

THE LISTENING POST



6th Duke of Connaught's Rifles 11th Irish Fusiliers 88th Victoria Fusiliers
 1st Rocky Mountain Rangers 104th New Westminster Fus. West Kootenay Rifles
 Reinforcing Establiions 11th · 30th · 47th



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT. COL. V. W. ODLUM, D.S.O., OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION.
 EDITOR. — CENSORED BY CHIEF CENSOR, 1st CAN. DIV. — NEWS EDITOR.
 CAPT. W. F. ORR. — — L/CPL H. MAYLOR.

N^o 14 BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE, APRIL 21, 1916. Price 1d

STAND TOO.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LAST BAY.

"Stand too". The night is dark and stormy—a drizzling rain fell from the canopy of unpierced gloom above.
 "Stand too"! the words were passed by bated breath through teeth that chattered incessantly in the dank half-frozen atmosphere. A group of dark and muffled figures scrambled hastily to the parapet, every eye straining its utmost into the impenetrable gloom around, which the dim light of approaching dawn, scarcely as yet perceptible in the far, far east, only served to render blacker and still blacker. "Are they coming?" A shiver of expectancy seemed to run along the line of crouching men. Every eye strained harder, every ear was turned to catch the faintest sound. But what is that? See! Stealthily, warily, two crouching figures approach the watching sentinals from behind, slowly, intently, nearer and nearer they come—Hark! A sharp, metallic click as of unsheathed steel, falls upon the air, and with a gurgling sound as of the rattle of death in his throat, the sentinel straightens up his body in a last despairing effort and with a sigh sinks forward on to the parapet once again. Silently groping through the encircling gloom the two denizens of the dark pursue their way, sentinel after sentinel shares the fate of his comrade until the last is reached. More alert than his fellows perhaps, his ears quickly detect the sounds of approaching danger or is it some heaven born instinct has warned him of his peril? Again the clash as of steel against stone is heard, again and again, louder and louder it comes, a volley of muttered oaths falls upon the ear—then suddenly, a loud despairing shriek rends the stillness of the breaking dawn—The rum is a ration short again.

A. A. A.

Maple Leaf Club, London for Canadians on Leave.

A comfortable and respectable home for Canadian Soldiers on leave in London has recently been established, called the "Maple Leaf Club" where accommodation will be available and where pay cheques can be cashed and safe custody provided for such monies as men do not wish to carry on their persons.
 Representatives of the club will be on the station platforms to meet all leave trains on arrival at Victoria Station. These officials can be distinguished by banners and badges exhibiting the Maple Leaf.

THE DUG-OUT GHOST.

If you asked anyone in the 7th Battalion, why the News Editor left his dug-out, they would be unanimous in their reply. "Because he couldn't take it with him". But they would all be wrong. Why should I want to take it with me? I couldn't sell it. I don't believe a Canadian Real Estate shark could sell it. And that's saying something. If I changed my ways and told the truth for once, I don't think I could even let it. You see that there old dug-out and ex-advanced office of the "Listening Post" is haunted. Yes Sir, haunted with real ghosts! What! You say I am fibbing? Well, I'll say just one ghost then. Maybe if I'd called a roll and numbered them off you'd believe me. That's the worst of you fellows you want everything in black and white (in a non-refillable bottle).

You've probably jumped to the conclusion that I'm afraid of a common garden or dug-out ghost, and therefore, a disgrace to the Regiment etc. Please don't convict me until I have fully described the nocturnal habits of this ghost. He, (I think ghosts are spoken of in the masculine, that is, by married men), was in a class by himself. The ordinary moated castle ghost, commands a certain amount of respect. A castle without a ghost is like a Staff Officer without the red hat band. A ghost with a good history behind him has a regular cinch of a job. He is like a Major or a Colonel. All he is expected to do, is to make a big row, scare everybody to death, cause people to sign the pledge, and depart to the w(h)ine cellars. Now my ghost is different. I could tell by his choice of cigarettes, that he was just as aristocratic as the castle specie; but he had evidently fallen on evil days. Unlike his brother of ye castle, he worked at night. He would hide in ye orchard Rossignol until I would depart for my 'umissue to ye Sgt. Major.

Now the month of February in Flanders is no time for people to be hanging around the trenches mit noddings on, so when I missed a blanket, I took it for granted that my ghost was either chilly or wanted to go around respectable. So I forgave him, but when he took my 'Players' and left me "Arf a Mo's", took my bread and left the hard-tack, took my brazier and to-morrows kindling, you might excuse me for pulling out of that super-haunted office.
 Note—The advanced office of the 'L. P.' is now at—(deleted by censor). Thank goodness. H. M.

P. S. No, he never got my issue, I was always afraid of a sniper getting us separated.



PRINTED TWICE MONTHLY (Huns permitting), and may be procured from the following agents—

LONDON.
GEO. BURCH, MILITARY TAILOR,
392 Strand, London, W. C., Eng.

IN THE FIELD.

Canteens of 5th, 7th, 8th, and 10th Canadian Inf. Battalions.
Army Canteens at Bailleul and Romarin,
Y. M. C. A., Bailleul.
Y. M. C. A., 1st Canadian Inf. Brigade.
Soldiers Institute, Canadian Corps.

