

Vol. I., No. 4.

# 'Tchun!



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THE CANADIAN CORPS TRAINING SCHOOL

*September, 1917.*

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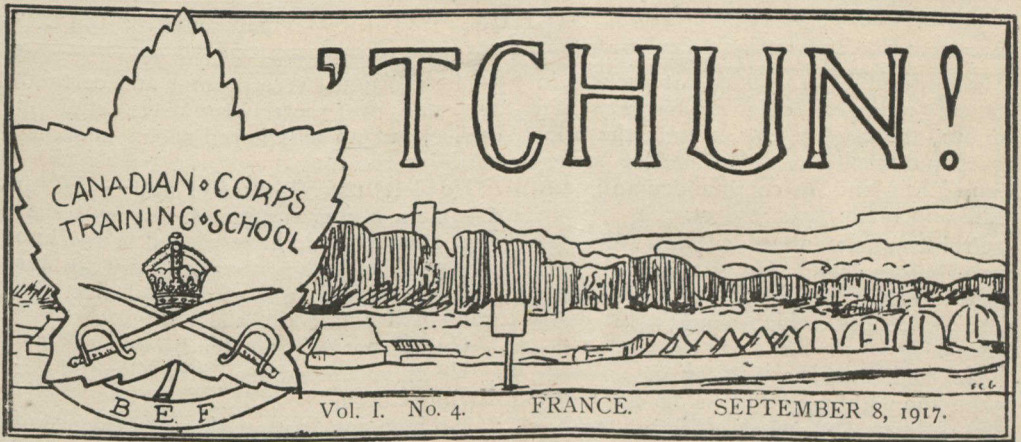
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## Long Live the Corps Commander!

GENERAL SIR JULIAN BYNG, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. M.V.O., has come and gone. He came to the Canadian Corps, the chosen of our own Canadian Government, already a man outstanding among his own profession—a man whom the Great War had discovered already great.

At the moment of his coming came one of the severest tests to which Canadian courage and organisation had been put. The 2nd June, 1916, was almost his introduction. There was a situation of despe-

rate need, a sudden disheartening catastrophe: lost trenches, shattered battalions of

the best, the menace of further hostile attacks—the imperative necessity of successful counter-attacks and the re-establishment of our lines.

The 13th June was his first victory. Coolly, confidently, encouragingly he directed the counter-attack which so successfully regained the lost territory. Then began his work of re-organisation and of instilling the spirit of his own high purpose into all ranks of the Corps.



Photo]

[Elliott and Fry, Ltd.  
Lieut.-General Sir ARTHUR W. CURRIE, K.C.M.G., C.B.

Indefatigable in labour, inflexible in justice, unimpeachable in dignity and honour, thoroughly imbued with the principles and traditions of the noblest profession of England, he commanded an immediate and instinctive respect.

Problems not only of military character came before him. He sat in judgment upon strange requests; he dealt firmly with influences which sought to guide him

He had only one object in view—to make the fighting qualities of the Canadian soldier the most effective weapon possible. He knew his men; he knew what they could do. He realised that training was the secret of success; and training was his fundamental theme. He was the founder and guiding spirit of the Canadian Corps School.

When he took his Corps southward to participate in the great battle of the Somme he took a body of men perfected in the most developed form of trench warfare and possessed of the highest offensive spirit.

The results justified his methods. When he struck he struck with skill and daring. He assumed the responsibility for the sudden and victorious double attacks of September 15.

After the Somme came the long winter of 1916-1917, and the prolonged preparation and preliminary offensive which terminated gloriously in the capture of Vimy Ridge, April 9, 1917.

It was Sir Julian Byng who first appreciated the need for the reorganisation of the platoon as a fighting unit, complete in all branches. The glorification of the platoon commander was a cardinal point in his régime. He was ever ready to investigate new suggestions or ideas. He was keenly alive to the constant development in methods of attack and defence.

Those who knew him best appreciated him most. He improved upon acquaintance.

The tall figure and the thoughtful bend of his head; the underthrust of his jaw; the keen, swift glance of the blue eye beneath a puckered brow, and his soft low whistle as he pondered, will always be remembered by those who knew him

His decisions were prompt and certain. He was ever ready to listen and to advise, but no man dared speak unnecessarily or too long.

He left us reluctantly, and only to assume a higher command. Every Canadian soldier would have wished to say him farewell, to have thanked him for his devoted service, to have cheered him with good will and good wishes.

He will not be forgotten by us.

He is succeeded by Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Currie.

No man can have a greater evidence of his greatness than he has in the record of the first Canadian Division. Our new Corps Commander comes to us tried and trusted. His past is assured, his future is determined as far as human judgment can determine it.

We welcome him. We offer him our confidence, our loyalty, our most obedient and complete service. We expect to march with him to fresh and greater victories.

He is a Canadian, big in stature, broad in mind, high in spirits. He is a champion whom we can measure with any German giant, and await the result with absolute confidence. He will lead us to our final triumph.

---

## SUGGESTED ADDITIONS TO STANDING ORDERS.

The parade ground in future will be white-washed on Sundays only.

Motor-cycle "equitation" will be substituted for physical "jerks" in the Senior Officers' course from Monday, the nth inst.

The use of Blanco on the smokestack of the incinerator is prohibited in consequence of lighting restrictions.

The School coat-of-arms shall be:—A Sergeant-Major rampant on a background of bullets and bayonets, cartridges and cannon-balls. Underneath the motto, "At the double."

---

"'Tis better to have bombed and bust, than never to have bombed at all," proclaimed the enthusiastic expert in his introductory remarks to his latest lecture entitled, "The only good Boche is the bombed Boche."

## THE LILIES.

*"Consider the lilies: they toil not, neither do they spin,  
Yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."*

Censored by General Staff.

The C.G. preached at a staff parade  
In a bomb-proof chateau square;  
The "brass hats" stood in the poplars' shade,  
The gorgeous "tabs" were there.

Colours of red, blue, gold and green,  
With a dash of black or white!  
The glory of the Sage looked mean  
Beside the wondrous sight.

Then out spake bold Episcopus:  
"Most noble sires and grave,  
Like lilies, without toil or fuss,  
You teach men to be brave.

