd Battalion, won the individual championship and also contributed greatly to the points scored by his Battalion, which won the regimental championship. One does not care to be put into the "dog-in-the-manger" class, but it was grossly unfair to those competitors who had done eight months' service at the front to be asked to compete against an athlete fresh out from England, as Mr. Gardner was. However, since the judges allowed his entry Mr. Gardner is entitled to the credit due to his fine performances. The 2nd Battalion won the tug-of-war championship, their opponents being the 3rd Battalion. The best race of the day was the mile, won by Private Massey (after a neck-and-neck finish with Private Hanson, 2nd Battalion) in the creditable time of 4 min. 52 secs. The programme was an artistic affair and made a striking souvenir of an event quite unique in Canadian athletics.

It is not generally known that Jimmy Duffy, the famous Canadian Marathon runner, who was killed at Ypres, lies buried at Vlamerhinghe, Belgium. Jimmy enlisted with the 91st Highlanders at Hamilton, and was attached to the 16th Battalion.

Captain Ed. Archibald, of the First Brigade "Y," is the man who, at the Olympic Games held at Athens, was congratulated by the late King Edward as "a perfect specimen of a Canadian athlete." That was some years ago, but Captain Archibald still retains much of his old-time athletic ability.

By the way, reference to Captain Archibald reminds me that the Y.M.C.A. hut at Wood Farm is now going full swing. Members of the First Brigade should therefore have no trouble in securing the little things they need.

Here's a good tip! Any member—officer or ranker—of the First Brigade who goes to London on leave can secure the many privileges of the Polytechnic Institute for nothing by applying to Captain Archibald for a temporary membership card. The Canadian Olympic team of 1908 had their headquarters at the Polytechnic.

George Goulding, of Toronto, established a world's record at New York recently, walking seven miles in 50 min. 40½ secs.

Les Darcy, the Australian middleweight boxer, has beaten two good American boxers in Eddie McGoorty and Jimmy Clabby. He looks to be a world-beater at his weight.

The loss Canadian amateur athletics has sustained by the accident to "Glad" Murphy, the Argonauts' flying wing, is a serious one. Murphy was the greatest all-round athlete in Canada; he excelled at Rugby, hockey, and rowing. At the time of his accident he was on the point of leaving for the front, he having completed a qualifying course in the Flying Corps. He will be a cripple for life.

Ty Cobb, leading batsman, base-runner, &c., &c., &c., pulled the champion "bone" of the season at Detroit when he stole third only to discover that the base was already occupied. He tried to retrace his steps, but was nabbed at second and the decision peeved him so that he protested vehemently and was chased from the field to the accompaniment of a roar of jeers and hoots from the bleachers.

The world's record of six consecutive hits in as many times at bat, made by Clarence Beaumont, of Pittsburg, was recently tied by George Cutshaw, Brooklyn's second sacker, in a game against Chicago.

In the *Hamilton Herald* road race on October 11th, Jim Corkery, of Toronto, beat Jamieson, the Indian runner, by his strong finish. Corkery did the 19 miles 168 yards in 1 hr. 51 min. and 10 secs., or nearly 5 min. behind Jimmy Duffy's record time in 1912.

Ty Cobb, of the Detroit Tigers, was mobbed by Boston Red Sox fans chiefly because he played too well for his own club. Baseball takes a lot of understanding!

Irwin Hahl, of the St. Louis Columbian A.C., recently beat Joe Loomis, holder of the American A.A.U. 100 yards championship, by two yards in the fast time of 9½ secs.

Neither the Victorians, O.H.A. champions, nor the Winnipeg Hockey Club, former holders of the Allan Cup, are playing senior hockey this season. The reason is that the majority of the clubs' regular players are now with the Expeditionary Force.

Digger Stanley, winner outright of one of the Lonsdale belts, was recently defeated by Tommy Harrison, a "coming" bantam.

Baseball "fans" from the high-brow city of Boston, U.S.A., are still talking of their world's championship team. But it's so easy to be enthusiastic when one's favourites are going strong. The real fan is the man who stays by his club through thick and thin.