EDITORIAL

Ottawa, March 13, 1916. It is announced that Parliament will be asked to authorize an additional loan of 75,000,000 dollars to meet general expenditures, including the payment of loans already maturing.

The Hon. W. M. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, at the invitation of Mr. Asquith attended a meeting of the Imperial Cabinet at 10 Downing Street, March 11th 1916. He was also received in audience by the King at Buckingham Palace.

The first Dominion Minister to be present at an Imperial Cabinet meeting was Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Premier, who attended last year.

Messrs. Gale & Polden, Aldershot, have published in sheet form with cover, crests of our independent forces from all parts of the Empire. Those of the 1st British Columbia Regt. and 90th Winnipeg Rifles, Canadians, are omitted, regardless of the fact that the two battalions were first amongst the Canadians to have separate badges—the sheet is valueless to Canadians without these crests.

On January 27th, 1916, the Province of Manitoba extended the franchise to women. This is by far the most important legislation that has been adopted by any province in Canada for many years and at once places Manitoba in the van of our most progressive provinces.

We have no fear of the ultimate result of this legislation. Women have, especially since the war began, shown themselves to be as strong, as clear headed and as earnest as the men, and especially in the hearts of our fighting men do the achievements and blessings of our British womanhood find true admiration and enthusiasm. The British Tommy is unstinted in his praise of the bravery, devotion and self sacrifice of the womanhood of our Empire. To the women of Manitoba we offer our sincere sympathy in the task before them—to the Province of Manitoba we offer our congratulations in placing to its credit the good common sense and wise decision that we feel the women of Manitoba will give in their exercise of the privileges of Parliamentary franchise.

WAR BOOKS.

THE MUSIC OF WAR. *By running Harder Savesus.*
(The great American War Correspondent.)

Every soldier should possess a copy of this useful book, written by an expert. Its vivid description of the different sounds made by bullets and other projectiles during their penetration of the air, would make it quite unnecessary for civilians with "conscientious objection" visiting the battle area in order to experience all nerve throbs of battle. Old veterans who have read this book have instinctively thrown themselves prostrate on the ground to avoid being hit—no greater commendation could be given than this.

"The Brazier".

1885—1916

A sniper, killed by a piece of shell, and he lies in his new-made grave;

His work is done, and he did it well, (the cross his name and number tell,
Like thousands more of the brave)

And, long ago, we have heard the name, 'twas when I was a little lad;

In the West it had led rebellion's flame, and Louis had died on the scaffold of shame.

A death that was cruel and sad.

We now look back on that time, long gone; if we can't forget 'tis forgiven.

He may have thought that a day would dawn when the simple children whom he led on

Would be free in the sight of heaven.

And the Flag that Louis would not own, that the same Flag might not fall

From the distant, peaceful home o'er miles of land, o'er leagues of foam,

His nephew followed the Call.

Now he lies in peace, on the green hillside beneath his fresh turned mound

With more good lads, all true and tried, cut down in the flower of their youth and pride

Who hear not the guns grim sound.

Our Weekly Cinema Film.

(Continued)

ACT II SCENE I

To the intence and undisguised joy of Pte. Davis, Pte. Johns is ordered to replace the disgraced Listening Post Corporal. Slipping a deck of cards into his pocket, and three biscuits, he crawls out to the centre of 'No Man's Land'. The German listening patrols, thinking Johns is unarmed attempt to capture him. He allows them to close in on him, and then playfully produces the biscuits. With cries of "Kamarade" and "Pardon" they surrender. They are warned that one suspicious move on their part will mean the letting loose of the dog's (biscuits) of war. He orders the prisoners to our lines, and on his way out of the trenches he meets Davis. When Davis learns that Johns has been ordered to escort the prisoners to English Farm, his rage (like most estamanets) becomes out of bounds. His face becomes as red as his nose, and the sparks from his eyes illuminats the frontier. With the utmost sang froid, Pte. Johns lights a cigarette from a spark which has singed his beard. The prisoners wind their watches and their way out of the trenches. (The manager who 'stages' this play will here instruct the orchestra to put on the soft pedal and blow out half the candles as they are needed at the front)

End of Act II Scene I

ACT III SCENE II

The door is opened by Mary the refugee. "Gee whizz bang!" she exclaimed, and would have fainted, but for the fact that she had forgotten to lock the basement door. Pulling herself together with both hands and feet and closing one eye (the one that insists on looking Nor' Nor' West) she opens her mouth to take in the situation, and a piece of sausage which she has found in a German helmet. She hands Johns a pitcher, and he disappears down the basement steps. Just as he is raising the pitcher for the 16th time to his temple (remember the cellar is dark and Johns works downwards) he hears the Germans demanding the return of their food. Stamping her foot on the floor, Mary flat-footly refuses to comply with their demands. Four of the Germans then seize her and Caesar the dog sees 'er terrible predicament. She scorns the offer of Caesar's assistance, and fixing one eye on the Germans on her left and the other on her right, she exclaims, "Villhuns hunhand me". Before the Huns have time to hunhand her there is a sickening crash as though her clog had dropped off. The room is plunged into darkness and everyone retires to prepare for Act IV which may be published in our next.

(To be continued.)

Encyclopedia of Military Terms

(Continued)

Dug-out. A hole in the ground with a lid on. There are three kinds of dug-outs at the front.

