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THE LISTENING POST



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
7th BATTALION C. E. F. ASSOCIATION



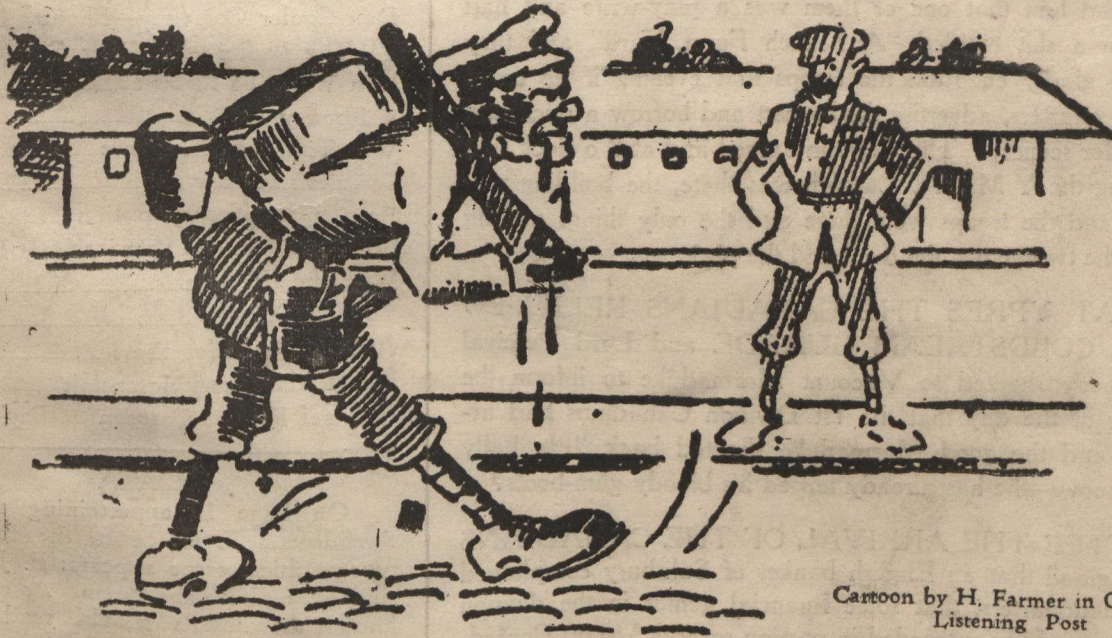
C. D. AVANN, President.

L. S. TIMLECK, Secretary.

No. 34

TWENTY THIRD ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

Price 25 Cents



Cartoon by H. Farmer in Original
Listening Post

*Drill-Sergeant to Defaulter—"And don't forget you bloomin', blinkin' block 'ead
that it is love that lightens labour."*

SPECIAL SOUVENIR EDITION TO COMMEMORATE
"TWENTY YEARS APRES LA GUERRE FINIE"

Do You Remember

WHEN THE 7th BATTALION were going overseas on the "Virginian" that an address upon co-operation was given by Company Commanders, and this teamwork was exemplified later in France, when three chaps sold a transport wagon to a French farmer and then organized another three men to steal it back again?

WHEN NANNY THE 8th BATTALION'S GOAT was stolen, slain, skinned and sold to the 2nd Brigade Headquarters for New Zealand spring lamb?

WHEN THE ITALIAN FRUITMAN at Salsbury complained to the authorities that his sidewalk display of fruit mysteriously disappeared everytime the Canadians came to town and he was advised to get a ferocious bull-dog placed outside of his premises to prevent further annoyance, and how the police, three days later, recovered the dog from the 7th Battalion lines?

WHEN TWO, SUAVE, SLEEK MEMBERS OF THE 10th BATTALION approached a Y.M.C.A. Captain and informed him that one of them was a play-write and had written a skit entitled "A French Farm Yard" and they would gladly entertain the troops that evening if he could secure quarters, advertise the concert and borrow a duck and a pig for scenery. The Captain agreed and at 8 o'clock that evening the Y.M.C.A. Captain was there, the building was there and the troops were there and the only things missing were the two actors, the duck and the pig?

WHEN AT YPRES THE CANADIANS RELIEVED THE COLDSTREAM GUARDE and Lord Percival Somebody shouted to Viscount Marmaduke to inform the officer of the day that the 1st Division Canadians had arrived and the good Marmaduke shouted back "He bally well knows—he has already missed his bloody gum-boots?"

JUST AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE CANADIANS in England that an English banker of Salisbury complained to Headquarters, that some financial genius in the division had successfully succeeded in passing several \$20.00 Confederate Army bills upon the unsuspecting paying teller, and the only sympathy that the banker received from some "Brass Hat" was the reply "What's the blooming difference if you don't know if the Civil War is over yet?"

WHEN WE ARRIVED IN FRANCE and utilized United Cigar Store green coupons in payment for wares as dispensed by the rapacious estaminet-keepers, and when they complained they were advised to send them into the New York head-office to be redeemed?

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ERRATA

On Page 10 appertaining to Ven. Archdeacon F. G. Scott, the following typographical error appears: F. J. Scott, under the photo and poem. As everyone knows the initials should read F. G. Scott.

Many of the "phoney ads" that appear in this issue have been gathered up from various sources. At the time of writing them we were inspired by the LISTENING POST spirit—or just spirit. We are indebted to Miss Irene Cole; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald; Miss E. Leigh, of Ingersoll, for loaning us the material that was in their possession.

A LETTER FROM OUR PRIME MINISTER



Ottawa, July 5th, 1938.

The publication of the Special Anniversary number of "The Listening Post" evokes memories of the Great War. After the passing of two decades, they remain vivid and poignant in the minds and hearts of the people of Canada. The spirit of loyal comradeship, courage and true patriotism, which, in the days of the war, found so clear an expression in the pages of "The Listening Post", is as necessary as it was at that time.

Out of the war there arose the hope, so widely and profoundly held, of enduring peace and security. Unhappily, the years which followed have failed to realize these aspirations, which gave meaning to the conflict, and to the valour and the sacrifices which it called forth. Today, the peace of the world again hangs in precarious balance.

In these circumstances it becomes, more than ever, the duty of all to seek to make reason and co-operation prevail. Toward the achievement of this goal none will strive more earnestly than those who experienced the horrors of the last war. None will share more deeply than they, the hope that the ideal of understanding and goodwill may yet find its fulfilment in the lives of nations.

W. S. Macdonald King

38253

The Minister of National Defence Greets the Men Upon the Occasion of the Holding of the Canadian Corps Reunion in Toronto



HON. IAN MACKENZIE
Minister of National Defence

To The Editor:

My best of good wishes to all members of the old Canadian Corps who are to be present at the Reunion in Toronto in July. My blessings on the Listening Post and on the old memories it revives.

It is wonderful indeed to think that twenty years after the great events that decided the destinies of nations, and the fate of civilization itself, the name and the inspiration of a little trench journal should be perpetuated as you are doing now.

The Listening Post was probably the most famous of all trench journals. To us in British Columbia it had a peculiar personal touch, a deep personal significance.

The old 7th Battalion we regarded as our very own. Its brilliant Commanding Officer, Hart McHarg, was amongst the first of gallant Canadians to fall.

With him as he fell was Victor Odum, who subsequently established a wonderful record as one of Canada's most brilliant soldiers. He penned some of the first articles and messages appearing in the Listening Post and today carries on in community and business life the old traditions of twenty years ago.

In my own City of Vancouver are many members of the old 7th Battalion, and they will be glad indeed to read again a word or two of comfort and inspiration, and to chuckle over timely sallies and humorous thrusts as they did in younger days.

You are indeed to be especially commended upon this effort to revive a past that is now somewhat receding amongst the curious mists of memory, a past where such splendid comradeships were formed, a past that witnessed such splendid feats of endurance and heroism and of sacrifice, a past of twenty years ago that saw us all as boys and youths and young men in the carefree comradeship of arms, and now mingles across the intervening testing time of the years with a present that sees those of us who survive, older, less visionary, but still endeavouring to carry out the same ideals, the same high purposes which we all shared together in Flanders and in France.

IAN MACKENZIE.

EDITORIAL COMMENT



THE LISTENING POST

Montreal, Que. Ingersoll, Ont.
Stanley J. Smith Editor

Address all communications to Editorial and Business Offices, INGERSOLL, ONTARIO.

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WHY WE ARE ODD AND QUEER

Odd and queer things differ from the accepted things of life. The majority of us would still be burning tallow candles if Tommy Edison had agreed with his critics that the electric light would not burn.

Jenner took pus from a pocked cow to cure small-pox. Evidently, Jenner must have been queer. At least, everybody said he was a lunatic and that's right next door to being queer. Galileo looked through his telescope and said that the world was in motion; yet, everybody else readily agreed that it was stationary. An odd fish, that Galileo, suggesting such a thing! The wisecrackers at the turn of the century shouted "If God had meant man to fly He would have given us wings." But they did not stop to realize that men had been swimming from time immemorial without gills and fins.

Those that think differently from their fellowmen are crazy, possess a cracked pot and really should be in an insane asylum. But thanks to those queer nuts of the past we have radio, electric lights, autos and other modern comforts of life. Therefore, being odd and queer has its compensations and rewards! The LISTENING POST possessed a dug-out difference from the garden variety of trench journals that printed cartoons, humorous stories, odd verse and worse. It was vicariously vivid and varied. It possessed "tone." It was a rare vintage from the journalistic vineyard of wit, wisdom and satire. Its originality and cleverness was its eccentricity among trench sheets to portray dug-out journalism.

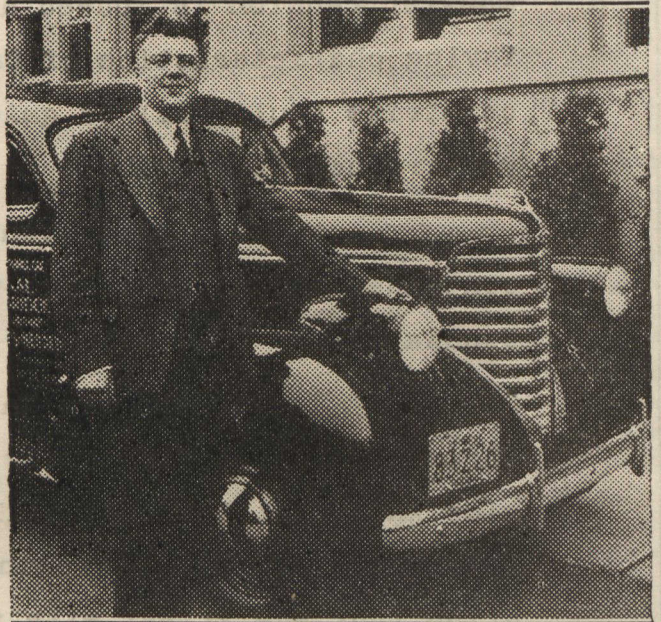
THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED

This issue was occasioned by a small 8 page booklet entitled THE LISTENING POST, published

by the Cee-Sevens of Vancouver, last November. About the only thing that looked original was the name. It was then decided that we of Eastern Canada would show our western brother-in-arms how a LISTENING POST should appear to keep up the appearance of such a unique and historic trench sheet. One of the first requisites for "jugged hare" is to catch the rabbit. Therefore, we contacted the old original contributors (who are left) for material. We received sufficient to make up four or five issues! It was originally intended to solicit advertising and sell this issue for 10 cents but due to large industrial firms and national advertisers giving liberally to the Canadian Corps Reunion we felt that it would be an imposition upon our part to ask them to help us out.

We had no alternative but to increase the price to a quarter as this issue carries no paid advertising. We believe the reading public would rather read material of a lighter vein than ads which you can read in any journal. From advance orders we now know that we were justified.

A Friend of the Troops



We were more than grateful to accept the proffered assistance of Mr. A. C. Trusler, Canadian Goodwill Ambassador of The Blue Water Bridge at Point Edward and Port Huron.

Upon our wooden leg, we knew we would encounter a certain amount of difficulty in contacting every unit secretary at the various dinners. Mr. Trusler solved the problem by means of the General Motors Goodwill Oldsmobile which he has driven more than 7,000 miles in recent weeks, on a goodwill tour of Ontario.

Through this goodwill, The Listening Post became available to every soldier attending the Re-Union, and we express hearty thanks to Mr. Trusler and also to his sponsors, General Motors Products of Canada. May we say this for all the troops who read this issue, brought to them via the Goodwill Car?

Ontario Welcomes the Veterans Through the Columns of the Listening Post

To the Editor-in-Chief:

It gives me great pleasure to extend greetings through "The Listening Post" to the thousands of ex-troops of the C.E.F. who are attending the Canadian Corps Reunion in Toronto, also to the thousands of others unable to be present.

The mobilization of a corps of approximately 125,000 men to celebrate twenty years of peace at a monster reunion is indeed a tribute to the peace loving characteristics of Canadians. People of other countries could well be guided by such a reunion as you are now staging.

May the past twenty years of peace be continued and no wars rage to mar the prosperity of Canada in the future.

To you who are gathered for the Canadian Corps Reunion, I wish every success for the future. I also know that the boys will once again welcome the appearance of "The Listening Post", the trench publication that was "first with the news". I am only sorry there are not more of your original staff living today to take part in the peace time publication.

MITCHELL F. HEPBURN
Prime Minister.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

OUR POLICY

Unlike other journals we have no policy—The original Listening Post was born amidst pain, suffering and distress to alleviate the more serious side of war—It behooved us to maintain an attitude of strict indifference to things in general. We regarded it as utterly useless to attempt to dictate, or promote any set policy or aims. We had prestige among the soldiers and our publication was considered the peer of dug-out journalism, but even so, we still had no policy. This was caused by the uncertainty of life—Any newspaper is only as big as the Editor's thoughts—We could never see any reason why we should agitate for a "More Rum" policy and then scan the casualty list next morning and learn that the Editor was defunct. Then again our new editor might have a pet yen for a "Bigger and Better Pea-Soup" policy but he would be doing 28 days, Field Punishment, Number One, for going on a bender before he could put his ideas into effect. Naturally, under such peculiar conditions, we left the policy of winning the war to the more stable editors of the French and English press.

Our contributors, correspondents and news-reporters only lasted about 15 minutes—When an article was handed in for publication one had to quickly ascertain if all the essential details of the article were complete, because invariably, we never saw the contributor again to request further information. Napooed, wounded or missing, caused great inroads to be made upon our staff. Budding authors and spring poets stepped into immortality before their articles could be prepared for the printing press. Having no policy also had it's compensations that we were not offending any reader. Nowadays, many readers of certain Canadian journals would like to shoot the editor and news-reporters; but it was our non-readers that shot ours.

We never levelled criticisms because someone attempted to bend or break the Ten Commandments. We took life lightly and the enemy's also when the opportunity presented itself. We condoned stealing because we believed stealing was respectable—An army not only marches upon it's stomach but also upon stolen horses and shoes—We despised the light-fingered gentry that would rob a comrade but admired the battalion burglar that could produce the odd pig and a gallon of rum. The latter was considered respectable stealing. The Padre would look sternly upon this art as he passed his plate for a second helping of pork—We all knew that if God was not smiling, He was, at least, looking the other way. Swearing was essential—No working-party was complete without doing a considerable amount of cussing or uttering an imprecation against "Fritzie the Machine-gunner"—Many of a mild dam has helped to drive a wire stake or a refractory mule. The Padre knew this also—He, at times, said more than "phew" and "golly." The Listen-

ing Post discussed no religion or permitted any religious matter to creep into its columns—It failed to see the wisdom of extolling the "Thou Shalt Not Kill" commandment to its readers. They happened to be so heavily laden with bombs and bullets and were paid a buck ten per day to exterminate all and sundry. Now and then a religious minded chap would endeavour to give us a moral uplift but after he was uplifted himself a few times by the minenwerfers and howitzers he soon forgot his mother's teaching. One of the battalion's best chicken thief, rum rustler and poker player was previously a serious minded theological student from up near Shuswap Lake way. Meagre rations, small pay and the prospects of a short life upon this orb, soon sharpened one's wits.

We also refused to discuss politics. We were fully aware that war-time profiteers had secured governmental contracts to supply pork, gravel and beans but refrained from commenting in case that the publicity might give someone an idea to can angora cat and disguise it as New Zealand rabbit—besides, the gravel was genuine Canadian soil and we gained solace in the thought that wherever one was buried that the spot would be forever a bit of Canada in a more truer sense.

We did not believe in prohibition—In fact, many of us considered that the rum ration was the only inducement to prolong the war. The majority of the articles that were submitted for publication were penned, or illustrated, in an estaminet or on, by, in, at, or near a rum dump. We would go to the Y. M. C. A. to pilfer enough writing paper for an article and then adjourn to absorb Vin Rouge or biere Anglaise until inspired—If the inspiration failed to materialize we would return next day. We never begrudged the time or the opportunity. We could never reason why the Canadian papers printed the anti-rum letters from the irate good ladies. We surmised that they were safe in Canada and apparently wearing dry pants, while our's were wet. We never commented upon it because we did not care what the ladies thought. Life was very precarious—It was a sort of here today and gone tonight life. We were apt to die suddenly. One could be the chief participant in a military funeral and a blanket while thinking up some crude joke. One soldier explained the rum ration issue in a nut shell when he said "What? Take away our rum? Why a fellow might as well be a civilian for all the kick he would get out of this army or war." Although we had no definite policy we favoured articles that ridiculed the enemy and lampooning well known racial traits of the Scotch, English, Irish and French, etc. The army itself came in for a large amount of skits and quips—Every story had some personal background behind it—The humour simply teemed during an action—It did not appear funny at the time but after the battle was

over anyone could recall some ridiculous event. The medical Profession secured a lot of undesired publicity because we were all trying to dodge the trenches or a long route march. Articles on the unsympathetic medics were printed in every issue. The Medical Officers resented the satire but to no avail. The more they protested seemed to give some author an added incentive to think up more unkind things to express through the columns of the trench journal. The Listening Post was truly the troop's paper and they did not hesitate to air their views but it was hidden under the respectable cloak of humour.

— o —
THE MOANERS

The Listening Post wishes to cite certain Canadian Dailies that are more than friendly to the troops. Notably, among these are the Sentinel-Review of Woodstock; The Windsor Daily Star; The Globe and Mail; and The Province of Vancouver.