Calgary, Alta., has now a municipally-owned golf course. This is one of the signposts of genuine progress.

Harry Dibble, younger brother of the American sculling champion, bids fair to become almost the equal of his more famous brother.

Lance-Corporal McDonald scored the first points for the 4th Battalion in the recent Brigade sports. He was beaten only by an inch in the hop, step and jump—and has, I hear, since challenged the winner of that event, Private Brooks, 2nd Battalion, to a further test of skill.

The best performer from "The Fourth" was Private Stickney, who won the running high jump with ridiculous ease, and was unlucky to be beaten in the pole vault.

## "PLAY BALL!"

The German artillery were doing their best to erase a small town from the map. Every few minutes there would be a deafening crash and the remains of a house would soar skywards enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

In a field in the outskirts of the town some Canadian soldiers, relieved from the trenches for a few days, were indulging in their favourite game of baseball. The pitcher had just pitched the ball and the batter had hit an easy "fly" to one of the fielders, when a huge shell landed in the adjoining field. The fielder's attention was fixed on the shell, which burst with a deafening crash, and he missed the "fly."

"For the love of Mike," roared the pitcher, who was a typical Irish-Canadian, "if you are going to play ball, play ball, and quit watching the shells."



JOCK REID as a soldier  
Has an armour-proof "rep";  
He'll ne'er fly from danger—  
From a shell, or a Zepp.  
He is neat and is natty,  
As smooth as a flute,  
But he owns to one failing—  
The "field-rank salute."

As the picture here shows him,  
With his jaunty-perched "lid,"  
He is taking instruction,  
And doing as bid.  
And the moral, dear comrades  
(As the S.M. would say),  
Is the same little trouble  
May get YOU some day!

## THE REASON WHY.

First Ditto: "Why are there so many ex-real estate operators amongst the officers of the Canadian Contingent?"

Second Ditto: "That's easy. They have spent their lives working for 'commissions.'"

The shortest poem ever written (says *Til-Bits*) was on "Microbes":—

Adam  
Had 'em.

Now that is the particular subject we could write volumes on!—EDITOR, *Gazette*.

## News in Brief.

A ton of coal is needed to produce three big shells.

A single projectile from a 15-in. naval gun weighs 1,950 lbs.

The French armies are being supplied with 200,000 shells a day.

A number of famous American airmen are flying for the French army.

British coinage is now being used instead of German in Samoa, formerly a German Colony.

No fewer than sixty-five Austrian generals have been compulsorily retired for negligence.

The country to the north-east of Strumitza is the flattest part of the whole of the Balkans.

German snipers are allowed to wear a special yellow and blue tassel on their caps to show their superiority in shooting.

The men of the French Army wear their identification discs round their wrists.

The distinction of having contributed most men to His Majesty's Forces, in comparison with population, is held by Tottenham.

The record for bullet-holes in a flying machine, a much prized record, is held by a pilot who returned from one flight recently with over 300 holes, the previous record being 240 odd.

Over one hundred Victoria Crosses have been awarded in this war.

The personnel of the Greek Navy is given as 8,000 officers and men.

The Russian Parliament has lost over twenty of its members at the Front.

The grapes on the famous vine at Hampton Court are all to be given to wounded soldiers this year.

Every Bulgar has a stake in the country. Even if he is only a peasant he owns a small farm and knows no landlord.

General Sir Herbert Plumer has the reputation of being the politest man in the British Army.

Private Jim Harris, of the Black Watch, is credited with being the youngest holder of the D.C.M.

Merchant vessels are being built in greater numbers than they are being sunk by German submarines.

Twelve Chaplains able to speak Gaelic have been appointed for service with the army.

London is 746 miles from Berlin by mail route.

A single projectile from a 15 in. naval gun weighs 1,950 lbs.

Every time a 15 in. gun is fired a bale of cotton weighing 500 lbs. is blown away.