"You glean hard facts thro' weary days"  
(The green tabs lent an ear)  
"And print them in communiqués  
For heroes in the rear.

"With quiet ease and dignity  
You plan the whole campaign;  
You do not court publicity,  
Nor shun the battle strain.

"You scorn delights of motor-cars,  
Nor prancing horses ride;  
Your lofty place all pleasure bars"  
(The red tabs blushed with pride.)

"While some of you spend sleepless nights,  
Worried about the guns,  
Others arrange the healing rites  
For Empire's wounded sons.

"Right well you do these noble tasks,"  
(The blue tabs smiled assent)  
"And no one for promotion asks,  
You work with glad content."

The pious black tabs said "Amen,"  
The lawn sleeves lifted high  
To give the blessing. Loudly then;  
"The King" rang up the sky!

A company of men trooped by,  
The Nation's stalwart shield,  
The staff to them, in colours high,  
Were "Lilies of the field."

A.P.S.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of copies of "Chevrons to Stars," the magazine published by our confrères of the Canadian Training School. It is very good, and we look forward to future copies with pleasure.

## DEMONSTRATIONS.

On August 1 a demonstration of drill and bayonet fighting was given at the School by the Instructors. Among those present were Major-General Lipsitt, C.M.G., Brig.-General Elmsley, D.S.O., Brig.-General Dyer, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. Hill, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. Millen, Lieut.-Colonel Kirkaldy, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel Sharpe, and a senior officer from nearly every battalion in the corps.

The object of the demonstration was to show that only the drill as laid down in infantry training and amendments was taught at the School, and that no fancy "quiffs" were indulged in. The snappy and accurate work of the instructors was very favourably commented on, and the visitors seemed to be much impressed.

The demonstration of bayonet fighting was carried out by the same squad that did the drill, in order to emphasise the Corps Commander's theory that every drill instructor should be bayonet-fighting instructor too. This demonstration included all the latest "stunts" and exercises as taught at the headquarters of the physical and bayonet training staff, and was gone through in the snappy manner characteristic of the Canadian Corps School.

The best platoon during the 12th Course was No 1 Platoon, which consisted entirely of officers. Their work all through the course was very smart, and they had no difficulty in winning the drill competition. The other officer platoons were good too, and were better than the N.C.O. platoons. Many visitors were astonished at the excellence of the drill of the platoons. One officer of many years' experience stated that he had no hesitation in saying that in all his experience he had never seen officers drill better.

\* \* \* \*

### READERS PLEASE NOTE.

The Editor is deeply grateful to all those who contributed to this and previous copies of 'TCHUN. He knows, however, that there are many who could contribute and who have not done so. He is anxious that all should have a share in making the paper better than it is, and would be glad if all who read this would hold a "kit inspection" of their brains, and "turn in" anything that they think would interest and amuse their fellow soldiers. Send it along in the good old style, "at the double."

Address to:—

The Editor, 'TCHUN,  
Canadian Corps School, B.E.F.,  
France.

For our new football shirts—two sets—we thank Major Shatford and the Chaplain Services. The Y.M.C.A. have been very generous, too, in supplying sporting goods of all descriptions. The Staff and the Sports Committees thank the donors very sincerely.



GEN. SIR JULIAN BYNG, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O

## The School and Staff.

Our School still goes ahead. Each course sees some advance, some improvement. The many visitors who have visited the School from time to time were most enthusiastic in their praise of the smart work and high level of discipline that obtain here. And they see that the Canadian can be as smart at drill as he is when he gets to grips with the Hun.

The Staff, which has been increased lately, now consists of Lieut.-Colonel A. D. Cameron, M.C., Commandant; Major J. D. MacPherson, M.C., Chief Instructor; Capt. N. A. D. Armstrong, Sniping Instructor; Lieut. Philips, Musketry Instructor; Captain J. S. Wilson and Lieut. A. D. May, Assistant Instructors; Lieut. Harvie, Assistant Sniping Instructor; and Lieut. Askwith, Lewis-gun Instructor. Lieuts. McMordie, Jones and Bird have been the Engineer Instructors at different times.

Captain A. McNeill is Adjutant and Quartermaster; Capt. Mathews is the Paymaster; and Capt. Cole, C.A.M.C., is the M.O.

An officer from each Division at the 12th Course has been kept over as Company Commander for the 13th Course. These officers are Capt. Anglin, Lieuts. Heaslip, Nesbitt, and Forrest.

Major J. D. MacPherson, M.C., recently attended the Senior Officers' Course at Aldershot.

The School has more recently added a Lewis-gun Course. Lieut. Askwith is the Instructor.

Much attention has been paid to field-firing in the last courses, and very good scores have been the rule.

The new "Bullet and Bayonet" course has been completed, and there, too, the work has been of a very high standard.

The Reference Library that has been added has supplied a long-felt want. Here the latest publications are to be found, and the students have access to all authoritative pamphlets on the various developments that are continually taking place in all branches of the service.





LADY BYNG.

## School Honour Roll.

In the Officers' Ante-room and the Canteen respectively are Honour Rolls. On these are written the names of those officers and N.C.O.s who excelled at the various courses. The names of their units appear too, so that not only is it a mark of merit for the students themselves but is also a "boost" for their units.

Appended are the Rolls up to date:—

1st Course—		7th Course—	C.S.M. R. J. Roberts,
Lieut. H. W. Simpson.	No N.C.O.'s attended	Lieut. F. C. Scruton	D.C.M.
2nd Course—			C.S.M. T. Journeaux
Lieut. J. Pringle		8th Course—	
Lieut. R. S. Rice.		Lieut. E. McCallum,	Cpl. E. Adams
3rd Course—		D.S.O.	
Lieut. F. A. Jackson,	Cpl. H. Gordon	Lieut. A. J. Plant	R.S.M. W. H. Pollard
M.C.		Lieut. W. E. Nutter,	M.C.
Lieut. H. E. Pearson,	Cpl. Cornforth	9th Course—	
D.C.M.		No Officers attended	Sgt. J. Woodcock
4th Course—			Lce.-Cpl. Bradbrooke
Lieut. W. S. Scanlan	Sgt. V. C. Pierce,	10th Course—	
	Cpl. R. Duncan	Lieut. W. K. Rooney	Cpl. Stewart, D.
5th Course—		Lieut. S. B. Pepler	Cpl. Baker, J. R.
Lieut. W. J. R. Jackson	C.S.M. M. H. Lewis,	11th Course—	
	D.C.M.	Lieut. H. L. Henderson	Cpl. Houston, J. R.
Lieut. J. S. Wilson	Sgt. S. G. Clear		Cpl. Hollingshead, R.
6th Course—		12th Course—	
Capt. A. R. Gibson	Lce.-Cpl. Sutherland	Capt. G. G. Anglin, M.C.	Cpl. Hartlem, A.
	Lce.-Cpl. E. C. Ports-	Lieut. J. Ballantyne	Sgt. Duffy, C. J.
	mouth		

