

THE FORTYNINER



MAGAZINE OF THE
49th Batt. C.O.E.F.
Edmonton-Alberta
CANADA

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(LIEUT.-COL. W. R. GRIESBACH)



W. R. Griesbach

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DON'T KNOCK, BOOST!

Unlike most publications the Forty-niner is not being issued with the idea of making money. If expenses are defrayed, those responsible will be perfectly satisfied. If there be a surplus, however, it will be turned over to the battalion fund, and so directly benefit every member of the battalion.

Soldiers are proverbially extremely poor letter-writers. It is safe to say that men of this battalion are not exceptions. Relations, friends and well-wishers back in the Canadian west are undoubtedly anxious for news of the boys, and the organisers of this undertaking think that there could be no better medium for supplying this want than a battalion magazine. This, briefly, is the reason for the appearance on the scene of the Forty-niner.

The first object of this magazine will be to deal with news of the 49th Battalion. One has only to consider the number of events occurring daily in our lines to arrive at the conclusion that there will be no lack of material. All that is needed is co-operation, and judging by the reception the Managing Committee has received from those approached for assistance, there is no need for apprehension on this score.

The regiment has the reputation of doing everything undertaken thoroughly, and we are sure the boys will put their shoulders to the wheel and boost the effort along in the manner expected of them.

While necessarily there must be some routine news published, it is not the intention to devote too much space to dry and serious reading matter. What we need are articles, anec-

dotes and short stories in the lighter vein. If you hear a good story, write it up and send it to the editor. If you cannot write it, tell it to someone who can, for it is only fair if you get a good laugh that you should pass it on. The sport will also be boosted.

In conclusion we would say that under the most favourable conditions the work in connection with the publication of such a magazine is not by any means a sinecure, but under active service conditions it is doubly hard.

All the work is being done gratuitously in whatever spare time can be snatched from the rather strenuous routine, so if our efforts appear very humble we would remind the men that "patience is a virtue," and ask them instead of condemning, to co-operate with us in bringing it up to the high standard every other undertaking in the regiment has attained. Then we will be going some!

ABOUT OURSELVES AND OUR TRIP.

Getting away to a great start by busting all records for quick enlistment, the 49th Battalion has been going strong ever since, and every man in the regiment is ready to bet his last cent on it for a winner at the close of the race. Few, outside ourselves, are aware of the fact that the battalion was up to full strength in less than two weeks after recruiting started, that applications for entry were being turned down almost every day until Edmonton was left behind, and that Major Harris, the Medical Officer, weeded out misfits and men physically unfit as ruthlessly as a gardener would weed his choicest plot of ground. The result is what was expected. Malingerers, booze-artists and men who are in any other way undesirable are practically unknown. Taking these things into consideration, we are compelled to believe the many who have insisted that we are a "fine body o' men."

The regiment, naturally, had a great reputation right from the start, for it was recruited in a city that had the reputation of doing things right—a place that had grown from a village to the most important town in

Alberta in a few years, and a place which everyone in the west agrees will be the largest inland city in the west. The former military experience of the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel Griesbach, and the company commanders meant much, for work was started right away, and nothing was drilled into the men that had afterwards to be forgotten. Taking these facts into consideration, it is little wonder that General Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia for Canada, when he inspected the battalion shortly after its inception, stated that it was "the best yet," and reiterated this opinion at H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught's review in Ottawa.

Our modesty prevents us from referring at length to the many other bouquets thrown to us in Edmonton during training there. Suffice to say the regiment surpassed all expectations, and Edmonton expected quite a lot.

After persistent rumours to the effect that orders had been received for our departure to England, excitement reached a climax on May 27th, when all the regiment was confined to barracks. The final order to "fall in" with full marching order was given at about seven o'clock on the evening of May 29th. Jupiter Pluvius was doing his worst, but it could not have rained hard enough to have damped the spirits of the men at that time. Few knew of the departure, but there was a small gathering at the siding near the exhibition grounds to wish the boys luck on their journey to—well no one but the C.O. knew where, and he would not tell.

Of the trip east from Edmonton much could be said. Contrary to general expectations there was no monotony on the train. The men were kept in shape by short marches and divisional points. There was plenty of reading matter and games provided by the Y.M.C.A. Trivial inconveniences which must necessarily occur on such a journey were put up with in a manner which reflects the greatest credit on the men, and which spoke much for the discipline of the battalion.