Mr. Winston Churchill, formerly First Lord of the Admiralty, is now in France on active service.

"War Mates," a little play from the pen of Private De Hamel, of the London Scottish, has achieved a striking success in London and the provinces.

An order came into effect on November 29th limiting the hours for the sale of intoxicants in hotels and clubs in the London area to 5½ each weekday and five on Sundays.

By next June, it is anticipated that Australia will have dispatched 300,000 men to the front.

No man between 18 and 45 is to be allowed to leave New Zealand without a military permit.

Scotsmen in the British army average 5 ft. 8¾ in.; Irishmen, 5 ft. 8 in., and Welshmen, 5 ft. 6½ in. The English average 5 ft. 7¼ in., a trifle less than either the Scotch or the Irish.

Jabez Wolfe, the famous swimmer, is a Lieutenant in the 18th Middlesex.

Lord Kitchener built the railway across the desert at Khartoum at the rate of two miles a day.

Admiral du Fournet, the new Commander-in-Chief of the French fleet, is seventy-two years of age.

General Sir Douglas Haig has been killed by rumour more frequently than any other General at the front. On three occasions he has been reported as having been killed in action; twice he has been reported killed by accident, and once as having died from fever.

Captain Towse, V.C., who was blinded in the South African War, is realising his ambition to serve his country in the present crisis, having been appointed honorary Staff Captain without pay or allowance. He is able to do typewriting, among other things.

Not only is he ambidextrous, but Sir Robert Baden-Powell can use his feet equally well. A clever artist, he was invited to paint the scenery for the regimental theatre at Simla.

General Porro, second in command of the Italian Army, worked for two years as a bricklayer. But those two years *he spent in Austria*.

The Flemish women are not the only ones of their sex who can do men's work. The women of Hammon, Okla., recently repaired the roads because their menfolk were busy harvesting.

Disabled soldiers are to take the places of men of the Enfield Royal Small Arms Factory and the Waltham Gunpowder Factory who have enlisted under Lord Derby's scheme.

So far as is known at present the distinction of being the oldest subaltern in the army belongs to Second-Lieutenant J. T. Shaw, of the Lancashire Fusiliers. As he is fifty-three, it seems unlikely that his claim will be challenged. Mr. Shaw has thirty-four years of service to his credit.

Nearly 40 aeroplanes have been added to the imperial aircraft flotilla through the medium of the "Overseas Club."

Australia has organised its resources for the manufacture of shells and ammunition.

Nineteen of the 25 chief flags of the world contain red.

The bayonet was adopted by the British army in 1693. The city of Bayonne claims the invention of this instrument of warfare.

Mr. Bonar Law is one of the best chess players in the House of Commons.

It is said that the average loss of German aeroplanes is ten per day.

The average age of general officers in the French army has been lowered in this war by ten years.

For the first time on record the British National Debt is over a thousand millions.

The Russians are providing respirators for horses to safeguard them against the German gas attacks.

Pensions for disabled Canadians vary from \$75 to \$265 a year. A British Private gets as much as £65 a year pension for his wounds, according to their nature.

There are 425 Chaplains with the British in France—213 Church of England, 96 Roman Catholic, 55 Presbyterian, 34 Wesleyan, and 27 others.

The British bullet weighs 160 grains, or just over one-third of an ounce. The German bullet weighs six grains less, and the French bullet turns the scale at 198 grains.

Captain W. Haig, of the Black Watch, is thought to be the tallest officer in the British army. He is seven feet tall.

The population of Bulgaria is 4,752,997, and that of Roumania 7,508,000. That of Prussia is 37,278,820, or nearly eight millions less than that of the United Kingdom. But the population of all the States that make up Germany was 64,896,881 at the last census in 1910. It is now reckoned to be between 68,000,000 and 70,000,000.

Tod Sloan, ex-jockey, has been deported from England by the Home Secretary, under a clause of the Defence of the Realm Act.