In twenty years we have found out that there exists certain newspapers that possess a very kindly feeling towards the returned soldier than is otherwise manifested by other journals. In other words, John Doe, ex-private can air his views with the aforesaid mentioned papers with a certain amount of certainty that the grievance will be published.

Many of these "wails" are entirely uncalled for. The Editors are fully aware and the readers of the aforesaid journals are aware. But notwithstanding, they appear in print.

In our estimation these "wails" and "moans" emanate from only one source and that is from certain individuals that shouted "marmalade and more marmalade" during short rations; those that took advantage of any subterfuge to get an extra days "leaf"; and when Kitchener was drowned, stepped up to take supreme command. Every unit in the Great War had to deal with this sort of gentry. They were the army wiseheimers, they were the most reliable fellows to get on a wiring or burying party when silence was at a premium. They were so exacting that the odd one got killed through their knowledge of "just rightness" and according to King's Rules and Regulations.

It is this sort of chap that has destroyed any sympathy to the "returned soldier movement." They will wail in Hades about the issue of sulphur and the quality of the steel in the devil's fork. If it so happens any of them get to the pearly gates, they will argue with St. Peter about the milk and honey, a discord in the "G" string of the harp and the stagger of anyone's wings for taking off. If Gabriel blows his horn it will be on account that he found it where he left it.

The Listening Post has no qualms about this sort. They will not be found in heaven and the other spot draws the line upon respectability. It would be a waste of fuel to wish that they would have eternal burns and about the only advice we can give to the "wailer" is, by all means, get the complaint off your chest by a letter to the Editor, read it three times to correct the mistakes and then tear it up.

Anyway We had a Navy!



Photo by Allez
 Toutsweet
 Bruay, France

*The Editor (on the right) as the
 Army Leadslinger*

Fat and Forty!



Photo
 by
 Sarnia
 Herald

*The Editor as the Civilian
 Leadslinger*

TORONTO BECOMES CAMP OF 125,000 EX-MEMBERS OF CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE --- MAYOR DAY ISSUES WELCOME

MAYOR'S OFFICE

June 3rd, 1938.

To the Readers of "The Listening Post":

Greetings to all the comrades of other days, as you assemble twenty years after cessation of hostilities to renew friendships and to talk over the days of real comradeship.

As a member of the old 116th Battalion, and now as Mayor of the City of Toronto, I extend to each one of you a most cordial invitation to join the trek to Toronto on this auspicious occasion. From far and wide ex-service men and women are converging on this loyal City of Toronto, reminiscent of advances so valiantly made by them against enemy positions in the great conflagration, which gave birth to the Canadian Corps.

The citizens of Toronto are noted for the hospitality extended to the visitor within our gates, and you will no doubt experience this in great measure. You are assured of a most cordial welcome.

Perusal of "The Listening Post" will recall to the minds of most of you many associations in the dug-outs of France, perhaps long forgotten, and will engender a desire to rejoin your units for this monster demonstration of loyalty to our great Empire, and solidarity in maintaining British traditions, of which we are all so proud. By very force of numbers let us show to the world that we, as Canadian citizens, are not unmindful of the privileges we enjoy as such, and are ever ready to present a united front to those subservient forces whether within or without, that would wreck the principles and free institutions which we once fought for.

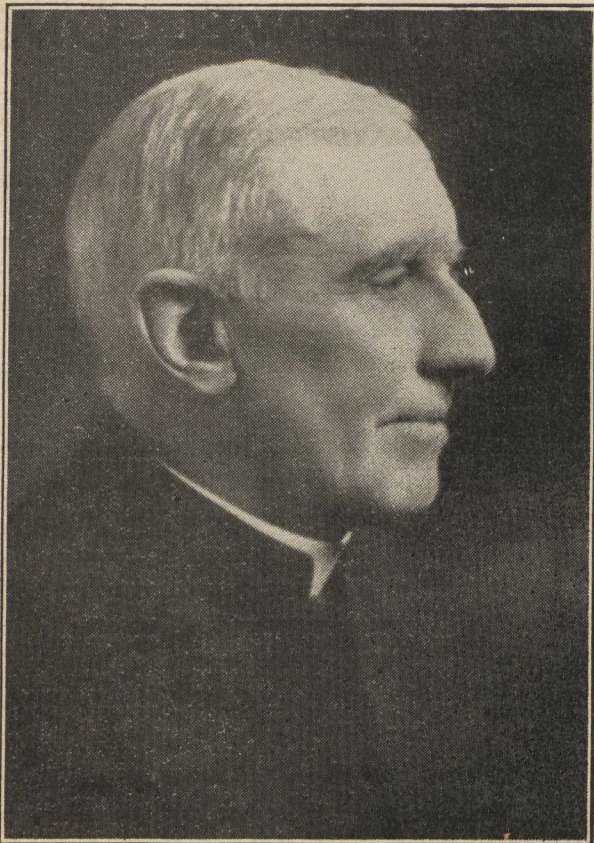
Toronto welcomes you, and extends the freedom of the City, in the knowledge that the veterans will uphold the tradition of the invincible Canadian Corps, which acquitted itself so creditably in the dark days of adversity, which we hope will never return.

R. C. DAY,
Mayor.



MAYOR R. C. DAY OF TORONTO

FROM THE PEN OF OUR BELOVED PADRE



Ven. Archdeacon
Frederick G. Scott
D. S. O.

July 1st, 1938.

To all My Old Comrades:

I am looking forward with great pleasure to meeting many of you again in Toronto in July. Those who cannot come will be with us in our hearts.

Always your devoted and admiring Padre.

F. J. SCOTT.

Ven. Archdeacon FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT
C.M.G., D.S.O.



REQUIESCANT

*In lonely watches night by night,
Great visions burst upon my sight,
For down the stretches of the sky
The hosts of dead go marching by.*

*Strange ghostly banners o'er them float
Strange bugles sound an awful note,
And all their faces and their eyes
Are lit with starlight from the skies.*

*The anguish and the pain have passed
And peace hath come to them at last,
But in the stern looks linger still
The iron purpose and the will.*

*Dear Christ, who reign'st above the flood
Of human tears and human blood,
A weary road these men have trod,
O house them in the home of God.*

F. J. SCOTT.

In a field near
Ypres, April, 1915.

A TRIBUTE

In the C. E. F. there were so many names of the strong and powerful, that it would be impossible to single any one for recognition, and so it is a very good policy to ignore them all. By so doing we create no jealousies; we all did our bit, and we fitted into our own particular niche though we were a rear-rank private or a major-general.

The Listening Post does not feel that it is treading upon dangerous ground when one particular name is mentioned, therefore, this page is devoted to a gentleman, first; an officer, second and a minister of the gospel, third. These "three" happen to be "Canon" Frederick George Scott, Senior Chaplain, 1st Canadian Division.

Now we view our kindly Padre at the age of 77 years, as strong as ever, living out his life in untiring industry, continually frank, honest, direct and wistful in his longing for love, contained in a heart that goes out to any soldier of any squad, of any platoon, of any company, of any battalion, of any brigade, of any division, in a great willing desire to give them any wish that fate had withheld from them. Just before the battles when the military bands would be playing, his spirit would be so moved by the forthcoming carnage that he would shed tears, dry his eyes and then go with us. Today, seven years over the allotted span of man, he could "go west" yet be with us tomorrow, the day after, next month, next year, next century. Regardless of any one particular faith, he was held by all as "A good mixer"; one of God's best; one of "their" God's best. He knew all of our frailties. He is a keen student of human nature. He fully believes that the old brigade remaining today—twenty years after—will not blemish the name of Canada.

Upon the eve of battle his advice was timely and accepted. He would "bust up" a crown and anchor game that was played with dice, but his thoughts imparted—"Boys, you have a better chance playing with a poker deck because you can throw away bad cards when you see them, but you cannot read dice under a cup." He did not believe in drinking, but he always left the impression with one "That Saint Peter might be short of a drink in heaven with the big inrush after the battle, so take one now just in case." He did not believe in swearing unless it got a refractory machine-gun or an army mule going.

F. G. Scott did not succeed by chance. Chance might toss you into the lap of a world war for a bid for recognition and power, but if you lacked capacity, you could never hold the place. Even if the war had not come, Lt.-Col. F. G. Scott's name would have been as well known today. Edison, Jenner, Westinghouse, Burbank and thousands of others smelled no battle smoke in order to gain fame, but they had capacity. Archdeacon F. G. Scott possessed capacity, and he differed from the others in smelling smoke.

Always the gentleman first; always the officer second; always the padre third; he preached the same sermon upon the dusty roads of France and Belgium that Jesus preached upon the dusty roads of Jerusalem—namely, "LOVE THY FELLOWMEN." In a land full of hate and spite he fulfilled God's wish to perfection.

S. J. S.



We knew a certain chap that climbed the "compound" fence at Southampton docks and wandered down to the water front. He noticed a petty officer in charge of a small gasoline phut-phut-phut that was serving a warship which happened to be anchored about 1000 yards out.

"Is the skipper aboard the ship?" asked our inquiring friend.

"Aye, sir." was the reply.

"Tell him that I am coming aboard."

"Who will I say you are, Sir?" asked the petty officer.

"Due to the increase of Naval estimates, Lloyd George has announced an increase of tuppence per pint on beer, therefore, just tell your skipper that one of the owners wishes to come aboard!"

Our friend was fined ten shillings for being drunk.

A couple of years ago the same chap stepped into the administrative offices of the Royal mint at Ottawa and demanded to see the comptroller. That august personage was busy but he was referred to an under-hireling. "I have \$1.67 deposited to my account back home," stated our friend. "The bank manager claims that you have that amount of gold here to cover it. Will you please open the vaults and point me out my gold so that I can be reassured of the fact?"

Our friend was fined \$14.50 for being drunk.

MORAL (IF ANY) We, the owners, have no rights!

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THE N.U.T.S.

By
Stanley J. Smith

EDITOR'S NOTE—Running a modern railroad is no bed of roses. The following telegrams and correspondence were taken from the pigeonholes and files of the Nuzzletown, Uprville Transportation System and is presented to the readers of the LISTENING POST for their deepest consideration and sympathy. The N.U.T.S. serves that great Canadian Hinterland that lies between Hudson's Bay and Baffinland and all intermediate points north. Mr. James Kegnail who is mentioned in the article was formerly a sanitary corporal with the 10th Social Creditors.

NUZZLETOWN, UPVILLE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

"It knocks you down and peps you up"

TELEGRAM

Lastpost, Canada,
5:30 p.m. June 29.

Superintendent,
Nuzzletown.

TRAIN NUMBER FIVE ARRIVED HERE FIVE HOURS LATE DUE TO ENGINEER JOE DOAKES, FALLING OUT OF ENGINE CAB WINDOW AT UPVILLE MAIN STREET CROSSING AND SUSTAINING TWO BROKEN LEGS WHEN RUN OVER BY A HORSE OWNED BY JAMES KEGNAIL, R. R. 2, UPVILLE. OUR SPARE FIREMAN WITH LITTLE EXPERIENCE, GREEN COAL AND COLD WATER, STALLED ENGINE ON THE CAMELHUMP GRADE PERMITTING THE TRAIN TO RUN BACKWARDS AND KILLING VALUABLE COW OWNED BY JAMES KEGNAIL, R. R. 2, UPVILLE, AND FATALLY INJURED REAR-END BRAKEMAN TOM KATZ WHEN TRAIN REFUSED TO STOP FOR TWO TORPEDOES, YELLOW AND RED FUSES, STANDARD RED FLAG AND OTHER SAFETY APPLIANCES APPERTAINING TO RULE 99. HAVE BURIED BRAKEMAN KATZ AT MILEPOST 77 TO SAVE THE COMPANY PAYING OUT UNNECESSARY INQUEST AND WITNESS FEES. TRAIN WAS BROUGHT INTO LASTPOST THROUGH THE COURTESY OF WILLIAM BIGGLESWORTH, COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER FOR BIGGLESWORTH, BIGGLESWORTH AND BIGGLESWORTH, TELEPHONE 127, DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF FLOUR, FEED AND FUEL, RATES ON REQUEST, TEN DAYS NET, NUZZLETOWN. THOUGH MR. BIGGLESWORTH IS NOT A QUALIFIED ENGINEER, HE KNEW A CONDUCTOR ON THE CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY THAT ONCE TOLD HIM HOW A TRAIN SHOULD BE RUN AND BIGGLESWORTH HAS ALWAYS REMEMBERED IT. WIRE 2000 DOLLARS TO AGENT HERE TO BAIL TEMPORARY ENGINEER BIGGLESWORTH OUT OF COUNTY JAIL FOR BEING INTOXICATED WHILST IN CHARGE OF AN ENGINE AND ATTEMPT MANSLAUGHTER WHEN HE CUT THE SPARE FIREMAN IN HALF WHEN BACKING INTO ROUNDHOUSE.

HARRY JONES, CONDUCTOR.

TELEGRAM

Lastpost, Canada,
5:40 p.m. June 29.

Superintendent,
Nuzzletown:

CORRECT PREVIOUS TELEGRAM TO READ VALUABLE BULL INSTEAD OF VALUABLE COW OWNED BY JAMES KEGNAIL, R. R. 2, UPVILLE.

JONES, CONDUCTOR.

TELEGRAM

Nuzzletown, 6 p.m.,
June 29.

Agent, N.U.T.S.,
Lastpost, Canada:

MORTGAGE COMPANY'S BAGGAGE ROOM AND PASSENGERS' BAGGAGE WITH SOME FINANCE CORPORATION FOR TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS AND HAVE MR. WILLIAM BIGGLESWORTH BAILED OUT OF COUNTY JAIL. ADVISE CREW OF NUMBER FIVE THAT THE PRESIDENT WILL HOLD AN INVESTIGATION IN MY OFFICE TOMORROW UPON ARRIVAL OF NUMBER SIX. IF MR. BIGGLESWORTH IS SOBER YET OR NEAR SOBER HAVE HIM RUN NUMBER SIX AND THAT WILL SAVE THE COMPANY MONEY FOR DEADHEADING AN ENGINEER FROM HERE.

R. O. BROWN, SUPT.

TELEGRAM

Uprville, 10:34 a.m.,
June 30.

Supt. Brown,
Nuzzletown:

NUMBER SIX SHOULD ARRIVE AT NUZZLETOWN NOT MORE THAN FOUR HOURS LATE SO ASK THE PRESIDENT TO WAIT FOR US. TO SAVE A LAWYER'S FEE, MR. BIGGLESWORTH STOPPED NUMBER SIX AT THE FARM OF JAMES KEGNAIL, R. R. 2, TO ARRANGE A SETTLEMENT FOR THE LOSS OF KEGNAIL'S VALUABLE BULL AND INJURIES TO OUR ENGINEER JOE DOAKE'S LEGS. KEGNAIL APPEARS TO BE AN AMIABLE MAN AND WILL LISTEN TO TEMPORARY ENGINEER BIGGLESWORTH FOR A PROMPT SETTLEMENT. MR. KEGNAIL GAVE BIGGLESWORTH A GALLON OF HARD CIDER TO PROVE THAT THERE EXISTS NO HARD FEELING BETWEEN THE N.U.T.S. AND HIM. HAVE JUST NOTIFIED CORONER TO HOLD INQUEST OVER UNIDENTIFIED MAN FOUND HANGING IN BAGGAGE CAR NUMBER 254. I THREATENED CORONER THAT I WOULD MOVE TRAIN INTO NEXT COUNTY AND DISCOVER THE MAN THERE IF HE DID NOT QUOTE US HALF RATES ON THE INQUEST THAT WILL BE HELD. THE UNIDENTIFIED MAN LEFT A NOTE STATING THAT HE WAS SLOWLY STARVING TO DEATH BY THE DELAY TO NUMBER SIX WHILE WE WERE HUNTING FOR KEGNAIL'S FARM. WE FORGOT TO ATTACH THE DINING CAR AT LASTPOST.

HARRY JONES, COND.

TELEGRAM

Nuzzletown,
10:40 a.m. June 30.

Cond. Jones,
Number Six, at Upville:

BAGGAGE CAR 254 HAS JUST COME OUT OF THE PAINT SHOP. ADVISE CORONER THAT HE MUST NOT MAR OR SCRATCH THE INTERIOR FINISH OF CAR WHEN CUTTING UNIDENTIFIED MAN DOWN BECAUSE WE WILL DEDUCT ALL DAMAGES OUT OF HIS INQUEST FEES. IF ANY VALUABLES UPON THE PERSON OF THE DEFUNCT MAN SEND THEM TO THE CLAIMS DEPARTMENT FOR DISPOSAL.

BROWN, SUPT.

TELEGRAM

Upville, 11:35 a.m.,
June 30.

R. O. Brown, Supt.,
Nuzzletown:

NUMBER SIX WILL BE SIX HOURS LATE. TEMPORARY ENGINEER BIGGLESWORTH HAS JUST RETURNED FROM KEGNAIL'S FARM AND HAS ENTRUSTED IN MY CARE A MILK-CHURN FULL OF SHARP CIDER AND A HONEY PAIL FULL OF TEN YEAR OLD DANDELION WINE FOR YOU AND MRS. BROWN WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF MRS KEGNAIL. SHE DID NOT STINT AND THE CONTAINERS ARE VERY FULL. I DRANK SOME TO TAKE DOWN THE LEVEL SOMEWHAT TO SAVE SPILLING UPON THE COMPANY'S UPHOLSTERING AND TO AVOID A POSSIBLE LAW-SUIT FOR DAMAGE TO SOMEBODY'S WEARING APPAREL. I FIND BOTH OF THEM VERY BITTER BUT THE SHARP CIDER REMINDS ME OF A HIGH SAUTERNE OR A CHATEAU GAI DRY WINE THAT CAN BE PURCHASED IN THE SWISS ALPS. ENGINEER BIGGLESWORTH THINKS THAT THE CROWN SHEET ON ENGINE 1248 IS A BIT BURNT BUT WILL KNOW MORE WHEN HE FIXES THE WATER-ENJECTOR AND GETS A LITTLE WATER INTO THE BOILER. I HAVE DISCUSSED WITH OLD TEMP. ENG. PIGGLE-BIGGLE THE RELATIVE MERITS OF THE CIDER AND THE DANDELION WINE AND HE IS OF THE SAME OPINION AS ME AS TO THE TASTE BUT THINKS THAT IT REMINDS HIM OF THE MOSSELLE WINE THAT HE DRANK WHEN IN THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION OVER THE RHINE.

