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Canadian Section.

General Headquarters, 3<sup>rd</sup> Echelon



# La Vie Canadienne

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PUBLISHED BY THE CANADIAN SECTION, G. H. Q.

3rd ECHELON, B. E. F.

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Contributions are invited.

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THE EDITOR

« LA VIE CANADIENNE »

CANADIAN SECTION, G. H. Q.

3rd ECHELON, B. E. F.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

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La Vie is still on top and we note with pleasure that reference has been made to it in several Canadian papers.

We are very glad to have received contributions from No 1 Forestry Co, also from our first editor Q. M. S. Bing. Copy from the Section has not been coming in so freely lately and as pointed out before, if a fifty page edition is desired, more articles etc. are required.

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A controlling board or Directorate to look after the sports has been appointed with Capt. Skinner as president, Lieut Maxwell as secretary and treasurer. Football, Cricket and Baseball are represented by Sgt Kay

Sgt Goodall and Sgt Mc Dermott respectively. An outline of the proceedings is given on another page.

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At last Sunny France seems to be living up to her reputation, not before time, as we are all tired of the continual wet and cold. As this is being written the almost daily change in the Jardin des Plantes is vividly presented to us. One week the trees, and indeed the whole place, seemed desolate. Suddenly all appear to have changed into a mass of foliage and buds, bursting forth into bloom. As one walks through the gardens after a day in the office the air is charged with subdued fragrance, and combined with the notes of the feathered songsters and gaily dressed « petite femme » with their military admirers strolling quietly about, there is an aspect of indescribable peace.

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We are in receipt of the « Canadian Base Depot Magazine » and the « United Empire » both of which may be obtained from the Section library.

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Since the last issue of « La Vie », Canada has gained still more laurels in the taking of Vimy Ridge and Fresnoy, these added to the names of Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy, St-Eloi, the Somme, and who knows, perhaps terminated with Unter den Linden, makes an everlasting monument to those who have made the Great Sacrifice. †

In this number will be found a roll of Honour of those who have been employed in the Section, and have fallen in action.

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## SPRING

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I went a-walking one fine morn  
 In the merry month of May;  
 And I heard the trill of a skylark's song,  
 Felt the glint of the sun's bright ray.  
 So I paused and thought of the scene so laid;  
 Of the night, of the cold, unheeding world,  
 Of the rapturous message each dawn unfurled,  
 To be lifted up, in the hours untrod.

J. P. S.

# ROLL OF HONOUR.

## CANADIAN SECTION, GENERAL HEADQUATERS

### 3rd ECHELON.

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- |        |                              |  |
|--------|------------------------------|--|
| 28012  | Sgt. CONNELL. E. M. (Lieut)  | 15th Can. Battn.<br>Killed in Action 12.6.16                   |
| 9585   | Cpl. MACDONALD. D            | 15th Can. Battn.<br>Killed in Action 2.3.17                    |
| 24628  | Pte. MICHELSON. W. (Lieut)   | 13th Can. Battn.<br>Killed in Action.                          |
| 63425  | Pte. STEPHENS. R. L. (Lieut) | 4th Can. Battn.<br>Killed in Action.                           |
| 417157 | Cpl. LALONDE, J. M.          | 3rd Can. Battn.<br>Killed in Action 13.6.16                    |
| 440258 | Pte. MASON. A. P.            | 5th Can. Battn.,<br>Killed in Action 28.4.17                   |
| 77923  | Pte. PRICE. F. S.            | 7th Can. Battn.<br>Died of Wounds.                             |
| 80263  | Pte. MOULD, H. J.            | 31st Can. Battn.<br>Missing. believed killed in action 29.3.17 |
| 23401  | Pte. HUME. H. T.             | 2nd M. Gun Coy.<br>Killed in Action 17.4.16                    |
| 17018  | Sgt. BURNETT. A.             | 7th Can. Battn.<br>Killed in Action 24.5.15                    |

## JUSTICE

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It had rained steadily for twenty-four hours and as the dull grey day drew to a close, it drizzled and finally ceased.

The world was wet, a damp barren wilderness. The pale, watery moon journeyed slowly across the sombre, starless heavens and cast a fantastic light on the wastes of stricken poplars, ruins, trenches and shell-holes.

The still tranquillity of the night was solemnly superb, broken only at long intervals by the sharp, staccato snap of a Mauser and the occasional dull response of a Lee-Enfield. Miles away to the southward something was happening, but the reflection of the far-off flare lights and the distant hum of rifle and machine-gun fire served only to intensify the death like stillness of the immediate area. A great, grey rat swam slowly across a flooded shell-hole, sniffed uneasily, and vanished into the shadows.

Inside the telephone bivvy, Smithy sat at his post. In front of him the instrument and a pad of 'C' forms rested on a wooden box, labelled S. A. A. 303. Mk. VII: Smithy's big, cheerful face was good to look at, but it was beginning to get wrinkled, for Smithy was a married man and had all a married man's worries. From time to time he toyed softly and restlessly with the home-made switchboard, moving the bullet plug from one cartridge case to another, twisting the loose ends of insulated wires into business-like spirals around his pencil. It was fairly comfortable here, the tiny brazier threw out a grateful glow and crackle cheerfully. The divine Pavlova, (lifted bodily from the « SKETCH », and suspended by a wire from the earthen wall), beamed lovingly on the rifles, blankets, sandbags, leather cases, and other miscellaneous odds and ends which indiscriminately decorated the dug-out.

Smithy was thinking and his thoughts were thousands of miles away. But automatically, mechanically, with the trained signaller's ear, he was listening. The wires were exceptionally clear after the rain and myriad mingled sounds reached his ear. Someone was incessantly calling « O.P. O.P. O.P. » Smithy krunted. « Damn those artillerymen. » The machinegun officer was holding a conversation with someone at the transport, the essential passages of which seemed to be— « jar of rum » — and— « my horse ». At Headquarters a gramophone concert

was in progress, and the pure sweet strains of « Destiny » floated over the wires.

Smithy was reviewing his past. He was recalling his first encounter with Jack Steele, the smooth, suave Steele. It was Steele who had been responsible for his introduction to Alice, the girl who was now his wife. Steele it was who had been the first to tender his congratulations after the marriage ceremony. It was he who became the Friend of the family, the accomplished friend who could accompany Alice when she sang and whose witty stories coaxed silvery peals of joyous laughter from between those small pearly teeth. And during the awful winter of '13-'14, when bankruptcy and poverty were staring him in the face, it was Steele, the smooth, sleek Steele, who came forward with the necessary funds to avert the horrible holocaust and save them from starvation. And afterwards Steele had spent most of his leisure with them--- he had practically lived with them. But Smithy hadn't doubted his wife. This pure, sweet Alice whom he loved with all the fervent intensity of which he was capable. And he had enlisted when war was declared, and when the time came for him to leave she had cried as if her heart would break. . . . .

Lord! that seemed ages ago. A Thing of the Past. A Closed Book. At first they had corresponded regularly. He wrote to her at every opportunity and in turn received three or four letters every mail. In one letter she mentioned that Jack had enlisted, and was leaving soon with a draft. Then her letters came at longer and longer intervals. They almost stopped. How long was it since he had had the last? Must be nearly a month. Yes, it had arrived almost simultaneously with Steele. By some singular coincidence, Steele had gone through a course of signalling and had been drafted to the same battalion! Smithy swore. It was impossible to get away from him. They became partners on the same station and Smithy learned to detest the man. Last night the crisis arrived. Steele was on shift, and, believing Smithy to be asleep, he took from his pocket-book a photograph, and regarded it long and thought fully. But Smithy was awake, watching and waiting. He saw the picture and he knew. It was facsimile of the one he carried in his own lefthand breast pocket and across which was scrawled, in long, slanting characters, « Your Loving Wife ». The green-eyed monster nearly choked Smithy. He felt the blood throbbing in his temples, he could have killed Steele there and then, he wanted to throttle him, to smash his face into pulp. But twelve months in the trenches had left

their mark. This thing needed reflection. Better keep cool and think it over. Silently he watched him press the picture to his lips, wrap it carefully in tissue paper, and replace it in the wallet. Smithy turned over and held his peace. During the long weary hours of the graveyard shift, he lay and thought, and tried to reason out a solution. Sleep was out of the question. In the morning, redested and sore at heart, he relieved Steele at the 'phone, and said not a word. All that day he had been quiet, answering any necessary questions with monosyllables. Steele had taken no notice of that, Smithy wasn't talkative even at the best of times.

At night-fall, Steele had taken a sandbag and a water-bottle, and left for Headquarters for tomorrow's rations. Headquarters was about half a mile away, across the open, one could walk there in ten minutes, already Steele had been gone some time, and Smithy impatiently awaited his return. Drawing a photograph from his left and breast pocket, he tore it into small, square scraps, leaned over and dropped them into the brazier. He swore horribly,— there would be a settlement to-night, as sure as there was a God in Heaven, as soon as Steele returned with the rations. Impatiently he settled himself to wait. Half an hour slowly passed and Smithy could wait no longer. He tapped the key, and called up Headquarters. « Is Steele still there, » he inquired. The reply came back promptly. « No, he left for you over an hour ago. » Smithy smiled hopefully, and ticked back— « Better send someone out to look for him and send me a relief. » Then he got out his writing pad and a green envelope and started on a long and loving letter to his wife.

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It had rained steadily for twenty-four hours, and as the dull grey day drew to a close, it drizzled, and finally ceased. The world was wet, a damp barren wilderness. A new moon sailed serenely across the starlit heavens, and cast a ghostly light on the new white cross in the cemetery on the hill. The still tranquillity of the night was solemnly superb, broken only at long intervals by the sharp, staccato snap of a Mauser, and the occasional dull response of a Lee-Enfield.