Ottawa was reached on June 2nd, where a break was made in the journey for a day. It was at this place the Governor-General, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Sir Robert Borden, General Sam Hughes, and other members of the Dominion Cabinet made their inspection. Again our modesty is in evidence,

and we will refrain from repeating the many nice things said of us that day.

Apropos of the review we cannot refrain from telling a story against the Adjutant and the R.S.M. Both these gentlemen marched down the lines to see that every man was spick and span. To their credit, be it said, as any man will testify who has tried to pass without shaving on parade—little escapes their hawk-like eyes. H.R.H. and entourage came next. The Duke had not travelled far down "A" company line when he stopped, fastened a button of one of the men's tunics, remarking "Pay attention to details, young man. It's the little things that count in this world."

After the inspection, the Minister of Militia bought a drink for every man in the battalion. Needless to say, it was nothing stronger than pop.

On June 4th, Montreal was reached, and with little delay the men were embarked on the R.M.S. Metagama. There was a large crowd to bid good-bye, and the boat pulled out to the strains of "The girl I left behind me," and to the waving of handkerchiefs from those on the wharf. Crossing on the same boat were fifty Royal Canadian Nursing Sisters under command of Miss Mildred Forbes, Eaton's Machine Gun Battery, and a draft of the 35th. The weather was particularly calm and good except for a dense fog, which lasted over two days, and there was little excitement on board. Lifeboat, lifebelt drill and the possibility of a submarine attack were the only things that prevented the journey from being monotonous. There were several concerts, the proceeds of which went to the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage, at which there was no lack of talent.

An alarm sounded at midnight on June 10th should be mentioned. Practically none of the men knew that this was going to take place, so that it proved to be the real thing. All were asleep in their bunks when the siren blew. There was a general rush for deck, but in fairness to all it should be mentioned there was little excitement every man knowing what he was supposed to do in such a contingency, and doing it with the utmost expedition. The most striking feature of the turn-out was the dress of the men, or rather the lack of it. We will not dwell on this rather painful subject, but will content ourselves with saying that it is a good thing the alarm was only for practice

or many of us would have been almighty cold in an open boat, and our appearance would certainly have proved a shock to our rescuers had we been rescued.

Our escort arrived on the scene on June 13th—two days out of Plymouth—and it is wonderful the feeling of absolute security that reigned when the two destroyers did put in their appearance. To most a submarine would have been a pleasant sight at that time, for the way the destroyers scooted around the boat and the speed they travelled gave the feeling that any U boat would have had short shrift there.

Disembarkation took very little time, and it was not long before all were packed in the train making tracks for Shorncliffe. Our doings at this point is briefly told in other columns of the magazine.

MOTHER'S INSPIRING MESSAGE.

"I want every man in the battalion to think that I am always thinking of him, not only at Shorncliffe, but when he leaves for the front. I have the interest of every one of you at heart, and I shall be delighted to see any member of the Forty-ninth again, no matter where I am. Your badge, which I now wear, will be buried with me, for I know that it is a great honour to wear it, but when you have been to the front I feel convinced that it will be a much greater honour. That you will be a credit to the Dominion I am certain, and the excellent reputation of the Canadians who have been at the firing line will be enhanced by your participation in the war. My prayer is 'God bless you and bring you safely back.'"

Such was "Mother's" message to the 49th Battalion given on Thursday last to the editor of this magazine. The officers of the regiment appreciating the kindly attitude of this fine old gentlewoman to the men on their marches to Hythe, invited her to tea in the officers' mess. Afterwards, through the kindness of the Adjutant the scribe was introduced to Mrs. Paget Gibins, and it was on this occasion that the message was given to the men.

She is as witty as she is pleasant. Proud of the fact that she is descended from the

fine old fighting stock of the Irish Pagets, her only regret is that she is not able to participate in the world's struggle to uphold a nation's honour.

"The regiment has quite decided to adopt you, Mrs. Gibins, and when we have made up our minds about anything there is no such thing as backing up," was the scribe's greeting.

"I will not even be a passive resister to the adoption," was Mother's retort. "I liked you all from the first. Now I have learned to love you."

On behalf of the men of the regiment the editor would like to thank Mrs. Gibins for her many kind greetings and for her inspiring message. We extend the hope that God will spare her for many years to come, and that she will be recompensed for her more than kindly interest in us by hearing that the men of the 49th Battalion have shown themselves worthy of her confidence by doing their duty at the front in the manner she expects of them.