JONESY, COND.

TELEGRAM

Nuzzletown, 12 Noon,
June 30.

Cond. Jones,
No. 6 at Upville:

CONVEY MY HEARTFELT GRATITUDE FOR THE THOUGHTFULNESS OF MRS. KEGNAIL AND TELL HER THAT IF IT IS NECESSARY TO ORDER OUT THE AUXILIARY TO BRING NUMBER SIX INTO NUZZLETOWN I WILL BE ON IT AND PERSONALLY CONVEY MY THANKS TO HER. THOUGH I AM NOT A CRITERION UPON THE VARIOUS WINES MENTIONED IN YOUR LAST WIRE, I BELIEVE, FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION AND TALKING IT OVER WITH THE CHIEF DESPATCHER THAT THE VINTAGE SHOULD TASTE LIKE A BORDEAUX WHITE WINE. ADVISE ENGINEER BIGGLESWORTH TO USE THE UTMOST CAUTION SO AS TO ENSURE NO ROUGH HANDLING TO MY WINE OR THE COMPANY'S EQUIPMENT. THE MASTER MECHANIC STATES IF A HISSING NOISE IS HEARD WHEN WATER GETS INTO THE BOILER AND THE STEAM RISES RAPIDLY THAT IT IS A VERY

GOOD INDICATION THAT THE CROWN SHEET IS BURNT. HAVE BIGGLESWORTH SCREW DOWN THE SAFETY VALVES TO PREVENT WASTE OF WATER, STEAM AND COMPANY'S FUEL.

R. O. B. SUPT.

TELEGRAM

Upville, June 30,
1 p.m.

Superintendent Brownie,
Nuzzletown:

NUMBER SIX WILL BE OVER SEVEN HOURS LATE AS ENGINEER BIGGLESWORTH HAS RETURNED TO KEGNAIL'S FARM FOR HIS HAT, ANOTHER GUZZLE AND TO FIX MR. KEGNAIL'S FANNING MILL. THE BAGGAGE-MAN AND FRONT END BRAKEMAN HAS JUST RETURNED AND STATES THAT KEGNAIL VALUES HIS BULL AT \$28.50, LESS HIDE, TALLOW, TWO SIRLOIN STEAKS AND ONE OX-TAIL. HAVE FOUND IRISH SWEEPSTAKE TICKET IN THE UNIDENTIFIED MAN'S COAT POCKET BEARING NUMBER 46261 AND WILL TURN IT IN TO CLAIMS DEPARTMENT AS ADVISED.

JONESY.

TELEGRAM

Nuzzletown, 2 p.m.,
June 30.

Cond. Jones,
No. 6 at Upville:

AFTERNOON PAPERS STATE THAT IRISH SWEEPSTAKE TICKET NUMBER 46261 HAS WON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. BY ALL MEANS CANCEL MY PREVIOUS INSTRUCTIONS TO SEND ALL VALUABLES TO CLAIMS DEPARTMENT. I HAVE ORDERED OUT THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL AND THE PRESIDENT AND I WILL ARRIVE AS SOON AS THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY'S WAY-FREIGHT IS CLEAR OF THE MAIN LINE. GIVE KIND REGARDS TO BIGGLESWORTH FROM THE PRESIDENT FOR HIS INGENUITY IN REPAIRING MR. KEGNAIL'S FANNING-MILL. HAVE BIGGLESWORTH CHECK OVER THE GANG PLOUGH, THRESHER AND MANURE SPREADER AS WE WISH TO CREATE GOOD WILL AMONG THE FARMERS. KEGNAIL WILL TALK AND WE WANT ALL THE PUBLICITY WE CAN GET.

R. O. B. SUPT.

TELEGRAM

Upville, 3:00 p.m.,
June 30.

Supt. Brown,
Nuzzletown:

HAVE HELD BACK SWEEPSTAKE TICKET NUMBER 46261 FROM THE CORONER ALSO A PICTURE OF A BLONDE THAT HAS WRITTEN UPON THE BACK OF THE PHOTO—TO OLD BALDY WALDY FROM YOUR BIG MOMENT IN A BIG CITY—FIREMENS' CONVENTION, WINNIPEG. PHONE 6264 NUZZLETOWN.

JONESY.

TELEGRAM

Nuzzletown, 3:22 p.m.,
June 30.

Jones,
No. 6 at Upville:

DESTROY MY WIFE'S PHOTO IMMEDIATELY. THE UNIDENTIFIED MAN MUST BE OLD BALDY

ROBINSON, FILLER BRUSH SALESMAN, NUZZLETOWN. WIFE FEELS CUT-UP ABOUT HIS DEATH AS THEY HAD ARRANGED TO SKIP AWAY. ANYWAY, THE JOKE IS ON HER.

BROWN, SUPT.

A Copy Of a Letter Found in a Pigeon Hole

NUZZLETOWN, UPVILLE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

Claims Department

Nuzzletown,

July 12.

James Kegnail, Esq.,

R. R. No. 2, Upville

Our Dear Mr. Kegnail:

In reference to your letter concerning your claim for irreparable damage to your bull.

An exhaustive investigation was held over a series of events occurring to our N.U.T.S. crack flyer, train number five, and we find that you are responsible for the serious delay and loss of prestige that has ever distinguished our company.

When engineer Joseph Doakes came to a full stop at the main street crossing, Upville, to conform with Board of Railway Commission, Order Number 5436, you were driving an 1887 buggy that was pulled by a nag that should have been glue and fertilizer years ago. Our congenial Joe Doakes, who possesses a very keen sense of humour, jocularly tooted the whistle to frighten your old walking bone-yard and he laughed so jolly hard at the "horse's" antics that he shook himself out of the cab-window. Furthermore, your "horse" shied and headed up our right of way and broke your 1887 buggy and fractured our engineer's legs.

As much as we appreciate Mrs. Kegnail's kindness and your generosity, the N.U.T.S. cannot condone the conduct of your "horse." Good engineers are almost as rare as good wine and we have been advised by the Workman's Compensation Board that it will still be eight weeks before Mr. Doakes can resume his former run. Therefore, as much as we abhor legal proceedings we will have to enter action for damages amounting to \$28.50 to cover damage to our roadbed as it was scuffed up considerably that necessitated hiring a sectionman to make repairs.

Trusting that you will see the wisdom of a prompt settlement as we wish to create good will among the farming folks, we are,

Yours very truly,

W. E. GIPPAM,

Claim-Agent-in-Chief.

A Copy of a Letter Found in The Call Boy's Pocket Along with Three Marbles

R. R. Number Two,
Upville, Northern Canada.

N.U.T.S. Clame Department,
Nuzzletown.

Dear Sirs:

Wen yore trane 5 backed down Camel Hump Hill and damaged my bull beyond repair and to the extent of 28 dollars and 50c yore engineer Bigglesworth

borrowed a quarter from me to toss a coin (witch he kept) to see if the N.U.T.S. would pay \$28.50 and I won.

I also gave yore president and yore Supt. R. O. Brown a hind end of good bull beef to be used in yore dining car service so as to give yore customers something to beef over as it were. Also, yore engineer Bigglesworth hinted that I should give 2 hogshead of wine and one large cask of sharp cider to be tested out in your dining-saloon car. I took the hint and did so. When Bigglesworth gets out of jale I can prove all this.

Now you want \$28 and fifty cents becoss my mare got scared at yore engineer's funny face and scratched up 3 rods of yore rode bed. You kin get a lot of sinders and gravel for \$28.50. I just wish I had the lawyer talent in me to tell you what I think about the N.U.T.S. without being soeed for libel.

Wen yore president staggered into my fifty feet water well I fished him out with my wife's new \$1 cloathes line. Did I start hollering for a \$1? There is a good poser for you to anser. Did I say "Mister President send up a \$1 before I pull you up" No Sir. Mr. Gippam, I fished him out without uttering a whimper and all he said was "Thanksh Ol Kegspikes yoush ol sonsofgunsh, thanksh." and now I get 28 dollars and 50c worth of appreciation, thanks, and a shrunken cloathes line that cost \$1.

Yrs. Truly,

J. KEGNAIL

P.S.—Mister Clame Agent—Get yore president to send back my hogsheads and one cask as I mix up the hog wash in them and the pig is hungry.

Jay Kay.

A true copy of a letter found in the fyles of the N.U.T. System when the Bankruptcy Court held an investigation as to why a claim for \$4.00 put the comp- any into the hands of the receiver.

NUZZLETOWN, UPVILLE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

Office of The Vice-President

Nuzzletown, July 16.

Mr. J. Kegnail,
R. R. No. 2, Upville.

Dear Mr. Kegnail:

All the correspondence relating to the delay to our train Number Five, June 30th, has been brought to my attention in the absence of our president. Upon behalf of the Nuzzletown, Upville Transportation System we wish to withdraw our claim for \$28.50 as it was quite unjustified in the extreme. If you wish to send me a little of your excellent dandelion wine to prove that you harbour no ill feelings towards us it will be deeply appreciated.

Your letter to our Mr. Gippam sounded so genuine that I communicated with our worthy President, Superintendent R. O. Brown and Conductor Harry Jones, whom are now on the high seas enroute to Dublin, Ireland, as you are probably aware that the three were fortunate enough to be joint owners of the win-

ning sweepstake ticket. I have just received a Marconi-gram that they all feel chagrined to think that you have been importuned to pay an unjust claim.

Unfortunately, your containers that you mentioned in your letter were packed, by error, in the President's baggage but do not hesitate to tell me if you are short of barrels to ship my dandelion wine. Owing to the shortage of locomotives I am prevented from ordering out a Vice-President Special, otherwise, I would call for it personally.

Yours truly,
H. SWITZENHAMMER,
Vice-President.

MARCONIGRAM

R. M. S. Royal Spree,
At Sea, July 18.

Kegnail,
Uppville.

CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL SPREE HAS DELIRIUM TREMENS THESE LAST FEW DAYS AND IS DARTING

AROUND ICEBERGS LOOKING FOR A SUITABLE SPOT TO PLAY POLO AND USING POLAR BEARS AS PONIES. WIRE IMMEDIATELY YOUR BEST CONDUCTOR FOR YOUR CONCOCTION.

PRESIDENT N.U.T.S.
AT SEA.

MARCONIGRAM

Uppville, July 18.

President,
Nuzzletown, Uppville Transportation System,
At Sea, Royal Spree, Polar Regions.

JALE DOCTOR AT COUNTY SEAT GAVE BIGGLES-WORTH BATTERY ACID MIXED WITH PARIS GREEN AND THEN LAID HIM OVER A BARREL LIKE THEY GET WATER OUT OF A DROWNED MAN. USE MY HOG WASH CONTAINER IF EMPTY. TELL CAPTAIN THAT I WILL SWAP ENUFF WINE FOR THREE MORE D. T's. FOR THREE POLAR BEARS TO MAKE BEARRUGS FOR MRS. KEGNAIL.

KEGNAIL, ON SHORE

RIGHTING BY WRITING

By "16264"

The new science is graphology. A graphologist is one that can look at your handwriting and positively tell you what you had for last Friday's lunch, the date of your grand-mother's birthday, if you suffer from leprosy, or floating kidneys, how much you owe the baker, and the best way to beat him.

It is all done by the curves, loop-the-loop, spins, barrel-rolls, ink-blots and smears that appear in one's handwriting. Sherlock Holmes may have excelled in deductions from obvious observations but a good, sober, or drunk, graphologist has Mr. Holmes beat forty ways, including north, south, east, west, up and down, in other words—Mr. Holmes has been beaten to a frazzle.

Tea-cup readers, clairvoyants, palmists and fortune-tellers must look to their laurels and try and off-set the graphologists and their new science. The aforesaid mentioned charlatans must be prepared to deliver the goods better than they have hitherto done in the past—Gone are the days when you crossed the little gipsy's hand with silver and she stated that you would marry a rich, tall, slim blonde and you married the poor, fat little red-head, instead.

Our librarian initiated me into the graphology mystery. It seems that we unconsciously contribute our wants, desires, weaknesses, colour schemes, ailments, last year's operation, etc. etc. to the paper when we sign our John Henry on the dotted line of a cheque—including an N.S.F.—The signature tells all. She explained what the loops and evenly spaced words revealed. She requested me to sign my name. After

she scanned the scratchings, she immediately knew that I was lazy when I could not find time to finish the bottom loop of my "y". She was fully cognizant of the important fact that I had taking ways by the way I took the Library Board's note-paper, and scrawled my signature. She explained all the intricacies of broken letters, unfinished words, and all other landmarks, and specifications, that are peculiar to one's hand-writing. She was so accurate that I went home and began studying graphology.

My writing looks as if a bed-bug fell into an ink-pot and then crawled over the writing-paper, but even although my cursive characters are irregular, ill-shaped and crooked, they will predict to the graphologist that I can be just as ill-shaped, irregular and crooked as my script prophesizes. You cannot fool a graphologist, or at least, a good graphologist.

Is it not unfortunate that these writing experts did not flourish in the ancient and halcyon days of Cleopatra? Just think, when Cleo used to take her boy friend Mark Antony out in her punt for a little necking, away from the prying eyes of Caesar, or Alexander the Great, or who ever her husband was, and before embarking she could ask Julius, or Alex, if he would kindly write out an order for a quart of gin, on some pretext that she had lost her own individual liquor permit—and discern at one glance from his signature to see if he suspects Tony! Look at the heartbreaks and blood-shed that could have been avoided just for the want of a little knowledge of graphology.

Graphology should be taught in our schools of

today. The rising generation should be given a complete course to enable them to combat future depressions. Wouldn't it be wonderful, whereby, our little Clarence could scan the future butcher's dinner, and after carefully scrutinizing the rough scrawl, "PLEASE PAY AT ONCE TO AVOID LEGAL COSTS" and discern at once if the butcher was a man of determination, or if he was soft-hearted. Clarence could either avoid legal costs or tell the butcher to go to hell.

One could go to one's banker for a loan and eventually discover by the graphological method if he had to pay his note, or change to another bank.

As a preventative of illness graphology shines. Elizabeth should have had Simon Legree's hieroglyphics minutely examined for latent cruelty before accepting the position as Lady's maid and prevented the crossing of the ice in mid-January. Housemaid's knee or pneumonia might have developed, or some other epidemic.

Every seed package should be initialed by the seed grower so as to enable one to discover if the cucumber seeds are burdocks, chip-weed, or just plain, ordinary, garded variety dandelions.

I have asked my friends to produce several specimens of penmanship so as I could tell their character. They agreed. My next door neighbour handed me a piece of paper. I glanced at it and had to admit to myself that the person that had written it was very uneducated but because the writing is not excellent penmanship you cannot condemn the writer.

My neighbour started to giggle. I requested her not to laugh because she was going to receive a very great surprise.

"The zig-zag formation of the first letter" I commenced, "denotes that the—er—er is that an O or an A? Oh, yes, it is a C—The writer is slovenly and sloppy, also careless, if he hasn't got time to form the A, and O, completely. I notice that the loop on the top of the H is—Just a minute—I have got the dam thing upside down. I turned the paper around. The H was a Y. The bottom loop of the Y is very zig-zaggy—the writer drinks too much, in fact, when he, or she, wrote this they were on the verge of the D T's.—Good God! What a penman—I turned the letter side wise and recognized the letter T. Although he is addicted to drink he is a good business man. The straight bar on the top of the T denotes that he is honest, and straight as a dollar." "Marvellous" exclaimed my neighbour. I gave her a look of stern reproach for interrupting my analysis. "He is deeply religious—believes in salvation on the cross—The crossed X tells me that, and the perfectly round O denotes round, fat, sleek person. Am I right?"

"Are you right?" exclaimed she, "I'll tell the cock-eyed world that you are right—you have aptly, and minutely, described our Chinese laundryman—that is a ticket for John's shirt."

I tore up the ticket. At this juncture my wife came in the room. Forestalling any request whereby I might have to cut that lawn I admitted to her that I was a graphologist. I informed her that a graphologist is

one that can reveal people's secrets from their handwriting.

"Go and get me a letter or a small piece of writing and I will tell you all about the person that wrote it!

She returned with a small piece of handwriting that she had clipped from a letter.

"Well, smarty, lets see you grapholog along."

I hastily scanned the fragment and said, "The cramped up S tells me that the writer has a very mean disposition. A narrow outlook on life, a fiery temper—equal to a little hell on wheels. The pointed top of the K denotes acidity of tongue or stomach. The rapidly stroked T bars with the tenacity hooks on the ends of some, and sharp points on others, are proof of an ungodly and miserable temper. One that has a conversation that utters a barb with every word sharp, edged, sour—"

I heard a sniff—an ominous sniff—a sniff that denotes muriatic acid mixed with dynamite. The last time that I heard that sniff was the time she discovered a red hair on my shoulder—and I married a blonde.

I cleared the room just in time to permit the brass book-end to embed itself into the wall-plaster.

"What is the matter, love." I lied.

"That was an extract from a letter that arrived this morning—I'll tell mother what you said about her when she arrives this evening." She flounced out of the room.

My neighbour peaked out from behind the shielding chesterfield.

"Am I right?" queried I.

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world that you are right—I've met her also."

So one can readily see how simple one can read handwriting and how simple to acquire trouble.

The Speed-Cop gave me a ticket for speeding. I noticed his signature denoting him being dense, dumb, soft-hearted, and no will-power, also strongly addicted to alcohol. To prove my theory correct I tore the ticket up and tossed it in his face, and said—

"My dear fellow, you are mistaken by being under the impression that I was doing over sixty in this old rattle-bolt—Why, this old hunk of cans could not do over 35 miles per hour even if you tossed it over a cliff. The trouble with you big tripes is that as soon as you get into a cop's coat you think that you are cloaked in authority to brow-beat the motoring public. Now, my dumb friend—I have a quart of scotch opened in the side pocket—take a good hooker and be on your way peddling your papers without going Bolsheviki."

He took the proffered quart for evidence and I am now doing three months for attempting to bribe an officer and having liquor otherwise than in a private dwelling.