## The Heritage of Macian.

IAN MACIAN was not a fighting man. His home folk remembered him as a quiet, shy boy who preferred books above playmates, and, despite the carrot-coloured hair that earned for him the nickname "Reddy," could seldom be provoked to fighting pitch. As the boy had been in the eyrie of the Macians above the Pass of Brander in far-off Lorne, so was the man who lived alone on his half-section in the poplar-covered valley above Invermay.

It is a far cry from Lochawe to Northern Saskatchewan, but Macian, the homesteader, was in no essential different in his new environment from the lad of nineteen who had left his native land to seek beyond the seas the home that had ceased to be his on the death of his father.

The elder Macian had been drowned by a mortgage which, increasing year by year as he pledged his patrimony for the necessities of life, had finally swamped his spirit, and made existence less desirable than a place in the family vault. He, too, like "Reddy," had been a book-lover. He had cared little for human companionship, and looked upon his only son with the eye of resentment rather than of paternal affection, remembering that in giving Ian life the lad's mother had crossed while but a girl to the land of shadows.

When the vault had closed upon his father, and the notice of foreclosure had been posted on the door of the keep of Strathian, the young laird gathered together his chief treasures, and took ship for the land of promise in the West. That, in a word, was why on a never-to-be-forgotten day of August, 1914, "Red" Ian Macian was cutting meadow hay down on the river edge, while in a rudely-fashioned shack on the near-by bluff a fine old bookcase, filled with calf-bound quartos that would have been a joy to any book-lover, occupied the whole of one wall. Over against it, standing out in bright relief upon the green burlap that covered the timbers, was a brightly-burnished claymore, and, tied to the basket handle, a faded sprig of white heather.

There was no woman in Macian's life, nor was the voice of ambition prompting him to seek fame and fortune. The great news of Europe ablaze and of liberty endangered had left him cold. He was more concerned in saving the meadow-hay for his stock than in saving the British Empire, which was in no danger, so he argued with himself as he plied his scythe. An unquiet conscience had been lulled to sleep, and seemed likely to give little trouble, when Macian returned to his shack. As he entered it the rays of the western sun struck full upon the blade of the claymore till it shone like the flaming sword of Holy Writ that stood

between the first transgressors and the Paradise they had lost.

Macian's conscience leapt to life. The honour of his house had been as untarnished as the weapon that was his heritage from the past. Men such as he were needed.

If he refused to answer the call, he could never again look unashamed upon the blade that seemed to threaten him with its fiery, compelling glance. His great-grandfather had inherited it from an ancestor who had borne it at Culloeden and on the heights of Abraham, and had himself wielded it to good purpose with Wellington in the Peninsular. His grandfather had helped to avenge Cawnpore with it, and had kept it bright with his own hands till the day of his death. From a stricken field in far Afghanistan, where his father's elder brother had fallen face to the foe, a faithful clansman had sent it back to Strathians.

And now, meadow-hay meant more to the last of the Macians than the honour of the house and its sole remaining heritage. His mind in a tumult, Macian turned his eyes from the accusing blade to the book that he had left open when he went haying. It was Aristotle's "Ethics," one of the delights of the scholar's soul. The passage that met his eye flamed before him almost as menacingly as the sword of his fathers. This is what he read:—

"By acting in the various relations in which we are thrown with our fellow men we come to be, some just, some unjust; and by acting in dangerous positions, and being habituated to feel fear or confidence, we come to be, some brave, some cowards."

"Some cowards!" It fell like a blow. That was what men would call him when they saw the heritage of the Macians on the wall, and learned that he did not intend to use it. "Some just, some unjust"; "some brave, some cowards." The wise old Greek had not left a loophole for either the conscientious objector or the man with meadow hay to cut.

\* \* \*

I think what has already been written furnishes ample explanation for the presence of a copy of Aristotle's "Ethics" in a certain mess, of a sprig of white heather on the wall of a billet on the Lens front, and of a claymore, somewhat longer than the regulation pattern, in the equipment of a red-haired young officer of a Western kilted battalion. I hope that his neighbours will see to it that nobody "jumps" the young laird's homestead, while he bears once more in battle the heritage of the Macians.

"LEO."

## OFF PARADE.

Inter-Company Leagues in baseball and football have provided a series of very interesting games, and have been the means of keeping up the interest in sports all through the course. The games take place daily, and competition is very keen.

In addition to the games, concerts have been given by members of classes, and by the Corps School "Flares." These have been most enjoyable, and have passed many an evening very pleasantly. Among those who have helped to make them so successful are Capt. Cooper. Lieuts. Tait and Heaslip (the Scottie cider drinkers), Hewitt, and McIntyre. Sgts. Barks and Galloway also contributed, and Pte. Nichols danced splendidly.

Sports meetings have taken place each course, too, and the events have been most keenly contested. The batmen had a very keen interest in those races for officers, in which the officers who won gave their prizes to their batmen. Such "reciprocity" is bound to have a lasting effect on the progress of the war.

At the 11th Course the Staff beat the Class at football rather easily, but were lucky to draw with the 12th Class. Lieut. Neighbour played a strong game for the Class, as did Pte. Robinson.

The football team picked from the Class and Staff of the 12th Course easily beat the team from our British friends of the other corps school in town.

## UNKNOWN HEROES.

1. The man who whistled "Take me back to Blighty" in the interval between the 12th and 13th courses.

2. The officer who got up at 6.30 on Sunday morning, and did half-an-hour's physical "jerks."

## THE BATMAN.

Who roused us from our snug, warm cot,  
Whether we wanted to or not,  
And kept the shaving-water hot?