The "Bungalow" for Officers, the "Love in a Cottage" for Sergeants, and the "Noah's Ark" for privates. They are built for men, mice, rats and cats to sleep in. A dug-out is decorated with jam, cheese, photographs and fleas.

Dam. This is what the Engineers do to a river or "Ford".

By simply adding the letter 'N', we have a suitable prefix for use when referring to the Kaiser, the weather, a heavy pack, a route march, a dirty rifle, a working party, a leaky dug-out and barbed wire etc. It is used unhesitatingly by all troupes excepting the Padre. His nearest approach being "Darned".

Dressing Station. The home of pills, poultices, plasters, cascarettes, castor oil, and catgut, needles knives and 'nerves'.

Defaulter A man who has made up his mind to be more careful "next time".

(To be continued next issue.)

To the Bystander, Sketch and Tatler.

(Our Contemporaries, Ahem!)

Dear Blanche, sweet Eve, ma chère Phrynette

Why do you keep us guessing yet?

You may be sure, the question vexes;

We know your names, what are your sexes?

Are you just as you go to press

In various stages of undress,

Or posing in a dainty nightie

That make us dream of dear old "Blighty"?

Or some old scribes, just having fun

With us poor strafers of the Hun?

But no, on that we'll drop the "Curtain",

You're not "Group fifty-six", we're certain,

And yet our minds are just awhirl

To know if you are man or girl,

But let it go, the vision pleases

Of Helen Mackie's feet and kneeses.

Dear little Eve we love to see

As drawn by Somebody (a She),

And may Dame Grundy never veto

The "pen and inks" of Gladys Peto.

Is it the male mind to please,

You wear your skirts above your knees;

And subjects that once used to matter,

You're treating as harmless chatter?

Or do you just expose your limbs,

Knowing that leave is stopped for 'Hims,'

And talk that way, just to deride us,

Seeing that seas of mud divide us?

When we left home (a year ago)

Ankles were all that you would show

Yet little Eve, once so demure,

Even *your* skirts are getting "fewer",

You looked so maternally and prim,

(And what a shock you gave to "Him")

As daintily you hushed to slumber

The triplets (Tatler, Christmas number)

And cousin Blanche, you rogue Phrynette

This war may last for ages yet,

How can we stay our hands from slaughter

So long as skirts keep growing shorter?

That's all, I think. Remember please,

We all adore your (No, not knees)

Your letters, so just keep sending

Rememb'ring that we are, in ending

Your lonely Soldiers,

A. A. A.



Our Hong Kong agent wants to know "What's the matter with No. 4 Co. All the time stay at Court Dleve"?

And if C. S. M. Cook thinks he owns Irish Farm.

Why it is no one loves the bombers, surely they are an affectionate lot.

Kronicles of Ye Ancient and Honourable 1st B. C. Rifle-iers,

(Continued)

18.—And at this time the Chief Counsellor of our Lady did descend upon the O. C. in a cloud of dust and of the air that is heated; and did say unto him, "I will inspect thy band for preadventure ere many more suns have set Our Lady shall have sent ye overseas.

19.—And there came with the Chief Counsellor one who represented the King of our Mother Country in the land of Our Lady of the Snows. And he was of the Blood Royal yet withall a mighty warrior who had done wondrous deeds in many climes and he did speak of the O. C's band with much pleasure, for faith they were good to look upon and each was arrayed as his neighbour. And the great one did smile upon them and say, "For ye are a goodly trained band and of much worth, and will strike terror into the hearts of the King's enemies, and ye of the Sharpshooters of the rifle are the men of my own band and give unto me much pride". And it was here that one spoke up and said, "We are the B. C. Rifle-iers" so that all may share in the great honour.

20.—And the Advisers of our Lady did give unto each band four fire-sticks that shoot forth the forked lightning that withereth like the blasts of the nether regions. These are the wondrous weapons of the war; and an invention of the devil. And the O. C. did unto himself counsel and did say unto himself; "I must get me from amongst my henchmen one who is of the devil that can control these magic weapons". And he called unto him one of large and forbidding appearance, at the sight of whom men trembled; and said unto him; "Henceforth thou shalt be chief of my fire-sticks and shalt be called my M.G O." "Go thou therefore and gather together a crew of assasins from my hirelings; and take amongst them those that are of wild and unruly nature, but who laugh in the teeth of black death; for the work on which thou goest is fraught with peril, and of many that go but few shall return to the Land of our Lady.

21.—And there came unto the O. C. one loudly lamenting; and he was of girth enormous, and his neck was like unto the oxen that draw the plough. And he complained bitterly unto the O. C. saying, "Why am I left alone without labour to turn my hand unto, out of all thy henchmen. Behold Sire, though my head is large there is much in it, for I have a knowledge of the art of letters, and have worn the apparel of a chief in our Mother's service and have pondered long and deep in the laws and usages of the King's Armies. Grant me therefore Oh Great O. C. that I might serve with thy scribes and fight nobly with the pen which is of a might much greater than the sword". And the O. C. was much weary and said; "Get hence that I may rest. But that thou shalt not disturb me with thy wailings; go thou and assist my chief scribe in my throne-room and my men shall know thee as my A. A.