I got a squint at the commitment papers and noticed the Magistrate's signature, and after seeing the way he crowded his Z, I am indeed fortunate I didn't get 6 months. You can't fool a good graphologist.

(16264)

THE LISTENING POST



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION
OF
Lt.-Col. W. F. GILSON



Editor—Major D. PHILPOT

Censored by Chief Censor

News Editor—Sgt. J. W. CAMPBELL

No 28

BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE, SEPTEMBER 20 1917

Price 2d.

SHRAPNEL BILL STORIES. (A. D. 1967)

By 16264.

No. 19141981 Private Somme Smith (draft, second generation War Babies Battalion) hurried along the trench shouting down each dug-out entrance for Shrapnel Bill, but without result until he came to the last and the deepest. In answer to his call Shrapnel Bill slowly emerged enquiring gruffly : "Well, what's all the excitement, young fellow ?"

"You're wanted by the M. O." answered Smith.

"Shrapnel Bill hobbled along the trench to the dressing station with the help of his cane, and entering the M. O's sanctum did his best to stand to attention, a feat which was becoming increasingly difficult owing to the fact that age and several decades of taking cover from shell-fire had bowed him into the shape of a question mark.

"I have some good news for you", announced the M. O. "I have just received a letter from the A.D. M. S. with regard to your case. Your long and faithful service in France has brought you before the notice of several high officers who are personally interesting themselves in your behalf".

Bill could not believe his ears. Was this the old, heart-less M. O. before whom he had paraded year after year in the vain hope of wearying him into signing a recommendation for his return to civil employment? Tears of joy rolled slowly down his long, white beard. "Oh, Sir", he said between sobs of happiness, "thank you so much. I'll be just in time for the christening of my brother's great grand child".

"Don't be foolish", said the M. O. sharply. "I wrote to the A.D.M.S. that you had been through the battles of Ypres, the Somme, Vimy, the first battle of Antwerp and the fourth of Berlin, and that you had never had the good fortune to make Blighty. Moreover, I added that your wooden leg

was a constant source of annoyance to you on account of getting caught in the rungs of the bath-mats, or being removed in your sleep by the younger soldiers to use as a block for loop-holes when sniping was bad. I concluded by saying that you had increasing difficulty in getting around the trenches with the help of a cane only".

"Thank you, thank you, Sir", said Bill. "I'm sorry to leave the boys, but I've been looking forward to this for many a year. Pardon an old man's emotion. I always said I'd pull out of this war if they had to send me home by parcel post, a bone at a time".

"Not so fast", remarked the M. O. "The letter I have received states that your age and service have been fully taken into account. That they hear with regret that you have never made Blighty, and learn with sorrow of your increasing disability, and as a special mark of consideration have decided to grant you permission to use a crutch for which you will indent through Ordnance in the customary way. That will be all. Good afternoon".

Just Out : "What's that bag up in the sky ?"

Old Timer : "Observation balloon".

J.O. "Whose ?"

O.T. "Ours".

J.O. "What's that white puff of smoke near it?"

O.T. "Shrapnel".

J.O. "Perhaps that's Fritz trying to hit it".

O.T. "PER-HAPS !"

J.O. "What does W.D. stand for on that guy's pack ?"

O.T. "Water Detail".

J.O. "Must be an important branch of the army".

O.T. "Huh ! show me".

J.O. "Well, I see it on all the lorries and equipment".

Granny's Thousand Dollars

Little does one realize that the pioneer women of the slippery seventies, the easy eighties and the gay nineties built the remarkable SIMPERIAL SERVICE that you have today.

Many cogs enter into our modern banking wheel that we, today, must thank our antecedents for their ceaseless toil and steady sweat. Granny was a toiler. She pinched. She denied herself many luxuries of life so as to endeavour to amass her first thousand dollars to entrust with us.

Granny always had a horror that she would have a pauper's grave. Granny shuddered when she thought of an unchristian burial and the potter's field. Granny never exclaimed that oft heard expression one hears today—"aw, hell, let the town bury me" so granny pinched still harder.

Granny was industrious . . . Granny saved systematically . . . Granny was Simperial's best booster, in fact, several grannies were our best boosters.

Granny batted out a mere existence on maple syrup, corn pone, homemade bread, homespun clothes, tallow candles, bear-steaks, sour beans and salted sow-belly. FINALLY, SHE BANKED HER FIRST THOUSAND WITH US. Since then nothing has stopped SIMPERIAL BANKING SERVICE. Although dear granny has passed to her heavenly reward, where song never ceases and endorsers are not required, *her thousand bucks still marches on!*

THE SIMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA was in existence exactly 20 years when it was rumoured among the pioneers that the Directors had held their 19th annual meeting and decided that the proposition looked good so they decided to put their own money into their own bank for safe keeping. When this rumour gained credence with the scanty population the Directors' success was assured.

The President wired the Treasurer, who, owing to our funny extradition laws, was sojourning in Mexico City looking for a likely spot to invest the Methodist Mission Fund which he had with him "Return at once. Everything is O.K. Three more grannies deposited their savings today. IF THEY HAVE FAITH IT MUST BE SAFE" wired our first president. The treasurer returned and since then we produce below our achievement—

FOUNDED IN 1872

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
10 GRANNIES	\$10,000.00	Never Been Questioned	
1 Grand Dad	1,000.00	Bank Inspectors were not Required by Law	
Tallow Candle10		
Quill Pen05		
Ink05		
Note Circulation	5,000.00		
Total—First Year	\$16,000.20	Profit and Loss	\$16,000.20

65 YEARS LATER — 1937

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
10 Grannies Estates	\$10,000.00	Office Girl's fur coat	\$150.00
1 Grand Dad	1,000.00	Due to the Directors in billions	
Dominion of Canada including		of	\$230,265,000,000.00
the Yukon (in billions of)	\$230,245.00		
Office Girl's Fur Coat	150.00		
Grand Total (billions)	\$230,265.150.00	Profit and Loss	\$\$230,265,150.00

IF THEY HAVE FAITH IT MUST BE SAFE
IS OUR SPLENDID MOTTO

SIMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

THE HON. T. D. PATTULLO, PRIME MINISTER OF BRITISH
COLUMBIA, GREET'S THE 7th BATTALION



VICTORIA
1 9 3 8
July 12th

Editor, "The Listening Post",
INGERSOLL, ONT.

Dear Sir:

I welcome very warmly the opportunity to address myself to the veterans of the 7th Battalion of Canadian Infantry (1st British Columbia Regiment).

The special souvenir number which you propose to publish on the occasion of the Canadian Corps Reunion at Toronto, on August 1st, will I am sure be received with very great interest.

The 7th Association of Toronto are to be congratulated on keeping up the old spirit of British Columbia and in perpetuating the memory of this gallant British Columbia Battalion.

It had been hoped that the gigantic task of the World War would have resulted in the establishment of peaceful conditions, where nations might live in freindship and peace with each other. It seems, however, that racial prejudices, economic pressure, ambitions and many other characteristics which animate the human race, are as powerful factors as ever in the conduct of human affairs. It is as well that the spirit that inspires your Association shall be preserved.

With all good wishes to members of your Association, I remain,

Very faithfully yours,

"BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST"

A debate for the affirmative by Joe Doakes, Bon Vivant, man about town and town wag, wine taster and woman chaser.

I CLAIM THAT IT IS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED and lost, than never to have loved at all. Sisters, I know whereof I speak, because one may be in the position to look back ten or twenty years and see what she or he missed, or better still, escaped! We all know that marriage is a trap and those that nibble at the matrimonial cheese are liable to get caught. Only the other day I was reading the local paper and I read where John Bungstarter took unto himself a second wife. I thought then and there that any man that marries for the second time never really deserved to lose his first wife. Twenty years ago I loved little slim, willowy, Susie Switzenheimer. Although Susie said the odd swear-word now and then she was a lovable little cuss. What she could do to the average woman's son could never be mentioned in a select church gathering such as here assembled. Sisters, please remain quiet and stop whispering. How can I help win this debate if you are all ohining to each other scandal and other idle gossip? Susie was very domestic, she could cook but never would; wash, but never did; sew, she would at times. One day she stepped into a Five and Ten Cent Store and pilfered a hat. She then took her first sewing lesson. Inside of fifteen minutes her deft fingers had the hat needled into a \$12.50 creation, that was the envy of the choir-leader. Even the police had to give the hat back to Susie when the manager of the Dime Store could not identify the shape, colour or material. I knew that Susie would be a splendid economical partner for life if only I could win her. The neighbors accused her of being a bit flighty, because she started the first local nudist colony upon the Baptist Church lawn, but neighbors are catty anyway. Even if Susie did, surely, it would not harm their old grass much, would it? I kept company with Susie for two weeks without a break. Now and then, she would test out my love by making me jealous—at least, that is what she said she was testing out when I found her sitting on the knee of the Filler Brush Salesman. She bawled me out right in front of the stranger for not knocking upon the door before entering and threatened to break off our engagement if I possessed such uncouth manners and lack of ordinary etiquette. I was quite sorry that my manners and deportment offended her and I humbly apologized. I tried to point out that I was in error not knowing that she was just testing out my love, but she flew into such a seething rage that she hurled a milk bottle at me and it broke all the dirty dishes in the sink. I always admired Susie's spiritedness. She looked so becoming when her face flushed up with anger. It seemed to heighten her rosy cheeks so. The phone rang just at that time and the brush man said he thought that it might be his boss so he'd better beat it as he had been off the street five hours and hadn't sold a bristle. Susie then tested my love again and gave him such a long kiss, that it took all the jealousy out of me in case she would do it again. She then answered the phone and I heard her say that she would dearly love to go. That she thought that someone was awfully sweet in giving her a buzz, and she would certainly be ready about 11:30 that night and if anything prevented her from going that she would call back. She then scratched a number on the wall. She hung up the receiver and told me that the Girl's Bible Class was going to hold a midnight service at the beach. I told her that I was glad that she was taking up church activities as that would make the old ladies of the town stop wagging their tongues. She copied the number off of the wall into a memo-book. I asked her what the numbers meant and she said it was Gen. 3384. I timidly pointed out that it looked like Genesee 3384, but she kissed me and called me "Old Suspicious" when I didn't know the difference between 33rd chapter of Genesis, 84th verse, and the phone number of the Town's Bootlegger. My! I am glad that I had not doubted her. And that kiss she gave me. Oh, sisters, how it did thrill me. How could I refuse to wax and polish the front hall and

the kitchen floor, when she gave me such a kiss without even asking? And I kind of like the name—it sounded so cute coming from her—calling me "Old Suspicious." Shortly after I had waxed and polished the floors, I felt so sorry that I only had my \$8.00 pay-cheque on me, when she slyly hinted that she was broke and wanted to have \$10.00 for that evening, as one of the girls in the Bible Class was going to get married, and Susie had promised her a trousseau for a wedding present. She kissed me again without me even asking for it and told me not to worry or feel sorry for only having \$8.00, because the gas man would be reading the meter that afternoon and he owed her \$2.00, she must have been a kind-hearted girl. I bet the gas man was once broke or hard up for \$2.00, and she had loaned him \$2.00, rather than see him starve to death.

After the flare up over the Filler Brush Man we got along better. She tested me out occasionally to see how strong my undying love was lasting. She tested me out with the milkman, the baker and the iceman. I told her that I wasn't suspicious anymore, but she insisted that a little test now and then would give a little added zest to our wonderful courtship. Three weeks later my poor heart was wrenched. She ran away with a big butter and egg salesman from the next town, so I forsook women for all time to come. I HAD LOVED AND LOST—The butter man had won—All of this dear sisters, happened twenty years ago. I tried to enter a monastery, but they did not require any new monks. They told me the same thing at the zoo. I started to go to the dogs, but even the dogs took me for the catcher and steered clear of me. I took to drink to drown my sorrows, but the cola in the cocoa made me ill. I took to my bed but the landlady had not paid the fifth instalment on the bed, so they took the bed. I was in the depths of despair. I wanted to slay somebody. I wanted to kill anybody. Sinisterly, one night I bought a revolver and I lost eleven bucks shooting craps. Downhearted and broke I pawned the gun next morning for \$5.00 and won \$175.00 in a poker game. I soaked the \$175.00 on a horse and the horse paid one hundred to one. I invested ten thousand of it in a lime-stone quarry and the next day they discovered gold. Today, I am worth a cold million. Every week I pay the iceman \$3.75 for ice just to keep the million cold. I had LOVED AND LOST, BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES IT WAS JUST AS WELL. Through my perseverance, my stick-to-itiveness, close attention to business and possessing a shrewd business accumen spurned on by the added incentive that I'd show that Susie Switzenheimer that she couldn't give me the gate like a goat and get away with it. Today, dear sisters, I'm a multi-millionaire!

Last week, I met Susie for the first time since twenty years. She is no longer beautiful. Her golden flaxen hair has turned to gray tufts. Her slim princess lines has widened out to the size of a Salvation Army Drum. It was zero weather and Susie looked cold. Her breath froze as it struck the zero atmosphere. Halitosis fell all around us. She had nine kids either clinging to her skirt or tagging along. Dirty, unkempt, ragged and running noses. She smiled at me wanly as she tried to throw me a sly wink, but the tears had frozen her upper eye-lid. My thoughts reverted back to twenty years ago. I tried to steel my good natured heart against her. It was extremely difficult to do so although she had made me a member of the lost legion of love—BUT HAD I LOST? Couldn't I have been the father of those nine ragged, unkempt, snivelling nose urchins? Couldn't Susie have been my wife and I still an \$8.00 per week drug clerk? Susie told me of her trials and tribulations. The heartaches and the heartbreaks, that she had endured when she had married another, while she loved me. I thought to myself "Here comes the old stuff", but I looked at Susie and I knew she was telling the truth. That she still loved me and always did love me. I asked her how

much money she had and she showed me her last ten dollar bill, that was to pay the rent. I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out a roll of bills. All the hate in my heart that had been welling up for twenty years had vanished as I thought of my narrow escape from this! I had loved but I had not lost. I was fully aware now that after 20 long years of suffering as only a multi-millionaire can suffer or would suffer that I had not lost. I started to flip one bill off the roll and then another. I asked Susie to give me her last ten dollar bill as I wanted to frame it as a souvenir. Goodnatured Susie, bless her heart, she unhesitatingly handed it over with a thin and sickly smile. I flipped two dollars off of my roll and returned her the change of the \$8.00 that she had

borrowed to buy her friend a trousseau. After all, business is business.

Eight dollars richer, I waved gaily at dear Susie as I stepped into my new 66 cylinder Rice-Rolls and drove to my club. That night I boosted Susie's \$8.00 to \$5,500 in a poker game with Old Crabby Blank. I had one of those streaks of luck when one could not lose. Every time I could come out with hearts reading from the ten to the ace. I could go in with the deuce of hearts and catch the other 3 deuces to match it. I invested the \$5,500 in a new water system on my estate but struck oil when drilling down 38 feet. I have named the new gusher "The Susie Switzenheimer" well in honour of my old friend of twenty years standing because I am appreciative of HAVING LOVED AND LOST.

The Second Battle of Ypres Re-told

"16264"

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Listening Post's exclusive correspondent was delegated to attend the Annual Originals' Smoker with definite instruction to interview the survivors and obtain a first hand knowledge of that memorial 2nd battle of Ypres that took place 23 years ago.

Harrowing tales of the trenches, the Madmoiselles and the biere Francaise pernicious, were unfolded in an atmosphere of oratory gas that out-vied the original first gas attack of 23 years ago for effectiveness. When interviewed by our Inquiring Reporter, Ex-Corporal Joe Pullcork, 7th British Columbia Rock and Rye Battalion, was in a merry and reminiscent mood.

"Me at the battle of Wipers? Shirtainly I wash there—hic—'Hic Et Ubique' wash our battle cry—hic—I wash just telling Major Washisname about the—hic—firshgas attack when—hic—the firshgas attacks . . ." Corporal Pullcork's voice faltered, no doubt, from the horrible thoughts or something like that. Anyway, it faltered and trailed into a meaningless gibberish that sounded like a Scandinavian village called Havadrink.

General Stayfarbach (Hopple Stayfarbach to his friends) was sipping a mug of beef, iron and wine, with apparent satisfaction and obvious relish, when approached for an exclusive interview appeared somewhat flustered for the moment. He started to explain that the present day standard of the beef combined with the quality of the iron should be delved into by a kind of Steven's probe. "Yes, I was at the second battle of Ypres—or to be more exact I was within 19 kilometers of the battle. If my memory serves me right I was engaged with an important mission upon behalf of the intelligence branch of G. H. Q. Although it was 23 years ago tonight it seemed only yesterday that a complaint came into Headquarters that our gallant Division were being victimized by certain rapacious estaminet keepers, whereby they were dispensing a vile French concoction of malt and hops in Bass' Ale bottles—er, er, hmf—realizing the enormity of the offence I went . . ." At this point the interview ended abruptly. A transport truck proceeding up the street backfired with a loud retort—the gallant General threw himself under a sheltering table and with a presence of mind that ever distinguished a man in action, yelled "Boys, every other man a pick and shovel—DAMMIT, MAKE IT SNAPPY—WE'LL DIG IN HERE!"

Ex-Machine Gunner Norman Ulysses Trevelyan Simpson, when approached by the Listening Post, seemed quite loquacious. "Sure, yeah, I was at da Battle of Yipps—where do you tink I got me talent and gun education to teach Scarface Brown an' Baby Face Nelson how to handle de automatic rod de way de automatic rod should be handled? De morning de gas come over de trenches I wuz readin' de prohibition letters in de Globe an' I turned to my old pal Smitty and said "Smitty, if de Globe takes away our rum we might as well be in civilian clothes because dis war is ruined! Just tink Smitty, just tink—'ere is a letter printed dat sez dere is more nourishment in a can of pea-soup dan in a gallon of rum. Good Huns, Smitty! Who ever heard of a guy goin' over de top wid a pea-soup jag on? Sure, buddy, I wuz at de battle of Yipps—de thoughts uv de pea-soup will never let me fergit—I got so blamed het up over de affair dat I, Norman Ulysses Trevelyan Simpson—7th son uv old man Simpson, reached fer me automatic rod an' cut me initials in de Globe wid red hot bullets—Yes, buddy, wid red hot lead—Jest a plain NUTS widout any fancy frills and flourishes!"