The Batman

Who brought us in the battle news,  
Gathered whilst polishing our shoes,  
And o'er the story did enthuse?

The Batman.

Who draws a fat increase of pay,  
For hard work of two hours a day,  
And knows each town's estimator?

The Batman.

Who lost our socks, and stole our ties,  
Brought laundry bills of monstrous size,  
Repeated tales that were unwise,  
Filling our hearts with pain and sighs?

The Batman.

Who thinks his life is very risky,  
And sometimes grows a little frisky,  
By lowering the tide in our whisky?

The Batman.

Who is the king of each parade,  
Where shining brass and tunic braid  
Throw peacock glory in the shade?

The Batman.

Who feasts where others are not able,  
On "titbits" from the officer's table,  
Bearing the caterer's special label?

The Batman.

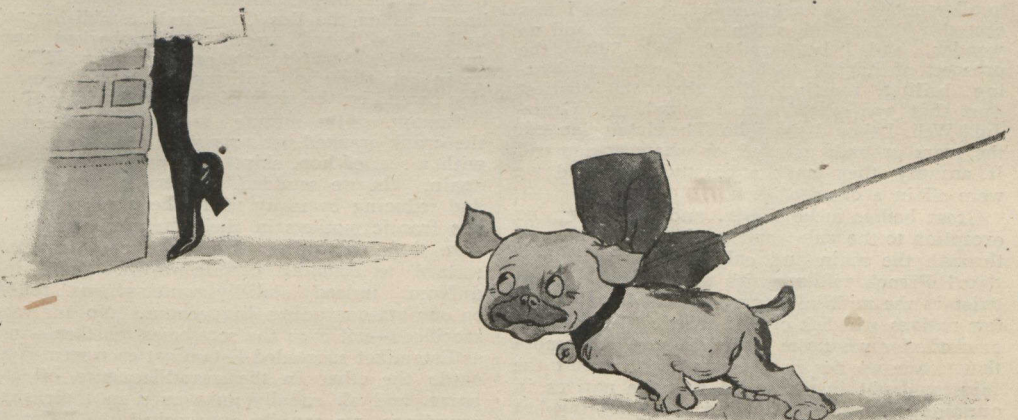
Who packs and bears the heavy kits,  
Who with his comrades often sits,  
And "with his mouth" kills off old Fritz?

The Batman.

The batmen are a glorious band!  
They're full of wind, and minus sand,  
In airs and graces they are grand,  
To all tasks they can turn their hand,  
And none so lucky in the land

As Batmen.

A. P. S.



## The Old Bus.

*I sabile heres ago  
Fortibus es in aro.*

*Latin Primer.*

"Here, Cash, be a sport and write us something," said the Commandant.

"What about?" said I. "Oh, any old thing," said he.

"Right oh," said I.  
So here goes for the old Bus.

Forty busses? More like four hundred; yes, maybe six hundred:

"Stormed at with shout and yell  
Bravely they rolled and well  
Into the Valley of — (Hell,  
That's what I may not tell)  
Noble six hundred!"

**P**ERHAPS you don't know the old chariot? I expect you've seen her, doubtless many times and never looked twice at her. Well, I know her—I mean Bus No. 12 of the 135th or the 147th or the 159th Bus Co.—I'm not sure which. Anyhow some Bus Co. attached to l'Armee, Britanique, as the other half of the "L'entente Cordiale" calls us. Yes—I know the old tub—been properly introduced and all that sort of thing. At first I wasn't much impressed, but "Things are seldom what they seem," and the way in which she subsequently manœuvred her differentials and shuffled her gears plainly showed that she was no dud. Also I learned (and the knowledge raised her greatly in my estimation), that she had shed her gaudy trappings, and had shaken the dust of Piccadilly off her feet, or to be more strictly correct, off her running gear early in the game; and now for well over two years she has been speedily chugging up and down, back and forth, over the highways and by-ways of Northern France, doing her bit with the very best of them.

It was bright and early in the morning of a toasting hot day, and I was a "long, long way from home," so when good old No. 12 lurched into view, and considerably shut off steam so as to allow me to hop on to her quarter deck, I was exceedingly grateful, not to say relieved, and no wonder, and who wouldn't be? With the prospect of having to hoof it for twenty blazing, boiling, roasting miles thro' the dustiest dust that was ever featured anywhere! Grateful! Well, I should shay sho. The clutch clanged, the gears ground, grinded, or whatever you call it, anyway, they made a beastly noise, and we were off in a cloud of dust.

Great bodies move slowly, and old 12 was no exception to the rule; and as she swung heavily through the main and only street of a dilapidated French village, with the inevitable sharp twist in the middle, it was no wonder that the few natives still left craned their necks till they cracked, for what she lacked in speed, she more than made up for in noise, and I haven't the faintest doubt in the world that the natives in question were greatly amazed to see nothing but an old London bus, when the indications were that, at least, a British Army Corps was approaching.

With her exhaust pipe coughing and her old joints creaking, we soon left the village, with its gaping inhabitants, and old 12 shook herself (and incidentally us also), and got down to business. Over an old bridge and down a narrow lane, sloppy with the overflow of a long stretch of water troughs, we chugged, or rather she did. Past an old Chateau, its walls covered with moss, and its windows merely gaping holes, and then rounding a sharp bend in the road, full speed ahead, we dashed into full view of a British Cavalry Camp. There was nothing particular about this camp to distinguish it from any other British Cavalry Camp, yet it was plain to me from the unpleasant manner in which she was lurching and jerking that something was upsetting the old boat. "Life Guards," murmured the driver, and I suddenly "compried." Gone were the flashing breast-plates, gone were the brilliant helmet plumes, and here they were, just like the rest of us, mud coloured, and business-like; but they couldn't fool the old Bus. Not for nothing, had she rolled daily past those magnificently arrayed sentries at Whitehall when neither she nor they ever dreamed for one moment that they would be where they are now.

Inexorable routine and stern discipline prevented any closer renewal of bygone friendship, and as with proud, pungent puffs from the exhaust we rumbled out of sight, the dear old trolley gave a parting flip of her back hair—I mean stair—as, I presume, a farewell salute to her former cronies in shining armour, and which came perilously near upsetting a tin-hatted Tommy who had selected that inauspicious moment for going up aloft.