A TRENCH QUESTION.

OFFICER.—Dig your trench shoulder deep and shoulder wide.

SERGEANT.—Yours or my shoulders, sir?

WHAT IS DRILL ?

Drill. You don't know what that means? You're daft, dead-headed, off your bean and bally-well balmy. In drill we "form close platoons of mess orderlies." "At the alt form line," whatever that may mean darned if I know. Euclid says a straight line is the distance between two points; he'd change his opinion if he were alive to-day and saw our "push" on parade. Then the command comes "steady, boys!; steady"; of course we're "steady"; you know how to do it, don't you? No? Well, I'll tell. You raise your right 'eel an' toe haff the ground, keeping the said 'eel an' toe steady at the same time raising your left 'eel an' toe until it meets tother in its down'ard path, when you have all your feet in this position, there you are, y're steady. See; fat 'ead?

Then we 'ave them sacks tied up with lumps o' twine. Them sacks are filled up o' dirt, sticks, or anything that is 'andy; then we take out our bynet and makes as if we 'ad a human carcase; an' say, don't we 'it 'em some? Gord Blimy, yus. That's what them at the 'ead of affairs down 'ere calls "ba-on-et fighting," an' we does love it, that's straight. Then that Hinstructor of our'n 'e's some class 'e is; yer should just 'ear 'im, "It 'im, boy, 'it 'im 'e don't 'it back. Come on now, git into hit; you ar'nt made o' piper."

Did yer ever see us laying on our blooming backs an' a-stickin' of our legs in the hair; them what thinks they know says it develops the muscles of the back. I, fer one, don't believe hit. All I know is that it's a bally waste o' time. Why can't they let us develop our backs leanin' over the canteen bar; that's more in my line that is.

And musketry; that's a dream. Yer gets yer rifle an' leans it over the back of a sack o' sand, and in front of yer there is a targit painted (darn poor painter him. All he ever painted was the side of a blooming sheep) ter look like a landscape. Well, yer sites yer gun, them Rosses, yer knows 'em, an' yer pulls the trigger; that little chunk o' metal yer puts yer thumb around an' the feller at tother end he says yer missed. How in h— does he know when yer ain't go no hammunition in yer

bally gun; that's what I wants ter know. It's all very fine ter says Kitchener knows 'is business and that old Sammy's some man. I tells yer they ain't; they don't know nothin'. I'm going to get that job when the war is over, and then yer'll see some changes I'm telling yer.

TO AID FLOOD VICTIMS.

The N.C.O.'s and men of all Companies are subscribing for relatives of members of the regiment who suffered through the disastrous floods which recently occurred in Edmonton. Subscriptions should be handed to Company Commanders.

While on a visit to England during the coronation year the office boy saw the following incident take place. We travelled to Canarvon for the investiture of the Prince of Wales, and on our return trip we were very closely packed in the carriages. Stopping at a wayside station to replenish our water tanks the office boy had occasion to leave the carriage to get some fresh air and to have a smcke. While standing on the platform enjoying himself, he was approached by a lady who happened to be the wife of the then Governor-General of Canada, she asking various questions about the Boy Scouts who were travelling with the office boy back to Windsor. On looking up she saw one very good looking boy with his head leaning against the window fast asleep. Then the following conversation took place:—

Lady: "What a very pretty boy; I wonder if I might kiss him?"

Office boy: "Why sure." Saying which he steps up and opens the carriage door, on which the lady steps inside and plants a resounding smack on the boy's cheek. The boy, not disturbed, rolls over in his sleep, brushes his cheek with his hand and says: "G— D— those mosquitoes."

Exit lady.

PROMOTIONS, APPOINTMENTS, TRANSFERS, ETC.

PROMOTIONS.

Sergeant, C. S. Merritt, "A" Company, has been granted a commission in the 9th Battalion Royal West Surrey Regiment (Imperial army) and reported for duty with that regiment on the 16th August.

Sergeant K. C. Houghton has been granted a commission in the 9th Battalion Shropshire Light Infantry (Imperial army), and reported for duty with that regiment on 12th August.

Lance-Sergeant C. H. Entwistle, "A" Company, has been granted a commission in the 10th Reserve Battalion Border Regiment, and reported for duty with that regiment on the 19th August.

