



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT-COL. W. F. GILSON, OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION
 EDITOR CENSORED BY CHIEF CENSOR NEWS EDITOR
 CAPT. W. F. ORR — Sgt J. W. CAMPBELL.

N 22 BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE, FEB. 15 1917 Price 1d.

Extract from documents discovered in deep German dug-outs by Intelligence Scout of War Babies Battalion.

Map Ref. Strafe Orders Y. Z. 4 U
 Mud. Way. B. Off 1/1,000,000 Dec. 21st 1945.

1. - On the night of 25/26th Dec. the HAMBURGER TERRORS assisted by the MINNENWERFER LAGERS will penetrate the enemy lines in unpteen places for the purpose of :

- (a) Depriving him of his BREAD TICKETS & P. SOUP.
- (b) Ascertaining if he has any MEAT TICKETS left.
- (c) Gaining information as to his next shipment of POLITICIANS.
- (d) Exchange of SOUVENIRS.

2. - The Regimental Agony section will discourse the HYMN OF HATE and kindred selections during the advance.

3. - Water bottles, packs, haversacks and other socks will be carried.

4. - The SAUERKRAUTS will move over two hours afterwards and will carry empty sacks, returning with the collection gathered by their brave comrades.

5. - Each man, in addition to above, will carry 100 copies of the following for distribution :

- (a) « How the British Navy was caught napping. »
- (b) « How Birmingham, Glasgow and Dublin received our intrepid ZEPPELINISTS. »
- (c) « Why the U.S.A. gave up writing notes. »
- (d) « Complete account of the RUSSIAN retirement in SERBIA. »

At the expiration of 5 hours all ranks will return to their trenches where a distribution of Iron Crosses will be awarded by the CLOWN PRINCE.

(Signed)

O. U. UN
 A. S. S. Bef & S. in C. E.
 GERMAN ARMIES.

ADVICE TO NEW ARRIVALS.

Avoid the vicinity of bursting shells. They take the most unwarranted liberties with your physique.

If you have any particular physical feature of which you are proud, such as an exceptionally symmetrical shin-bone, conceal it carefully from enemy shrapnel. The alterations might not suit you.

Be absent from the neighbourhood of rifle-grenades, when they are on the point of arriving. They are no respecters of the Kings uniform, and khaki shows stains so easily.

Never use your c asp-knife to pry the nose off an unexploded shell. You might break the blade and lose a days pay for destroying Government property.

Have no dealings with the trench mortar bomb. It doesn't advertise.

The sigh of the minnenwerfer may be a most seductive sound, but show your appreciation lying down. You may suffer a nasty bruise if you don't.

When you hear the sweet soprano note of a traversing machine-gun, stoop. Bullets enlarge the pores so.

Refrain from excessive curiosity as to the construction and propulsive power of an enemy bomb. You might find out.

Don't over-eat when in the front line.

If an old-timer tells you to go out and paint the listening-post, hit him with anything loose and handy.

Be absent from the line of flight of a bullet if in the open, otherwise ward off any familiarity with a thick parapet.

Don't look up at an over-head Taube. The aviator may be chewing tobacco.

Don't look over the parapet to see what the Germans look like. You can smell the good ones.

If you suspect any of your comrades of being a war poet. Watch him closely. If you catch him in the act of writing verse, slay him on sight.

Finally, if through carelessness, ignorance, absentmindedness, inadvertence or sheer bad luck you should happen to be hit, conceal your money carefully in your sock, before the stretcher-bearer has time to go through you ; simulate semidelirium, and moan faintly — « rum—rum ! » You may not get any of course, but it's always worth the chance.



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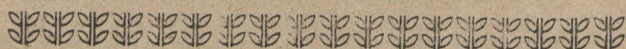
GEO BURCH, MILITARY TAILOR,
420 Strand, London, W. C., Eng.

IN THE FIELD. (note new address).