(To be Continued)

Should this catch the eye of any Chicago Bacon Packers, they will hear of something to their advantage by communicating with "Farthing and Nobbler's Quick Lunch Counter, France". The amount of bacon fat consumed by the patrons of this restaurant has not only made them water proof, but has also rendered them bullet proof. Should a German bullet be aimed at a Transport driver it ricochettes off and kills a mule.



x x x

ANOTHER CONCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

Doctor: "Yes, your feet are in pretty bad shape, you've got trench feet, I guess".

Pte. Fergy: "No sir, I beg your pardon, but those feet never show any desire to go into the trenches Sir".

x x x

Send them to the boys at the front.

LYDIA SPINKHAM'S SPINK SPILLS.

Unsolicited Testimonial.

After trying every Medical Officer and dressing station at the front and failing to get the slightest relief, I had almost given up in despair, when one day I came across your Ad. The military doctors advised me to take plenty of nourishing food and rest, but my Sgt. Major prescribed an entirely different treatment. One day when my rations looked far too small to be on active service, a comrade who had been fishing in the fire trench, brought me two kippers which were wrapped up in the "Iodine Chronicle". on the paper was a photo of a young lady who had been cured of "ingrowing toe-nails" after taking only ten boxes of your wonderfull pills, and buying a larger pair of shoes. Her charming reply to my enquiries decided me to try the pills, and send her my photograph with an offer of marriage. Her father was related to an A. P. M., who got me a position as mounted policeman and the circulation of my feet is completely restored.

x x x

I bless the morn that first we met,
You touched my lips, a long drawn kiss
Of passion, exquisite, divine.
Which, sweeter than the rarest wine,
Sent the hot blood rushing through my veins
In ecstasies of bliss,
You made my heart throb with delight
My soul o'erflow with ecstasy,
When, gone the terrors of the night
The cold clear dawn, a fantasy.
Life seemed to hold but misery
And everything seemed on the bum,
You gave me power to struggle on
You saved my life,

Sweet tot of Rum. Franc.

x x x

EXTRACT FROM REGIMENTAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Please let me know at earliest opportunity number of gum boots and inner soles in use in your Battalion.

We would like to know why the Adjutant forwarded the above to the Chaplain.

x x x

Answers to correspondents.

Would be chef,

If your "hot air" furnace won't hatch out the eggs, place them in the signallers dug-out. We guarantee they will hatch out in one hour.

POST OFFICE NEUTRALITY

From my post-bag:

Just a line to ask how long Canada has been a neutral country, as I went to our local post office to send a parcel of Daily Sketches to my brother in Toronto, Canada, and the post mistress said she could

not accept any papers for neutral countries.

x x x

Want Ad. in "Daily Telegraph".

"Young man rejected from Army, requires post of trust either in or out of brewery or distillery".

Probably going to drown his sorrow at his employers expense.

x x x

Daily Mail heading—"Corporal's great feat".

Will these people never leave Carter alone?

x x x

Ever hear this one before? The Germans are getting in wrong with the Board of Health because they have not yet cleaned up the Allies (alleys).

x x z

It is reported that Pte. Eaton is returning to Canada to become "News Editor" of the 331st Battn. Regimental paper.

x x x

Pte. Walker is passing some sleepless nights it is said that his leave is near at hand.

x x x

Rumour has it that we have in our midst a certain young man who has a very taking way with him. His latest aquirements are coke, mess tins, rum—etc. We are glad to know that we have at least one man who takes what he wants. The question is will he want "C. B." when he is caught?—for he'll have to take it.

x x x

FOUND. A "Bull Durham" sack (empty) and two packets "Arf a Mo".

x x x

Who is the Corporal in the 7th Battn. who signs himself: Yours, with YPRES of love, Bill?

x x x

1st Pte.: Why is the Padre so cheerful to-day?

2nd Pte.: He saw Pte. Ferguson walk *past* the estaminet.

x x x

Joe Drum ses—"Any time they move the 2nd Brigade to the trenches in busses it means Berlin or Blighty".

x x x

Pte. Kelly the Transport light-weight and O. C. coa pile, challenges all comers including Pte. Farthing.

x x x

We regret to announce that Cpl. Brown's rat trap has been rejected by the War Office. It has been suggested that the men in charge of the defence of London should use it for trapping zeppelins.

x x x

Pte. Gower wishes to express his appreciation for the hearty send off which he received from the boys of the Transport when he left to take over his new duties as window cleaner and head parlour maid in the observation balloon.

x x x

Overheard in French shop.

Learned Tommy: Aves you writing papier Mad-moselle sil vous please?"

Learned French belle: We sure have kid, how much do you want?"

THE 5TH BATTALION PAGE**"AU REVOIR, SIR".**

Col. George Tuxford, C.M.G. better known as "Tuxford of the plains" after having commanded the 'Fifth' since those autumn days at Valcartier down to the close of 1915 has been called away to take unto himself the more onerous and important duties of a Brigadier General.

As O.C. he carried his bat through the same splendid style as he did in cricket and the various styles of bowling never phased him a bit for a minute.

His last game of cricket we shall ever long remember by virtue of the introduction by Fritz of an over of H. E's, but then Fritz never did understand 'cricket' and things that are 'never done'. Needless to say the O.C. was not a bit put out.