Miles away to the southward, somethin was happening, but the reflection of the far-off flarelights, and the distant hum of rifle and machinegun fire served only to intensify the death-like stillness of the immediate area. A great, grey rat swam slowly across a flooded shell-hole, sniffed uneasily, and vanished into the shadows. . . .

FRANC.



A GREAT WASTE IN THE GERMAN ARMY



Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay  
 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.  
 And Germans dead beyond the reach of hope,  
 Are turned by living Kultur into soap.

*Daily Mail.*

We hear that the designation of « K. M. Section » was not derived as formerly understood from the words « Kan. Medical. » but from the words « Korporals Mess. »

Is this correct?

### THE LITTLE BROWN OWL.

A little brown owl once lived in a tree,  
 Afar in a forest that grew ;  
 A batchelor fowl and lonely was he,  
 For neighbours were scattered and few.  
 And so he determined to change his estate —  
 Said he « I'll look out for a suitable mate ;  
 For as long as you're single 'tis never too late  
 To woo-oo, To woo-oo, To woo-oo.

He hooted in vain, till his voice nearly broke,  
 The whole of the summer night through :  
 « I'm wanting a mate in my snug hollow oak. »  
 And the brown owl felt awfully blue.  
 « A batchelor bird I must still be, I fear ;  
 For nobody loves me, it's woefully clear. »  
 Just then came a voice, as the dawning drew near :  
 « I do-oo, I do-oo, I do-oo. »

Now the little brown owl has a neat little mate  
 Of the same sober sensible hue ;  
 A happier fowl, with pleasure I state,  
 Is not to be found — for, 'tis true,  
 Although you may fancy a batchelor den  
 A snug enough dwelling, nine times out of ten  
 You'll find it a thousand times comfier when  
 You're two-oo, You're twoo-oo, You're two-oo.

Over heard in the despatch office,  
 Clerk (to new man who is very optimistic about a commission).

« Hurry up and you can go back to the line for a month and then return  
 here as officer in charge of effects. »

New man.

« Do you mean there will be an officer in charge of my effects? »

It is easy to forget those who wrong our neighbours, but Heaven help our neighbours if they wrong us.

Among the late arrivals at the 85th Canadian Meet is « Cock of the North » who, it is rumored has been running in fourth division form for the past two weeks ; we've hoped for better from him.

Is Mac. working for the presidency of the never buy league ?

Our heavy smokers will soon have a tobacco jar when the new taxes come into force.

There is a threatened shortage of straw, how will the girls get their ice cream sodas down ?

## THE FRENCH GRAMMAR

Most of us remember the French grammar books of our early youth, and with its absurdly worded phrases. Here are a few more typical suggestions that may be of use to us in our present stages of the language.

1. I used to eat, (or was in the habit of eating).
2. I do not eat.
3. Who eats ?
4. Hold (tiens), Bring me of meat, of potatoes, and of salt.
5. We have neither of meat nor potatoes, but here is (voici) of salt.
6. There are one hundred young men in the office, they are very beautiful.
7. Are the young men beautiful ?
8. Have they uniforms ?
9. No the young men have not uniforms but they will soon have a comb.
10. Is there a war ? Is there not a war.
11. The sister of the corporal has some sugar.
12. The German gentlemen are going home.

## THE NOON PARADE

Left, right, left, right, down the Rue Dufay,  
 Every day at 12 o' clock, see us on our way  
 For a constitutional to benefit our health,  
 I wish I could evade it by strategem or stealth.

Every day we march along, every day we must,  
 Through the mud and puddles, through the choking dust,  
 Carry out our route-march, otherwise we should,  
 All be pale and sickly. I'd risk it if I could.

« Wash me in the water » and other soldiers' ditties,  
 Help to keep our spirits up while we eye the pretties,  
 The pretty little French Janes that pass demurely by,  
 Some are not so bashful if you meet them bye and bye.

When the war is over, when we've smashed the Hun',  
 There 'll be no « Stand steady », there 'll be no more « Shun »,  
 There will be no route-march, for, by James, you see  
 We'll have civvy clothes on, we'll at last be free.

K. H.

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## PITHY PARS

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Foreman (ex Tempy-Lieut. Jones) « Say, who is that guy outside ?  
 I've passed him a dozen times today and he looks as if had a grouch about  
 him somewhere ? »

Chargeman (ex Coy sergt. major). « Don't you remember him sir ?  
 He was Pte. Smith of our platoon. He's just walking up and down to  
 show he don't have to salute you any more, and to show his contempt for  
 you sir. »

With the man who always knows what others are doing there is but very  
 little doing.

Who was the telephone orderly that absent mindedly answered through the  
 phone when called up, « Oui ma'mselle » ?

Happiness only comes to those who try to make others happy. (This appears  
 to be the case on Sunday boat to La Bouille.)

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## PROTECTION FOR THE TROOPS

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Owing to the fact that an enemy aeroplane was seen observing the formation  
 of the Canadian Section on parade in four sections, it has been decided in future  
 to hold the parade in nine sections, thus avoiding casualties in the event of the  
 German Batteries locating our position.

This for the information of all ranks.

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## *Baseball Impressions. Literal and Otherwise.*

« What are you doing this afternoon », said my American friend.

« Oh, nothing much in particular », I responded.

« Well, come along and have a game of Baseball. Two local teams are playing this afternoon. You can play in William's place. I'll fix it up. Let's see what you can do. Oh! yes I know you have never yet played the game, but you can learn. You will find it to be the only game, « pep » all the way, my Boy. »

My excuses were in vain, so to satisfy my imperative friend I accompanied him to the field.

Already the Pitchers were « warming up » (I am told this is the correct Baseball expression). Others were throwing the ball around. All of them wore a padded glove on the left hand, in the palm of which, by continual punches there had been manufactured a cup (if I might so term it) sufficiently large enough for the ball to fit snugly into it.

Our Team was batting first. The first man up, carefully selected a bat, and swinging it round his head several times, finally seemed to be satisfied with it. Taking particular pains to moisten his hands, and then rubbing them on the ground so that they became covered with a neat coating of dirt, he took his position at the plate. He commenced to swing his bat, probably to get up sufficient momentum for an « almighty swat » (the usual Baseball expression).

The Pitcher now attracted me. Covering with his gloved hand the hand in which he held the ball, he at first lifted his right leg off the ground and gracefully balancing himself on the one leg, made a series of swings with his right arm, and then let the ball go.

It came to the Batter at a terrific speed, and looked as if it was going away from the plate, when it swerved in and I heard the Umpire cry « Strike one ». I was informed that such a ball was called an « in-curve ». The next ball was hit far into the outfield for two Bases.

So far the game looked easy. I felt sure I could stand there and swing my bat as well as the others. There seemed to be no art in doing that. All I had to do was to keep my eye on the ball.

Our side had made one run the first innings, and I had not yet been up to bat. It would be my turn next innings.

My position in the right-field was a tame one. Our Pitcher was too good for the « enemy », not one hit being allowed. He performed the

same contortions as the Pitcher of the opposing side, so I presumed the method of delivery I have attempted to describe was regarded as a standard one.

And now it was my turn to bat. The first ball I missed. It was « Strike one ». It looked easy, I don't know how I missed it. I was told it was a « fade away ». Well it did seem to fade away, perhaps I made a blind « swipe ». The next ball came with all the force of the Pitcher's arm into my solar plexus. I was doubled up.

« Walk » ! everyone was yelling at me.

Walk ! I couldn't even crawl. When I had sufficiently recovered from the shock, I turned to the crowd of friends and foes, and told them they might give a fellow a chance to get his wind back.

« Aw, where'd yer learn Baseball, « they yelled back at me. Did Mother pitch yer lobs in the garden, poor darling. »

I crawled to first Base, slightly flushed with anger at these remarks, and cursing my friend for introducing such a game to me.

I understood I was to make my way around the Bases. Fortunately I reached third Base without any mishap.

Two of our side were already out, and the man at the bat sent an easy « fly » to right field, thus I did not have the glory of sliding into the « Home Plate » in approved style.

The game continued on, and I was a non-entity until the ninth innings. It was an even score ; there were two men on Bases ; and it was my turn to bat. A clean hit would win the game. My friend came up to me.

« Keep cool », he said. « Don't let the Bunch get your goat ».

I tried to be deaf to the various remarks I overheard. It was a pretty hard job, though.

« Aw, look at that Boob ! Fifty to one he doesn't connect », someone said.

I felt like trying to find that fellow. My gambling instincts hated to let a bet like that go begging.

And then a young street Arab of not more than twelve years of age pouted at me.

« Garn, yer great big stiff. Yer wanter take lessons in Baseball.

I'll teach yer. Slip a crawler over the Plate, Bill, he'll never see it. He's one of those Cricket guys. I guess he misses his tea. »

I tried to forget all this. The Fans of the opposing side were yelling

various weird sounds at me. But I knew I should not pay any attention to them. I had to keep my eye on that ball, and make a clean hit. That was my ambition.

I remember seeing the ball coming. It looked as if it was nowhere near me. I can remember also that I had decided to let it go by, thinking it would be a « Ball ». And that is all I can remember.

I awoke in the club house and felt a beautiful bruise just between my eyes. My head was a whirl of noises. In my ears was ringing a sound of many voices, and thought I distinguished a cry « Walk ». I asked my friend what had happened.

He explained that the Pitcher pitched a beautiful « in-curve » which unfortunately caught me between the eyes. I did not drop immediately, but stood upright for a few seconds. And the crowd *did* yell at me « Walk ! » He hoped I had fully recovered. I had had tough luck, he said.

Yes, I was out of luck. My souvenir of Baseball will stay with me forever. And forever will I remember a Baseball crowd—that strange mass of excited beings, intent on a voluble expression of personal hatred or love for each Player, whose hoarse cries can only be drowned by the ever present marvel of a Baseball field—the youngster with the untiring voice yelling « Chocolates, Chewing Gum, Cigarettes. »

CRICKETER.