Canteens of most Canadian units.
Army Canteens in Canadian Corps Area.
Y. M. C. As: in " " "
Soldiers Institute, Canadian Corps.

EDITORIAL

What ! wad ye stop the pipers ?
Nay, 'tis over-soon,
Dance, since you're dancing, William,
Dance, ye puir' loon !
Dance till you're dizzy, William,
Dance till ye swoon !
Dance till you're dead, my laddie,
We play the tune.



The Chronicles of B. C. Rifleiers

(Continued)

83. — And whilst on board the ship the band of our O. C. did have a strange and wonderful experience for it was decreed by the Counsellors of our mother's country that to each and every man should be given daily a modicum of a strange and wonderful nectar that was called « Rum » and accordingly each day was every hireling called to the « break of the poop » and to each and every one was given two spoonful of this potent liquid — and strange and weird were many of the visions given to the hirelings after partaking thereof, and tongues were loosened as if by magic and all sought to speak at once so that none could distinguish the voice of his neighbour and all would retire to the stalls of the cattle with much contentment and refrain for the time to bewail the discomfort of their surroundings.

84. — And the counsellors of our mother's country did give to each of the hirelings as they left the ship a coat made from the skins of the sheep and the goat with the wool and the hair outwards that they might present a weird and fantastic appearance and so strike terror into the hearts of the King's enemies, and the hirelings did array themselves in these coats with many foolish grins and did look askance one upon the other for once more did they look as motley a crowd as when they assembled on the plains of Valcartier.

85. — And even yet were the trials of our O.C.'s band but beginning for they marched them to the chariots that run on the rails of steel and showed them the chariots in which they were to journey to meet the King's enemies — and the hearts of the hirelings sank when they gazed upon these chariots — for they were small and not inviting

to the eye and on them in the language of this strange country was the legend

40 HOMMES

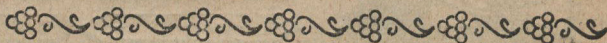
8 CHEVAUX

and those amongst the hirelings that were learned in languages did interpret it and into each of the chariots was placed two score hirelings so that one could neither sit nor lie.

86. — And for two days and nights did they remain in the chariots and did suffer grievously for there was no rest within and the stanches from the pelts of the sheep and the goat did tend to bring forth much new and more amazing profanity each passing hour.

87. — And as the dawn appeared on the morning of the second day they did arrive at the end of their journey at a village that is named S.....E and did.

(TO BE CONTINUED).



« War is hell ! » - Sherman.

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Oh, Belgian Beer ! — Vile mockery of a drink,  
How often have I purchased thee, and hoped,  
By virtue of my purse and amorous wink,  
To get thee doped —  
With just one small « Quatre Sous » of « eau de vie »,  
To warm the cockles of my heart.  
And to my craving, starved anatomy,  
A glow of « joie de vivre » impart.  
Mais non ! Alas, I've had to drink thee neat  
Which brought my woes upon me stronger still ;  
(For insipidity thou'rt hard to beat).  
The longed for glow is absolutely nil.

Oh, French Tabac ! I think of thee, and fear  
That some day I shall be compelled  
To use thee, spite of all thy flavours queer,  
Choice quite with-held —  
Through some misfortune — (Heaven forbend !)  
Befalling that at times donated :  
Thy destiny, — a fiery end —  
If left to me will be belated,  
Bon chance, Tabac. Remain the Poilu's friend,  
For I'm no lover of thine acrid smoke.  
Certain 'twould be, if I should condescend  
To inhale thee, — I'd choke.

Oh, Itchy Koo ! — Sensation of torment —  
(Etcetera — Ed.)

Oh, Fifteen Francs ! Sweet morsel which creates  
A wild desire to have thee ten times ten ;  
More frequently than those bi-monthly dates,  
Or now and then  
A goodly sum, to have a real good bust  
To chase away my bitter grouch,  
Or pay for what I've had on trust,  
And keep « Bull Durham » in my pouch.  
Vain hope, — 'tis but an empty quest.  
Two days with dough — and thirteen broke.  
But still I struggle on and do my best  
Beneath the military yoke.