Forty minutes later we rattled into the cobble-paved market-place of a fair-sized town, and No. 12 drew to a dignified halt.

One hour for grub, announced the Commadore, or the Bus Conductor, or whatever he is known as on the Bus Company's establishment, and all on board promptly disembarked and proceeded to hustle for the same, leaving old No. 12 in her glory and still panting with the emotion caused by the sight of her former friends.

Prompt to the minute, back came the crew; the crank cranked, gr-r-r-r went the gears, and with a sort of hop, skip, and jump we were off again. On we scudded, scattering road gangs and reducing by many years the lives of countless frantic mothers in their frenzied rushes to save their respective offspring from what they seemed to consider certain death. Quite indifferent, indeed, stolidly contemptuous, rolled on our masquerading Jugernaut. No one was sacrificed—not even the scrawniest chicken—and as Estaminet succeeded Estaminet each seemed to outdo the other in the grandiloquence of its name, and all equally unsavoury in their surroundings, we rapidly approached the point at which No. 12 and I were to sever connections. But for the fact that my vehicular friend's whole

attention was constantly engaged in negotiating the various pitfalls and snags which beset her clattering pathway, I feel sure that her soliloquies would have been most interesting throughout the journey.

Another mile or two down a long, sweeping slope and I gathered up my kit, and as she, so to speak, paused in her stride preparatory to gathering herself together for her final lap, I hopped down and bade her good-bye. For a brief moment the old Bus stood there throbbing with suppressed energy, and looking for all the world as though she had just drawn up at Hyde Park Corner.

But dirtier, of course, much dirtier; smothered, in fact, with dried mud and dust, and the black oil oozing out of her gear-box and softly splashing on the dusty road beneath. But, after all, what else could you expect from a Bus which is doing her thirty or more miles, day in and day out, fine or storm, within a few miles of the British lines, in this fair land of France, where the dogs of war are unleashed and struggling furiously?

R. G. M.

[Editor's note.—For the benefit of those whose "Latin" has been neglected owing to the exigencies of the war, the scansion of the two lines at the top of this article reads :—

"I say, Billy, here's a go,  
Forty busses in a row.]"

## LECTURES.

IN addition to the many lectures by the Staff of the School the following were given :—

Corps Commander—

Opening Address, History of the Canadian Corps, and Closing Address.

Major-General Lipsitt, C.M.G.—

Training for Offensive Operations.

Major-General MacDonell, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.—

Power of Command.

Brig.-General Ratcliffe, D.S.O.—

Responsibilities of an Officer.

Lieut.-Col. McKenzie, D.S.O.—

Training and March Discipline.

Lieut.-Col. Rae, D.S.O.—

Tactical Scheme.

Lieut.-Col. McMillan, D.S.O.—

Military Law.

Lieut.-Col. Brutinel, D.S.O.—

Machine Guns.

Lieut.-Col. Parsons, D.S.O.—

Intelligence.

Major Chalmer, M.C.—

Training of a Platoon.

Major Cosgrave, D.S.O.—

Co-operation with Artillery.

Major Anderson—

Physical and Bayonet Training

Major Fosse, V.C., D.S.O.—

Tactical Scheme.

Major Somerville, D.S.O.—

Musketry.

Major Festing—

Duties of Officers and N.C.O.'s.

Capt. Fowler—

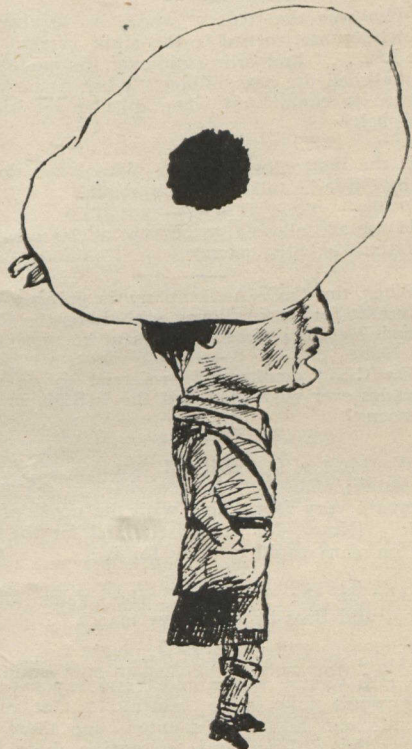
Cooking and Catering.

Capt. Cozens Hardy—

Scouting.

Lieut. Williams—

Co-operation with R.F.C.



## POURQUOI.

### Things We Want to Know.

How does "Take me back to dear old Blighty," at 140 to the minute, sound the morning after coming back from leave?

(Ask the Adjutant or the Assistant Instructor.)

Was the lecturer original when he stated that Véry Lights were the burning question?

Who was the officer on the 12th Course who had a towel marked "Imperial Hotel, Hythe," and from what Ordnance did he get it?

It was once said that C.O. had his hands full. Is that the reason that he is never seen in the "on the hands down" position on P.T. parade?

What is the best time to reproduce the "fighting spirit," on parade or at the table?

Who is the company promoter among the N.C.O. instructors, and what has happened to his laundry syndicate? Is it the donkey that has resigned?

Who was the officer who, on leaving the Hotel Nonore, turned to the right instead of to the left . . . and didn't discover his mistake till he reached the next village? What time did he return to camp, and when did he get his cap and belt?

If the instructor of No. 4 platoon can do that Gaby Glide he talks so much about?

If we are allowed to borrow a clean bayonet for the 6.45 p.m. parade?

When the O.C. A Company is going to give us credit for getting away with it on the C.O.'s parade? No. 4 platoon wants to know.

Do the "gentlemen" referred to on many parades ever wish they had the R.S.M. in their platoons?

Wouldn't a faithful and detailed account of a certain officer's "three weeks" at the School compare very favourably with the novel of that title? (Note.—No prize is offered for the name as too many could qualify for it.)

Who is the instructor who walks in his sleep, and does he do "slow march"?

If the record established by No. 2 platoon of the 12th Course at the bullet and bayonet practice won't take some beating. Out of 250 rounds, 246 hits were counted, and there were others that did not count as scoring shots. Were the extra points for neatness and general turnout?