Germany is organising in various central countries sales of objects stolen in France and Belgium, and advertisements are appearing in Danish, Swiss, Norwegian, and other newspapers announcing the sale of valuable works of art, pictures, and even clothing.

Austria is said to be employing a gun of remarkable type. It is mounted on an automobile capable of a speed of forty miles an hour, and carrying 140 shells. These shells, which are fired almost vertically, act partly like grenades and partly like shrapnel. Should they miss their actual target, they burst about 100 yards farther on.

The latest Zeppelins are over 200 yards long, longer than any of our battleships before the *Queen Elizabeth*, and their four engines are of an aggregate 1,000 horse-power.

## Brigade Bomb School Notes.

"SPILLED TEA," or "The Tragedy of the Lost Pump Handle," a melodrama in two acts, is said to be in preparation by the students. It will probably be staged in Herr Fritz's big barn in the near future. Sergeant-Major Rusk is proving a peach of a stage-manager. The family next door will be invited to be present.

Did the recent argument on "Fouls" have reference to Football or to Poultry? Information will be paid for if forwarded to Catchem, Scraggem, and Cookem, Lawyers, Birdcage Walk, London, E.C.

And still there is that appetising aroma floating around!

Does Corporal King still correspond with "The Hen"? (No, Egbert, we make no foul insinuations.)

Some folks wonder where the ——— Battalion got the material for their big "blow-out" on Guy Fawkes' Night. Why worry? *Transport cooks tell no tales!*

Was it mere coincidence that the "spuds" disappeared on the same night as the pump handle?

As the Man from Cyclone City would remark: "What do you think of that? See!"

By the way, who is Charlie Chaplin's local understudy?

At any rate, we know for a fact that Corporal King had some former connection with *Art*.

Is "Fritz" (we mean the 2nd Battalion student) out of breath yet? We hear the S.M. and the other Instructors are afraid he will out them from their jobs.

### CONSOLATION.

When we are tired of rain and slush,  
And gone is our last "tanner,"  
We crowd into the "Y" to hear  
Bert Briggs on the pianer!

Would Sergeant-Major Rusk blush if a lady asked him for particulars of his injuries when the detonator exploded? Or would he turn his back on his fair questioner, as he did on the detonator?

Brigade Sergeant-Major Johnson has still pleasant memories of his week's leave. We can well imagine how he attracted the fair sex by his superb figure, and what small chance George Lashwood and others would have with the S.M. in the "Lady-Killer Stakes."

Who was the 4th Battalion student of high explosives who, instead of throwing his hand grenade, threw *himself* out of the trench?

Sergeant-Instructor Carpenter is a great cook. He does all the fancy dishes required for the table of the instructional staff. With his wonderful skill, why doesn't he start a school of cookery? Some cooks we know could well afford to take a few lessons in the culinary art!

The student-bombers at Kingston Camp, Canada, have a chemist as Instructor.

At a recent mass meeting of the students of the Bombing School, it was decided that each student should subscribe 10 centimes to go to a fund to buy the School Cooks a stock of Sunlight Soap.

"Scrapper" McDonald is said to hold the Brigade Bomb School distance record for grenade-throwing.

Sergeant-Major Geary, 4th Battalion, recently wounded in action, is the expert most quoted by the Instructors at the Brigade Bomb School. Geary's name O.K.'s everything where bombs, grenades and similar explosives are concerned.

## Forthcoming Books.

*The Peacemaker.* By Sergt. JOCK MCGREGOR. An Epic of the Orderly Room. Price 5 francs.

*Trench Yarns.* (ANONYMOUS.) A series of spicy stories from the pen of an ex-commercial traveller. Free on application.

*A Pass to Blighty and its Sequel.* By Corporal FRANK MONTOUR. Be sure to get a copy before going on leave.

*Morning Salutations, or Trench Life at Festubert.* By Private A. LANCASTER. With portrait in water colours of the author.

*Rumours, and How to Circulate Them.* By "A BATTALION RUNNER." Affording a peep behind the scenes of army life. Open to the trade only.