Driver Williams, C.D.T.

## SAYINGS OF Mrs. SOLOMON.

(By Helen Rowland).

The Prayer of a Bride who seeketh wisdom and light that her days may be long in the House of Matrimony.

Oh, Fate, I thank thee that thou hast granted me this hour of triumph wherein I shall walk before my friends and mine enemies, with this trophy by my side!

For what profiteth it a woman though she be crowned with all the laurels under the sun and have not worn a wreath of orange blossoms?

Therefore, I pray thee, make me worthy that I may deserve him, and wise that I may hold him, even as thou hast made me clever, that I might CATCH him!

Let me not see his faults if he have any; make me blind to his failings; shut mine eyes to his weaknesses. For I know that in matrimony only the totally blind are happy.

Stay me, I pray thee, from the folly of « confessions » and whatsoever my flirtations and sentimental triumphs have been, let me not boast of them. For confessions are like unto wine, exhilarating for the moment, but apt to leave one with « that sorry feeling. »

Likewise deliver me from curiosity! Stay me, I pray thee, from questioning him concerning his OWN past, his comings and his goings and his staying out in the evenings.

For a woman that asketh questions is as too much pepper in the soup, too much horse-radish upon the clams, and perfect FAITH is the only leash whereby a wife may hold her husband in check. Yea, verily, a little suspicion is a dangerous thing!

Strengthen me, I beseech thee, that I may suppress mine own inclinations and hide my desires, and conceal my whims; let me be hungry when HE is hungry, sentimental when HE is sentimental, sleepy when HE is sleepy, merry when HE is merry and busy when HE is busy.

For next to not being at hand when she is needed the worst crime a wife can commit is to be there when she is NOT wanted.

Teach me the legerdemain whereby I can make a chicken salad from Sunday's veal and an « imported » hat from a cast-off feather duster or an old peach basket.

Let me not hanker after compliments nor yearn after flattery, for I know that when he maketh me his wife it is the greatest compliment that he shall ever pay me and the LAST!

Strengthen me to meet his old flames with pleasant smiles and graciousness. For it is not his past loves but his FUTURE ones which shall be my tribulation.

Let me not yearn after « Independence » for I know that my Fourth of Julys are over, and after the wedding day my TOOTH BRUSH shall be the only sign of mine individuality left unto me.

Fill me with humility that I may joyfully relinquish the heart of the salad and be satisfied with the smaller portion of the steak; yea, that I may delight to let my coffee cool and mine appetite wait until HE is satisfied.

For behold if I cater, unto him these things then will he yield unto me in all things of **importance**, and my days shall be long and happy in the two-by-four kitchenette apartment which he, mine husband, bestoweth upon me!

Selah!

## SISTER DOROTHY'S MAIL BUDGET

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« Now I know why the Navy battalions all smoke short clay pipes », said dear, old Aunt Emma. « So they won't show up in the trenches. But, do you know, I tried ever so many shops and none of them sold anything except long, white ones. »

SOMEWHERE

Behind the lines, somewhere in France,
We're waiting for the great advance,
And doing things, from day to day,
That help us on our weary way.
You'd be surprised. You would in fact,
To find our squadron so intact,
Despite the German shells and mines,
It's often dull behind the lines—
Somewhere in France.

Behind the lines in Belgium too
You still might find us, quite a few
Still rustivating on the farms
Or lying idly on our arms,
And watching all our sleek chevaux.
(Our King and Country need us so.)
Of Uhlans here we see no signs
It's stagnant, quite, behind the lines
Somewhere in Belgium.

We used to have some idle hopes
Of charging down the Rhineland slopes
And doing Cossack Posts, and stunts
That we have practised more than once,
But, nimble troopers as we were
We could but stay behind and swear,
And wish to brave the shots and stanches,
And « Foot-slog » in to man the trenches
Somewhere in front.