He said good-by to us on the same old cricket field and his words were spoken like a good Canadian and a true soldier. Congratulations, Sir, on your well deserved honours, that Legion of Honour will rejoice all Saskatchewan. May you carry your bat through every inning and play the game with us once again in the summer clime of our golden prairies.

Major Hugh M. Dyer to be Lt. Colonel and O. C. 5th Canadian Battalion vice Colonel G. S. Tuxford K.C.M.G. Brigadier General. D. R. O. 7268 1st Canadian Division.

These were the days of great strife amongst nations, and the Horsemen of the West gathered together in a mighty host saying, "Who is there amongst us that shall lead us into battle." Then spake an elder and said unto them, "There is one who dwelleth in the East, a mighty man of valor whose name is Samuel, to him let us send a messenger saying, "Behold the men of the Plains two hundred score with their horses will go into battle, and if their horses are denied them then will they go as gravel crushers, yea, even as infantry, who wilt thou send to lead us?"

Then Samuel when he had harkened unto the voice of the messenger said, "Go ye with one accord to the Vale of Cartier where is gathered a mighty host and I will send you a leader from your land whose name is Tuxford of the Plains. And he whose name is Dyer that dwelleth in the place of many waters called Minne Dosa, will I send as Chief Captain." And they did as they were bidden, but took not their horses saying too bad, but what t'ell Bill, after the manner of their kind.

And it came to pass that after many days of journey over great seas and in many strange lands, they came unto the land of Walloons and fought many battles wherein many Captains and mighty men were slain. But the wise Captain from Minne Dosa remained with them always and spake words of fatherly counsel unto them, ministering unto their needs and giving them of his store of gold and silver when they were as broken reeds. And when the fourth month was fully come, the hosts of Fifbat fought a mighty battle and the wise Captain was sore stricken in the breast and was carried out and they were greatly troubled because of it, yet because of his great strength he died not, but came unto them again at the close of the seventh month saying with a joyful countenance, "Here are we yet again", and the men gave a glad shout and he said, "How fare ye", and they answered "Jake", then said he, "Washta ot" and remained with them giving unto them fragrant herbs wrapped in white paper and anointing their feet with oil from the great whales, even entering into the pits which they had digged, yea with his S. R. D. and torch, bringing gladness to their hearts and light unto their feet. And it came to pass that at the time of the great festival in the twelfth month, the King sent a messenger unto them saying, "Give me your leader for I have need of him," and they said, "Oh King live for ever, but who wilt thou appoint to lead us."

And he said, "I will appoint your wise Captain from the place of many waters which is called Minne Dosa, he whose name is Dyer and he shall lead you in battle. Under him shall ye drive the enemy from the land, yea even into the River of Rhine." Then the men of the Fifbat gave a mighty shout and rejoiced and were exceedingly glad.

A TALL YARN

A sniper was peering through his glasses when an officer observed him lay down his telescopic sighted rifle and grab his Lee Enfield and indulge in five rounds rapid. The officer approached the fancy marksman and asked excitedly, "What is it, what is it you see?" Without making reply or heeding, the sniper speedily inserted another clip and sent across another five rounds. The officer more excited than ever inquired what was doing, but the busy expert again silently slipped in five more and banged them off, then peering for a brief moment across the narrow way turned with a self-satisfied smile, "Did you hit anybody?" asked the officer. "Well", was the reply, "I don't know for sure, but I just heard a German officer say, have the wounded man carried out as soon as possible, and the other fourteen buried after dark."

"GOING ON LEAVE".

A double limber containing the leave party bumped along the pave road. Everyone was happy, though very cold, the hour 4 a.m. and gladly watched the flare lights in the distance, as the conveyance neared rail-head.

There was silence for almost an hour, finally one said, "That was sure some bunch of instructions the Paymaster handed us, he sure gave us a spiel, how does it go?"

"A limber will take you from the estaminet at the corner at 3.30 a.m., don't be late. You will take your rifle and equipment also your gas helmet, but no S. A. A. and no bombs or any other gentle playthings, or your leave will be cancelled. You will return on the 18th at 9 a.m. Victoria Station, a.m. means in the morning see. If you are hung up at the Base or any other place owing to storms, get a slip from the R.T.O. Be sure and report to me when you return and if you go sick get a certificate from a R.A.M.C. officer. Here's your pass. These, your general instructions. Don't loose your railway ticket. If you do, the people up top 'll write letters till the cows come home and it'll cost you twelve and ten pence, and now here's your cheque and happy days to you. Here's fifteen francs to spend on the train, and be a good boy.

"Forgot something though didn't he?" "What was that?" "Thank mother for the rabbit, huh".

Mentioned in despatches

The late Paddy Riel, an Eighth Battalion sniper, was the acknowledged "Rapid fire Cyclone". He was looked upon as a "human maxim". If the word was passed for ten rounds 'rapid', his 10 bullets would be stuck somewhere in the German parapet before some of his comraeds have got their safety catches off. The boys told him, by way of a joke, that a British Regular could shoot faster than it was possible to count. Paddy longed for the time when he could match himself against a British Regular.