Ex-private Horace Chamberlayne-Chesterfield, now holding the chair as Professor of English and Polynesian languages at Varsity, when interviewed, seemed rather reluctant to describe any of his war-time activities. With the help of Comrade N.U.T. Simpson who offered the professor "a slug" he finally consented, after partaking of 4 more "slugs" he stated "you might jolly well quote me as saying that I was in the immediate vicinity of the alleged conflict when the sons of—er—better say sons of Attila issued forth, or forthwith released, their obnoxious elastic aeroform fluid. The day previous, I had justly merited 14 days—I think it was a fortnight—14 days field punishment for a minor breach of His Majesty's Rules and Regulations for being in a beastly state of intoxication whilst engaged as a guardsman for the equines that inhabited the transport lines—Picket Duty, I believe, is a more plebian expression—For my minor misdeed I was assigned to the sanitary section to serve out my punishment and I was performing latrine fatigue—No, no, my dear sir, do not quote me saying latrine fatigue. Although the expression is good King's English you had better quote me saying that I was conveying portable articles from hither to yon—Mostly yon, I believe, mostly yon—and not knowing to a certainty to any degree of accuracy as to the exact location of the bursting of the engine of destruction. I have a conjecture that it was within the limits of a yard or so, when the bally contraption functioned. I was wounded slightly in the elbow, covered with mud and had both legs blown off at the bally knees—But they are mere details—Upon second thought you had better delete this entire interview. But you can state that I was a participator at the second conflict to wrestle Ypres, and by the way, Simpson, I shall take another—another one of those—I crave pardon, Simpson, how do you designate the blooming quaff—A slug?"

THE PAINFUL TRUTH

Who was the painfully truthful private, who, when writing to a correspondent, said: "Dear Friend, I had a close shave the other day. A shell struck the parapet and buried me under what I thought was ten tons of earth, later, I found that it was only five tons!"

ENLIST "VETERANS OF FUTURE WARS"

Recruits want Bully Beef, Rum Issue and Leave to Paris now

Falling in line with other educational bodies throughout the States and Canada, THE LISTENING POST chapter of veterans of future wars has recently been formed. An enthusiastic meeting of potential cannon fodder and leadswingers, was held last week at the residence of one of the promoters. Although the press was excluded our correspondent was given some details of the proposed chapter. When interviewed, the provisional president, Ima Shurker, had the following to say:

"Yes, it is a foregone conclusion that we will have a very strong representation at the next war if one can judge the enthusiasm displayed. Possibly you are aware that various universities have formed the veterans of future wars based upon the presumption that we will all be conscripted, therefore, we should organize now and compel the government to meet our demands in case that we are reported killed in action. When one views the treatment of Canada's returned soldiers of the last scrap and the promises not kept, it is a good indication that our chapter of the V.F.W. will meet with popular approval. Toronto demands their bonus and cenotaph now, but we do not believe in going to that extreme that entails expenditures of large sums of public moneys. Our recent meeting took cognizance of the lesser details that will confront the future Tommy Atkins, such as the future 14 days leave to Paris and the issuing of the future rum issue today instead of say — 1948. We do not hesitate to die for grateful Canada providing she shows a tendency to meet us halfway today."

Ex-Cpl. M. Andee was more than enthusiastic over the newly formed organization. "It will supply a long felt want,"

said this veteran of Hill 606 and Shorncliffe Camp. "Providing the Department of Militia and Defence does not make us practise on future number nines and F.P. number one, otherwise, I am in full accord with our Chapter's aims."

"I like the proposition." Stated Sgt. Will E. Chute, "Rations have been rather meagre with me since the depression and the pleasant thoughts of a tin of bully beef, smothered with pork, beans and future gravel, enhances the proposition still further, especially if it is to be served immediately. The government should start a vermin hatchery at once to insure the future troops of a more hardy strain of cooties. Likewise, while educating the Canadian farmer to a better grade of bacon hog and rotation of crops, I trust that they will issue a pamphlet upon the successful rearing of trench rats and mice. Moreover, the soldiers of the future should demand today a greater protection against flying missiles, and this can only be accomplished by a signed treaty with the warring

powers, to bomb and shell the future troops with nothing heavier than puff-balls and sponges. Furthermore, rubber bayonets, eiderdown hand-grenades and straw filled shrapnel, will lessen the toll. If the warring factions refuse to do this, some future soldier is more than liable to meet with a fatality with some serious complications setting in afterwards. I admire Italy's and Japan's method of fighting without declaring war. It is certainly a nice way to settle international disputes. Although there is no war declared the Ethiopian and Chinese soldier still remains dead. This is as it should be. That one dies for his country while it

IMPORTANT NOTICE

To complete our files, with the object in view of presenting them to the curator of a museum, we will buy or gratefully accept any old issues of THE LISTENING POST. Kindly give issue number and date in your first letter. We have several copies upon hand and we have no wish to duplicate other than to complete an additional file for presentation purposes. Address, The Listening Post, Ingersoll, Ont.

be. It is nice to know that one dies for his country while it is still at peace."

"Wireless"

A JULY DREAM

A "July Dream" was from the pen of Theodore Goodridge Roberts, the well known Canadian poet. At the time of writing this sweet little gem, Captain Roberts, had in mind the rippling Limekiln Brook, which runs into the Nashwaak, which is a tributary of the river St. John in New Brunswick.

In a recent letter to us, Captain Roberts, mentions that at the time of writing the poem that he was longing for home. We can readily understand the Good Captain's feelings. If we remember correctly, at that time so much valuable iron and lead was being tossed around with reckless abandon that we were longing for home, in fact, we were Alaskasick, Chinasick, South-Sea-Islandsick and South Polesick. Moreover, we could readily conjecture more desirable localities than France.

Many a time we have been so loaded down with two-gallon shell gasoline tins of water, ammunition, barb wire, rations, wiring-stakes, mail, rations and almost once with rum, that we thought that we would make an ideal malmute dog for some eskimo. All we longed for was the quiet arctic stillness and six months darkness.

*Dreaming, I go back again,
Down a logging road I know,
Where the nestling partridge runs
And the tall brakes grow.*

*Dreaming, I am there again,
Where, the leafy walls between,
All the air is like a tide
Quiv'ring cool and green.*

*Dreaming, I go down again,
Through the shadow and the gleam,
To the bright trout lying still
In the amber stream.*

*Waking—No, 'tis best to dream—
Dream, and know the peace for ever
Of my green-leafed logging-road
And my hidden river.*

(From the original Listening Post)

T. G. R.

"DIG-A-GRAVE WEEK"

Enterprising Canadian Publications have worked the various 52 weeks to death in an endeavour to boost up their advertising. We have "Clean-Up Week," "Mother's Day," "Father's Day" (what's the difference the old man pays, anyway), "National Cheese Week," "Eat an Apple Week," Dollar Days, Mid-February Sales, Christmas, Easter, Dominion Day, Labour Day, New Year's, week-end specials, camping, skating carnivals, canoeing, curling, and any other week that an enterprising advertising manager can think up.

The only "week" that has never been worked to death is death. For some unaccountable reason they leave "death week" alone. Why they do this we do not know. THE LISTENING POST has been on too many burial parties to know that if the publications can commercialize Mother and Dad, birth of little Clarence and the marriage of gorgeous Geraldine that they should capitalize upon the death of Johnnie Doe.

We are odd and queer. We differ from the ordinary run of advertising managers. We believe that if Johnnie Doe is worth something to us alive that we could make a fortune upon him after he is dead. After all, death is the biggest thing in Johnny's life. Without waiting for Gabriel's horn he has gone to meet a just and kind God. His acts upon earth will merit special attention if they deserve special attention.

Not only is THE LISTENING POST the first with the news but we are first with "DIG A GRAVE WEEK." We wish to prove that not only are we odd, but we are queer. We absolutely refuse to accept the advertising conventionalities that go with the general run of Canadian newspapers. The fact that John Doe died is no reason that we should forego the odd dollar. Times are so tough, that too many John Does refuse to cough up a nickle. We are more than willing to feature John in all his agonies, in all of his last thoughts, in all of his retrospectives, providing, we can commercialize upon the fact.

At reasonable advertising rates we will print an obituary of the demise that defeats description. Our imagination is so great that when they read of your death they think that the Mayor has just died or some other equally known personage. Drop in and talk calmly over your own death notice. We have special rates for a full page. Naturally, owing to the high cost of type a half page would correspondingly come higher; likewise, a quarter page would be just a wee bit more expensive because we include the ink. According

to the Statistical branch at Ottawa, we find that printer's ink has jumped 33 per cent. in 1937. We pass this saving on to you at a 33 per cent. increase as we do not believe in making capital out of death. We are fully alive to the potentialities of death to try and realize a profit.

Although it was tough selling to the death-dealing advertiser we can recommend advertisers upon this page as being alive to your death. They use Canadian made ingredients appertaining to a first class funeral, and when you croak you are helping somebody indirectly. God forbid, the undertaker has to eat.

To the Tombstone Using Public

To those having the names, Smith, Jones, Brown and Robinson. I have several reclaimed and repossessed Scotch granite tombstones and slabs that I will sell cheap to families of those names. At a small additional cost I can re-engage the initials and the date of demise. I have a Snitzendorfer and a Graboliszy-Skoliski in view if payment is not made 30 days hence. ACT AT ONCE.

IMA MASON

Cut-Rate Stone Cutter



Die in Canada and Support Canadian Industry!

Do not go to California or Florida if you feel sick or ill. When you die in Canada you are supporting the Canadian Casket Makers that utilize Canadian made plush and linings. Demand Canadian nickle plated handles on your coffin and Canadian grown pine for your rough-box. It is very unpatriotic to die down south when it is cheaper to die at home.

IF YOU ARE TIRED OF LIFE AND YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE YOU SHOULD IMMEDIATELY CONSULT ME ABOUT MY SPECIAL SUICIDE FUNERAL AND RATES.

To help "Dig a Grave Week" I will open special accounts to responsible parties. Get up a massed burial party among your friends and obtain my special discount for ten or more.

"You No Longer Need Cash to Die in Canada"

JOE STERBEN

CANADA'S MOST POPULAR UNDERTAKER

NOTICE

Our name has been used as being a supporter of the "DIG A GRAVE WEEK." Permit us to state that the use of our name in such an undertaking is unauthorized. By popular request we have added additional equipment to our present plant whereby we can cremate you in our fireless cooker. This new service costs you absolutely nothing.

"Created to be Cremated"

WRITE

INTERPROVINCIAL FERTILIZER COMPANY, UN-INC.

Nature's Best
"Gold Cure"
"Ten in the Toiler"

DON COOLER COMPANY

Don't Spend; But
Spend Ten and
Save

County Bldg. Toronto

WHY SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM? KEEP COOL WITH DON!

KEEP COOL THESE HOT DAYS BY STAYING IN THE COOLER!

Why swelt selling insurance? Why sweat selling groceries? Why perspire reporting for a newspaper? Try the DON METHOD OF REMAINING CALM, COOL, and COLLECTED.

No harsh requirements. No age limits. No ginger ale. No gin. No beer. No nothing and no visitors—Just ten glorious days in the coolest spot in America except Labrador, Alaska, and the Arctic Circle—Just the DON method of remaining cool for a few days, or ten, at absolutely no cost to you!

Get away from your creditors for ten days or so. Enjoy financial freedom from all anxiety and care—Tell your bank manager to go to hell and remain hot under the collar while you stay with us and get cold—put your financial burdens upon the Toronto ratepayers. Why sweat at the exhibition grounds when you can enjoy cool freedom with DON?

Free Liquids — Free Soup — Free Clothing — All Free — Nothing To Buy

Hundreds of people and ex-Canadian army regardless of race, creed or colour have taken the advantage of the DON METHOD to obtain complete freedom of excessive July and August heat. NO MORE SWEATING AND FRETTING—read the unsolicited testimonials—

Don Cooler Company,
County Building, Toronto.

Dear Mr. Don:

I suffered from indigestion from eating roast turkey, broiled brace of partridge and other rare European delicacies which I attributed to over eating or over heating during hot weather. A casual meeting with a policeman who kindly advised me of your ten day cooler course in dietetics changed all. May I state since enrolling in your school of plain everyday eating that I have not had roast turkey, broiled brace of partridge and other rare European dishes? You have the greatest system to keep one's indigestion intact for at least ten days . . .

Dear Mr. Don:

I attempted to stab my mother-in-law and she caught me in the act. After I regained consciousness I overheard a neighbour say "He must have been crazy with the heat to attack that old witch with a small pen-knife!" I then realized that it was the heat to make me use such a tiny weapon when I had a sawed-off shot gun and a window-sash weight in my trunk. For the next six months I will take no chances with the heat so I have enrolled in your special six months course, and by that time, sleet and ice will be with us again and she may slip and break her—God forbid, or God something neck!

IMA HENPECKT

Remember that Our Cooling System is Under Rigid Supervision of the Provincial Police.

TO THE LADIES

By SISTER SMIFF



EX-PRINCESS BUZZOFF
LATE LA CHAT NOIR, ARMENTIERS



EDITOR'S NOTE—From London's fashionable Mayfair a report comes that gowns are to be named after songs, and that they will be appropriately designed to further the idea. The gowns were launched by Thelma Lady Furness, who said in part; "We thought it would be a novel idea to name our frocks after melodies that have charmed audiences on both sides of the Atlantic."

Well, girls, have you seen the new song frocks on display at the Bong Tong Millinery? They are the latest fashionable hit. Madame Vinrouge of the Bong Tong showed me a few and I was very intrigued with a simple dress that was not cut upon the traditional princess lines or bow trimming the neck.

Madame Vinrouge held it up to the light. "Knock, knock," she said.

"I'll bite," said I. "What is it?" Then Madame started to hum "Home on the Range," and I immediately knew that it was an ordinary \$1.98 kitchen dress, worth at sale slashing prices \$9.98.

"Ah, I get the idea," said I. "It is my turn now. Let me try." I picked up a sheer creation of white satin brocade that was fastened with silk frogs slit at the sides, the train being a continuation of the tunic back. The price read "reduced to \$87.58." I started to sing. Madame hesitated only a moment and then closed the door in case the shoppe was raided by the police for permitting upon the premises. Madame seemed very perplexed but only momentarily.

"Voila, Sister Smeeth, you suggest "The Old Rugged Cross," n'est pas?"

I hastily tucked in the sleeves and off-the-shoulder neck line. "Nope. You have two more guesses before you must give up."

"I give up now," stated Madame. "You have picked out a very difficult musical gown. Why don't you choose that fiddle and guitar 'Arkansas Traveller' or that organ organdie 'Red Sails in the Sunset' over in that pile?"

"Nope. If you cannot appreciate good singing I

shall certainly hum it for you. Now listen carefully and the tune will suggest the motif of the gown."

I started to hum, hum, and hum. Unfortunately, a swarming hive of bees flew in the open window and settled upon a Mandarin bit of stiffened white tulle trimmed in front with a bunch of orange blossoms.

"You must be humming in Russian or Armenian," suggested Madame, scratching her wig until it came away completely in her hand. "Ah, I have eet. It is the 'Minuet in G' or 'Thanks a Million'."

"Nope. You have one more guess before I explain the gown or riddle," as I switched over from humming to yodelling the creation in a Swiss air. Madame was so excited with the contest that she tore up a black gown spangled with silver and yard of tulle. In final desperation she screeched "Over the hill to the Poorhouse."

I showed her the price tag, \$87.58—she had won.

Madame Vinrouge also showed me a new crown hat trimmed with artificial fruits and vegetables. I looked at it longingly as I was more than hungry. I purchased one for three bucks. It was trimmed with crisp lettuce salad, with lemon dressing, garnished with fried onions and grated nippy cheese. Vogue says that it is the smartest hat that you can eat this winter and no well-dressed woman should be on relief.



EDITOR'S NOTE—Sister Smiff has spent the last few days in interviewing important personages that have returned to Canada after attending the European fashion shows. She gives our readers below a complete coverage what ladies should be wearing this autumn to be in the swim—or asylum.

"This year's fall hats give women a chance to run the old man into debt," stated Monsieur Vinrouge of the Bong Tong Millinery fresh from Ypres, Vimy and other French fashion centres. "No one can say if the

high crowns should be on the top of the head or the roll brim should be on the outside edge. All I know is that they will be trays cheek and not worth as much for what I shall get. For instance," continued M. Vinrouge, as he held up a fur felt creation that appeared as if it could be utilized to bail out a sinking canal barge. "Frinstance, this felt hat was originally made for man but by stepping on it to give it a slight crush—comme ca—pinching the crown with an upward swoop—comme ca encore—then tapering it down the back to hide madame's neck—aussi comme ca adding a few feathers here and there to obtain the false illusion of even greater height as men like their women tall slim and willowy first, and to be fooled second. Voila' Mag-neef-eek. One \$1.25 felt hat for \$19.95. S'elp me, I lose money on the deal but c'est la depression. It is madame's own fault if she does not look smart this autumn. S'elp moi encore."

Girls, I saw the most glamorous, stupendous luxurious display of hats, veils, and other feminine objects d'art that will gladden the heart of Monseieur Vinrouge, if, when, and as, he peddles them off to the unsuspecting deadly species. The Vinrouge collection featured mostly hats—fur (sheared and dyed cart-horse) or turbans, berets and bonnets—Some with flowers (imitation for-get-me-nots. No danger, if the purchaser once wears it) wrought iron buckles, artificial fruits (except watermelon) stuffed humming-birds, artificial vegetables (except pumpkin) brass hinges, door knobs, buttons, etc., etc., in fact, sufficient material to start a modest first class hock shop or delicatessen.

This autumn, veils take on a new aspect in the Vinrouge oddities. Made from sheer mosquito-netting or Nottingham curtain lace, they slope down the back and trail the floor making a combination dust mop and wax-polisher. Others cover the entire head and when tied under the chin they will certainly supply a long felt want to the bee-keepers when gathering honey, or transferring the bull bee from hive to hive.

As usual, colours are very important. It must keep the colour guy busy thinking up new tints that are not even in the spectrum of the rainbow. Hearse Black, Slaughter House Red and Railroad Rust, will predominate. All the classy purples one would find in a black eye and the blue-in-the face look will be included. The new chicken coop white makes its appearance and threatens to displace the ubiquitous stoplight red in popularity.