But still we're guarding farms and things.
(It's not our fault, or even (censored)
This here patrolling round the farms
Is meant for Frenchmen or Gens d'Armes,
And watching roads in open view
Lest some slim Fritzie should creep through.
Poor Devil! If he hits our rounds
(Estaminets are out of bounds)
Somewhere in Flanders.

The Infantry are doin' splendid,
But, God send, e'er the war be ended,
They need our Cavalry that's mounted
(If our old steeds are still accounted)
We'll amble in, our pace no greater,
Should they require us some years later,
And stall our horses out of malice
In Kaiser Wilhelm's Potsdam palace
Somewhere in Deutschland.

Pte R. T. Anderson. 2067.

Can. Corps Cavalry.

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## To C.S.C. only.

Tompkins was a thoughtful cuss,  
Who, in the depths beneath a Flanders farm,  
Contrived to aid his country; and besides,  
Enliven many a dreary hour for us  
His pals, who also dwelt with him below earth's  
crust;  
Helping the dear, old country in her trials  
By « buzzing » dots and dashes, cuss-words, and  
all kinds  
Of information useful to H.Q. — and us.  
Tompkins reached the zenith of his fame one day.  
When, through indulgence in his ration rum  
Combined with that of his « Side-kick » a very  
temperate man,  
He sent the message handed in by his O. C. —  
« Give Fritz one hundred shells. » —  
Not as the O.C. meant exactly, but in effect the  
same;  
Omitting, by mistake, three dots before the H.E.'s  
name.

C. D.



Stop ! Look ! Listen !

First class, commodious Sanatorium, just opened within the shellfire zone, catering for anyone who cares to blow in, who hasn't got a home.

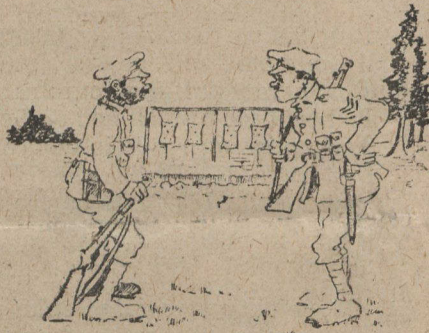
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Officers and batmen going to schools of instruction attended to ; Open all night for their convenience ; Refreshments served from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M. No trouble at all ; We expect it ; You can make all kinds of noise ; Guests are used to being kept awake all night.

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Efficient staff kept to cope with anything that should happen.

Guests are respectfully requested to bring their egg-money with them, to prevent unpleasant results.



SERGEANT: WHY DIDN'T YOU SHAVE THIS MORNING?  
PRIVATE: WELL SERGEANT THERE WERE SIX OF US SHAVING IN ONE MIRROR



AND I MUST HAVE SHAVED SOME BODY ELSE

All fees must be paid in advance. Conscientious Objectors will be tolerated perhaps, on certain conditions. So will parties returning from bombing schools and so forth, if they don't come too many at a time and upset the calculation of the management. Those returning from the above schools of instruction, and arriving in the afternoon, may stay with us until next day, free of charge — if they are so minded unless the « Bull » catches them before they go.

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Special diet of the latest and most digestible quality.

Special M. and V. pot pourri.

Try our own conglomeration of Bull-a-Bee, U.S. to proud-to-fight brand. Passed by the International of Censors and sought by large numbers of our patrons. Recommended by the Health Officer, « Drug and Health Act, 1920 ».

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Visitors will get a warm welcome. The steady boarders will pay the damage.

Guests are respectfully requested to remember that no gratuities will be tolerated under any circumstances. « No Tipping » is our motto. The staff have never been used to it. They don't expect it. They aim to please only. They would feel insulted.

Every evening a grand Cinema show at 6 and 8 P.M. Special pictures sent over to us from different parts of the world, at enormous expense to the management. We are also pleased to inform our patrons that we have been fortunate in securing the services of « Charlie Chaplin », who can be seen from time to time at our shows. In the meantime he is taking a course in the restoration or circulation to chilly feet.