One day he was placed in a bay next to a new machine gun. Hearing the gun tearing off six or seven hundred shots per minuite, he enquired who it was. Everybody told him it was a British Regular. Slinging his rifle he went in search of the Sgt. Major. "I want my discharge". "What for?" asked the S. M. "Oh" said Paddy, "I might as well quit now, I'll never be able to beat a regular".

THE 8TH BATTALION'S PAGE

SKETCHES AROUND M

We have secured a great acquisition to our establishment. One whom we venture to think is an original. One that only the Canadian Corps could produce. Certainly his angle of view upon precedent, authority and custom is unusual to say the least of it, and his capability for narrative, vividly illuminated with similes of a fierce and rugged nature is unique. Being O. C. of an enterprise recently which necessitated the procuring of a quantity of material from Headquarters, he naturally encountered a number of delays and obstacles which he attacked in a characteristic manner. It is unnecessary to detail the strafing administered to those who would have blocked progress as the outcome is summed up sufficiently by the closing remark of the controversy; "I don't want the stuff now, I stole it from the Park at——". Not long since he was a guest at a dinner given by a Staff to a certain distinguished holder of office in England who is popularly supposed to be closely concerned with operations of considerable magnitude, when he expressed his opinion of their conduct in such lurid language that notes were hastily taken by at least one M. P. present who said that the bizarre and rococo adjectives would make a refreshing and engaging change for his constituents when he next took the hustings. The distinguished member was appeased when he understood who the one man was that could tell a General where he got off, and get away with it. During the present lull much of his entertaining and winning conversation alas, can only be launched at his dumb charges, but when the noise is distinguished as something other than the "gas alarm", odd fragments may still be happily fitted together and new and astounding combinations are added to the English language.

Things we would like to know.

Who was the rookie who thought he saw escaping gas burning in gas trench?

Who conceived the idea of issuing Coy. rum when in billets, after, instead of before, breakfast.

Mac Hobnobs with Society.

"How did you enjoy yourself on leave Mac?"

"Oh, not too bad; that is after I broke away from that Park Lane crowd".

"You don't mean to say that you have friends in Park Lane?"

"Well, no! Not so as you would notice it, but a fellow I used to work for in Wyoming sent me a letter of introduction to his brother. So when I arrived in London I asked a policeman where this street was, and would you believe it, he started laughing and told me to go to bed and have a sleep and I'd be alright in the morning. I told that cop that I'd seen things like him in my blankets, and hollered for a taxi. The chuvver knew the place well, and no wonder; you talk about swell joints! I told the taxi man to stick around, as I was liable to need him again in a few minutes. The fellow what opened the door was all fixed up like a picture of George Washington. While I was figuring out whether I oughter salute or "present arms" he asked me for my "cawd". I told him I didn't have no card, but he could have my identification disc. Before I had time to get it off my neck, the old man arrived on the scene. I hands the old man the letter and he tells George Washington to dismiss the taxi. George came back at the double and he takes my cap and coat and equipment and rifle. I told him to anchor the whole works down with my entrenching tool. The old man says "tut tut, everything will be alright, make yourself at home." And believe me boys, when I saw that row of fancy bottles on the sideboard I promised him I would. He asked me what I would have to drink, I told him to start in with the bottle on the left and take them all in succession and then work back again. He pulled a long rope and in walks a fellow dressed nearly as funny as George. He had a face about as cheerful as a

ON DIT

The introduction of the Army Canteen at the front has been a great boon to the men judging the amount of business being done by the watch dealers in Bailleul, (for which the Paymaster can vouch), the canteen people however are overlooking a line for which there is a great demand.

Sixteen Platoon's Listening patrols have a novel method of preventing the Germans from hurling rifle grenades at them. When the first grenade lights they simply give the signal for a general stand-too, to the Company. This, in some mysterious way prevents further molestations on the part of the Huns.

Congratulations Sergt-Major Neighbour, D. Company., and in fact all the Little Black Devils are proud of you. Your distinguished conduct was conspicuous not only on the occasion when our present gallant Colonel was wounded but also on the previous evening and on several other occasions. More honours and recognition are sure to be the reward for your modest gallantry and sterling worth.

Hill (starts with 6 and ends with 3)

There's a wooded hill in Flanders,
Pitted with shot and shell, and,
With a line of disused dug-outs 'neath the crest;
There's a group of wooden crosses,
Showing white amongst the trees,
Where the 1st Division's heroes lie at rest.

There's a wooded hill in Flanders,
Where the trees are falling past.
With the trunks and branches smashed by shot and shell;
But the little group of crosses,
Is growing more and more,
Where we've buried men we knew and loved so well.

Those broken trees that fall there,
Lie unheaded on the ground,
With none to care or wonder how they fell.
But those little wooden crosses,
Are a living memory,
To the men who's deeds we'll never cease to tell.

E. M.

leaky dug-out. He poured out two drinks and I asked him if he would have one himself. I guess he must have had some cashed away some place, because he never answered me. The old man gave me a fine cigar and while I was telling him about his brother, the missus waddled in. She looked at me through a kind of periscope thing. The old man gave me a knock-down to her, and she asked me if I'd go to a show with them the following night. "Sure thing" I says; but I'd know idea what was in store for me. We chewed the rag for an hour or so and the old boy told the bartender fellow, (I think his name was James) to show me to my room. When we got upstairs, this batman asked me what time I would like my "bawth". I told him not to worry about that as I'd had one only a week ago, but look here be, I says, if you want to earn five francs just slip me an eye opener for the morning.