EDITOR'S NOTE—Sister Smiff, noted cosmetician and fashion expert, conducts this column solely to beautify the landscape and brighten up the kitchen. We warn our readers that her ideas and recipes are untried and unproven and should not, at least, be attempted.

Well Sisters, this is the month that plays havoc with our complexions. Chilly winds that have breezed over Ontario farms, laden with rust and dust, have

extracted a cruel toll. From the damage one will require a little rouge, a shade lighter than fire-truck red will suit, but do not stint in its application. The main proposition is to appear young and glowing with health. In the choice of powders you cannot be too particular as there are so many different makes offered today—tooth, baking, gum, stump and flea, to mention a few. Any of these are used sparingly, and a degree darker than your natural flesh before the Saturday night bath.

Whether your hair is long, poet fashion, or wired-terrier style, make sure that it does not ape a frightened porcupine that bristles out too stiff and formal. You can overcome this tendency by slightly dampening the hair and giving it a good thorough curry-combing to stir up the tender roots and a slight raking to loosen up any dander.

As the King's Plate is to be staged next year a choice of a new hat is in the offing—choose one of those "high-crowns" even if it suits you or not. This not only indicates your loyalty but gives one's neighbors something to chin over during these long evenings. Incidentally, as I have touched upon the top, or roof, of the human frame, it will not be amiss to mention that there is to be no set height for heels this year providing they touch the ground.

You Want to Know?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Q.—"How can I make a good cheap mud-pack?"

A.—"A good home-made mud-pack can be manufactured by dumping out the geranium and utilizing the soil as a base. Run the dirt through your flour sifter to remove little bits of roots, cigarette butts, dead flies and decayed mulch. The main object of a mud-pack is somewhat similar to a bread poultice to draw out poisons, therefore, a drawing agent must be introduced into the soil. Chalk, wax crayon or lead pencil dust should easily accomplish this. Mix the dirt and dust ingredients well and stir in our milk or oatmeal water while stirring briskly. Bake in a moderate oven until hard then crumble through a meat grinder and sift. This should make sufficient for the average household including mother-in-laws.

Save the surface and you save all

Q.—"Can you give me a recipe for a good face-cream?"

A.—"Similar to the cheese that is smeared upon the trigger of a mouse trap to catch mere mouse, a good face cream is essential to catch the more merer man. Sisters, you cannot afford to be too careful in the selection of this ancient female bait. Refuse to accept some of the messy concoctions that are put up in a 50 cent platinum plated package and the contents that retails for \$12.00 per ounce. Make your own

from selected ingredients as follows:

- Axle Grease—One pound.
- Oil of Castor—One ounce.
- Flavouring Extract—One drop.

Blend the grease with extract and add castor oil. Mix well with an egg-beater to a fluffy lightness. If too greasy add sawdust or sand to absorb the excess oil. Apply lightly the first night. If unsuccessful, to appear beautiful have your face lifted with the aid of your neighbour's car-jack.

A correspondent writes and asks:

"I am at my knit-wits end to make my own swagger-suit of wool that will show my lines without any baggy effect. I can squeeze into a size 16 bathing-suit but take a 44 fur coat. Possibly, from the above information, you can give me advice and directions?"

Now the autumn drawers to longer evenings it behooves us all to do more homecraft work. Knitting, without doubt, will test out your skill and patience. Now, Dear Correspondent, there has never been a successful knitted swagger suit made by any one person. Therefore, one of the first requisites in a real good chinny neighbor to be invited in for advice and the odd bit of latest scandal.

I am suggesting a three piece suit. Skirt, pull-over-jumper and long coat. I can only give you the coat this week. It is made into six sections and finally assembled by swearing and sewing before ditching. Any good sheep wool will do, but a No. 9 circular needle is essential. As the sleeves are made last it would be advisable to make them first and be finished with them.

Sleeves—Two required. Start at the cuffs and work up towards the shoulder. Make 10 rows of oh. st. 5 (whatever that means). Loop through 4 times and go straight ahead turning right at number seven pined. Stop here and ask neighbour about Mrs. Switzenheimer's condition as they say so-and-so about her. Ch. 4, st. 5, lock stitch and purl 12 times 12 is 144 and deny that you had said anything about Mrs. Switzenheimer or any of her clique. Sh. 54, St. 7, purl \$12.30, \$3.80, \$2.90. Won. Double-purl, \$4.50, \$2.10. 2nd. Chain Stitch \$12.00 3rd. Lock stitch and short sleeve also ran. At end of cuff re-thread needle with the new shade of envy-green wool. Work around gradually to the elbow and Mrs. Switzenheimer's lumbago because if it isn't lumbago it must be what you was told it was. Chain stitch 3 more times and remove burnt roast of pork from oven and open all windows. Purl 9 and double loop the loop 3 times. Put scratching cat outside edge and return 7 more rows to elbow. Find out about Mrs. Switzenheimer running around with so-and-so as they say she does. Let scratching cat in and close windows, making 5 more turns. Although these 5 turns are intricate they should not interrupt the answer about Mrs. Switzenheimer and you know. Ask milkman or baker to wait as you wish to measure sleeve on him. Add ch. st. 9, purl 4 times more to shoulder. Although the sleeve is finished unravel 5 rows, as truth, like husbands, will out, and get the low-down upon the sly, catty Mrs. Switzenheimer.

When getting truth keep on knitting up the unravelled rows and do not interrupt about this tid-bit that you have been itching and knitting to hear. Add more water to the tea-pot as it is now dry and your neighbour would like a sip before going over to some other person's house to discuss the making of the ankle length gowns and Mrs. Switzenheimer's complaint.

Q.—"What can I use to cut gin?"

A.—"Water."

Q.—"What is good for my face?"

A.—"Water."

TODAY'S BEAUTY HINT

By placing your hands in dishwater for 15 minutes after breakfast, lunch and dinner, makes the hands of mother look smooth and white in comparison to yours.

A hair-net rinsed in a little lie has snared many a man

COOKING HINTS

Artificial Macaroni—1 lb. rubber bands or an old inner tube cut into strips and boiled.

Ham en Cup—Take one small ham, 1 qt. gin, boil ham in gin for one-half hour and then throw ham away. Sufficient for two people.

HOUSEHOLD HINT

Two cups of water added to the gravy makes more gravy.

A bowl of putrid meat set near an open window will draw many flies.

By dampening a rag with sour milk it will make it wet.

One can stack more dirty dishes in the kitchen sink if one installs the sink on the floor.

And then there was the man, who, when offered his rum ration in a large spoon, took it, surrounded the contents with a sigh of satisfaction, cocked his head with the air of a connoisseur and said: "Very fair rum, Sir, I'd like a drink of that."

(From the War Time L. P.)

We advise our readers that they should subscribe for the CANADIAN VETERAN. This publication is evidently the nicest paper to air the ex-troops' views. It contains intimate news items of each individual unit and no one should be in ignorance of what the "Old Brigade" is doing.

Opinions may vary as to the exact value of military training, but at least, it makes a man an excellent judge of Plum and Apple Jam!

(From the War Time L. P.)

Learn Public Swearing

BE A SERGEANT-MAJOR IN THE NEXT WAR

10 Lessons FREE

WRITE NOW! RIGHT NOW! FOR PARTICULARS OF THIS WONDERFUL OFFER; AN OPPORTUNITY THAT YOU WILL NEVER REGRET IF YOU TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT FOR THE NEXT WAR. JUST THINK! TEN LESSONS IN EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SWEARING ABSOLUTELY FREE TO THOSE WHO ACT TODAY.

WHAT THE COURSE TEACHES YOU

How to talk to an adjutant or a general.

How to address lance-jacks and buck privates.

How to enlarge your vocabulary.

How to be master of any situation. Drink the platoon's rum and tell them in plain profane why.

WE TEACH YOU BY MAIL

We teach you by mail to become a convincing swearer. To influence and dominate the decisions of one man or the muster roll of a battalion. We have trained hundreds to increase their popularity in the next war. Learn how to conquer fear of adjutants, majors and paymasters. Learn how to develop self-confidence and how to RULE others by the power of your lungs and speech alone.

THE LATEST, EASY METHOD AS PERFECTED
And taught only by Prof. I. Kuss, former Sgt. Major of the Public Swearing Department of The Canadian College of Expressive Expression. Prof. Kuss is one of the foremost authorities on swearing, therefore, do not let this opportunity slip by in case war is declared tomorrow. Be prepared now.

WHAT WOULD YOU TELL HORACE IF HE FAILED TO SHOW UP ON A FUTURE PARTY AFTER YOU HAD WARNED HIM POLITELY TO BE ON TIME? HOW WOULD YOU ADDRESS HORACE IF HE BECAME SQUEAMISH OVER HIS RATIONS, HIS CROWN AND ANCHOR BOARD, HIS RUM RATION? Gone are the days that an ordinary adjutant can tell our trained sergeant major that he is "for it" THIS SPECIAL OFFER OF TEN LESSONS FREE IS MADE STRICTLY FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES AND IT WAS WITHDRAWN LAST WEEK WITHOUT NOTICE. Write now before it is offered again and receive full particulars with enrollment blank, blankety, blank. BOX \$30.87 Listening Post.

WAR TIME HIGH FINANCE

By "16264"

Private John Smithers, 7th Canadians, did not possess the wherewithal to ride on the omnibus from Shorncliffe Barracks to Folkestone. This deplorable state of affairs being due to, first, the war time price of hot rum and sugar; second, that four kings cannot beat four aces in a genuine army poker game. Private Smithers' financial resources were precarious, in actual fact, they were nil—The fare on the bus to Folkestone five miles away was threepence—and Smithers particularly wanted to be in Folkestone that evening for two reasons. Number one was, he had to meet some friends in a "pub" called the Bodega. Number two was the same old tale—He was anxious for further conversation with the flaxen-haired maiden that dispensed the potent fluids at the bar of the said Bodega.

Smithers considered these reasons so compelling that he decided to walk, so started off with the regulation army stride along the Folkestone road that flanks the English Channel and passes the Hythe School of Musketry. As Smithers was passing the school, whistling blithely and without a care or cent in the world he was hailed by an Imperial Officer, a Major carrying a service tunic over his arm.

"I say, my good chap, are you by any chance going to Folkestone?" asked the officer with a typical Park Row drawl.

"Yes, Sir," replied our hero of many a bar and barrack room scrap.

"My tailor in Folkestone has made rather a poor job of this tunic of mine. The buttons are not in the correct relative positions to the button holes. As an absolutely bally fact, he has bungled the job terribly", said the Major. "I would be more than obliged if you would take this garment in to him and ask him to make it right, or get busy on a new one. Major Wilson is my name." "Very glad to do so, Sir," said Smithers as he took the proffered tunic. "Here is a shilling for your trouble. Buy a few smokes on me."

Smithers showed considerable alacrity in accepting the coin. A five mile hike was now entirely out of the question, and a balance of ninepence remained for investment in his favorite beverage. Smithers was so overwhelmed at his good fortune that he muttered incoherent thanks as he turned away towards a waiting bus.

"COME BACK HERE!" screeched the Major. "Doesn't the Canadian Army teach you to salute your superior officer? Three of your lot passed me this morning without showing respect to the King's uniform. My God, you'll lose us the war!"

Smithers sprang to attention and saluted as he stammered out an apology before turning away.

"FOR TWO PINS I WOULD TAKE YOUR NAME AND NUMBER" was the Major's parting shot.

Smithers was boiling with inward rage. He felt humiliated and hurt. He laboured under the impression that he was unduly "bawled out." After all, he was minding his own business in his own time, and wasn't he doing the cockeyed major a favour by taking his tunic to town? Smithers hopped on the bus muttering in the patois of the Canadian Expeditionary Force certain expressions that would not look well painted upon a Sunday School banner. He sat sullenly in the bus and silently cursed the major in Siwash and others including the Scandinavian tongue! A fat lady tripped over his outstretched feet and a baby jabbed a sticky lollypop into his right ear. All of this in his present mood Smithers blamed on military methods and Imperial Officers in particular—the Kaiser was completely exonerated. Finally the bus pulled-up within a block of the famed Bodega and Smithers alighted. The bus had stopped in front of a pawn shop and the three gilt balls over the doorway caught the soldier's eye. He entered the establishment and was soon in earnest conversation with the Hebrew gentleman behind the counter. In a few minutes he emerged and headed for the Bodega. Smithers was again whistling and his eyes were bright. Smithers was at peace with the world.

That night he was gloriously drunk but not too drunk to remember a solemn duty to Major Wilson, Hythe School of Musketry.

By the afternoon mail of the following day the Major received a somewhat unstamped cryptic epistle, needless to say, unsigned. All it said was roughly scrawled "FOR TWO PINS YOU SHOULD HAVE TAKEN MY NAME AND NUMBER!" Pinned to the note by two pins was a small cardboard token stating that one Isaac Goldstein had advanced the sum of ten shillings on one Major Wilson's tunic at a reasonable interest, and that same would have to be redeemed on or before September 16th, 1916, or else the article would be sold to cover charges!



TRENCH TERMS AND MEANINGS

FRONT LINE—A collection of holes in the ground, old junk, sacks, tins, bottles, rum jars, dug-outs, etc. and inhabited by profane soldiers in dirty uniforms, who haven't had the luck to get a soft job. It is usually within speaking (and smelling) distance of Fritzie, so that his artillery will have something definite to shoot at. A most desirable residential district. No estaminets.

DUG-OUTS—Deep holes in the ground, designed for the purpose of keeping out sun and rain, and occasionally shells. The accommodation is usually divided equally between the troops and trench rats. Baby dug-outs are commonly known as "funk-holes."

(From Original L. P.)

SAVE 24 SWIZZLERS
BEER LABELS

FREE

DRINK A CASE TODAY
GET YOUR PHOTO
TOMORROW

Coronation Photograph

Carry in a Tray Full
of Swizzler's Ale



THE TREY

And Raise the Deuce



THE DEUCE



THE KING



THE QUEEN

SWIZZLERS IS THE KING
AND QUEEN OF ALES
MADE WITH REAL HOPS.

NOTE—We maintain our own
frog farm to ensure the fresh-
est of hops.

Swizzlers have supplied Royalty
from King Solomon's time to
the present day.

ALE TO THEIR MAJESTIES

"LONG MAY IT RAIN"

SWIZZLERS has always been a Royal beverage. It is used exclusively in women's clubs, gambling joints, shoe-shine parlours, blind pigs, poker dens and by the little theatre groups. King Solomon had 500 wives so therefore he was always in the right as 500 women can't be wrong. Read what Rachel (Sol's 499th wife had to say about Swizzlers Ale—

"With my personality and 11 cases of SWIZZLER'S ALE I kidded Old Sol to take another wife to lighten my household tasks. With no gas, electricity or modern contraptions in the temple kitchen I was nothing but a kitchen scivvy for the other 497 cats. I had a hell of a life but thanks to SWIZZLER'S ALE all is now changed. I have loads of time to step out with the big Butter and Bread Man from Babylon and also have the satisfaction of having Old Sol's 500th hussy bring me in a cool, refreshing and invigorating drink of SWIZZLER'S ALE with brown toast in bed every morning."

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA DEMANDED SWIZZLERS. CATHERINE OF ARAGON WAS NOT ONLY A SWIZZLER BOOSTER BUT A SWIZZLER BOOSER. Henry the VIIIth got plastered on Swizzlers for 5 consecutive honeymoons. Read what Hank says about SWIZZLERS—

"Thanks to SWIZZLER'S ALE I have had eight wives. Three bottles of Swizzler's and four swigs of Swizzlers was sufficient to fire my imagination so that I was seeing two women lying in bed with me, at the same time. As a staunch member of the Church of England this would not do so I ordered one of them to be beheaded and then sobering up I realized my mistake but too late; but not too late to drink more Swizzlers."

SAVE up 24 Swizzler's Ale labels and send them to the SWIZZLER BREWING CORPORATION and receive your picture of the King and Queen. Owing to enormous demand we can only send 75 to one customer, therefore do not repeat.

SEE THAT THE GENUINE LABEL READS

"FROM HAIL TO ALE AND BEER TO BIER"

Write Today — Don't Delay — Only One Address and One Quality

ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION

International
Itinerants
Incorporated

Take a Trip with Us

Right at your backdoor is a land of enchantment that is as unknown as is that quaint Chinese village One-Lung-Gone. When one thinks of travel they immediately have visions of Broadway, Woodward Avenue, Yonge Street or the Strand. They little realize that the same wind that creates the tropical zephyr breeze is the same wind that turns the Ontario farmers' wind-mill. Do not let anyone delude you into believing that there is more than one sun. The sun that shines down upon sunny California is likewise the same old sol that beats down upon Canada's dusty roads to make one exclaim "ain't she hot?"

THE INTERNATIONAL ITINERANTS INCORPORATED was formed solely for such persons that are not aware of such beautiful surroundings, mile after mile of muddy roads echo the call of mighty nature. Snakes, snails, sparrows, skunks, bats and mosquitos are in abundance—Every province has its own special offering at ABSOLUTELY NO COST TO YOU!

JOIN THE INTERNATIONAL ITINERANTS INCORPORATED AND SEE OUR OWN BACKDOOR. They invite you to enjoy the intemperate climate of Ontario. To partake of the thrills of facing a breezy blizzard or sweltering in sticky sunshine. The "NO COST" fares are an added feature to induce you to join this great organization composed of librarians, clerks, watchmen, artists, etc., etc. In fact, any profession where the hours are long and the wages are low.

BEWARE OF RECOGNIZED AND RELIABLE TRANSPORTATION COMPANIES' ADVERTISING LITERATURE. They generally extoll the virtues of rippling brooks with their gurgling, bubbling water and tinkling song. Remember that the gurgle and the tinkle was inspired by a cork-screw or bottle-opener in some high pressure advertising agency's office.

NOTE—International Itinerants Incorporated employ no advertising agents, thereby cutting costs to an absolute zero.

PRIVILEGES ENROUTE AT NO EXTRA COSTS

When you join our organization you must ask the one in charge for a "STOPOVER PRIVILEGE". This will allow you to spend 7 (seven) glorious days in jail at no extra cost. You will discover some of the finest of indoor sports in the county jails—dish-washing, floor-scrubbing, mending, lawn-cutting and gardening. Friendly competitions between fellow travellers in the NATIONAL LOGSAWING CONTEST held annually for our members.