Admission free.

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First class band in attendance at all meals, under very able leadership. We have the « Military Zonophonal Orchestra » playing all the latest hits from all the Revues now running in London and Paris.

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Afternoon tea on the lawn. Tennis, Clock golf, and Diabolo parties arranged. Ladies specially catered for.

Special, single meal tickets, can be had on application to the Mess Cashier, at the very low rate of two francs per meal.

Hot and cold baths on request. Try our special bath. We recommend it to those who are tired of the war. Best treatment for cold feet known. Ask for the Four a la Bucket bath.

Interesting debates nightly in our Auditorium, against the danger of intoxicating liquors such as, Lime juice, Belgique beer, Citron and so forth. Only non-alcoholic beverages such as ; S.R.D. kept in stock. Hours from 9 P.M. midnight after the estaminets close.

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Farewell speeches are accorded to guests who have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The band will play these guests off the guests off the premises to the tune of — « See Them Shuffle Along », and « We don't want to lose you, but we want to keep the old flag flying yet. »

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A home from home behind the firing line. Emergency sleeping apartments over night on the Flooratorium of our establishment, commonly called a « doss ». Every comfort given in that direction. Terms moderate. We aim to please.

~~~~~

Excellent Bathing ; Ping-pong ; Pic-nic parties arranged by the management. Cars right up to the front line. Grand view of the daily « strafe » by our artillery. Souvenirs in abundance to take home to your wives, sweethearts, and friends in « Blighty ».

THE ADVENTURES OF IGNATZ HUMP, SOLDIER AND BATMAN TOO.

By R. ATHER RAWTEN.

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



The Adventures of Ignatz Hump.

(CONTINUED)

Bye and bye Ignatz rose with the statement he was cleaned of his last sou.

Philosophically our hero made his preparations for a turn in the trenches, as his battalion was going « in » that night. He rolled the Exalted One's bedding, laid out the trench kit and made his own simple arrangements.

At dusk the battalion fell in and plodded along the muddy roads beneath the dripping branches of the leafless trees. Near the top of the ridge they halted, and after a short rest strung out in single file and moved over the crest.

That wonderful but inexpressibly tiresome nightly illumination was in progress — the show, staged across half a continent, of which the curtain rises promptly at dusk. Far down in the trough of the shallow valley where the trenches lay facing one another, flare-lights blazed incessantly. The accelerated rifle fire of the « evening hate » rose to a continuous rattle, punctuated periodically by the wicked stutter of a machine-gun. But, by the time the long file of men had wound down to the lower ground the sudden recurrence of activity had died away to the occasional muffled thump and swish of stray shots and the jar and thunder of a trench mortar bomb or two.

Laden with the unholy burden of a soldier and a batman Ignatz stumbled along to trench 796 — the official name of his home for the succeeding term of days. He did not feel excessively happy, for house moving in the trench zone is not unaccompanied by risk. However, by the time he trod the familiar « bath-mats » and had seized the best dug-out available, he felt more normal and in higher spirits.

The following period of days was, for Ignatz, a time of undeviating virtuousness — nothing else being possible. He battled assiduously and with all the acquired knowledge of much trench experience. At no time was he without either coke or charcoal. His store of dry wood was never done. Others might stamp and swear round empty braziers, but in the snugest corner of 796 the faint, cheerful glow of the best and biggest trench fire framed the small face of our hero from dusk onwards.

Nothing worthy of note happened, and in due course the battalion was relieved, and started on the long hike to the rest billets ; the long trudge during which the art of grousing attains its fullest flower.

Tired and utterly fed up, Ignatz dumped his master's belongings in his hut and then started