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## *A Patriotic Garden Plot.*

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« Hoe, we're called up », said the gallant spade,  
 « In the country we've got a stake ;  
 And I'm a loyal and staunch old blade,  
 Though my Brother's a bit of a rake ».

The patriotic potato cries :  
 « Eyes right, and the day is ours »  
 Poor Lily picks up her skirts and flies,  
 For we only grow cauliflowers.

Where tulips flaunted it yesterday  
 The modest young turnip grows,  
 Instead of a crimson rambler gay,  
 You'll find just a cabbage rose.

The leek springs up with a joyous shout,  
 He thinks that he owns the land,  
 We all can tell when he is about :  
 Yes, yes indeed, but he's grand.

Miss Fennel, and Mint (a saucy lass),  
 Have both made a run on the banks,  
 Said Sage: « We should keep them under glass,  
 For this is no thyme for pranks. »

Bold Rhubarb stalks with a martial air  
 Past cucumbers as cold as ice ;  
 While scarlet runners are heard to declare ;  
 « Give us peas at any price. »

The onion sobbed « Think of the might have beans,  
 If our mistress had spared the shears,  
 All Rouen would run out of curly greens. »  
 His eloquence moved me to tears.

Young lettuce green and a Brussels sprout  
 On blushing spring-radishes gaze ;  
 They'll soon be feeling cut up, no doubt,  
 So don't grudge them their salad days.

The mushroom leaped from his cosy bed  
 As he heard the sea-kale sing,  
 « Britannia rules the Waves » he said,  
 « Three cheers for our Sailor King ».

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### *Things We Want To Know*

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Billets for new arrivals and what his interest really is, also how long on an average they stay at this Nice Place ?

Was « Registered Letters » sore at doing a double turn as « Orderly Dog », and if so, why did he vent his spite on K G. ?

If a certain Canadian sister was very disappointed that her parcel was opened and if the person that opened it » took the biscuit » ?

If Rouen Scotsmen are really disgusted at the discovery of a race of

people who have them beaten all ways in the battle for the « Petit Sous ».

Is it true that a man down here with a medal up for bravery admits he feels scared at times on parade ?

Is it true that one of the Chief Deputy Editor of this Magazine had some very « Hard Luck » at one time, and does it still pursue him.

It is earnestly requested that no further reference be made concerning the two men who, with praiseworthy intentions, insist on working both day and night.

It is said that the recent appointment of our dispenser of pills to the post of Section « Sniper » has been cancelled. « Sic transit gloria mundi ». His dexterity at the « Butts » was worthy of better things.

Why is it that some of our most loyal patriots have continued to « dodge the colum » for so long. What can be the attraction in Rouen. We wonder.

RIDDLE : If it takes six months to wear out a tunic, how long will one pair of puttees last. (Q.M.S's and Storekeepers will not be allowed to compete).

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### PLAIN BULL

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He arrived from the Front some time ago  
 A regular Front Liner do'nt cher know,  
 To take over his Battalions books,  
 The guy with the High Explosive looks.  
 Passed to you please, all to see.  
 With generals he's chatted and smoked cigars  
 He's turned down Commissions medals and Bars  
 He's in with the Corps 'least t'is his belief;  
 He says he 's a friend of the Commander-in-Chief.  
 Passed to you please all to see.

### The Warning :

« Taisez-vous, méfiez-vous, les oreilles ennemies écoutent  
 « At the long line of Bull that you shoot,  
 « Why not publish a book ? Copyright it,  
 « But take care that a Hun does'nt sight it,  
 « Then when peace is declared you'll agree  
 « You can then pass it round, all to see.

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## The Inextinguishable Fire.

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The old Chemist labored among his retorts and scientific apparatus. His face was drawn and haggard, but his eyes gleamed like balls of fire. He was on the verge of perfecting his great discovery, by means of which he would have his revenge. The labour of years was bearing its fruit. Day after day, month after month he had toiled with victory almost within his grasp, and he had suffered in anguish of mind at the possibility of failure.

He stood gazing steadily at a retort in which a dull, earthen-coloured substance smouldered, giving off an almost colourless smoke. He dropped a few crystals of something he held in a glass into the retort. Immediately there shot up a white hot flame, that in an instant broke the retort, and continued to burn fiercely in the fire-proof receptacle, into which it had fallen, giving off a heat such as no substance in existence had ever before produced.

« At last », murmured the old man, « my day of vengeance is at hand. When the Arch-fiend again marshalls his legions to overrun my beloved country, to ruin homes, to make desolate firesides, to ravish families, as mine and thousands of others were ravished before, to mar the blessed happiness of peace by the miseries of war, he will find that we are prepared. His plans will come to nought, and he will be consumed in his own wickedness. »

Covering the receptacle in which the fire continued to blaze as brightly as ever, he locked the doors of his laboratory and went to his bedroom. But sleep was refused him, despite his weariness. His mind dwelt on the fire that he had just left. He was compelled by his anxiety to get up and go down to his laboratory to find out how the fire was progressing. It was still burning with an increasing fierceness. He had fear for his fire-proof box. Placing the whole into a larger box for safety, with a smile of contentment he returned to bed.

Sleep came about dawn, and far into the morning the old man slept. He was awakened by the calling of newsboys in the street below, and the shuffling and murmuring hum of an excited crowd. Opening his window he caught the cries of « War! War! War! He called one of the newsboys and obtained a paper.

There it was, War with the Vandals was near at hand again, only

a few weeks distant, perhaps only days. But he had known that it was coming. How often he had discussed the subject with his friend of schoolboy days, the silent, brainy Minister of War. They had very often in the past year spent long evenings together in the Laboratory, experimenting and planning the mode of campaign to follow when the discovery was perfected.

Hastily dressing, he at once descended to his laboratory. The room was heated to suffocation, and only by a flame, minutely small.

To test it he poured water on it. The water was rapidly converted into steam, and the fire still burned. It was unquenchable.

Then he went to a certain place in the wall and pressing a panel disclosed an aperture. Placing his hand in the opening, he drew out a small jar of greenish substance. Opening it, he returned to the fire, and sprinkled a few crystals on it. The fire died instantly. His extinguisher was also perfect. The secret of his fire and his extinguisher was known only to himself.

Now it remained for him to see his friend, the Minister of War. Locking securely his domicile, he quickly wended his way to the War Office. All was excitement. Orderlies scurried here and there. Upon presenting his card he was at once admitted to the presence of the one in whose hands the destiny of the nation rested.

The War Minister, beholding his face, exclaimed.

« My dear friend. you bring glad tidings? Our efforts have been crowned with success? »

« Yes, at last! » responded the Chemist.

Then they fell to discussing the details. Two huge factories were at once requisitioned, which could produce tons of the two substances daily. The Senate was informed and advised to delay the outbreak of War as long as possible. The Air fleets were organised. They were thankful when they realised that alone in this branch of the service they had been able to retain a superiority over the enemy. Before the day was ended, the organisation was complete.

The morrow brought War a day closer to hand. The enemy's demands were becoming more insistent. But concession after concession was made. The outbreak must be delayed. Several days passed.

The public became impatient, and demanded a declaration of War.

« War, rather than total dishonour », was the cry. But still the Government conceded point after point. The enemy Army of millions,

fully equipped, trained as no Army had ever been trained before, was waiting at the Frontier. An Army of less than a third faced it.

The situation seemed hopeless.

On the ninth day, the Chemist informed the Minister of War that everything was in readiness. The insults heaped upon the nation by the Tyrant were thrown back at him. War was declared.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Army was given orders that he must hold the enemy at the Frontier as long as possible.

The fighting squadrons of the Air-Fleet were detailed to prevent the enemy's aircraft from making any observations. The remainder of the aircraft working together and flying very low, just skimming over houses, trees, and other obstacles, commenced to distribute the earthen-coloured crystals. They were scattered systematically for a depth varying from fifteen to twenty-five miles in rear of the fighting line. This work was carried on ceaselessly day after day.

Mean while the battle on the Frontier waged violently. For ten days the unequal contest went on, the army of heroes gradually giving way. The while the planes in rear continued to scatter the crystals at a feverish pace.

At last the ground, buildings, the stagnant pools of water, every thing was covered by the crystals. In some places thicker than in others, but all fully gone over several times. The guns with their specially prepared igniting shells were placed in position along the whole line just in rear of the segregated district.

Orders were issued for the retreat of the Army. It was ably carried out, only in a few places did it develop into a rout, and then stiffening forces were brought from another point and the enemy's advance was stemmed. The prohibited area was evacuated of every living thing. In triumph the enemy advanced. His millions were allowed to flow over the Frontier to the depth desired. He was given a few days to establish himself well within the area, his further advance being stopped by the second line defence. His thousands of guns, his millions of tons of munitions, his countless transports were all brought into position, and he prepared for his second and final thrust.

Then a hurricane of shells poured upon him. Fire broke out instantly wherever a shell fell. Flames varying from three to six feet spread over the whole area within a few hours, emitting a heat so intense that the steel guns were a molten mass in a few moments.

The enemy was at first dumbfounded. Then he became panic-stricken.

He used water ; where it was possible, he broke dams to flood the country, but his misery only increased. The water was converted into vapor. He was blinded, scalded, consumed in masses. Buildings, trees, everything ceased to exist. The once fine army rapidly passed out of existence. Nothing could cope with the fire. In a few short hours nearly all had perished. Out of several millions, but a few hundred escaped. A straggler, burned beyond recognition, staggered up to the Headquarters, and informed the King-fiend. He listened, and fell dead.

The next day the little country's planes were at work again. Now they spread the greenish substance. In a few day's time the Fire was extinguished. A threat to lay waste the enemy's country, brought Peace, which was to continue for all time.

And in that land once cursed by the absolute rule of an arch-militarist, the People now rule.