*Rum, and How to Dilute It.* By A QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT. An expert's opinion on an important subject.

*Trenches, How to Build Them and How to Dodge Them.* By "A LEAD-SWINGER." By private subscription only.

## Stretcher-Bearer Notes.

WHO was it that, surreptitiously, like a thief in the night, stole "D" Company's wood and water that was fetched up? We strongly suspect an officer's batman. Certainly it was no soldier.

Why is it that men who did not belong to the First Contingent but joined us either in England or France, get preference in the matter of leave?

If two certain young stretcher-bearers in the Battalion who do not belong to "A" Company, "C" Company, or "D" Company, will state where they were taught their music? We bear them no ill-will, but if ever we run across their tutors, well——!

Will someone tell us if stretcher bearing includes in its category patent sniping rifles, old junk, scrap iron, &c., and what connection these things have with the above noble work?

Is it true that in a certain company there is, upon intimation that stretcher-bearers are needed "on the double," a turnout like a fire brigade led by the "Human Syren"?

Will Jimmy Walker ever come back? If not, could he send "Johnny" along as a substitute? Both are real good fellows and the best of "sports."

## The Answered Call.

LIST to the stand by Canadians grand,  
Fifteen thousand and four,  
Who blocked the way that led to Calais,  
The outlet to England's shore.  
We were lying that day six miles from Ypres,  
Laughing and joking, quite gay,  
Discussing if ever a blow we'd deliver  
At our enemy 'cross the way.  
Night came down, and there was no sound  
As we slept 'neath a starless sky,  
But at 2 a.m. the message came—  
"CANADIANS, STAND BY!"

We up and "dressed, prepared for the test,  
Knowing our chance had come  
To avenge the dead who had fought and bled  
On the plains of gallant Belgium.  
With eyes that shone clear, devoid of fear,  
We marched to the battlefield,  
That living hell, where poisoned shell  
Had made brave Allies yield.  
"On, Canadians!" our Colonel cried,  
"Onward to victory!  
And show those Huns how Canada's sons  
Are ready for The Day!"  
Through fields we swept, o'er furrows leapt,  
Whilst Maxims hissed and rained  
Their countless messengers of death,  
And took their toll of maimed.  
Yet on we sped, our brave Colonel led,  
With naught save a riding cane,\*  
Urging his men—"Boys, at 'em again!  
Victory we surely attain!"  
The cannon roared, the bullets soared,  
But ten yards he kept ahead,  
Through shot and shell—a very hell  
Strewn with our dead!  
He was wounded twice, and some say thrice,  
But to the end was game;  
A soldier brave, his life he gave  
And earned a hero's name.

Pte. ARCHIE CRONIE,

4th Batt. Canadians.

[\*The incident quoted above by Pte. Cronie, who was one of the men to go through the "Second Battle of Ypres," sometimes called St. Julien, has reference to the late Colonel Birchall, O.C., of the 4th Batt. Canadians, who met an heroic death whilst gallantly leading his men to the attack on that historic occasion. Colonel Birchall was unarmed, save for the light cane mentioned in the poem.—EDITOR.]

## Edith Cavell, 1915.

SUN glint and gun glint, and sweet eyes  
clear of pain,  
And on the head of a woman dead the red  
cross made by Cain!

O distant ones, all white of face,  
Who hear the rifle roll!  
See the real death, the true disgrace,  
The devil's perfect toll;  
A nation in the firing-place  
Has murdered its own soul!

Straight fire and hate fire, with orders from  
the Crown;  
But from the lips one breath outslips  
to blow an empire down!

Red breast and dead breast, the trembling  
flowers beneath!  
Your white hands sow, row upon row, a  
crop of dragon's teeth!

—JOHN O'KEEFE, in N.Y. *World*

## How 15 Platoon ended the War.

(AN IMAGINARY EPISODE.)

THE days were long, with a fiery sun,  
That gave you the thirst of a king;  
But we managed to get all our rations,  
And that's, as you know, the main thing.