OUR PLAN

The International Itinerants Incorporated was created for those that are broke, or for the near broke. MONEY SHOULD NOT PREVENT ANY PERSON FROM NOT SEEING THE WORLD. Boats still float and are going places quite regularly. Every boat requires a crew. OBTAIN A POSITION AS DISH-WASHER OR CAPTAIN. A truck gets stuck and the driver will be only too glad for your proffered help. He will let you ride with him to his destination, AND THEN IT IS UP TO YOU TO HIGH-JACK THE TRUCK SO THAT YOU CAN COMPLETE YOURS. 50% of the box cars are empty. The railroads are just drawing them along to prove how busy they are. Climb in any one of them and see the world. LITTLE DOES ONE REALIZE THAT TRANSPORTATION IS PASSING BY DAILY AND PROCEEDING SOMEWHERE. WHY NOT GO?

HINTS ON HITCH-HIKING

Short side trips—Nothing can beat a short side trip to see some place that you have seldom heard about but always wanted to see. As these trips do not entail effort to accomplish, one does not need to stretch their imagination far to gain their wish. We offer the following as the quickest method to gain their wish.

FUNERALS—Scan the obituary notices in the daily paper to see who is being buried at a distant point—pay your respects to the dear departed by attending the funeral and enjoying the scenery and trip at the same time for nothing.

Always remember that no two funerals are the same. Tears flow copiously but some are tears of joy and nothing is so unbecoming as to burst out laughing when one should remain quiet. If a man is burying his wife or mother-in-law a good guffaw is permitted but it is considered the height of ignorance to smile when it so happens to be his boozing bosom pal or favorite boot-legger.

Always introduce yourself to the intimate members of the family as being a long lost cousin. Tell them that you have just arrived from Australia and did not have time to order a wreath. The obituary notice will give you the names of the members of the family. Do not hesitate to pat little Geraldine upon the head and ask her if she is little Hermanita. Dip your hands into your pocket and give her a couple of slot-machine slugs and tell her that it is Australian money, and after the funeral she may buy lolly-pops. If you think the family has a private stock of scotch on hand do not hesitate to ask. Tell them you feel faint

if they demur from your hint. Speak out plainly and ask them if it is fair to come all the way from Australia to attend a funeral and only receive ice water or sodapop. Always have a good supply of blank cheques on hand. Nobody will refuse to cash them until your bank balance of \$4,000,000.00 is transferred from Australia. Rome wasn't built in a day and Australia is one hell of a way off before your four million arrives. \$300 is a mere sum to aim at if you possess sang froid.

NOTE—Send \$1.50 for our booklet "HOW TO POSSESS SANG FROID AT A FUNERAL."

FIRE ALARM BOXES

When you arrive at the city limits you will probably be tired and dusty. Under no circumstances should one impair their health by attempting to walk in such a run down condition. Just go to the nearest FIRE ALARM BOX and pull the little red hook and wait for results. In a moment the hook and ladder truck will arrive to take you down town. Just tell the chief that a kid pulled the box and beat it up some alley. Tell him that you will readily recognize him and you think that he lives two blocks from the central fire station. In fact, you are certain that he lives within a couple of blocks of the central fire station. The chief will ask you to climb aboard to identify the suspect and you reluctantly agree. This method of taxi from the city limits is not only economical but swift, nearly safe and almost sure.

Central fire stations are always located down town near the theatres and big departmental stores. If you wish, you can work this on ambulances and police patrol wagons.

MONEY ORDERS AND TRAVELLER'S CHEQUES

We positively do not issue money orders and traveller's cheques. If you are short of money you are not to worry. If you happen to be in the larger cities where penny-in-the-slot gas meters are installed, your worries are over. Just step into the nearest garage and borrow a couple of pipe wrenches. Knock upon somebody's door and inform them that you are the gas inspector and the manager sends his regrets that he could not attend personally to rectify the mistake. The person will naturally ask about what mistake? You will then tell him or her that through a faulty meter that they had been overcharged \$1.98 per month for the last six months. **THIS IS NEVER DISPUTED AND THEY WILL GIVE YOU THE RUN OF THE WHOLE HOUSE.** Proceed to dismantle the meter. A good meter will disgorge about \$4.00. After wrecking the meter tell the person that you must leave immediately to obtain the manager at once as they have been robbed ever since the meter was installed. **AGAIN THEY WILL AGREE AND PERMIT YOU TO LEAVE WITHOUT QUESTION.** The quickest way to dispose of the tell-tale wrenches is to pawn them at the nearest hock shop. These should net another \$1.00. If there happens to be no penny-in-the-slot gas meters, one can work the telephones and weighing machines. **OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MONEY. JUST TEEMS UPON AN INTERNAT-**

IONAL ITINERANTS INCORPORATED TOUR.

SLEEPING ARRANGEMENTS

"Where will we sleep tonight?" Is an oft repeated question upon our tours. May we assure you now that the problem does not exist. You can sleep with whom or where you like. We recommend a farmer's hay-loft or straw stack provided you do not fall asleep smoking a cigar or pipe. **WE POINT WITH PRIDE THAT IN 1936 WE HAD ONLY 7 CASES OF PATRONS BEING BURNT TO A CRISP.** This record speaks for itself, and we mention it only to prove that the majority of our customers are trustworthy with farmer's goods and property. If you so happen to be in the city when night falls and you feel tired, all you have to do is pick out some porch swing on somebody's verandah and enjoy a night of repose. Hundreds of citizens have porch swings, and they will not even know that you utilized one of them until you advise them of the fact when you borrow a little hot water to wash and shave the next morning. Sailor's Institutes, Y. M. C. A's. and Homes for Fallen Women have cheap "flop" mattresses for as low as a dime per person which, naturally, includes coffee. In the spring of the year we recommend a park bench. The reason we do this is because of the high prices that can be obtained for early spring flowers that one can easily peddle from door to door, after carefully selecting them from the park flower-beds. **DO NOT PERMIT SLEEPING ARRANGEMENTS TO HOLD YOU BACK FROM TAKING THIS WONDERFUL TOUR.** In a pinch one can obtain lodging at any civilized police station for practically no cost.

SPECIMEN TOUR (Ingersoll to NEW YORK)

International Itinerants, Inc.,
Gentlemen:

Last year I left Ingersoll via No. 2 Highway, travelling as far as Woodstock. I left the tour there and paid my railroad fare. Never again. Thanks.
(Name on request)

OTHER TESTIMONIALS (All Genuine)

Dear Sirs:

I stuck it out as far as Niagara Falls. It is certainly a wonderful place. I thought that it would be full of Honeymooners but was mistaken. It is crowded with widowers who are now lonesome and come to hear the Falls roar.

Itch Ike.

A TELEGRAM

SEND ME FIFTEEN DOLLARS TO BAIL ME OUT, CARE SHERIFF, ALBANY, NEW YORK. YOUR TRIP WAS FULL OF THRILLS AND SO WAS I FULL.

G. I. N.

The International Itinerants Incorporated cannot grant reduced rates to charity cases and clergy so save our time by not asking. We maintain one popular rate to all, and that is not high. Address all communications to The International Itinerants Incorporated. Offices in all principal cities.

"Wireless"

ILLICIT LOVE

INTRIGUE

HOME BREAKING

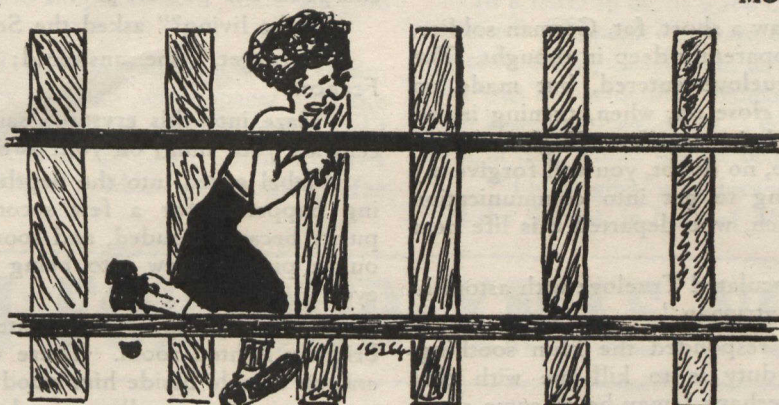
ROWS

ANNIE KARENINA SCHOOLS

OF SELF-DESTRUCTION
AT MOSCOW RUSSIA

OUR MOTTO
"GROUND IN THE GROUND"

REFERENCE
SNOWBANKSKY
MOSCOW, RUSSIA



Let Annie Give You Expert Instructions Upon Matters of Self-Destruction

BE A SUCCESSFUL SUICIDE

Do not fool with messy acids and dangerous fire-arms—Do not trust shooting your brains out and splattering the costly interior decorations of your home. Permit Annie to teach you her method that is absolutely bloodless to the most delicate fabrics and to the daintiest of wall coverings.

The Anna Karenina Schools of Self-Destruction have a working arrangement with the Canadian Rational Railway, whereby, **YOU CAN COMMIT SUICIDE BY USING ONE OF THEIR NEW 6100 CLASS ENGINES**—These engines are the largest in the British Empire and perform a first class daily, except Sunday, freight and suicide service. We teach you the secret of being cleanly cut through, leaving no jagged edges and uneven portions of flesh adhering to the rails (see illustration above) we have thousands of testimonials from interested undertakers that we certainly have a clean cut proposition. Read the following typical one—

Mlle. Anna Karenina,
Moscow, Russia.

Dear Ann:

Through your simple instructions I nearly killed myself and I wish you would convey to the Management of the **CANADIAN RATIONAL RAILWAYS** my regards to the splendid service they render.

It so happened that the Fireman on the big 6100 engine was so remarkably good looking that I lost all desire to die. Instead, the Fireman has now left his wife and 9 children and is now scratching my back at nights.

Could it be possible for me to be run over by the **CANADIAN RACIFIC RAILWAY**? I saw such a swell, smiling, short, stocky, swarthy switchman, and from his grin, I know that he will rescue me in the nick of time. To prove that I am serious I am willing to be married if necessary.

ISABELLE RINGING.

WE ARE THE ONLY SUICIDE SCHOOL THAT HAS BEEN APPROVED BY THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT.

Note the Address—**MOSCOW, RUSSIA**—All others are fakes.

ENROLL NOW AND BE ROLLED—WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET BY SENDING A ROUBLE.

BEAT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY SUICIDE

LOVE AND WAR

PART I.—In France

Private Joseph Henry Truelove was "over the top with the best of luck." He reached the enemy trench without mishap, and after a cautious survey of the first dug-out entrance he came to, moved carefully down the rough stairway. At the foot of the stairs the dug-out branched to right and left. The left-hand portion appeared to be empty. The right was obscured by a curtain of sacking. Pulling this aside, Truelove whisked in.

To his surprise he saw a short, fat, German soldier, seated at a table, and apparently deep in thought. The Hun looked up as Truelove entered, but made no movement until he was close up, when, turning in his chair, he quietly asked in excellent English: "Are you a Spiritualist? If so, no doubt, you will forgive my absorption. I am trying to get into communication with my brother Friedrich, who departed this life near Ypres a year ago."

"A Spiritualist?" ejaculated Truelove with astonishment. "No I'm an infantryman."

"Just so—just so," responded the Hun soothingly. "I suppose your duty is to kill me with that bayonet of yours, but perhaps I may be of some slight service to you first. Is there any person, alive or dead, of whose welfare you are anxious to know?"

"Well, yes," said Joseph Henry, entering into the spirit of the proposal. "I'd like to know how everything is with my sweetheart Mabel."

"I see—" said the German, in a curious monotone, staring fixedly at the opposite wall, "I see a large brilliantly lighted restaurant. People come and go, but in a corner by themselves there ever remain in earnest conversation a young lady and an officer—a second-lieutenant of your Army Service Corps. She is tall, pale, with dark hair and small features—"

"Mabel," burst from Truelove.

"He is speaking to her in a low, passionate tone," continued the German, disregarding the interruption. "I can hear him say, 'Mabel, I have no fear for our future. I have loved you for fully three weeks.'"

"She answers: 'Albert, such constancy is really rather wonderful. I love you, too.'"

"I see—" continued the Hun, taking no notice of Joseph Henry's grief and anger, "I see her in a box at a theatre. The play is in progress, and a Colonial officer, who is seated beside her, squeezes her hand from time to time with a fatuous happiness in that occupation distinctly distressing in an intelligent-looking man of good physique."

"He speaks—he is saying: 'Since you admit that you love me, when will you marry me?'"

"'Not until the curtain falls,' she responds."

"E-e-nough!" shouted Joseph Henry. "Not one word more. For the great service you have rendered

me I spare your life. Let's go and see if we can spear a drink of something. I renounce women for all time—yes, the whole six of them."

PART II.—In England

Miss Mabel Dobson entered the clairvoyant's apartments with some little hesitation.

"I would like to get into communication with my former lover," said Mabel, blushing prettily as she plied her powder-puff before the old man.

"Is he living?" asked the Seer.

"I forget," she answered; "but if so, he is in France."

"Gaze into this crystal," said the Seer, "and concentrate your mind on your sweetheart."

Mabel gazed into the depths of the crystal. Nothing happened for a few seconds, but gradually its purity became clouded, and soon taking form and colour a picture grew into being before her astonished eyes.

She saw Joseph Henry seated in a chair in a large brightly lighted room. There was sand on the floor, and on a table beside him stood a glass from which he took a sip occasionally with obvious relish. A young girl leaned over his chair with love in her eyes and a jug in her hands.

Mabel could even hear the voices; and although Joseph Henry spoke a curious mixture which was neither English nor French, what Mabel did not understand she was perfectly able to guess at. Said Henry, unfolding a filthy piece of paper money, "Oui, Mam' selle, I compree O.K. I love you; lou love me. I take you to Canada avec moi apres la guerre."

"Oui, M'sieu."

"J'ai beaucoup money. Mon pere millionaire—compree? Beaucoup land—hundred and sixty acres."

"Parfaitement, M'sieu."

"Après la guerre I come back for you. Je n'aime pas les femmes anglaises—compree?"

"Oui, M'sieu. C'est tres gentil, mais je suis marie maintenant. Compreez vous?"

"Eh, what! Sold again! Je vais au tranches ce soir. Au revoir, Madame."

"Au revoir, M'sieu."

"Wretch!" said Mabel, lifting her eyes from the crystal.

* * * * *

The leave train came rumbling into Victoria station. Private Truelove jumped from his carriage and made for the exit. At the barrier he fell into the embrace of Mabel.

"Joseph Henry," she breathed, "I have waited."

"My only girl," he murmured, taking a fresh hold.

Thus are romances consummated in war-time!

From the Original L. P.

TRENCH TERMS AND THEIR MEANINGS

(From the Original Listening Post)

BANGO—This is a term usually applied to a violent upheaval of earth in many places, coupled with queer noises and deafening crashes. If this appears to be on our side of No Man's Land, duck for cover. If it appears to be taking place on Fritz's side—duck just the same as it will be our turn next probably.

BIVVY—Generally an edifice erected by private soldiers from scraps of old corrugated iron, empty petrol tins, mail sacks, sandbags, and a few pieces of stolen timber. When completed it looks like something between a battle cruiser, Indian's wigwam, and a mansion in the Tudor style. The doors of these edifices are never closed, for the simple reason "there ain't no doors."

NAPOO—A kind of non-transferable ticket entitling one to a journey through aerial spaces with the prospect of becoming an angel should one's Field Conduct Sheet be sufficiently spotless. Often acquired by people desiring a Blighty. Most men would prefer not to take a chance.

WITH THE EDITOR

Material from British Columbia for this issue was promised; but unfortunately, like the rations and the rum, the material-carrying party failed to get through. In communicating with B. C. we were in touch with Major Allan Brooks, Okanagan Landing, British Columbia.

Major Brooks kindly offered to re-draw the front page heading of the LISTENING POST, but we didn't have copies of the old issue available at the time. Naturally, we want to thank the good Major for his proffered help.

In a letter to us, he gave us information that was of surprise. Although we were intimately connected with the old trench journal from its inception we never knew who was the artist that depicted the "Silent Watcher" upon Listening Post detail. We publish Major Brook's letter in part which will be of interest to all:

"The original was drawn by me in Trench 134 of the Salient, in front of Messines. The very first

WATCH FOR OUR XMAS NUMBER!

NATURALLY, A NATURAL QUESTION

During an inspection trip one dark and rainy night to locate the front line that had ceased to exist after a genuine strafe, Brig.-Gen. Victor W. Odium, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. jumped from shell hole to shell hole in the hope of finally linking them up to form a new defence line. Diving into a large shell crater, along with some other soldiers, he discovered that the hole was held by a detail of three Imperial soldiers.

During a lull in the shelling the General opened his haversack and gave one of the Tommies an apple. The grateful Tommy reciprocated and proffered the General a "woodbine." It was declined with thanks as the General stated that he did not smoke. The soldier placed one in his own lips and endeavoured to light it but the wick in his flint lighter was wet and it refused to function.

The General invited the man into the deepest part of the hole and using the other men as a shield he quickly struck a match and had the satisfaction of seeing the Tommy puffing gaily on his fag.

Although the flash of the match in the cupped hand was only momentary the Tommy had caught sight of the General's "Brass Hat". The soldier puffed meditatively a few moments and then quite confidentially asked the General "I sye, Mate, where in 'ell did yer 'ook the bloody 'at'!"

The courtesy of The Sarnia Herald, The Frontier Printing Company of Sarnia, and The London Free Press in practical operations in the production of the LISTENING POST is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

impression was altered in one detail by Capt. Orr, then the Quartermaster of the 7th. He thought the rifle muzzle was too heavy and altered it until it was unlike the muzzle of the old short M.L.E. Sometime later someone restored the original muzzle shape. The background of the design was the outline of some of the ruins of the old Petit Douve Farm, as held by the enemy in the summer of 1915."

We also endeavoured to locate Hugh Farmer, the cartoonist, and J. W. Campbell, the news-editor, without success. If any reader knows of their whereabouts, we would deeply appreciate the information.