With an awful start and experiencing a horrible pain in my right foot, I then awoke. I was sitting on an easy chair in my billet ; on the floor beside me was a copy of the latest « History of the Great War », and my foot was resting on the dying embers in the grate !

G. H. F.



## *An ode to a Departing Comrade.*

---

Ye O. R. Cs of Canada  
 Ye O. R. Cs so bold  
 Oh listen while I tell you  
 Of a tale that must be told,

Travers, Swinburn-Travers  
 He who you knew so well  
 Is on his way to Canada  
 Straight from the gates of Hell.

No more He'll polish buttons  
 No more He'll crease his pants  
 He's on his way to Canada  
 Scot free of Ad-ju-tants.

Oh! sweet and blessed country  
 Receive thy erring son  
 Tho' battle scarred and weary  
 His day is not yet done.

Unfortunate but cheerful  
 He fell like many more  
 And now his weeping friend  
 Is feeling very sore.

But he survived the battle  
 And how we hope and pray  
 That he will do his duty  
 In Canada some day.

In awe inspiring whispers  
 He gave us good advice  
 And left us his equipment  
 Bought at an awful price.

The last time we gazed fondly  
 Upon his awful scars  
 We fervently did whisper  
 May his luck be never ours.

Oh Travers, Swinburn-Travers  
 We Hope and humbly pray  
 That your good luck will follow you  
 In spite of what we say.

## *A Letter From « Forests »*

---

DEAR EDITOR :

Could it be possible « Monsieur » that during this long and strenuous struggle you have never heard of us. The gallant old One « Hundred. » We learn from History that « Knights of ancient days fought with stout axes » and lo ! behold we are living up to the old traditions. For in these days we fight in the forest with axes. For we are the only original « Forest Picnic Party » picked out to « Keep the home fires burning. » Picture yourself away from the glamour of the City lights, not a thousand miles from the « Etoile » (I have a very hazy memory as to the colour now) with « Forest to the right, and Forest to the left of us » and I might as well finish with mud all over us, but nobody gives a cuss, cause nobodys blundered. We are disturbed from our peaceful slumbers at 6.a.m. by the wailing screech of our Ord.

Corp beseeching us in fervent prayers to get up and pay for our beds, a difficult moment to decide whether to « go sick » or not. Not paying much heed however we hurriedly dress etc. and pay a visit to the cook house instead, where after vowing vengeance on the man that raises pigs and nourishes them on rocks of salt, we gather our scattered senses, and devour breakfast with astonishing rapidity, evidently thinking of the « Buck wheat Band cakes of old » they sure are « banned here « but « C'est la guerre ! « Somme guerre » Yes, « some care » but « Somme don't » but to continue. Donning a suit of oilskins, a splendid advertisement for « Skipper Sardines » we are once more rounded up by our solemn friend the Ord. Corp, who lovingly proceeds to detail us off on which forest to attack. I cannot understand why he is not entitled to write O.C., after his name as he is always telling us that the O.C., is « coming after him ! » However having located our different positions we lose sight of his noble countenance until night. The « Picnic » by this time is in full swing (but not all the axes). A hurried farewell to comrades, a « bon jour » to this one, and then the attack starts in earnest. The trees, poor victims, can only groan, it is well they cannot speak or manys the tale they might tell.

Yes Sir ! we have our own Chemin de Fer where at present I play a most important roll, for I have now a confession to make. I am the switchman, signaller or rather in my own estimation I consider I am

the Chef de Gare. Nothing can escape my eagle eye, no railroad bum can ride this train. no bushwacker can jump her without my sanction.

Wœe betide the guy that tries to stop that train. No one can but me. as I have just stated. I have in my power one locomotive, not one of those C.P.R. 1100 dreds but one of marvellous construction — Antique type proper French Ingersoll movement, will go always, garanteed on a bet to go sideways if necessary ; numerous trucks and a proper all-round train crew. It is only when properly harnessed up and coming down the track at a good clip something between a Half mile and a Thousand miles per hour that you can imagine the enormous weight of responsibility thrust upon me by a grateful ration. When full loaded she acts like a racehorse, throbbing, and panting, and if you are within a hundred metres will cause the very marrow in your bones to freeze. I am making a suggestion to the C. O., in my monthly report ; to have painted across her bows « Flying Fox » as I am positive that giving her one or two more wheels and a few inches of sail round her smoke box she could fly over the switches, thus relieving me from a daily back-breaking job of switching the switch, which switches the train, which in its turn switches the wood to the station. Quite a lot of switches, which make it harder to realize. The train crew do not salute me nor do they doff their « Sou Westers », but they gaze upon me with vrapr admiration as I wend my way down to my little lonely station, my « bureau ». Kind reader, thereby hangs a tale, also a red flag which is violently waved by your humble at first smell of danger. Ah! mon ami, perhaps you do not fully « compri: » that one reckless wave of the mit! « justement une fois » and I lose the job which I cling to now, and very likely get 56 days No. I. for having too much surplus energy. My station is not fitted out with all the comforts a weary traveller might expect to find, but it is a very practical and portable one. No lifts or « buffet » but a proper hard board sentry box, including rules and regulations which may yet be utilized should any Huns be found hovering round the district. In that case my station will have to be abandoned, but I shall stick to my post until the last moments, careful to obey instructions, but rather than see my beloved Flying Fox fall a victim to the Huns « frightfulness », I have taken the matter into due considération with the Engineer. Flying Fox shall receive a double dose of steam plus I box No, and then they will just have time to offer up a prayer, for if I have not miscalculated their bodies will be picked up by the crossing

sweeper in front of the British Museum, who will recognise them by their square heads and buttons, to be placed in the souvenir department for spectators and buttons to gaze on, and wonder at the enormous powers of « Flying Fox. »

We have had so far two distinct weathers down here, Punk, and Very Rotten, which give quite an added interest to the work. We are quite used to the water by now and happily most of us can swim. We have men from the Woolly West and men from the Frozen North, so you see we can meet any climatical conditions.

A loading party put in charge of one of our husky knights are addressed in the following manner ; — « Now then you guys, Chargez the waggon avec le trois meters sixty and bien vite marcher » cause I'm fache se matin and dont forget si vous pas content over to the bureau you go compri and toute suite. Depechez vous sil vous blink or else I'll can you, and other endearing terms that have the effect. Although our hearts of oak, pine for Maple Syrup we sometimes get very seemingly rough deals but we spruce up and carry on. I tell you sir that as I sit in my little « Gare » gazing and meditating on the past sins of others as I dream and wonder if after all, après la guerre I may perhaps finally be asked to settle down and take charge of some great Station, London-Paris, or preferably Montreal, Canada.

But still who knows. « C'est la Guerre. »

ADJUTANT : What Battalion do you belong to ?

NEW ARRIVAL : Original 87th Battalion, Grenadier Guards Sir.

Why does the O. C. Artillery Records put a *very* clean collar on when he visits the canteen ? And why has he given up golf ?

## WAR ECONOMY

Something that's oft been heard of late,  
Preached by Ministers, — Men of State,  
Practiced by few of us, sad to relate,  
That's WAR ECONOMY.

In France the women have gone half-way,  
Superfluity does not pay,  
« So we'll wear a shorter skirt », they say,  
For WAR ECONOMY.



And on the stage, the leading lights, —  
 The Chorus girls, — the dancing sprites  
 Have gone one better, — dispensed with tights.  
 Some WAR ECONOMY.

And the Dear Things tell us how prices soar  
 And their wages wont pay for the grub anymore,  
 « That's what the gallant soldier's for,  
 More WAR ECONOMY.

---

## NURSERY RHYMES.

Tell it not in Askelon .  
 Tell it not in Gad  
 That a « K. G. » N. C. O.  
 Is going to the bad.

Proud as any turkey cock  
 Parading on the Rue  
 Macintosh upon his arm  
 What ? an eyeglass too !

Jauntily he holds his head  
 Pipe him as you pass  
 Look he's got a walking stick  
 Gawd it's come at last.

Comrades for the love of mike  
 Hit him a swift kick  
 Never let an N. C. O.  
 Sport a walking stick.

---

From Base.

To O. C. Field Ambulance.

Pte Brown M.

Reference marginally noted man, reported by you as  
 old Fracture L. Leg admitted 23/4/17.

Please inform this office of subsequent movements if  
 any.

I. M. SMART.

Lieut.

29/4/17.

---

From O. C. Field Ambulance.

To Base.

Ref. yours of 23/4/17.

On crutches Please.

K. ILLEM Capt.

CAMC.

5/5/17.

## *The Language of Vegetables.*

---

Now that so many British patriots have converted their flower gardens into vegetable plots, that useful little manual: « The Language of Flowers », the old-time friend of all true lovers, has become quite obsolete. We would therefore suggest an appropriate substitute in the form of « The Language of Vegetables » which might be compiled on the following lines.

---

Asparagus.	Tête-à-tête.
Beans.	Save your bacon.
Beetroot.	Will you be true to me.
Carrots.	Keep your hair on.
Cabbage.	My heart is true.
Cauliflower.	I have lost my head.
Cucumber.	There is a coolness between us.
Curly Greens.	Give me a lock of your hair.
French beans.	I am feeling cut up.
Horse-Radish.	You have the whip-hand of me.
Leek.	This must be stopped.
Lettuce.	Not as green as I look.
Lentils.	It might have been.
Mint.	None of your sauce.
Mushroom.	The growth of Love.
Mustard and Cress.	United westand.
Onion.	Will you weep for me ?
Parsnips.	I am in a boiling rage.
Peas.	Shell out.
Potato.	Patriotism.
Pumpkin.	Piety.
Radish.	I have a deep-rooted affection for you.
Sea-kale.	Rule Britannia.
Tomato.	I cannot ketch up to you.
Turnips.	I am mashed on you.
Truffles.	Forbidden luxury.
Thyme.	Wait and see.
Vegetable marrow.	I feel seedy.
Water-cress.	You suit me to a T.