Private G. H. Brownrigg-Jay, "B" Company, has been granted a commission in the 11th Reserve Battalion Devonshire Regiment, and reported for duty on the 18th August.

Our congratulations and wishes for success are extended to these gentlemen. We feel sure that the training which they have received in the 49th Battalion will prove invaluable to them, and that they will feel indebted to Major A. K. Hobbins for the attention he has given to them.

Sergeant W. L. Taylor, Sergeant S. H. Thieme and Sergeant A. Wilson have been appointed Lieutenants on this Battalion. These gentlemen join us from the 19th Alberta Dragoons (Divisional Cavalry) which regiment is at present in France, and they have all seen active service. In addition to this they are all well-known Edmontonians, which in itself is sufficient to make them very welcome as officers in the 49th Edmonton Overseas Battalion.

Regimental Sergeant-Major H. Hobbs has been promoted to rank of Warrant Officer Class 1, with effect from 14th June.

Lance-Sergeant M. G. Ellis has been promoted Sergeant, with effect from July 28th.

Lance-Corporal S. Vickerman has been promoted Corporal, with effect from July 28th.

Lance-Corporal G. Silversides has been promoted Corporal, with effect from August 16th, and transferred from "A" to "D" Company.

Lance-Corporal Taggart has been promoted Corporal, C.A.M.C. duties.

Private A. H. Francis has been promoted Lance-Corporal, C.A.M.C. duties.

Lance-Corporal Bowles, W., has been transferred from "D" to "A" Company.

TRANSFERS.

Lieutenant M. C. McPhee has been transferred to Canadian Engineers Training Depot. Mr. McPhee has the best possible qualifications for this branch of the service, and our best wishes are extended to him for his success.

Corporal J. D. Harrison and Private J. F. McLeod have been transferred to motor transport section Canadian Army Service Corps. Corporal Harrison was a well known figure in the Battalion, and will be missed almost as much as his alleged motor-cycle. We are informed on good authority that this machine is, at the present time, almost in running order.

Private S. Goldberg has been transferred to the staff of the A.D.M.S., and promoted to the rank of Acting Sergeant.

Corporal H. Pollard has been transferred to Canadian Army Service Corps as a mechanical transport driver.

Sergeant W. B. Thomas has been attached to headquarters sub staff, Pay and Records Office, Sandgate.

Private A. Allanach has been transferred to Pay and Records Office, London, and given the rank of Acting Sergeant.

The Editor absolutely refuses to accept any responsibility for the following Limerick sent in:—

There once was a Lieutenant-Colonel
Whose appetite was quite abnormal.

Before introduction

He swallowed his luncheon;

His hostess exclaimed, "He's informal!"

COWBOY RELATES EXPERIENCES

"Join de army again? Well, I should softly answer 'no.' Der'll be darned good skating on the brimstone lakes o' Hades before you see Little Willie forming fours again."

The speaker was a man of the — battalion who has returned from the front wounded and who is now convalescent. Tall, bronzed and slim, he is the exact replica of the western cowboy as described in the magazines. Born in the Nechecko Valley thirty years ago, he states that the first white man, except his father, he ever saw was when he was fourteen years of age, and, to use his own words, "Dat gink wanted me to work, so I struck out for de tall timbers and never went back."

"I knew blamed well," he told the writer, "dat I had no business leaving de west when I was a half-day out on de boat. I had to hold my breakfast down by tying a half hitch round it wid my belt. I didn't feel like going for dinner, and blamed if I didn't lose my breakfast after all dat night. You can take it from me dere's somethin' good and wrong wid me when dat happens."

"After I got over dat I tried to amuse myself playing cent ante wid some of the cheap sports aboard, but blamed if de red cap didn't catch me, and I spent de rest of de time in cells offering up prayers for de major, de war office and de Kaiser. If dat old stiff of a major had heard me I would have been breaking stones yet.

"Say, dey didn't name Salisbury Plains very good. Dey aughter have called it Mud Lake. We floundered around in de mud, like a heifer first time she is thrown, for ten hours a day formin' fours and salutin' de pump handle until I was plumb tired o' life. Some o' de boys had a little diversion. Dey got dat Spinal By Jiminy and were quarentined. Say, it's funny de way dat takes a man. He just seems to crook his back, roll his eyes, and den croak. I tried to get quarentined myself by running into one of the tents where some o' de ginks had it, but I was given seven days' pack drill instad. It's queer de awful amusement some o' dem little tin gods can get out o' seein' a man work.