## HE'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME.

(Tune: *They Wouldn't Believe Me.*)

[With apologies to Miss Madge Saunders and Mr. George Grossmith.]

Got the cutest little pack,  
Fits so nicely on my back.  
Goods and chattels it contains—  
Leastwise all that now remains.  
Kit inspections strike me pink—  
What the devil will he think?  
Officer is coming round,  
Iron rations can't be found.

Chorus.

And when I tells him, I lost them on the Somme,  
He'll never believe me, he'll never believe me.  
He'll say, "My son, that tale's too old,  
"Too many times has it been told."  
Then he'll tell Sergeant Jones to "bring me up."  
And when I argue—and I'm certainly going to argue—  
That it's the truth, "just take it straight from me."  
He'll never believe me, he'll never believe me,  
Instead he'll give me "seven days' F.P."

When the bugle sounds G.G.,  
On the bathmats we must be.  
Get in line and stand at ease,  
"Steady, gentlemen, if you please."  
Then the sergeant-major bawls,  
"Platoon Commanders call the rolls."  
Adjutant glares "round the square."  
Sees that everyone is there.

Chorus.

And when I tells you we march out mighty smart,  
You'll never believe me, you'll never believe me.  
'Bout fifty people shout the step,  
If you don't keep them all, you'll surely get  
A severe strafe from the O.C.  
And when you tell him, and you're certainly going to tell him,  
Of that 140-pace you've had your fill;  
He'll never believe you, he'll never believe you,  
Instead he'll give you 7 p.m. drill.

Scottie and Scottie.

A pitcher of class was young Currie,  
With curves in and out he would worry  
The batters who rarely  
Could hit the ball squarely,  
So back to the benches would hurry

The acme of Staff-work:—  
Divisional rest, then  
Course at the Corps School, followed by  
Retention for a month as Company Commander  
at the School, and then  
Leave to "dear old Blighty."

## L'ANGLAIS-FRANCAIS.

I sing you wiz ze pen  
Ze school Canadien,  
At which ze Corps, zey teach ze war,  
In all ze ways mode'n.  
Voila! la camouflage;  
Alors! ze creep barrage;  
Ze bayonet fight, ze scheme by night,  
Trois week, and in again.

Le Colonel Cameron,  
Un beaucoup tres bon homme,  
He what you call 'im? run ze show.  
Monsieur le Commandant.  
He look around all where,  
Some time make prisonnier,  
And when he spik, he make dem seck,  
Ma foi! he spik him strong.

A la, mon Adjutant,  
What scratch you face, my fren?  
How's dat you say? Ah oui, compris,  
It was zat dam kitten.  
By day—you ride to Corps,  
At night—I'Hotel Nonore,  
By Gar! you right, dis is ze life.  
Vive, les Canadiens.

Zat Sergeant-Major Gosse,  
Wiz his almighty voice;  
You know heem? Yes? c'est bien assez  
(Mon Dieu! tres beaucoup gros.)  
"Hi, steady on ze feet,  
"Cut out zat talking vite.  
"And when I say 'vous allez donc,'  
"Vous allez, tout-de-suite."

Le General, grand homme,  
To see ze school he come,  
My word! he say, you have ze way,  
I give you compliment.  
An' wish you all may be  
In Canada wiz me,  
Après la guerre finis, mon cher,  
Yours truly, A. Currie.

Toujours, Sir Julian,  
Le Corps Canadien,  
Will not forget ze Commandere  
Who lead zem on ze Somme,  
Vive le Ridge Vimy,  
To hell wiz Germany.  
A votre santé, ze whole corps say.  
En avant, Monsieur Byng.

"To bay-on-et to be, that is the question.  
Whether it—" This scandalous perpetration  
on the part of the ex-professor was received with  
a shudder of horror by the mess. One tense  
moment, and then the barrage broke. When it  
lifted, friendly hands carefully sorted out the  
wretched man from the bully beef rissoles and  
carried him tenderly awaw.

## The Silent Toast.

They stand with reverent faces,  
And their merriment gives o'er,  
As they drink the toast to the unseen host  
Who have fought and gone before

It is only a passing moment  
In the midst of the feast and song.  
But it grips the breath, as the wing of death  
In a vision sweeps along.

No more they see the banquet,  
And the brilliant lights around;  
But they charge again on 'the hideous plain  
When the shell-bursts rip the ground;

Or they creep at night, like panthers,  
Through the waste of No Man's Land;  
Their hearts afire with a wild desire,  
And death on every hand.

And out of the roar and tumult,  
Or the black night loud with rain.  
Some face comes back on the fiery track,  
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's,  
And the bonds that are forged by death,  
Now grip the soul with a strange control,  
And speak what no man saith.

The vision dies off in the stillness,  
Once more the tables shine,  
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall  
Are lit with a light divine.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE HUMOUR OF THE BANDMASTER.

To the Editor of 'TCHUN.

SIR.—The humour exhibited by the School  
bandmaster is refreshing. For example, when  
the parade is standing rigid at the Command-  
ant's inspection, suffering mentally and phys-  
ically, he strikes up a lively rag, the opening  
words of which are:—

"I'm so happy, oh, so happy,  
Don't you envy me?"

We do. . . . He can at least move his arms  
about, without being called down.

Then, again, on our marching off to the drill  
ground, he plays "Take me back to dear old  
Blighty" at 140 to the minute.

And, again, as we laboriously rise and fall at  
"on the hands down"—after a hut dinner—  
he softly plays:—

"I've a sneaky feeling round my heart  
That I'm going to settle down."

I am, Sir,

Yours "at the double,"  
JOHNNY WALKER

Canadian Corps School,  
August 14, 1917.

## “Jimmy.”

It's just 9.25 by the clock over the mantelpiece. The noisy outfit in the corner are in the midst of deciding the nation's welfare.

“You're crazier than seven thousand tanks if you think this show's goin' to be over by Christmas—”

The speaker's voice halts abruptly, and hands reach out for half-emptied glasses, for the old familiar hail comes from the short figure in the doorway.

“Now then, gentlemen, come along!”