Well next day, I got a knock-down to his two daughters, and then I wished I'd done as the policeman had told me. They took me out in a big car, and when we'd seen the outside of all the big hotels I suggested that we should have a look at the inside of one of them. They arranged that we should have supper after the show so I let it go at that. That evening we got seats almost on the stage and the way those women dressed decided me to get back to the woods. They looked to me as if they had started in to dress and then run out of material. I knew everybody in the theatre was looking at them and me too, so after the first act I went to the bar to think it over. I fixed it up with an Australian to say he was my brother. The old man wanted him to come along too; but I'd already put him wise. We all drove back to get my equipment and then I started to have a good time.

I think I'll go to Scotland next time.

THE 10TH BATTALION'S PAGE

RANDOMISYMS otherwise THINGS WE DO KNOW

The Transport Boys wish to thank Capt. Whiteman for use of phonograph and records. Same was very much appreciated.

x x x

Say! You fellows that have experienced the Homely Comfy Life with a mother-in-law, what are you supposed to say when she breaks yer old favorite 'Calabash'. I know a guy that went out and bought a new one. Is this philosophy?

x x x

We are awful sorry having roasted the Brigade Band in our first issue, we apologise profusely. It seems that it's the drums that get affected by the 'Delugian' weather we've been having lately, NOT the Bandsmen. Carry on band, continue your good work, you're doing fine.

x x x

Why don't the 'DEAR GIRLS' from Altrincham, write?

x x x

If it is customary while on Active Service to platt a horse's tail with straw? Perhaps the 'Clydesdale Fancier' could enlighten us.

x x x

How would a nice RAISIN PIE go down?

x x x

Who is the batman in the Eighth Battalion who is going to be presented with a BARREL-ORGAN?

x x x

Oh that Monkey!

x x x

Say Boys! We've got a genuine stetson at last, but don't intend loaning it to any guy for going on leave with. We're going to write a yarn about this hat next issue. Look out for same, it will make good copy.

x x x

Here's a good hint: When on an egg buying expedition in this beautiful dusty country (which bye the bye, reminds us very much of California), ask these 'Big Ranchers' around here for *local eggs*, not *gassed* ones. There's a whole lot in this and we'll explain fully in our next issue.

x x x

Has it ever occurred to those connected with the G.O.C. Staff to sometimes examine and analyse those dear little innocent looking presents we sometimes get dished out to us of home-made cakes, which come from all parts of the Dominion, including German settlements.

We had one the other day, which we don't say was tampered with, but anyhow, our cook ditched it as unfit for human consumption.

This is simply thrown out as a hint for what it is worth.

Our theory may be wrong, but we are suspicious.

x x x x x x

KEEP SMILING

Keep smiling, yes, when fortune smiles,
And all men praise and flatter,
But when come losses, pains and trails,
It is quite another matter.

Keep smiling, bravely stand at bay,
When'er by care oppressed,
It may not be the only way,
But surely 'tis the best.

Keep smiling, not for self alone,
Are there not weaker brothers,
The smile that on your face has shone,
May hearten many others.

Keep smiling then, acquire the grace,
If well you'd play your part,
The sunshine that illumines your face,
Will reach your inmost heart.

A New Year's message from the
"OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

We have a reader who will dispose of ten million 'Black Diamonds'. It is a give away price.

x x x

Anybody in the Battalion from Ponoka?

x x x

How did you like the boxes of candies from dear old sleepy aristocratic Victoria B.C. Honest to goodness though, ain't the people awful good to us boys?

Have you answered all those dear little notes which were tucked away in the corner of ever so many boxes. Here's a sample:

Victoria, B.C.

My Dear Tommy,

I do not know you (wish you did) or who you are, but I'll be awfully glad if you get this O. K. Hope you will enjoy 'em (Oh! we did). Are the trenches very uncomfortable? I'll bet they are.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

E---- L----

Now wouldn't you all love to have that address, but you ain't going to have it, see, that's reserved for this 'Guy'.

x x x

No, we do not contemplate opening a Zeppelin and Airship Fund for protection of our regular readers, who may be killed or wounded etc. by a raid. Personally we do not think they need have much fear about accidents of this kind happening in our vicinity of the Globe. We've got them carralled you see. Besides babies and women are in the minority round our quarter. So you see Mr. Fritz is not interested.

x x x

Did the letter pass?

Rev. William Watson, of the Gallowgate United Free Church, Aberdeen, who is back from the front on leave, said that while censoring soldiers letters in France, he came across the following:

D--- the Kaiser! D--- the Huns!

D--- the man who invented guns!

D--- the Army! D--- the war!

Oh, what a jolly lot of fools we are!

Mr. Watson said that all the politics of the House of Commons could not give a finer summing-up of the situation.

x x x

Have you seen a copy of the New Book by Sir Max Aiken 'Canada in Flanders', published at 1/-, with a preface by Sir Robert Borden.