The Listening Post thanks Lloyd C. Hazleton, Editor and Publisher of the Printing Review of Canada, Montreal, for kindness in offering every facility for the publication of this issue. Our friend Lloyd knows all the vicissitudes of the publishing industry. He freely gave us hint after hint. We are sure that if we had known what we were in for we would have adopted bee-keeping or big-game hunting for a little diversion.

The Listening Post wishes to thank the Honorable P. M. Dewan, Minister of Agriculture; Mr. John Harrold, Paris; Mr. T. R. Jones, Ingersoll, and all of our contributors for their willing and kind co-operation in making the appearance of THE LISTENING POST possible. To Doug Oliver of the Globe and Mail we owe special thanks.

TO THE DOCTORS

Issue after issue of the LISTENING POST invariably brought forth some protest from some injured party. The padre would jump on us because we were distinctly "wet" in all our news items. He claimed that we praised rum, extolled beer and gin, had no virtue; furthermore, there was no health in us. The kilties frowned upon our scotch jokes as ill-timed or worse. One threatened the editor with everything but a drink because he permitted some correspondent to state "That outside of the bag-pipes we carried no frightfulness into Germany." We met the greatest resistance from the medical profession. The battalion Medical Officer continually reminded us that we were ridiculing an honoured profession. We would hint to him that he was not like the old family doctor back home. Eventually, war broke out seriously between the trench press and the Medicos. We reproduce a couple of stories that got the M. O's goat:

* * * * *

DOCTORS LESS COURTEOUS THAN IN PRE-WAR DAYS

"PROFESSIONAL MANNER DEAD"

Before the war, when one went to a doctor, was it his custom to belittle one's ailments, to deprecate one's symptoms, to smile cynically at the monologue of one's aches and pains? It was not! Since the beginning of the war there has been a deplorable falling off in the traditional courtesy of the medical profession.

In former times, if one went to him with a persistent pain in the side, a slight feeling of lassitude, and mild insomnia the verdict was rarely ever anything less than appendicitis. Nowadays such a complaint would be received coldly, even scornfully. How sad that one can no longer become ill! Oh, the delights of those diseaseful days! Then microbes lurked in every corner, bacteria lay in wait momentarily, germs worked overtime. But now, the acquisition of any really dangerous ailment seems impossible. Perhaps the introductory scowl of the Battalion Medical Officer checks its growth. Perhaps the brusqueness of his greeting chills its budding activity. What tender little germ, with all the potentialities of typhoid, say, could endure the shame of being classed "Bowels—No. 9"? No, the ignominy is too great. It would simply refuse to develop.

Before enlisting one was the happy prey of imminent, stealthy disease. Now one is proof against even the most trivial illness.

There is just one consolation left. When one goes sick with any complaint, from leprosy to cauliflower ear, no longer does not have to say: "Aw, Doc, have a heart! I'm a poor man. I can't afford an operation!"

* * * * *

After that story was printed we received a mild rebuke from the A.D.M.S. at G.H.Q. We were informed to centre our ill-mannered humour on to the rations or the French climate. It was pointed out that there

existed too many leadswingers in the army without having the trench press giving them moral support. We frankly informed him that we believed in leadswinging, and we were only too pleased to have such a thing as a trench journal back us up on our own proposition. We borrowed ten francs from him and promised that the next article on the medical profession would not mention anything about the war. Fortunately, we got hit and were down at the base when the following appeared:

* * * * *

A NEAR THING

"Good morning, Doctor," said David Jones as he entered the sanctum of a great physician whose work at the front had earned him many honours and decorations during the Great War, "I'm feeling rather out of sorts."

"Bowels all right?" was the gruff query from the medico.

"Yes," said Jones, in a slightly puzzled tone. He had known the Doctor from the early days of his practice, and was not quite prepared for such a brusque reception.

"Humph!" grunted the Doctor, "have you been warned for work to-night?"

"I always do the greater part of my work in the evening," answered Jones almost indignantly, as he thought of the piles of correspondence awaiting him at his office.

"I thought as much," remarked the Doctor meaningfully. "Strange you should suddenly feel so queer just as your duties are about to begin. Here," he continued, tipping a few small pills into an envelope, "take two of these after each meal, and on no account fail to do your usual amount of work. It won't harm you in the least. Don't let me see you here again for a week at least," he enjoined. "Your face is far too familiar to me."

Completely mystified and not a little angry, David Jones jerked his pocket-book out and asked in frigid tones, "What do I owe you for this-er-treatment?"

"Owe me!" stammered the Doctor, quite taken aback as he suddenly remembered that the war, which had long provided a living for him mending the hurt and brow-beating the malingers, was now at an end. "Owe me! hm-hm-Mr. Jones, pardon me," he begged in the soft professional tone of his pre-war practice. "Now that I come to look at you, you are unquestionably very ill, indeed. Let me take your temperature! Good heavens, man, there is no time to be lost. I'll call a taxi—no, better, I'll have my car round here in a moment. You must go to bed without a moment's delay. I shall accompany you and remain with you until the crisis is past. Work? Certainly not! It might easily prove fatal to a man in your present weakened condition. You mustn't think of working for three months. I shall outline a special dietary and

a course of curative treatment covering the entire period. You must have a nurse, of course. I'll see to that. And I think I shall call in my colleague, Sir Henry Jameson, whose experience in serious cases of this sort is of the utmost value."

Later, when the patient was comfortably settled in bed with a table full of medicines beside him and a nurse moving softly about the room, the Doctor closed the door softly and remarked to himself in the seclusion of the ante-room: "Dam that war! Jones, the millionaire—and I choked him off like a lead-swinging private soldier! I'll have to readjust my manner to civilian practice or I'll be ruined. By George, that was a near thing!"

From the Original L. P.



Among Our Advertisers

This issue contains no legitimate paid advertising. The "Swizzler's" beer ad should be worth 500 bucks but the Liquor Control Board of Ontario are fussy so we gave Swizzlers this full page ad just for the love of Swizzlers—Their product—Not the firm itself.

We hesitated a long time before featuring Dig-A-Grave Week as being against public decency but we remembered the battle we had 21 years ago with the censor in bringing out the second anniversary number in 1917. In that issue we gave full publicity to the story that Fritz was rendering down his dead at a Corps Utilization Plant for the valuable fat that they might contain. The censor balked at the idea, and stated that it was against public decency. We protested that THE LISTENING POST wanted to be odd and queer and all he had to do was to pass articles that did not give any military information to the enemy. He was shown a carload of German dead that had been taken from the semi-official Berliner-Localanzeiger. We were under the impression that if the Germans knew about it that we should know also. It was not until 1930 that we learned that it was just a little joke played upon the world by the British Propaganda Bureau to blacken the German character.

AN EXPLANATION

In this issue appears a phoney ad appertaining to The Simperial Bank of Canada. The Editor wants it distinctly understood that this advertisement is not meant or intended to cast any reflection whatsoever on any chartered bank of Canada.

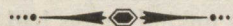
* * * * *

THE LISTENING POST was readily financed and received every assistance from the officials of the Imperial Bank of Canada to bring out this issue and it would be base ingratitude upon our part to centre undue publicity upon such a friendly institution.

7th BATTALION ASSOCIATION OF EASTERN CANADA

The Toronto branch of the 7th Battalion Association is very active. They meet on the first Friday of each month at the Sappers Club, 619 Sherbourne St., at 8 p.m., under the directorship of C. D. Avann, President; and L. S. Timleck, Secretary. All 7th are requested to attend if in the city.

In the coming fall an effort will be made to form the Western Ontario branch, either in Windsor, London or Sarnia. There are many ex-7th in this district due to the re-inforcements received from the 33rd and 34th Battalions that were recruited in this area. Another surprising feature is the number of original 7th in this particular locality. If we can receive any appreciable support for THE LISTENING POST from the advertising public, the Eastern Canada associations will print this old historic trench sheet quarterly or semi-annually.



Of all the poetry that appeared in the old LISTENING POST the following was regarded as a masterpiece owing to its construction of trench French—

AT THE ESTAMINET

*Bon soir, madame, and you, fair demoiselle,
Bon soir, ma cherie, comment allez vous?
To your blue eyes I drink this sparkling wine
Which sells at demi-franc less quartre sous.*

*If you will parlez, I will drink no more
Vin blink or most pernicious French biere.
Let's to the garden go; ouvrez la porte
And promenons among the pommes-de-terre.*

*Ah non? Beaucoup travail ce soir?
Du lait, you say, is waiting at the door.
Tres bon pour soldat; here is my vaisselle—
Some more, ma cherie, otherwise encore.*

*Why scan you so this franc note of Bethune?
"No bon pour vous, beaucoup malade?" Nay, nay
This is no crown and anchor bill, sweet maid—
I got it here at this estaminet!*

*My cash—you compree cash—is tout finit;
But I should worry, ca ne fait rien—
Tomorrow to the tranchees I partis,
Beaucoup bombarde by the Allemand.*

*Adieu, petite, I shall not revenir;
The Boche barrage will blow me in the air.
Tout suite I shall be blesse or napoo—
Peutetre—je ne sais pas—C'est la guerre!*

A. McM.

"The Kadaverwertungsanstalt"

THE LISTENING POST was severely criticized at the time for featuring the "HUMAN FAT STORY" that appeared in its 2nd Anniversary Issue. A women's organization in Tooting, S. W. London, sent us a scathing denunciation and stated that we should be boiled in oil for publishing such tommy-rot. We told the Tooting Tea Tasters that they were unpatriotic to wish us to boil in oil while they objected to the enemy not frying in their own fat! The writer, last year, gave the Woodstock Sentinel-Review a story on THE LISTENING POST and that part appertaining to the Corpse Utilization plant is re-printed from the article as published.

"In April, May and June, 1917, many journals commented upon the human fat factory story that had been printed originally in the Daily Express. Although many unkind things had been said about the huns, they seemed to resent this piece of propaganda as the last insult. To us it was not regarded as propaganda—The Listening Post was fooled just as completely as the Germans. The Daily Express first printed the story and published a photo showing dead Germans wired together upon a railway flat-car and being shipped to the corpse utilization factory for the fats and other valuable chemicals that they should contain. The "Times" printed the story but was fair enough to say that the German word "Kadaver" in Kadaverwertungsanstalt meant more of an animal body instead of a human corpse. We in the trenches took the Daily Express tale with a grain of salt as it had the habit of being first to print the news and first to deny it; but the "Thunderer" was more stable and exacting. It seldom got excited, therefore, when it printed the story it was regarded as gospel truth and accepted by all the Canadian soldiery as an absolute fact! A feeling of revulsion swept through the civilized world and the question was asked in parliament if the story was true. Either Asquith or Lloyd George replied, that they were not concerned over what was going on in Germany. Another member remarked that he had reached the stage, that he could believe anything said about the enemy. Mothers with sons that had been reported missing, appealed for the truth, with letters full of anguish to the public press. The chief of the propaganda bureau denied that his department had started the story or even sanctioned its appearance in the public press. Moreover, he thought that the story was genuine because it had appeared in the semi-official Berlin Lokalanzeiger and he produced the paper.

The French Propaganda Bureau then took hold of the story and with typical "French style" added a few more gruesome details, that lead one to believe that the Germans had torn some leaf out of a book describing a tour through a modern Chicago meat packing plant; but they were using human bodies instead of cattle. Anyway, I have

described how genuine the story appeared to the average front line soldier and its genuiness was swallowed hook, line and sinker by all of us.

Rude and crude jokes were levelled at our fellow comrades, that possessed rotund waistlines! They were immediately nick-named "leaf lard" or "tallow candle." The best one of all was securing a chap's fibre identification disc unbeknownst to him, then sweating off the label of a can of boiled dinner and slitting a hole in the side of it to insert his disc. The label was then re-pasted on and it was seen that the chap received the doctored can. It is needless to write, that when the fellow prodded into his own identity disc about halfway through the meal, that he lost his appetite for the day.

As far as the Listening Post was concerned the corps utilization plant was too good of a story to let slip by. The paper never regarded the truth as essential. Even if the story wasn't true it was a splendid idea. We liked the thought that the highly trained German military machine was "good to the last," therefore, we played the story up. The censor balked at the articles as against common decency and respect for the fallen foe. We balked too. We pointed out that he was to censor the articles that might prove valuable to the enemy and our dope was a reprint from the Lokalanzeiger, naturally, from such a reliable source the Germans were well aware of the fact.

We were in billets at Bully Grenay. News Editor J. W. Campbell came over to our "bivvy" to request as much "dope" as possible for the forthcoming issue of the second anniversary number. Just after the battle of Vimy Ridge, our staff had been seriously depleted. Some had gone west, others were wounded and in the hospital. We hunted up Hugh Farmer, the cartoonist, and hied ourselves to the nearest estaminet to heighten our imagination. At that time the British Isles were placarded with Bovril advertising, depicting a bull smelling a bottle of Bovril. The caption underneath read "ALAS, MY POOR BROTHER!" We aped the bovril advertisement with a cartoon but substituted the German soldiery instead of the bull. Several tales were written to bear out the idea but Campbell said that the Editor would not pass it. Eventually, we squeezed in a couple of the mild ones. For this special "20 Years Apres la Gurre Finie" number we reproduce the cartoon (last page) and a couple of items that conveyed to the soldiers that if they got captured that they would be boiled in their own fat.

REMARKABLE DOCUMENT

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following extraordinary fragment of Regimental Orders was found in the possession of one of a group of German prisoners,

taken in the course of our recent offensive. The items point to a strange laxity of military discipline, and add further proof of the straits to which our enemies are reduced for the lack of raw material.

ORDERS BY OBERST KREPP

Commanding 21991st Sauerkraut U. Wittern

DISCIPLINE—Private Johann Betaubungsmittle has been awarded 30 days on the regimental potato patch for failing to comply with order No. 23, R. S. V.P., M.O. and S.V.P., which distinctly states that "NO SHIRT, OR WEARING APPAREL, IS TO BE SENT TO THE LAUNDRY WITHOUT FIRST HAVING BEEN TRANSMITTED TO THE CORPSE CONVERSION UTILIZATION PLANT FOR THE RENDERING DOWN OF "SMALL LIFE."

Private Albrecht Auswurf was awarded 10 days extra ration-carrying for having broken order P.T.O. No. 1 F.P., which states that "NO PERSON IS ENTITLED TO MORE THAN ONE WASH PER MONTH, UNLESS ABLE TO PROVE, BY PRODUCING HIS BIRTH CERTIFICATE, THAT THE DAY OF APPLICATION IS HIS BIRTHDAY. The present serious shortage of soap permits no exceptions being made to this rule.

Private Rudolph Lungenentzundung, accused of the crime of "SLAPPING HIS ANNUAL BUTTER RATION IN HIS O.C.'s FACE," was dismissed on account of extenuating circumstances, he having lost six brothers lately, since when he has developed an utter aversion to grease or oil of any description.

"16264"

HEARD ON THE PHONE

Hun Headquarters

"What did you say? Die Kanadier Truppen have made a raid, and left a note saying:

"Dear Fritz—It is with great reluctance that we have to do this, but we have no other means of getting information. We are only going to take two prisoners, and to compensate you for the loss of SO MUCH INVALUABLE FAT, we leave herewith, in exchange, two tins of MAYPOLE MARGARINE.

The Canadians.

"Wohl! What do you know about that? Schmutzig, sterbend alt Kristopher Kolumbus; Was hoflichkeit!—(remainder deleted by Censor).

IN MYSTERIES OF THE GREAT WAR by Harold Wilkins (Philip Allan, London) a chapter is devoted to "FIGHTING THE ENEMIES WITH LIES." Mr. Wilkins goes to great length to explain that this "gem" was probably the highlight of the British Propaganda Bureau. From his book we quote the following—

"In October, 1925, General Charteris, who was chief of the British War Propaganda in London in 1916, let the cat out of the bag, at a banquet given at the New York Art Club in New York City. I here cite the report from the New York Times, dated October 25th, 1925:

"One day a lot of things were put on my desk, which had belonged to German prisoners or fallen soldiers. Among them were two pictures. One showed a railway train taking dead horses behind the front, in order to boil them down for fat. The other was a photo of a train taking dead Germans away from the front. The first picture had the caption:

"KADAVERS (Corpses) Sent to The Fat Manufacturers"

I knew that the worship of the dead was held in high esteem by the Chinese, whose bearing at that time had not been defined towards us, so I had the word Carcasses altered to Corpses, and then transferred to the pictures of the dead-soldiers. The picture was sent to a Chinese newspaper at Shanghai, and later on, a letter from a Chinese reader appeared in the London Sporting Weekly journal THE FIELD, in which he described the horrible boiling down of boiled soldiers

* * * *

—" A furore was created in certain London organs and in political quarters when this report of Charteris's speech appeared. The General denied that he had either invented the story, or altered the captions, nor did he, he said, use faked material for war propaganda.

Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Secretary, assured the house of Commons that the yarn was a pure fabrication:

"I confidently expect that such false reports will never be brought again."

* * * *

So 20 years after the war is finished the readers of THE LISTENING POST are still in the air as to the exact source as to the truth of the statement. After the battle of HILL 70 we walked wounded out of the line with five wounded German prisoners. We questioned them closely as to the truth of the statement. Everyone of them expressed mild surprise that the story had gained such credence. They all said that if it were the truth they would have certainly heard rumours of the fact. We are inclined to believe the German soldiers. The story was so revolting that no army would stand for such an outrage—civilized or non-civilized—but the story was put to us in such a palatable form that we swallowed it. THE LISTENING POST WAS FOOLED JUST AS MUCH AS THE DAILY EXPRESS.

SHORT RATIONS

"I went into a restaurant and was told that there was no tea, sugar or margarine, and I musn't order a meal more than 1/2. To think that I've cussed a tin of Maconochie in my time!"

From the Original L. P.

MORE ADVICE

Que.—"What does a crown and anchor board cost?"

Ans.—"One dollar for the board and dice, eleven dollars to pay the winners, six dollars and sixty cents to the O.C., total \$18.60. Play Snap or Old Maid—they're cheaper.

THE LISTENING POST



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
7th BATTALION C. E. F. ASSOCIATION

C. D. AVANN, President.

L. S. TIMLECK, Secretary.

No. 34

TWENTY THIRD ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

Price 25 Cents



THE ESSENCE OF KULTUR.

FRITZ (receiving butter ration) "Alas my poor brother!"