His tone is pleading, but there is a twinkle in his rather watery blue eyes as he trots into the room. None who have watched that trot will ever forget it, for it has hastened first-aid to more he-sized thirsts, than anything else in London. Those bandy legs have helped assuage a legion of the unquenchable.

“Please, gentlemen, I ask you!”

This time the voice is insistent, almost belligerent; but as he swings toward the bar, he calls out over his shoulders to the corner gathering:—

“How many was it last time? Three scotches and two bronxes? All right, Coley, bring e'm along fast. This is the last one.”

And while he is waiting for the last round to be placed on the part where he ducks under occasionally, he is hailed by one of the guests, who moves confidentially over toward a table that has just been deserted. It doesn't require second sight to discover what is about to occur, for the guest is taking the cap off a fountain-pen, and as the bandy legs trot toward the quiet table, the old coat tails are flipped up, and a hand reaches into the well-known rear pocket,

where the equally well-known and jingling coin of the Realm reposes.

“Make it for five pounds,” are the words that come from the corner, and the lucre is soon transferred. A hasty pencil notation on a rather white cuff follows, and the familiar figure trots back for the drinks.

He takes the proffered ten-shilling note, wads it into the left-front trousers pocket, and then flips up the coat-tail again for the change which is handed over slightly wet with gin and things.

“Now, gentlemen, please! I've gotta get 'ome to the wife.”

\* \* \*

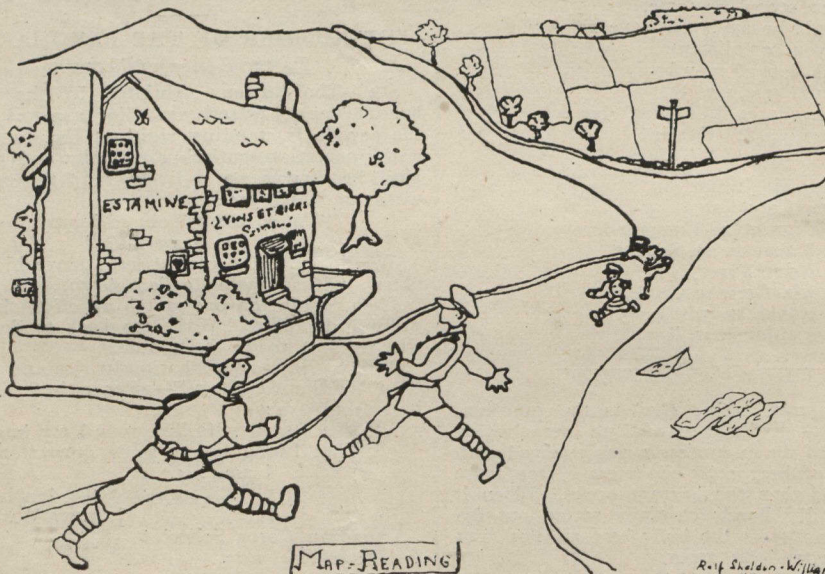
The scene changes. It is 12.30, and the “open at 12.30” sign is just being removed from the inside of the door.

“Bring me a collins, Jimmy,” gurgles one of the shut-eye crew.

The bandy legs trot fast at this hour, for they seem to understand that the need is great. But just after the first tip is slipped into the moist palm, the legs halt. The tip doesn't go into the pocket at the near-right. The first tip always is slipped into the watch-pocket between the buttons at the top of the trousers. The good-humoured eyes of this genius at first-aid take on a different look, for this first tip is laid aside for the baby.

And there is the peculiar side to our friend and banker. Not one of us can think of him as a fond but stern parent of a large and well-regulated family. For some reason or other the picture can't be made clear. But it's a fact, and the family is the joy and pride of Jimmy. So when you hear the old call at 9.29 the next time, don't be so irritable; and, if possible, remember what's behind the plaintive insistence in the voice that says:

gentlemen, come along, please!”



MAP-READING

Rolf Sheldon-William  
24 717. 1/10/17



## THE SONG OF KHAKI BLANCO.

Of the honking of the "Two Gee's";  
 Of the groaning of the bath mats,  
 Groaning 'neath the feet of many,  
 Many for the onslaught mustering;  
 Of the Spirit of the Bullet;  
 Of the Spirit of the Bayonet;  
 Of the one, the great O'Grady  
 In his prime at seven ac-emma;  
 Of the fair god Khaki-Blanco,  
 And his white squaw, Blanco-Blanco;  
 Of the burnishing and brushing—  
 Dawn to dark for ever brushing;  
 Of the eyes left and the eyes right,  
 Of the eyes front, still and steady;  
 Of the quick march and the slow march—  
 Of especially the slow march—  
 Sing I now in stolen accents,  
 Sing I now by purloined numbers—  
 I must do it all by numbers  
 Lest I falter in time-judging  
 And bring shame upon the teaching,  
 Teaching learned in blood and sweating  
 At the great Canadian Corps School,  
 Where they do all things in order,  
 Very perfect, very pretty.

Many, many are the wigwags;  
 Many, many are the tepees,  
 Bright in hues that shame the sunset,  
 Decked in hues of nightmare fancy,  
 Many are the braves that muster,  
 Bearing odds and ends of colour—  
 Each his clan and each his colour—  
 Muster on the groaning bath-mats,  
 Standing steady on the bath-mats,  
 For the calling of the roll-call,  
 For the marking of the markers;  
 While the stern platoon commanders  
 Count and count upon their fingers,  
 Ready for the big parading;  
 While the bright instructors sparkle  
 With kind words of admonition,  
 Some in mutters, some in whispers,  
 Some in shrieks that shake the welkin;  
 Admonition for the warrior—  
 How to hold his head and back up,  
 Which is right foot, which is left foot;  
 Kind, but proud are the instructors  
 In their knowledge of the latest,  
 Latest quiff from distant Blighty,  
 In their crowns and martial emblems,  
 In their golden three-fold stripings,  
 In their gifts from Khaki-Blanco,  
 Very perfect, very pretty.

RALF SHELDON WILLIAMS,  
 L.-Cpl. 10th C.M.G.C.  
 28/7/17.

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."  
 as the Commandant said, when the motor-bike  
 bowled him into the ditch.