---

## THE SACRIFICE

---

I let you go at your' country's Call,  
 My love, my life, my very all.  
 It seems like years to me, dear boy,  
 And life is robbed of all its joy.  
 When WILL they let you come to me?  
 When, dearest heart, will you be free?  
 To come, to live, to dream with me,  
YOUR WIFE.

This war is Hell, so men declare,  
 And England's dull when you're not there.  
 In France you have excitement rare,  
 Shells, Victories, death, hope, despair.  
 Ah God; I've tried to take my share,  
 To be near in spirit and of good cheer,  
YOUR WIFE.

And if you come not back to me,  
 When all is o'er and victory suppresses strife,  
 My heart will break.  
 My arms still yearn, and lips still burn, my breath of life.  
 But GOD is good, and HE will bring,  
 You back home safe to me.  
MY KING.

PAT-GRIFFITHS

## Extract from Routine Orders by

---

*Herr Kommandant Karl Fritz Annheiser-Busch,  
 Commanding 15th Limburger Regiment.*

For the information of all concerned, it noticed is, that the Kanadian Choo-Choo Troops in France carry the following regimental distinguishing mark on the backs of the tunics sewn : —

A picture of a flying switch worked in blue with a yellow background, with an inset of a Railway Bull chasing a derisive hobo around the stack of the locomotive.

These troops very ferocious and vicious are, and an award will be given for the capture of any of these men, but great care should be taken when attempting to capture one, as they extremely tuff are, so tuff that for a long time they would not be allowed to join the ranks of our perfidious enemy.

The reward will consist of I mark, I sausage, (wintage of 1988), and a position as Superintending Clerk at the Kadaver-vertung Station.

Gott mitt uns, and Gott Strafe tout-le-monde.

## *English as she is Spoked.*

---

Who was it remarked that we of the Canadian Section never smiled. Just read the following copy of a letter that passed through our hands in the course of the day's work and see whether it could possibly be true.

We smiled so much so that we had to put on more powder, it having fallen off in chips, and then had to have « just one more » to steady our nerves.

Somewhen in France.  
During the War Great.  
1917.

To the P P P P Corps.  
Chief Commanding.  
Armie Post Office, London, Eng.

Dear General.

I am in large misunderstanding with my Commanding Office. Two times since my enlistment on false charge I was oblige to claim Martial Court.

The first was on May 1916. After three days it me promised to put up free this matter and this was agree when on the way it awarded me fourteen field punishment No. 2.

The second one was last week. One Sergeant charged me for having neglected order when it was himself who make mistake. I call to me C. O. for Martial Court and the inquiry witnessed again the plaintiff charge.

In September last, charge was made on me by drunkard military peoples. Not able to give proofs on this way, I was sent in a mad house hospital, for tens day and always in despite of all claims my O. C. refuse to hear from me for any reasons.

I am thirty-five years old and my civil statement is the best as any good citizens may have. I am school teacher and writer of french education with som acknow ledge of the language English married and the father of three children.

May you call me at any General Hospital for same work I doing here in course of test my military conduct on the authority of an other Commanding Officer.

Trusting you favour. I am. Yours very obliging.

(Signed) So AND SO.

---

*THE ETERNAL  
PROBLEM.*



**OVERDRAWN**

SMILE.

Forget the labours of the day, and come,  
Chase away thoughts of toil when toil is done :  
And let the sunshine of the world gleam through  
That downcast feeling that there is in you,  
Just fool yourself that all is fine to-day,  
And you can smile the worries all away.

---

## IRISH YARNS.

Pat and Mike had been celebrating and were to sleep together. Before turning in they bought a bottle and had the cork drawn.

Several times during the night Pat got out of bed half awakening Mike who drowsily enquired what he was doing. Invariably the answer came « Oh ! nothing ». Eventually Mike was awake enough to feel dry, so he slipped out of bed, meanwhile Pat had moved the bottle. Gropping around in the dark Mike began muttering : « What be ye looking for » said Pat, « Oh ! nothing » sez Mike. And its in the bottle that used to have whiskey in you'll find it » said Pat !!!

---

• Peter O'Finnigan's brother James left the rural home and found employment at the gas works of a large English town. After awhile, having made good progress, he sent for Peter to come on a visit of invitation to the glories of a busy town.

He showed Peter round, but even the gas works failed to arouse enthusiasm.

« Do you not think it wonderful Peter » said James « that we give light to this big town with this one gas plant » ? « Not at all Jamesy me bhoys » said Peter. « Faith an its yerself has forgotten that, at home, we've a thing we call the moon, and it gives light to the whole of Ireland » !!

---

In the little old farm out at rest  
 There are perfumes that greet every guest  
 There's a different bouquet  
 For each hour of the day  
 To which nightly aromas give zest ;  
 In the yards, and the barns, and the wells,  
 And the sheds there are dozens of smells.  
 Oh ! of stinks any where  
 There are none that compare  
 With the ones at the farm out at rest.

---

FROM A LOCAL ADVERT.

---

*Consumption of First Choice.*  
*Beer Pressure.*  
*Rooms for Society.*

## THE BATTLE OF ROUEN.

(With apologies.)

This is the song of the « O. R. C. » as he sits in the hut alone,  
 While the fire went out and the cold crept in and the Oliver ceases to moan,  
 With baleful glares at the empty chairs, he utters a stifled moan.  
 First we start with « Jerks », and such devil's works, in the grey of the dawning  
[day,  
 And it's « Form-two-deep », and « Don't-move-your-feet », and « Cut-that-hand-  
[away »,  
 While the natives stand, a bewildered band, to watch the monkey-play.  
 The dogs all yell, and the growling swell, of their chorus rends the air.  
 While the blushing maids draw the window shades at the sight of our bosoms  
[bare,  
 Then we fade from view with a « View Halloo », and a cloud of dust in air.  
 There are some who have come from the Midnight Sun, to defend the hearth  
[and home,  
 While some heard the « Call », at the Horseshoe Fall, and some down in San  
[Antone,  
 But we mean to stick, though the dust falls thick, and the air's like the Torrid  
[Zone.  
 In days to come, when we tell our sons and daughters of days long gone,  
 Will our hearts grow old, and our blood run cold, as the words, « One-two »,  
[« Come-on »,  
 Make us shudder and sigh, as in days gone by, at the BATTLE OF ROUEN.

A. K.

## The 1917 Girl.

Two girls, one a blonde, small featured, with clear blue eyes; the other, a brunette, tanned by a West Indian sun, were my companions at a table in a well-known café in the precincts of Piccadilly. They were old friends of mine, girls I had known in my school days. But they had changed. Only two years ago they were timid creatures, whose earthen God was man. They were obsessed with the idea of the servitude of women. But now... Well the lunch was progressing.

« I don't suppose you drink », I suggested awkwardly, wondering whether they would be shocked at the blunt way I put it.

« Oh, I'll have a Manhattan », responded one.

« And so will I », added the other.

I tried to hide my dumbfounded surprise. But they noticed it.

I was informed that the War had changed everything.

« You see there is so much expected of us now », I was told. « Women » to replace Men » is the daily cry of all the Newspapers. So we two at least have decided to play the man game to the limit of decency. We had to learn to drink. Manhattans seemed so popular, that we decided this would be our favorite drink. We'll admit it was not pleasant. Our first attempt made us awfully sick and only one glass, mind you. Our second try was a little better. We were not sick, but had what amongst you men is termed a « Head »; and it seemed as if our stomachs were being churned. But we got over that. « Never say die » is our motto. So eventually, dear Mr Man, we conquered one of your own cherished rights—the permissibility of drinking what we will. But where we differ from you, is, we know when to stop. One glass is our limit always and forever. »

I sat listening attentively to the neat little sketch of what might be termed a battle with « Manhattans ». I was also trying to understand the change in my friends, as I knew them before the war.

It was impossible, the evolution had taken place too suddenly.

During the short space of silence that intervened, my hands were rummaging here and there in my pockets in search of my cigarette case. I eventually remembered I had left it in my overcoat pocket in the Hotel.

« Oh da... », I ejaculated. Pardon me girls, I did not say it after all. I just stopped in time. It's pretty hard to control yourself, after letting yourself go for twenty months over in France. »

« Oh we're modern. That does not worry us. We can sometimes swear, can't we? » said one turning to the other for the expected confirmation of her statement. « Sorry, old sport, for the delay. Here, have one of my cigarettes. »

She handed me a neat, little, leather case, with her initials engraved thereon, from which I took a State Express No 999.

« Here's a light », she continued, anticipating my search for a box of matches, by holding a lighted match to my cigarette. Soon we were all smoking. I was wondering if this was all stage play. I looked around but our table was not unique. Easily eighty per cent of the other women were drinking and contentedly puffing away at cigarettes. My thought had to come out.

« Don't you think this modernism of yours is a little demi-mondaine? » I ventured.

« Oh, you poor man! » exclaimed both of them in chorus.

« Demi-mondaine! Just think of it! » continued one. Poor woman must not encroach on the rights of man!!! And if she does, she loses her respect! You wait, old Boy! In the year 1920 how would you like to see a woman, Premier. »

I laughed. « Impossible », I said.



« Oh, but it is not », continued my fair friend. We've got women doing all kinds of men's jobs now. You just wait and see.

Now you see a big chance in us in two years, don't you? »

« Frankly, yes », I responded.

« And you don't like the change », she continued in a sarcastic tone.

« You would rather have us those dear tender darlings who adorn » a home. But it's all in war's evolution. We have learnt what we can » make of life now. And you can just bet your last farthing that women » are going to be mighty sure they evolve at least into the equal of » men. »

The luncheon was over.

« Let me have the bill, waitress », spoke up Miss « Blonde », before I had a chance to say anything.