Well it's fine boys—Obey that impulse and do it now get a copy to-day, and after you have diagnosed it's contents, hand it along to your Pal, he'll enjoy it too. It's the kind of reading that puts the "pep" into a fellow. Get me Steve?

x x x

Hint for the Expeditionary Force Canteen:

Why not have a special counter and clerk for Officer's Batmen? We haven't all got a whole day to spare for shopping.

x x x

Now I'm going to let you into the secret.

The Transport has got a mascot, and what do you think? Why it's a MONKEY!

x x x

In answer to "Weary Willie". Pyjamas are not a Government issue. Try Selfridges, Oxford Street.

The Junior Army and Navy Stores only supply leather or moleskin ones.

x x x

Corner lot for sale in the flourishing town of M-----.
Suitable for laundry or chip business. Apply A. P. M's Office "After the war".

HOLY "WILLHEIM'S" PRAYER

O. Got of Battle, Gott of Mar
 Who make der earth, der moon, der star,
 Und everything in dis world, bar
 Meinsel und mine.
 "Vot for ve not yet lick der tar from foreign swine?"
 For twenty years I been prepare,
 I plot and scheme mit trap und snare
 Und ven all odders make der prayer
 For World of peace,
 I flash mein sabre through der air
 Und never cease.

I takes you mit me in dis deal,
 Because the Yerman peoples feel
 That you can keep mein iron heal
 So sharp und big,
 To grind the foe und make them squeal
 Like dying pig.

Und ven ve two gommece dis din
 You gif for me der job to vin;
 I promised you to walk right in
 Te gay Paree;
 But hundred hoodoo, dam der skin,
 Sure follow me.

Dat Belgian he not understan'
 He dink I gobble up his lan'
 Und every vomen, and man
 give me raw deal.
 Der grazzy vool upset mein plan
 Und sprag mein veel.

Und ven dis make mein soldier mad
 He treat der Belgian very bad,
 Und cut der hand off all der lad
 Und make em quit;
 Der vorld she call me "one big cad"
 Ach! Hypocrite.

Und ven ve pillage all der town
 Und blow all der fine cathedral down,
 Americans dey make a frown
 Und talk of art.
 Vot! "Are ve run der circus clown or kindegart?"

Dot dondergasted Jhonnie Bull
 He butt in for some treaty rule.
 His soldiers, ach! der crazy mule,
 Though queer to tell,
 Von Kluck reports he vas no fool
 Und fight like hell.

Vot for you not keep him avay
 Und at his grocery beesness stay?
 He push mein navy out der vay
 Und say "By gum".
 You often toasted for 'der day'
 Und now she come!"

Und Austria, ach! She make me svear
 She cannot stop der Rooshian bear;
 She lose her goat and iss so scare
 She quickly get.
 If she but do vun lettle share,
 Ve lick em yet.

I dink, O Gott, you must have quit;
 Or vy dose things do you permit;
 If you are mad cause ve commit
 Dos Belgian crimes,
 Vy den you shure vos quite a bit
 Behind der times.

Vor ve must plunder, rape and slay,
 Blood and iron, dots our vay;
 If dis offend you ve vill say
 to you "Goot-bye",
 Henceforth mein peoples all s' all pray
 To Me und I.

Und ven ve lick all foreign swine
 Der vorld vill vorship at our shrine
 Und talk der language of der Rhine
 Mit tongue und pen,
 Und all der glory shall be mein,
 Amen, Amen,

A. S. Hamilton,
 Nanaimo.

REINFORCEMENTS

We asked the boys to come over,
 And now they're here with us,
 We thought of them there in clover,
 And sometimes made a fuss
 About the times they were having,
 Away in that fair land,
 While we in the mud were slaving,
 Here with the mailed gloved hand.

So now they are here defending
 Old Britain's gracious cause,
 And we hope, with faith unending
 They'll never shirk or pause
 Until the boys who came before,
 Now crumbling in the dust,
 Are well avenged with blood and gore,
 And they have won our trust.

We each must play our little part,
 Unto the bitter end;
 Some may show less greater heart,
 But each his work attend.
 So when we all pass out from here
 And others take our place,
 May they still come not knowing fear;
 The vicious foe to face.

W. J. Cook.

HOW TO RUN THE WAR

By the author of Napoleon crossing the Whelps.

My chief reason for submitting the following suggestions to the "L. P." is, that should they catch the eye of the General, my promotion will follow as a matter of course. In order that I may have a wider sphere in which to display my genius, he would probably appoint me Aide de Camp or give me a job in the wet canteen. The least he could do would be to make me Colonel. As I cannot ride a horse, I should be compelled to decline the first and last mentioned lofty positions; but my desire to reduce the importation of tea, sugar and milk, might prompt me to accept the less dignified job of slinging the 'arf and 'arf and the latest battalion scandals.

Now for the "brainstorm".

All conscientious objectors to be billeted in (*ensor*).
 Union hours for the boys in the trenches, and a trip to Paris every pay day.

A pipe line to be run from the "Brasserie" to the front line trench.

Feather beds and white sheets in or out of the trenches.

Every soldier to have a batman.

Infantry to be placed behind Artillery.

Fighting to cease at 12 noon Saturday until 10 a.m. Monday.

No sniping during meal times.

This book should be on all the tables in the War Office, and should be closely studied by the General Staff and in fact, all Staff Officers, ordinary officers, soldiers and also civilians.

Mudenwaters Journal.