on a tour of investigation. This ended in the discovery of a bottle of whisky belonging to the Exalted One. Very little of it had been consumed, and Ignatz, in momentary revolt at the pressure of things in general, refreshed, perhaps too lavishly. Anyhow, when he went in quest of an « eye-opener » next morning, he found a label tied to the neck of the bottle bearing the curt admonition — « Have a heart » — and the signature of his superior. Our hero was hurt. « As if I'd touch his old whisky », he mumbled to himself. (a libel on the liquor, by the way, for it was Christopher's most recent and rankest blend).

Early in the forenoon he got orders to proceed to the village of Hemenen for the purpose of procuring a few delicacies for his master's table. Well supplied with money, he started out in a cheerful frame of mind, down the greasy « pave ». At the cross-roads he fell in with « Dutch George » a Hollander born, but, by the grace of heaven, latterly a B. C. logger. George — oh, happy man — could speak Flemish, so together they repaired to the market place, and after some consideration and much haggling, bought a rabbit.

Exhausted by their labours they then went in search of refreshment and — thanks to George — found it. The day wore away in recuperation till our hero's rabbit, which he still carried, began to show signs of deterioration. It was not a sufficiently durable rabbit for a whole days outing, so, ere the shades of dewy evening descended on the dusky plain, it was severely frazzled in places.

When the money began to go done Dutch George and Ignatz parted company and our hero made for home with his rabbit.

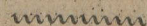
It was a disastrous day for Ignatz. His boss refused to listen to his explanations and would not even be mollified by the rabbit. Our hero was soundly cursed and « returned to his company, forthwith. »

« Cruel, unkind world, » — or words to that effect — said our hero next day as he slid and jostled on the stretch of mud that did duty for a parade ground. As soon as he was dismissed he tore off his equipment and made for the Estaminet a la Frontiere.

He found Marie deep in converse with a tall artilleryman with bow-legs and bright buttons. Now, if there was one person more distasteful to Ignatz than another, it was just that sort of soldier. « Blasted non combatant. » He thrust a truculent elbow on to the bar and called for beer. But, alas for his dignity, when he came to pay he searched his pockets in vain. « Wat, you broke ? » demanded Marie. « Flatter'n a hot — cake, » responded our hero, « but I'll fix it up next pay ». Marie grudgingly allowed him credit until then, and smarting under the disdainful eye of the artilleryman he betook himself to the most remote table, there to brood on the frightful retribution he would exact from the tall artilleryman with the bow-legs and bright buttons. For one mad moment Ignatz even thought of assaulting him, but the architectural dimensions of the stranger forbade, and torn with jealousy of the man who was absorbing Marie's brightest smiles and most winsome glances, he left.

He sat into a game of « Black-jack », but his ill luck still persisted and before evening had fallen « he would have to be hittin' the trail » and returned to camp.

(To be continued)



One of our co-workers at the taming of the Bosche owns to a peculiar calling in civil life: He states that before the war he earned his bread by selling live homing pigeons to Chinamen. The chief draw-back, he insists, was the unwisdom of attempting to sell the same pair to the identical. Think more than about twice.

« What gets my goat worst in this war », said the tall, thin private laying down his knife and fork with a sigh of regret, « is the amount of business opportunity lying around unclaimed. To a man, who used to specialize in « snaps » and « sure-things », « good buys » and record breaking business chances of all sorts, with an office accumulating cob-webs in Pender street, the fumbling way the natives around here let slip the opportunities of a life time, is downright painful. The fact that I'm handling real estate with the business and of a muck-stick, doing my turn in the line, when ought to be entrenched behind a « roll-top » is my main kick.

Of course I've got the average man's disgust of the German atrocities in Belgium, the martyrdom of Serbia, the submarine piracy, for the whole horrible holocaust of war, but my chief grievance is the fact that there's all kinds of chances going around looking for a good home, and I'm not able to stick out my shingle and rake in the shekels.