« Look here, I said in anger. Cut this out. I don't mind you drinking » and smoking, but I do object to you paying. That right or privilege is » at least one that man should keep.

« No the treat's on us », responded the girls. « You can pay next » time. We don't grant man any privilege unless the supreme one of » being a « Tommy ». But we hope some day to take that away from » him. Now give us that bill. »

The waitress had left it on the table, and in the scramble for it I had managed to get it.

« Not on your life », I said. « I'll stick up for my last right. »

« You will not get it. »

« Oh, but you must! Don't be an idiot », they exclaimed. « It's quite the thing. Everybody does it. »

But they saw I was determined, and gave in. I had satisfied them by telling them I would let them pay the next time. But I was even then planning how I could avoid doing so.

We had left the cafe, and were strolling towards Piccadilly Circus. I learnt a great deal about the 1917 girl. A man-girl, every inch of her. What further evolution will produce remains to be seen. Approve or disapprove of her, she will not change.

And to those of you whose ideal of woman is, as my friend so aptly expressed it, « A tender darling who adorns a home », I would suggest you roam to some distant lands where the servitude of women is still considered quite modern.

SCRIBE.

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Those who talk and fail to act are trying to get a reputation on tick.

## ORDERLY CORPORALS

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The orderly corporal is a species that has come greatly into prominence since the beginning of this war. In appearance it resembles the ordinary or « full blown » private type of soldier, with however the exception of two stripes worked on its arm, such markings denoting its incapacity to work like its plain brother.

Its chief occupations are — the distribution of mail, seeing to the dousing of camp glimmers at 10 p.m. and drilling that misunderstood type, commonly known as defaulters, this duty giving it an unparalleled chance to exercise its vocal powers. This it takes a keen delight in.

The favourite haunts of this species when on duty, are the the orderly room, and then the cookhouse, and when off duty its bed or bunk. There are however a few exceptions to this latter rule who have been known to take a great delight in remaining at the camp entrance after lights out in order to receive and assist its belated companions to that place of rest commonly known as the « clink. »

Its chief diversion is the writing out of crime sheets at which it is a past master.

In moments of relaxation it looks quite human, and could be almost be classed as such.

The life of the average orderly corporal varies according to its sobriety and has in some cases been known to live quite a long time, in fact there are some at present who appear to have evolved into the species for the duration.

H. B.

---

Where do we go to bed at nine?  
 Where is the classiest place to dine?  
 Where can you press your slacks so fine?  
 at « The Billet ».

Oh! this is the life — so why not come?  
 You'll never be late, nor on the bum,  
 But You'll probably miss your cafe rum,  
 at « The Billet ».

They cough and smoke the whole night through,  
 We cannot sleep but we don't say « boo ».  
 If we stay there long we'll be « P.U » too.  
 at « The Billet ».

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### THINGS TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT

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Taking a man on strength on the 31st. if there are only 30 days in the month.

Indenting for four stripes and a crown if you're only a Sergeant.

Talking about the line too much. Most of us have been there, and perhaps may know a little more about it than you.

Mentioning the word « LEAVE ». You might be overheard.

Pins on your desk. You may scratch your finger and make « Blighty ».

Getting your hair cut too short. Remember Old Man Samson.

Volunteering to return to the line. They will call your bluff.

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### OVERHEARD IN DESPATCH OFFICE

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**Staff Capt. to Cpl. i/c.** — « Have you got someone who can go up to the house for me? »

**Cpl. (not catching it).** — « Beg pardon, Sir? »

**Staff Capt.** — « Have you anyone who can run a message to the house in a hurry. »

**Cpl. (not catching it.)** — « No, sir. »

Staff Capt. retires.

**Cpl. to Clerk some seconds after** — « Say, do you know what he said then ».  
 « I don't and I said « No, sir, » to him. »

---

**Orderly.** — « You see that new Lance Jack sitting over there. He is the Editor of the Vancouver Truth. »

**O. R. C. from Missouri.** — « Oh, no! You've got to show me, Kiddo, I don't believe it. »

---

**Pte. B.** — « Well, I don't know. I always thought my father was my worst enemy till I was 20 and found out he was paying all my bills. »

**Pte. F.** — « What did he do? Bail you out? »

## *Chats with the Bartender*

C.O. LONNOR

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Well, well, how are you? It's good to see old friends. Feeling very thirsty? Nearly parched, eh? Yes, it is hot weather. Still on the same old drink, half and half!!! We have a good selection of fancy drinks. None of the fancy stuff for you, though, you don't relish a big head. That's common sense, Lonnor old man. How's life been rolling along? Pretty well the same? Nothing new at all? Oh, just pulled up by the Major on parade this morning. What was it? He could'nt figure out what was wrong, and asked for a suggestion.

You told him your clothes did'nt fit, you were too thin!!! Well it is'nt the « Booze » anyway. Half and half I should imagine would develope what is known as a good size corporation. But he said you were getting too fat!!! Did he guess the truth? He wasn't taking any chances, I suppose. One of your fellows was in here a short while ago, trying to explain the game of Baseball to a crowd of Imperials. Oh yes, you know him quite well. Wait till I tell you what he said and you'll guess who it is. It seems he was at a big Ball game somewhere down in the States, and he saw the Pitcher pitch a ball that stopped for two seconds in mid air on its way to the Plate, and then passed directly over it for a « Strike ». And he saw another Ball break in mid-air at a right-angle clean over the Plate.

That's all blarney, eh? I guess it is. But you have actually seen a marvellous ball bowled in a County Cricket Match? What! you saw Blythe of Kent bowl a ball that broke four times before it hit the wicket! Well I don't want to hold the greatest liar's competition. You're not lying, it's an absolute fact, is it? Oh beg pardon, no offence, of course you're not a liar, I'm sorry. Been up for Orderly Room lately? Three months not up yet? What do you mean? Oh the Col. told you that if you were before him within the next three months he would send you up the line. You were bound over for three months before were'nt you? Yes? And up for office the next day? The Col immediately reminded you about being bound over, I'll bet. What! you just reminded him

him that the three months was up. Of course he was easy on you seeing that you were a good little Boy for three months.

You take life more or less as a joke, don't you? Well it always pays, old sport. Make the fellow that's sore with you laugh and he will always come over to your side, and laugh too. Have another half and half? You don't think that you can hold it? Well I'm not the man to press anyone to drink when they don't wish to do so. So long, hope to see you around here soon again. Yes, you've got an atmosphere about you that just clears away trouble, I will be always pleased to see you. Good-night.

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### *« Appointments & Promotions »*

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The following is an interview by our Special Representative, Mr. Q. T. Nootral, with a recently promoted Non-Commissioned officer at the Canadian Section. 3rd. Echelon. G. H. Q.

The subject of this interview was reclining at ease on a chair, with legs outstretched on another chair, seated near the Section, stove enjoying an after luncheon pipe of Old Chum, when I entered to interrupt his day dreams, « Good Afternoon Corporal » I said offering my hand. For a moment he made no response to my friendly salutation and somewhat embarrassed I withdrew my hand. Acting Lance Cpl. Fryan then fixed me with his magnetic eye, ejaculating as he knocked the ashes of his pipe out on the floor (which is strictly contrary to K. R. & X.) « Who's a Corporal? » Beg pardon, Acting Lance Corporal without pay, I should have said, excuse my lack of courtesy. « Without pay eh? Guess I'm pulling down staff pay, I should worry ». Are you really? you are doing well in the Army, in fact my business here is solely to congratulate you on « Congratulate » he interrupted « Congratulate be damned » Say, cut the comedy Kid ». Oh, that is quite an American expression, I have heard it many times at Seattle, also in the American bars in London. I replied. Continuing I ventured to profit by this chance of getting well started with my interview, having been previously informed that all though in the Canadian Army A/L/ Cpl. Fryan was for many years in the States. « Then you are perhaps acquainted with the Pte. Bryan the famous American Statesman, so much featured in the Daily Press, recently, who is throwing all to the winds to join up with the rank you so recently held yourself. To this came, as I thought, a rather abrupt rebuff. « Use a little savvy man, cut out some of your English Haw, Haw, soft stuff, What are you getting at anyhow, who sent you, say, you make me tired, come across with the joke and beat

it, I'm resting, I'm fed up with the line of bull you're trying to slip over so shoot your bolt and quit, for the love of Gawds country ». At this point I was wrestling with my pride and temper, but resolved to live up to the traditions of my position as representative of the La Vie Canadienne, and to carry on as a gentleman only could. I remarked « By the bye, I might have known your pronunciation is not so American as your phraseology would suggest, for instance « Gawd's country » that sounds infernally Hackneyed to me, maybe you have travelled considerably in England ». Travelled, I should say I have, you're dog gorned right Kid if you'd seen me hiking at 30 per, dernier un douze tram ce matin over the Pont Boieldieu at 7-49, with the wind up, while six or eight great big stiffs, including Old Fat and that Sergeant out of K. C. now in K. G. and a lot of other poor prunes, who had'nt the common sense or decency to pull the bell and help a sick man out when they could see him running for hundreds of yards on top of a big breakfast with a whale of a big chance of gettin' into billets into the bargain. Yes I guess your right, I have travelled some I paid my fare alright but I kept that mutt of a conductress waiting till we got to Rue Dufay before I came across with the deux sous, did'nt I, you bet your sweet life on that.

Continuing A/L/Cpl. Fryan turning his head to face me observed « Say, is this line of bull your peddling just so much junk for that raw ribbed tin horned attempt at Journalism, you have the gall to call « La Vie Canadienne ? » I smiled and nodded. « Then that's where I quit, I would'nt contribute to such a mottled mess of mixed mush, for three months leave to Canada on compassionate grounds ». I retorted Well I'm going to write a short article featuring you in this interview whether you like it or not. « I can give as good as I take any old time » said the worthy Lance Jack, Then, I replied, we'll take all you can give us, let us have a better article than this, we'll print it, its time some of you did your little bit to make La Vie the howling success it could easily become and its only yourself and others like you who are needed to bring it up to top notch standard. At this point the bugle sounded « Fall In » it was 4-55 p. m. and I took the opportunity of wishing A/L/C. Fryan better luck in future and speedy promotion to the rank of full Corporal which I was pleased to figure would be more in keeping with his position.