To our right and our left were the Tommies,  
In front were Fritz and his bunch,  
But they wouldn't accept our bold challenge,  
And that is what gave us the hunch.

To kill them by bringing in science,  
By taking a leaf from their book,  
And so to my story, which mentions,  
The kind of revenge that we took.

Now amongst us were very fine singers,  
There were many men there that you knew—  
There was Quayle, and Horne, and old Fergy,  
If I mention only a few.

Flanagan, fiery, impassion'd  
(He planned houses in calm days of peace),  
Scrivener, whose singing was faulty,  
And Taylor, McNair, and Jack Preece.

Jamieson's voice was a coal-box,  
That took away everyone's breath,  
And the singing of Fricker and Riddell,  
Made us long for a violent death.

George Clark and Mackenzie, as soldiers,  
Were as fine as e'er came from the West,  
But whenever they started to warble  
The least I can say would be best.

Of France and of Not I would mention,  
They fought as their fathers of old,  
But the way they would try out their voices—  
'Twould give healthy men a bad cold!

George Smith, who slept outside, would listen,  
But not often lend us his voice,  
While Anderson, working the buzzer,  
Stayed away, I think, mostly from choice.

Now this is the scheme that we cherished,  
To kill, by degrees, every Hun—  
We'd sing to them in their own trenches,  
And those that survived—well, they'd run!

A committee each night would consider  
How best we could work out the scheme,  
And Mackenzie and Quayle, the debaters,  
Would hand out advice by the ream!

George Clark, having two stripes, was chair-  
man,  
And Fergy was mentioned as "Vice,"  
But he found all his spare time was needed  
To rescue his shirt from the —.

Then Flan, he suggested that Taylor,  
Should fill the position of "Sub,"  
But Horne, as a Lance-Jack, was "balky,"  
And felt, and declared it, a snub.

With Flan. and Jack Preece in the running,  
We dare not do anything rash,  
And Scriv. badly wanted the duty  
Of hoarding and guarding the cash.

As sec., there were Quayle and Mackenzie,  
The only drawback was their youth,  
But we knew that as partners-in-talking  
They stick to the bedrock of Truth!

At last all was ready, and slowly  
We crept from our home in the wood.  
Convinced that, if need be, we'd perish  
In the one way that true Britons should.

No challenger stopped our night journey,  
No sentry called loudly "Who's there?"  
But deep in our hearts we were hoping  
To live on till *Après la Guerre!*

And then, at the last, we were standing,  
Right opposite Mr. Hun's trench,  
And back in our rear were "Eye Witness,"  
And Sam Hughes, and General French.

They'd come, some heard, to be ready  
To welcome us on our return,  
And give us all V.C.'s and "hand-outs,"  
And passes, and "money to burn."

We started. Ye gods! What a medley  
Of voices were raised in that song!  
I fancy I still see the Boches  
Start up to find out what was wrong.

And then we all warbled in earnest—  
I've paid for many a worse show!—  
And Fritz, in his madness, sought safety,  
Nor waited the order to go!

The trenches were cleared in a second,  
Men everywhere threw down their guns—  
And then—(it had seemed but a minute)  
We saw only vanishing Huns.

The reserves and supports likewise "beat it."  
As fast as their legs could touch ground,  
And we bagged all their kit and their money  
That was found by us lying around.

Then back we returned to our trenches,  
And Joffre and French said "Good biz!  
You've rid Mother Earth of a nuisance!"  
And Sam Hughes chimed in with "Gee  
Whiz!"

That's how we outwitted the Germans;  
You've heard how the V.C.'s we got;  
And how the Great War we had ended  
Without even firing a shot.

### What Prominent People and Papers think of the 'Gazette.'

The *Gazette* will be an interesting souvenir to many a war-worn warrior.—*John Bull.*

The *Dead Horse Corner Gazette* is, in spite of its title, a very much alive newspaper. It has all the breeziness of Canada's wide expanses. The *Gazette* has collected good wishes in six languages, including German. The latter, over the signature of "Fritz," is somewhat shaky, but no wonder, after the grim resistance which the Canadians exhibited when attacked by German hosts near Ypres.—*Middlesbrough Gazette.*

University Library, Cambridge.  
*Editors of the "Dead Horse Corner Gazette."*  
GENTLEMEN,—I hope you can spare a copy of your *Gazette* for preservation in this Library. I am doing all I can to represent for those who come after the whole story of this war.