Now you take this « quick lunch », if the girl who runs this joint gets more than three orders at once she loses her head lets the fire go out. She gives you tea when you ask for coffee, and boiled spuds when you ask for « frites ». What's the matter with running a quick lunch where a man can get a real feed of genuine grub, quickly and cleanly served. It makes me weary. — Encore de la biere M'rie ! — and there's hundreds of soldiers aching, just aching to be disentagled from their last pay in an « honest to God » eating house. »

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Editor's note : — The following letter was received by a friend in Vancouver who advertised for a marine engine. It is reproduced exactly as written.

In care of K. Takashima,  
1803 Powel St.,  
Vancouver, B.C.

W. P. Weston, Esq.,  
Fairmont 858-R.

Sir :

For a long period of time I investigate Directory of British Columbia Telephone Company, Ltd, to discover personality of Fmt. 858-R - number who desires marine engine six horse power Grey or Fairbanks manufacture in sound condition suitable for adventuring to sea. By evil fortune, my speech of English is not of same high academicity as my literary composition, wherefore I make more lucid in writing my consideration of things.

My possession obtains one excellent six horse power indicated marine engine, by unfortunate circumstance not manufacture arrogate, « Automatic ». In my usage it has served me short period only, I was educated in most excellent high school in Japan and in for this nation. But things do not find themselves thus. Bad time eventuated and by necessity your servant most obediently fished on the Fraser River the salmon. Too much Goddam Scottishmen there, and rough as hell, Excuse me, I beseech you my colloquial phrasology. I sell hull of boat engine I possess « Automatic » r. d. no. 3862 Chicago, requisitioning nether coil or battery power gasoline or distillate (No. 1 or 2), clutch reverse all in condition, very powerful machine propels 28 ft. of boat 8 miles per 1 hour economical fuel patent port now-blowbacking, schebler carbonetter.

I have signal honor to fight for this land and am distributing my property before I depart to encounter common foe, Goddam Hun, excuse me, Price 95 dollars. You may interview me at drill hall Cordova Hall, Main and Columbia, Cordova St., any night at 7.30 p.m. Kindly ask sergeant at arms for 35, Kinoju Takahire, private.

Your most obedient servant.

## THE BRIGADE SIGNALLER

(during a scrap in a hot place).

What can compare with the Signaller's lot ?  
In some scraps you've a chance to go « nuts » on the spot.

For a time of haggling, nagging and strife,  
You'd remember this job for the rest of your life.

The « Heads » start to fight with all their might,  
Armed with an « A » pad, a « Black and white, »  
Along comes a message for York and Norwich,  
One for Division, another for Warwick.

You begin to pound brass, get the adds lined up,  
Then start sending, perhaps, quick stuff.  
The Staff rings up in a a hurry, « Eh, what ! »  
Says the Major, « Look here, I want York on the spot. »

Five minutes he's through, again you start up —  
You hope to get through with a bit of luck —  
At twenty a minute you're tapping the wire,  
(p'raps)  
Think you're off like a house on fire.

Somebody breaks, your heart gives a quake,  
A swish at him you'd like to take.  
« S », says he, which you know means speak.  
He says, « Shake your 'phone. Your voice sounds weak. »

You continue to shout in a fever heat,  
Shuffling incomfortably in your seat.  
In breaks Bradford calling 25.  
Says he, « I've a message ». You wave him aside.

He still persist, so you send M. Q.  
That keeps him quiet for a minute or two.  
Then a h-l of buzz at the back of your head  
Reminds you, once more, that the Staff are not dead.

Says Captain Fitz Whizz-Bang, « What's wrong with the line ? »  
« Have I to call you ten minutes each time ? »  
You argue. He angrily says, « Don't speak back to me,  
But give me Essex as quick as can be. »

You feel pretty mad and think it not right,  
Feel like saying the telephone took fright.  
The message you started is still unsent.  
You swear 'neath your breath your feelings to vent

The clerk says, « Here are some messages, Jim. »  
The Staff rings again. Your head seems to swim.  
Some unwelcome visitors start in to jaw.  
The dug-out is now in a furious roar.