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## THE YARN OF A HOBO.

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A dark, medium-sized, sharp featured fellow, whose prominent outstanding attraction was an exaggeration of the proverbial parrot nose, was facing me at a table in a Cafe, oft frequented by Tommies. He was a Tommy himself. I was not preoccupied with him, as he did not interest me! An ordinary human being was the only thought I gave him. His presence was soon forgotten, as my mind filled with a medley of thoughts that had run ahead into the future. How long I

remained thus lost to the Present, I do not know. I know that as I awoke with a start, I caught a mumble of words spoken by my companion of the table. I did not understand him.

« Pardon me, what did you say », I asked him.

« What's the matter, kid, you're looking pretty gloomy », he responded. Home sick? New guy here, aren't you?

« Yes. I've only been down here a couple of days », I told him.

« I don't know anyone. »

« Well here you are, pal », he said, stretching his hand out to me.

« You know me, I'm Hobo Bill. »

I studied him closely. His eyes gave him away. He had been drinking too much.

« What have you been reading », I asked him. « I guess you got that name out of a book. »

« Not on your life I didn't. I'm the real goods, kid », he told me.

« Have a drink on me. And just keep them ears open, and you'll hear if I ain't got the right to call myself Hobo Bill ».

He gulped down a full glass of whiskey, muttered something about « that's the goods », and started off on this yarn.

« I'll tell you how I started on the road. I guess it's just as well to start right at the beginning. My old man was a wise old guy.

He shewed me all right, all right. By the way you're not married, are you?

You are! Well, follow my old man's plan, it's a good'un, if you ever get hard up. There was eight of us kids. And it was some job to feed us all on the old man's money. He could'nt just do it. So the wise old guy learns a whole lot of stories.

And meal times come, he starts telling us these yarns. We got interested a whole lot. A nice juicy steak'ud be cooking for the old man while he was shooting that « tale dope ». And we kids used to be drinkin' away at our tea. Gee, but we used to get whole lots of that! We used to get all we wanted. Then 'ud come the steak and potatoes and that, but we could'nt touch it, our little bellies was too full of tea. All we did was to go off to bed. No, we was'nt wise! We didn't catch on to the old man's game. But when I did, I used to kick up the devil. And pretty soon I beats it from that house. I hikes off to meet a guy I knew who'd hoboed it all over the States. He just happened to be in town then. And off I went to 'Frisco with him, riding underneath a box car all the way. No baby's job, kid, swinging on one of them things. I saw one fellow slip once and he was a « goner ». I was on that freighter too. One of the best was poor old Frank. We had some time in 'Frisco. I had just a quarter on me, and my pal had about a Dollar. We beats it straight for some « booze » joint down the Barbary Coast. Gee! But we drank there until we was all in. They had one of those string sleepers down there. I guess you don't know what that is. Well it's a cord tied any old way across the Bar room. You just have to rest your arms on it and go to sleep.

Easier than it sounds, kid, when you've got plenty of « booze » inside you.

I spent my first night that way. I just hanged on to that cord, and was soon snorin' away to beat the band. But, I had a hard knock when I woke up. I thought I had slipped somehow, for I was lying flat on my face. And I felt some beaut' of a bruise on my nose. But I looks around and there was all the others just scrambling on to their feet. I got wise then. That's how they wake you up. The Bartender comes along and cuts the cord. I've laughed my eyes out sometimes, when I've just come in and seen him doing it. Poor guys, snorin' away peaceful, when-bang-all of them goes an awful crack. But they don't mind ; it's all in the game. Drinks start passing 'round. And soon everybody's feelin' good. We don't stick in any town long. Frisco's alright. But we get out of it soon. We goes out of the town, and swings on to a freight. Too many « spotters » around town. Get hell if you're caught. You've got to be wise and keep out of the way of the Conductor. He thinks nothin' of booting you off. He don't care if he breaks your neck. That reminds me, I was in a freight yard fight in Chicago some years afterwards. They pulled on us those beaks did, I had a peach of a thirty-two, and took a shot at one of them « cops » and I missed him, but got a poor innocent « Chink » who was walking on the road just outside the yard. I kills him stone dead. I see that fellow now when I gets some of my funny dreams. All the little devils I see are « Chinks ». Some « Chink » 'll get me some day ; I just feel it in my bones. Well those « cops » did give us some chase. They'd dropped most of us ; there was just three of us left. We had to drop the stuff we was pinchin', and run for it. We made it all right. Did the old stunt, swung on to an outgoing freighter, and beat them to it. D'ye know I've got a thousand dollars on my head, I have, I'm some tough guy all right, all right. I've led this life for years ; just roamin' from one place to another. I gave it up sometimes and tried to stick to a job in the big cities, but nothin' doin' for long. It was too tame so I ends up by joining the States' Army. It looked good to me. But there was'nt enough fighting. I was down at Mexico too. So I beats it, and hobos it to Calgary, where I enlisted for this outfit. I guess I'll beat it now.

Yep I'll have another whiskey. Sure, I can stand it ! Thanks-come 'round here to-morrow, and I'll tell you some more of the things I've been through. So long, kid ».

He had gone. I had had a laugh, and I had found a character. A type in himself, whose way of telling a yarn was inimitable. Give him what he wants to drink, and he will repay you by recounting his adventures. He is not mythical, he exists. And this yarn of his is not imaginative. It is as nearly as possible a verbatim report of what he actually told me.

---

In the German nation we are confronted with the commercial and scientific ethics of the twentieth century, allied with the spiritual ethics of the fourteenth century. I think we may fairly say that the need for mutual progress is clearly demonstrated. Lest we forget.

ANON.



## *Extracts From Contemporaries*

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« An achievement in matriculation regarded as one of the most brilliant in Toronto is recalled by the death in action of——. He matriculated from Harbord in 1900 when Dr. Spottan was principal and Col Hagarty was classics master. At the matriculation he took first scholarship in classics and moderns, first in classics and mathematics, first in classics and modern languages, first in classics, first in modern languages, and first in mathematics. »

*Daily Record. 27/4/17*

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We have to thank our contemporary for shewing us how it is possible to get six « firsts » in three subjects.

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WATCH AUSTRIA! WATCH BULGARIA! WATCH TURKEY!

JOHN BULL (Various Issues)

---

That's right, John! Keep an eye on them all, and then if anything happens, you can turn round and tell us, « I told you so ». There is nothing like playing safely, when you want to prophesy.

---

FIGHTS 2 YEARS;  
ESCAPES WOUNDS.

Staff-Sergt. John. R.B...

Cutting meat was not interesting enough for John. R.B..., Deer Lodge Butcher, after the War started, so he enlisted as a private with the C. A. S. C. and left Winnipeg Aug 24 th 1914...

He has been somewhere about the front line trenches ever since, and so far, has escaped without a wound.

*The Daily Tribune.*

---

Cutting Germans no doubt would have been more interesting, but John R. preferred to be a « Deer Lodge Butcher, after the War had started, » so he enlisted in the C. A. S. C. He has fought two years with legs of mutton etc. Yes, how fortunate it is that he has so far « escaped without a wound »! But then he is an expert in his profession of cutting meat.

SCRIBE.

CELEBRITIES OF THE ECHELON.  
SERIES N° I



## SPORT.

Doubtless the majority of us are aware that a new Sports Body has come into being.

For those who are not cognisant of the fact, let me mention how it is named, and for what it has been established.

« THE CANADIAN SECTION SPORTS DIRECTORATE », sprung into being on Saturday, 5th. May 1917.

It had previously been reasoned, that, with so many different Athletic bodies now in existence, the time had come when centralization was necessary in order that every branch of Sport indulged in, be forwarded to the best advantage.

In accordance with this idea, a meeting was called, of one representative from each Section, including Section Officers, to gauge the feeling of the Section as a whole.

At this meeting it was agreed that the Directorate be created, composed of two Officers, and three Other Ranks.

The purpose of the Directorate, as aforementioned, is to forward the interest of Sport in all of its varied forms, and to control the Finances which are applied thereto, with a view to greatly minimizing the expenditure heretofore disbursed.

Not to hamper or to hinder, but to bring cooperation, into and with, the various Committees which are now existent.

There you have the idea in concrete.

The Directorate is composed as follows.

Hon. President . . . . .	Lt-Col. HAMILTON A. A. G.
President . . . . .	Capt. SKINNER.
Sec.-Treas . . . . .	Lieut. MAXWELL.
Members . . . . .	Sgt. GOODALL.
	Sgt. KAY.
	Sgt. MC DERMOTT.

Profanity is the safety valve of great minds.

### REQUIESCAT

Eight, and the Bugle call-ing,  
 Call-ing to me.  
 Ma-jor I hear you Bawl-ing,  
 Bill-ets for thee.  
 Night, and the rats are crawl-ing,  
 All o-ver me  
 Now go my prayers a-calling,  
 Ma-jor to thee.

Sung to the Tune of  
 « Somewhere a voice is calling. »

## *A Peep Into the Present.*

---

To all Canadians far and near.  
These verses will convey,  
The way we help to win the War.  
Way down in Rue Dufay.

Our Billet is a mansion great,  
With Circus fine attached.  
Where work is done both day and night,  
And plots are never hatched.

Before we start our daily toil,  
From Office Staff to Gate,  
They sound a bugle once or twice,  
To make sure none are late.