## THE NERVY NINE.

There were eight with me at Valcartier,  
 Nine of us all in a tent;  
 I could tell you the name of ev'ry one,  
 Of every single son-of-a-gun,  
 (And they've all gone somehow one by one,  
 As the ten little nigger boys went.)  
 But you wouldn't know Big Ben from Jim,  
 Or "Shorty" from Sam, or "Red" from  
 "Slim,"  
 And even "Long Alec" you wouldn't know  
*him*,  
 So my breath would be mis-spent.

There were nine of us camped at West Down  
 South,  
 And nine of us crossed to France;  
 And we grew to savvy each others' gaits,  
 When all of a sudden we fouled the Fates,  
 And the only one left of all us mates,  
 Is me by the grace of Chance!  
 In one short week there were four went West,  
 Four of the whitest, four of the best,  
 Pushing up daisies with all the rest  
 That fell in the big advance.

Then Alec got his in a bomb attack,  
 And he'll never scrap again;  
 He's over in Blighty, merry and bright,  
 Lucky, poor chap, it wasn't his right,  
 We simply could *not* get him in that night  
 As he lay out there in the rain.  
 Then "Red" bobs up, and gets himself hit,  
 And tough as he is, I was scared a bit;  
 But we'll see him again when they pass him  
 fit  
 For the Reinforcement train.

Then Ben and "Slim" went for officers' jobs  
 (How they love a Sam Browne belt),  
 Now I guess I could beat 'em both out of  
 sight  
 In holding my men in the thick of a fight,  
 But I only just know how to read and write,  
 And I'm damned if I ever spelt.  
 But Ben has dropped an "h" in his life,  
 And I've seen him eat peas with a knife,  
 And the other guy, "Slim," has *some* sort of  
 wife,  
 And *that's* where the pinch is felt!

And so I'm left alone of the bunch  
 (They called us the "Nervy Nine"),  
 If I have my eye on old Blighty now  
 Do you blame me, boys, if I feel somehow  
 A trifle fed up and sick of the row,  
 And the fag of the firing line?  
 Ah, if they could only come back again,  
 The men that I knew on Salisbury Plain,  
 But they won't, so I guess I must stand the  
 strain  
 Till the Germans give me mine.

R. M. E.,  
 Western Cavalry

## DAM WELLERISMS.

"Nothing doing," as the ambulance said to the M.O., when the gas-tank ran dry.

"Out, damned spot," as the sniper said to the target when the marker raised the black disc.

"Dirty work at the cross roads last night," as the limnet said to the bandage when they met on the Adjutant's right parietal.

"But me no butts," as the Bosche said to the rifle when it nipped his masterly retreat in the rear.

"This everlasting 'at the double' makes me tired," said the fat man, as he sorrowfully surveyed his too ample proportions. "I don't object to being bombed and shelled, or even bayoneted once in a while, but I'm hanged if I can stand this 'at the double.'" Yet at the end of the course he won the mile race—I don't think.

## Not to be Taken West of the Corps Line.

*Notes on enemy position known as the "DUMB-BELL."*

1. *Location.*—The entire position is immediately under the I of LIPSETT.
2. *General Description.*—The position consists of two (2) forts: Fort "G," and Fort "AQ." A minor work situated in the trench connecting the two main forts is known as the "I" Branch.  
During the day both forts are strongly manned, but at night Fort "G" is only lightly held, and there is reason to believe that Fort "AQ" is not garrisoned at all after 10 p.m.
3. *Armament.*—The armament consists of a number (unknown) of "BUMFENWERFER."

Three types of "BUMFENWERFER" have been recognised:

- (a) Light "BUMFENWERFER"—Empire type.
- (b) Medium "BUMFENWERFER"—Remington and Underwood types.
- (c) Heavy or wide carriage "BUMFENWERFER."

The enemy maintains a steady fire from these weapons, which, though few casualties are inflicted, causes considerable annoyance, and makes it necessary for formations exposed to the fire to be constantly on the alert.

- 4 *Methods of dealing with a heavy bombardment.*—Two methods of dealing with a sudden intense bombardment have been found effective.

(1) State that G.O.C. is at Rear Headquarters.

(2) Apply for thirty days' special leave.  
*Note.*—(2) must be used with care, as it is apt to draw heavy fire from Fort "AQ."

5. *Hostile Patrols.*—The enemy's patrols frequently visit our lines. Patrols usually consist of not more than two of all ranks. The object of these patrols is to obtain information about our wire and the condition of our trenches.
6. *Morale.*—Seems to depend on the weather.

## SCOTTIES.

And behold there drew nigh men scanty of raiment, and carrying under their arms beasts of prey. And ever and anon they blew mightily upon what seemed to be the tails thereof, and forthwith there came shrieks and sounds as of the howlings of the damned. And the hearts of their countrymen were comforted, for it is therein their great strength lieth.

Now it came to pass that at the 12th Course, No. 3 platoon had a CAMP of its own. Through this CAMP ran the SEVERN, and on this river a BARGE plied for a time. The crew consisted of a WILIMAN and a BLACKMAN, so it was considered necessary to have a GATE. This was done by the COOPER.

## CANADA FOR EVER.

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EVERY  
MAN  
MUST  
HELP.



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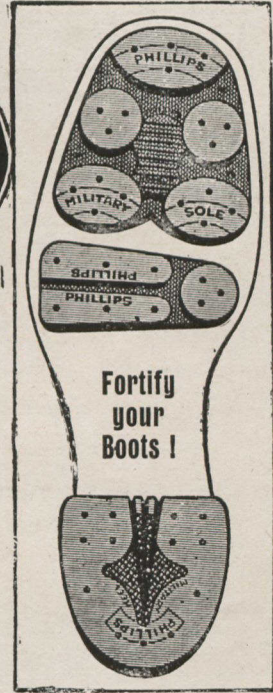
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**Q** They impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, lessen fatigue, and are essential to "marching comfort." Feet kept dry in wet weather.



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**Sir H. H. A. HOARE, Bart., Stourhead, Wilts., writes:—**  
"They are in every way thoroughly satisfactory."  
**Lieut.-Col. G. B** —, D.C.O., writes:—  
"They must have saved me several pounds in boots."  
**Lieut. F. N** —, B.E.F., France, writes:—  
"Ideal for marching . . . they stop that continual jar."

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