All around the batteries straff and crack.  
Fritz with H. E. and Shrapnel comes back.  
When he drops 'em in near, you're feeling queer.  
Perhaps the next one will end your career.

As an Operator you must keep your seat,  
No « beating it » though you have chilly feet.  
Excuse me, soldier, whilst I sob,  
OH, FOR A REAL LIVE BOMB-PROOF JOB !

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The song of the 1st B.C.

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We are tired of resting here.  
We are tired of drinking beer.  
Write a letter to the Corps —  
« Let us take some trenches more. »

Answer comes from Army Corps —  
« You can take three trenches more. »  
Do you think we'll stop at three ?  
Not while we're the 1st B.C.

Ena Mena Mina Mo,  
Up the blinking ridge we go,  
If on top we cannot be,  
Then we're not the 1st B. C.

Once on top we will not stop.  
When we've got them on the top  
Down the far side they will flee  
From the good, old 1st B. C.

Fritz will say — « For home I pine.  
Further fighting I decline. »  
So across the Rhine we'll be.  
(Three months leave for 1st B. C.)

Any more lines, dear, old thing,  
We will take and give to —  
V. of V. proud man will be,  
But he knew his 1st B. C.

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A CLIMPSE OF HOME

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The snow lies deep upon the hill,  
But deeper in the dell,  
And ice-encrusted is the stream —  
The stream I know so well.

Keen as a knife, the frosted air  
A thousand lights reveal.  
A thousand scintillating lights  
Across the night sky steal.

Look ! what a wondrous land I see,  
The late moon rising shows.  
The Moose's brazen call is heard  
Across the fleeting snows.

Calm on the hill he stands supreme,  
Eager for love or fight ;  
And once again his brazen call  
Re-echoes through the night.

I see again the virgin wood  
Where Nature's children sleep.  
While from the chimney of my shack  
The curling smoke wreaths creep.

Relentless now the forest creeps  
Where once the clearing stood.  
No more upon the frosty morn  
The axe rings in the wood.

No friendly fire adorns the hearth.  
Within the shades lie deep.  
Across the portal of my door  
The skulking Coyotes creep.

Perhaps some future day will see  
My long delayed return ;  
And once again a friendly fire  
Upon the hearth-stone burn.

Ptè Joe Sullivan. 466410.

Private Isadore Cohen was on sentry duty in the trench, when the German officer slid over the parapet and shoved a gun in his face. Izzy was scared stiff, but not so badly that the business instinct wasn't working. « It ain't a bad gun you got », he admitted » but it's been used a lot. Tell you what, I'll give you ten francs for it, and not another cent. »

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« When I enlisted, » said the 47th man, « I had to pass seven doctors before I was able to join the battalion. »

« That's nothing », answered the old 7th private « A pal of mine in Valcartier, a man of good physique, was turned down by the medical authorities because he was ugly. »

ADVERTISEMENT

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### Situations Vacant

Engineer wanted for large brazier. Must be skilled mechanic with 19th class papers. Preference given to man who can run a muck stick between meals. Must be good coke rustler. Must be able to produce abundant heat without either light or smoke. Hours from dawn till dawn, light duties only after that. Comfortable quarters on the firing-step. Water laid on. Wages Fr. 30 per month Bonus after the war. Liberal diet. Apply in person to almost any section commander in front line.

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Situations Wanted.

— Ex-soldier desires employment as private secretary to munition worker. Can operate typewriter any make, Colt, Lewis or Vickers-Maxim. Very rapid and accurate. No objection to working nights and Sundays.

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### Sale or Exchange.

Private in Canadians, late real estate magnate, will exchange 25ft lot in Ocean View Extension, Greater Vancouver — cost originally forty of the green and crinkly ones — for bombproof job any capacity.

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Personal.

If the author and composer of « Oh My ! I Don't Want To Die. I Want To Go Home. » will communicate with this office he will hear of something to his disadvantage.