Our Buttons sparkle in the sun.  
Our Boots they simply glisten,  
And if they don't, make no excuse,  
The O. C. will not listen.

Inspection o'er, we take a trot,  
To shew we're keeping fit,  
And if by chance it fails to rain,  
We're bound to shew some grit.

As pants the heart for cooling streams,  
We thirst then for our stools,  
Four solid hours we work — peut etre,  
According to the rules.

There is no time for idle jest,  
Or for a cup of tea,  
You've simply got to lose no time,  
But mark your 103.

O. 1810 and other Forms,  
Are just to pass the day,  
We know full well that what we earn,  
Some « Captain » we must pay.

• Where has that blinking Corporal gone?  
Says Jarvis to his mate,  
As time is valuable he just  
Refers him to the gate.

The Gate it has an ord'ly bold,  
 Boxed up close to it's portals,  
 And there he sits from morn 'til eve,  
 Inspecting passing mortals.

The tea rooms known as « Captain's ».  
 Is another type of Billet,  
 Where hungry soldiers daily take,  
 An empty place to fill it.

He thinks he runs it just for us,  
 This is an idle whim,  
 The boys, they run the show of course,  
 The profits go to him.

Some day perhaps when war is done,  
 And peace proclaimed at last,  
 Canadian lads will shew their friends,  
 Where many hours they passed.

Helping to beat the Germans,  
 Slogging at work all day,\*  
 Trying to win a stripe or two,  
 Way down in Rue Dufay.

W. S. W.

---

## PLAY-BALL.

---

Everything was in favour for the opening of the inter-section Base-Ball League which got off to a good start on Empire Day. The season was opened by Lieut-Col. Hamilton by throwing the « PILL » across the grove, which was thrown with such a speed that Lieut.-Col. Gagnon found it too hot to handle and thought better and let it slip by.

The UMPS called it a strike with much amusement to the fans in the bleachers. He then, like a big leaguer hollers out « Play-Ball » which put every body on their toes once more to see the « Great Old National » game played as the *Great Father* of the game, « Chadwick » desired it to be played, when he introduced it into the World of Sport.

The two games played were from a spectators point of view interesting from start to finish and were played in a style that would make Major Leagues look like Bushers.

Even Mc Graw, Connie Mack or some of the other great Ball Managers would be stricken with awe at the class of ball put up by the « Intersection League, ROUEN » and would think that they were not in the running at all.

## SCORE BY INNINGS AS FOLLOWS.

## 1st GAME.

	<u>1.</u>	<u>2.</u>	<u>3.</u>	<u>4.</u>	<u>5.</u>	<u>6.</u>	<u>7.</u>	TOTALS.
Pay-Office	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	— 1.
vs.								
K. L.	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	— 2.

Batteries : Campbell & Buckett. Hopper & Hall.

## 2nd GAME.

	<u>1.</u>	<u>2.</u>	<u>3.</u>	<u>4.</u>	<u>5.</u>	<u>6.</u>	<u>7.</u>	TOTALS.
K. T.	2	1	0	0	0	1	1	— 5.
vs.								
K. G.	1	0	0	0	2	2	1	— 6.

Batteries : Raymor & Mc Dermid. Tucker & Comptois.

Umpire for both Games : Lieut. Johnston.

## STANDING OF THE LEAGUE

25th May 1917.

TEAMS.	W.	L.	T. P.	PER. C.
Postals .....	1	0	3	1000
K. G. ....	1	0	3	1000
Infantry .....	0	0	4	1000
Artillery .....	0	1	3	750
Pay Office .....	0	1	3	750

*A few words about the Great Pasttime.*

Base-Ball has a wholesome democratizing influence and like death is a mighty leveler, destroying artificial distinctions between man and man. It has the advantage of being a sport whose essential theory, like that of football, is easy to grasp, whether you do or do not understand the finesse of Squeeze Plays and Double Steals, Texas Leaguers and Pinch Hitting, Balks and Sacrifices, Inshoots and Foul Strikes. The heroes of the diamond have dimmed the lustre of dime novel villains and led many a boy in the zest of adventure and overflowing with animal spirit to the wholesome emulation.

When Base-Ball is compared with the cruel and sanguinary past-

times which masquerade under the name of « Sport » in un-civilized lands, the devotee of clean, honourable and manly athletic competition is inclined to give thanks to Base-Ball, which people from the North American Continent call the National Sport and to the fact that the popularity of the game both in the United States and in Canada is firmly and finally established.

Not a word of it but is true, and it is commended to those who are constantly making Base-Ball the subject for such jeers and jibes as seems to be the current idea of humour and criticism. There is nothing about base-ball which is not manly, honourable and invigorating, so far as its principle and its theory of government are concerned.

There is so little about it to criticise and so much to praise, that ordinary fairness would seemingly induce either Canadians or Americans of any patriotism to defend their own National Game.

So if you are of the sportsman nature, why not uphold the Great Old National Game? (To which you have so often contributed your « TWO-BITS » to witness in its own native land) by coming out *here* and helping it to get its foot-hold in the 3rd Echelon, G.H.Q., League.

After an interview with the President of the league he has given me permission to say that he will wager to bet that if you followers of sport turn out to see the games played by the would-be ball-players, you will witness the very best ball playing that ever was played by amateurs.

With these few remarks, I will say that if you are a sport come out and help your comrades play the Great Old Game.

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## CRICKET. NOTES

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On May 20th we played our first match of the season against Nos 3 & 5 Inf. Sections, We batted first, Goodall and Williams opening the innings. Before they were separated, seventeen runs were made. Goodall was doing most of the scoring, and was out, cleaned bowled by Barton after a well-earned 26. The score then stood 5 wickets for 47. The remaining wickets fell in quick succession only 5 runs being added. Imagining ourselves weak in the bowling it was an agreeable surprise to see 5 of their wickets down for 23. It looked like a win for us, but De Ath and Roberts, playing a « stonewall » game, succeeded in tiring the Bowlers, and managed to carry the score above the required number. Capt Martin and Campbell were the two most successful Bowlers. The former capturing 2 wickets for 9, the latter 3 for 19,

Final Score : — Canadian Sect. 52. Nos 3 & 5 Inf Sect. 84.

---

On Friday June 1st, we played Signals. We were fortunate in winning the toss, Goodall electing to bat first. Things looked bad for us with 4 for 16, and the best Batsmen out. Goodall unfortunately being out to a difficult catch in the

long field which was luckily held. However Moran, going in fifth wicket down, contributed a useful 21, which brightened our prospects. Pickles played careful cricket for his 9 not out. The side was dismissed for 64.

Our Bowlers were too strong for the Signals, they were all out in short order for a total of 32. Parrott bowled extremely well, taking 5 wickets for 5 runs. He was well supported in the field. Campbell also did well, taking 2 wickets for 9 runs.

---

On June 3rd we played Terr Inf. Northern Section, on our ground. Rumours of the strength of this team had prepared us for a hard match. Unfortunately Goodall, our star Batsman, was not able to play, otherwise we had a fairly representative side. Our opponents batted first. It was a surprise to see their wickets tumbling down one after another. Campbell and Parrott were bowling very well, and were consistently on the wicket. Six of their wickets fell quickly for 27 runs, then Luck smiled on them. Emmerson, by no means a Batsman, managed to score 24 before he was dismissed. He was mainly instrumental in bringing the final total to 63 runs.

Parrott with 5 for 25, and Campbell with 3 for 13 shared the bowling honors. Moran and Williams opened the batting for us, a total of 7 being scored before they were separated, Williams being bowled by Edwards for 5. Then Parker, their « wonder » Bowler, got his length, and bowling a beautiful swerve ball, took wickets in quick succession. It was a procession to the wicket. We were dismissed for a total of 14 runs.

Score. Canadian Section. 14. Terr Inf Northern. 63.

---

On June the 10th we were away to Railway Staff. We batted first. Everybody seemed to be at ease against the bowling of Mills and Evans of the Railway Staff. Hodgman and Parrott played well.

The former proved himself a hard hitter and a careful player, he well-earned his 26 runs. And Parrott though having a little luck deserved his 17 runs. We were dismissed for a total of 113 runs. With five of their wickets down for 26 runs, we counted another win. They could do nothing with either the bowling of Parrott or Pickles. Bradbury, by pure luck, got 17 runs not out. Going in last man he was responsible for bringing the score up from 9 for 35, to all out 62. Parrott took 5 wickets for 33 runs. Pickles 5 for 24 runs.

Final Score : — Canadian Section 113. Railway Staff 62.

---

Won 2, Lost 2, is not too bad for our first start in Competition Cricket. We are playing Englishmen at their own game, a game which unlike Football, is more for the indulgement of the specialist than the enthusiast. Unfortunately we are not specialists like our English confreres. But we mean to win the rest of our games. That is our spirit, and it will no doubt enable us to obtain a coveted place in the final standing.

A. C. M.



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Imperial Sections and Frenchmen

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**& A GUARANTEED PREVENTATIVE FOR ANAEMIA.**

A well known office authority on **everything** states.

For all cases of anaemia and « morning after » depression, I always advise my patients to take these tours. They **Never** revisit me.

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**Boots and Clothing are supplied free of charge to all joining these tours.**

**The E. F. C. sell Boot Polish, Button Polish, Clothes Brushes, Shoe Brushes and all little accessories at very reasonable prices.**

**The morning papers are always on sale on the 12.05. p. m. tours.** (in order to save time it is requested that papers be bought after the march.)

**All points of interest visited, see: the famous French Barracks, on the line of march and observe the Polite French Sentry present arms and smile.**

.....

These interesting "WIN THE WAR TOURS" Leave, No. 2, rue Dufay Twice daily

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**ANOTHER WRITES.** Before the move I was troubled with innumerable Nominal Rolls and A F B 103's. Since being moved by the **MUSICAL CHAIR METHOD** I have only a binder and an ash tray left.

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