As a wholesome change from the sordid material supplied by the German propaganda, I should much appreciate a sample of your breezy comment.

Faithfully,  
FRANCIS JENKINSON, Librarian.

Many thanks for copy of the first number of your paper. You are to be congratulated in every way, and the paper will be looked for with greatest interest by all ranks.

R. E. W. TURNER, Major-General.  
(Commanding Second Canadian Div.)

### CHRISTMAS WALLET FOR CANADIANS.

The Canadian War Contingent Association, at the request of the National Service Committee, is arranging the preparation and distribution of a pocket wallet at Christmas to every Canadian soldier at the front and in England. The wallet will contain paper, envelopes, postcards, blotting-paper, and a pencil, and will bear the inscription: "Christmas greetings to our brave soldiers, from their Canadian homes." Various suggestions for a Christmas present were submitted to General Alderson, who recommended a pocket wallet as the most useful gift.

### THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE.

The following true incident goes to show the spirit which animates the women of France in support of their gallant armies in the field:—

In a little northern town in France through which troops were passing, a woman in deep mourning called on the mayor.

"Why have no soldiers been billeted on me?" she asked.

The mayor rubbed his nose and blew it hard. He knew her son had been killed a few days before.

"I thought that in your sorrow, madame, they would remind you," he said at length. "They would console me," she said.

When a young sergeant got to the house he found it lighted as if a festival was on. In his room were cut flowers. There was champagne at dinner.

The lady, in a pretty spring dress, waved good-bye from the doorway next day.

"No," she said to the Mayor, "I did not tell him about my son. It would have been a mistake to talk about my loss to a soldier on his way to fight." And she went quietly indoors and put on her black mourning clothes again.

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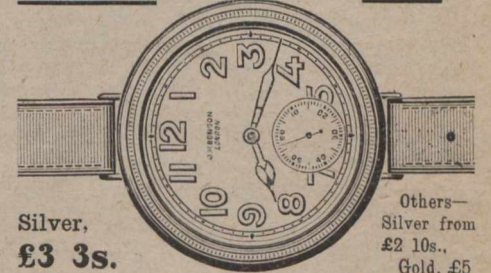


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## Miscellanea.

### IS THIS TRUE?

A good story of a private in the Canadian Contingent is now going the rounds.

The private in question was in the front line carrying a pail of water, when the General, followed by the Colonel of the regiment, came along on a tour of inspection.

The private still clung to his pail, and the Colonel, exasperated at this lack of discipline, asked him if he did not know that the officer who had just passed was the General.

"No, how was I to know?" exclaimed the Canadian. "We were never introduced!"

### WARTIME DEFINITIONS.

Sandbag.—An implement designed to deaden the sound of rifle fire (preferably that of the enemy). Can also be used as a chest protector, a foot-warmer, a sleeping bag, a bread bag, or improvised gaiters. Bags that have been slept on have been known to harbour many strange insects.

### WELL-KNOWN QUOTATIONS.

"Who stole the rabbit?"  
 "Gott strafe the cooks!"  
 "Oh, damn it, Fifteen!"  
 "Dirty work at the crossroads."  
 "Show a leg there."  
 "Fall in for Pay."

### IN THE NAVY.

An exhorter in a negro camp meeting in Alabama had just made a great speech. When he got through he went down among the congregation and asked each one to join the army of the Lord. One of the congregation, when this question was put to him, replied—"I'se done j'ined." "Whar'd yo' j'ine?" asked the exhorter. "In de Baptist Church." "Why, chile," said the exhorter, "yo ain't in de army; yo's in de navy."

### NOT PREPARED TO DIE.

Recruiting Officer to Pat: "And now, my lad, just one more question—are you prepared to die for your country?"

Recruit: "No, I ain't. That ain't what I'm joining for. I want to make a few of them German blighters die for theirs!"

### ASKING FOR TROUBLE.

The Curate: "And whose little boy are you?"

The Boy: "Don't ask that, guv'nor, that's what's the cause of all the blooming rows in our house."—*Sporting Times.*

### THE "ALSO RAN."

"Why are your patients all so awfully plain?" a visitor to the Canadian hospital at Le Touquet asked the C.O.

"They are rather, aren't they?" he replied. "But you see, it's like this. The ambulance-cars all pass the Duchess of Blankminster's hospital first, and they have first pick. And, of course, they don't want ugly or very badly wounded ones to make pets of and call 'Boy-Boy!'"

### SUPERFLUOUS ADVICE.

Officer (to recruit who is learning trench-digging)—"You're getting on very slowly with that trench, aren't you?"

Recruit: "Ground as 'ard as iron, sir?"

Officer: "Why don't you try blasting it?"

Recruit: "Been doing nothing else all the morning, sir!"—*Bystander.*

### ROUGH ON THE SCOTS.

All English battalions were recently warned to keep a careful watch for any contrivances which the Germans might use with the object of producing poisonous gases. Shortly afterwards a certain regiment on taking over some trenches found an old bagpipe left in the lines. At once the colonel, who possessed a rare sense of humour, sent the following message to brigade headquarters:—

"A weird instrument has just been discovered in my trenches; it is believed to have been used for producing asphyxiating noises."

### BATTLEFIELD DISEASES.

Cholera, typhoid fever, dysentery and pneumonia are by far the commonest diseases soldiers suffer from, apart, of course, from those caused by bullet and shell wounds.

In past wars these diseases have carried off more soldiers than the fighting. The deaths in the Boer War, for example, were 21,900, of which 16,160 were due to dysentery and other diseases, and only 5,740 to the rifles and guns of the Boers.

Modern science has, however, altered the proportion, and more men are killed from bullets than diseases. The two great causes of typhoid, cholera, and so on are bad drinking water and the myriads of flies which breed on dead carcasses, offal, and the refuse which collects round every camp.

### THE CIRCULAR ROUTE.

(Scene: New York.)

German-American: "Halloa, Irishman! Vot you doing now?"

Pat: "I'm making war ammunition."

German: "Vell, dot's a nice way to be neutral."

Pat: "But I'm making it for the Germans."

German: "Oh, vell, dot's different; but how you get de ammunition to de Germans?"

Pat: "I ship it to the Allies and they shoot it at 'em!"—*Tit-Bits.*

## Christmas Gifts for the Canadian Troops.

The Canadian Soldiers' Field Comfort League will (if the necessary funds have been subscribed in the meantime) deliver to the trenches on Christmas morning a Christmas-box to every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man, irrespective of his birthplace, provided he has gone from Canada. The Canadian troops quartered in England and Canada will be similarly treated. For every dollar subscribed a box will go forward containing a card bearing the name of the donor. The box will contain one 50c. pipe, one quarter pound smoking tobacco, 40 cigarettes, two khaki handkerchiefs, a package of playing cards specially printed with a message from the citizens of Canada on one side, a package of pipe cleaners, two candles, a package of cigarette papers, writing paper and envelopes, a soft lead pencil, two bars of chocolate, a cake of soap, two pairs of shoe laces, a box of matches, and one or two other articles.

These will be contained in a tin box of a size suitable for carrying in the haversack. The box is of a heavy design, in red, gold,

and white, while there is a picture of a "Tommy" on the front, surrounded by maple leaves in natural colours. The lid bears the message that the box is a gift from "The Citizens of Canada." Expert opinion has been secured in making the choice of gifts, and all are agreed that each fills a real want of the boys at the front.

A special box is being made up for the Red Cross Nursing Sisters, containing articles dear to the feminine heart.

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