"I was getting pretty darned sick o' de whole shooting match, and would have beat it if it hadn't been for dat strip o' water. Dey killed de only gink dat could make any headway in walking de waters, if he had still been alive I would have got a tip from him. We were soon sent to de front after dat, and believe me dere were none of us very homesick or lonesome den, and it's funny de way we all forgot dat we were tired wid life. For de first two or three days it wasn't so bad after we got kinder used to de noise. We would give de Fritzes a few rounds in de morning, and den spend de rest o' de day figuring how we could corall two or three rations of rum. If times got too slow we would yell at Sausages 'to hell wid de Kaiser,' and, believe me, it would be interesting enough for de next few minutes. Den after dat dey would shout back, 'to hell mit de kink,' and we would give 'em a few rounds rapid just to show 'em we had a little ammunition left.

"Say, de grub you get dere is a fright. I only had one square, and dat was when I was sent back for an officer's lunch. I pinched dat and handed him my bully beef and hard tack. He was our platoon lieutenant, but he had no sense o' humour at all. I figured it was an almighty good joke, but he couldn't see it dat way at all, an' I just got hell for it. Say, if dat gink's brains was dynamite dere wouldn't be enough explosive to blow his nose.

"Did we get cold in de trenches? Well, I should say not. We simply shivered ourselves into a sweat. Dem Germans can sure shoot some, and we were kept busy all de time. But dem little .75 guns of de pea soups is sure some weapon. Just before de battle o' Yeeps we saw dem first. Dere was a 'zi bang,' and den you would see heads and legs dat used to be fastened on de Fritzes go flying in de air. Gee, it was fine. Den dose Bengal Lancers made a rush while de pea soups were making things merry for de Germans, and dat was sure de finest ting ever I saw or expect to see. Dey went right for de trenches yellin' in a way dat would certainly have made de boys in de Nechecko turn green wid envy if dey could only have heard dem. Dey jumped our

trenches, made straight for de enemy and, as de papers would say, dey sure Annie Hellated dem. When one of dem ginks made a pass you would see a German's head flying about a foot in de air. When dey got through dey did de same coming back. Of course on de return trip dere was a few horses came back widout de Bengal on its back, but it sure was some sight.

"Den dey made us fellows charge. I was having one hellofatime doing bayonet exercise and not giving a damn whether I did it de same way as de instructor told me or not. We got to de trenches, and I was just standing on what used to be a Prussian Guard trying to get my bayonet out when I got mine. I got shot up so blamed badly dat I couldn't hold water and didn't know anything for a long time. I wakened up in de hospital at Oxford.

"You can just take it from me dat I had some time dere. And de feedin'. When I wakened up I asked de nurse for someting to eat, and she sure brought some. She kinder took a fancy ter me not knowing as I had a

wife and two kids back in B.C. She tipped me off to say to de-saw bones dat I couldn't eat very well. He came round just as I had eaten several eggs, a couple of big chops and a stack o' toast. He said to me, 'can you eat well?' and I said 'I'm not a bit hungry, doc.' 'All right,' he said, 'nurse, give dis guy chicken and a bottle of stout every day' De nurse winked at me and brought me in some while de doc was dere, and I finished it, surprising de doc and de nurse, as well as myself.

"Say, but dis is sure some rotten job salut-in', formin' fours and platoon. Wish dey would send me back to de front, where a man knows he is living. But, believe me, when I get back to de homestead I'll get back at sombody. I'll set de alarm clock at five, get de Mrs. and kids in de room where I'm in bed and put dem all through de salut-in' drill. At 6-30 I'll dismiss de old woman to get de breakfast, but I'll keep de kids hard at it until the cookhouse blows.

F. J.



ARTISTES OF THE 49TH

OUR WASHING DAY.

We wake up in the morning, rain greets us, clouds frown upon us, in fact we are blue, bluer than the very sky which we cannot see. Breakfast the same as usual, company drill the same as usual, in fact everything we see the same as usual. One grouser says to another "Wonder what the 'Big Squeeze' will give us to do this afternoon?" Says the other. "Heard there was to be a bathing parade." Says the other, "Heifer." But the rumour was a fact.

No need for the Sergeant-Major to holler his lungs out for men to get on parade; they were there 10 minutes before the long dress, in full marching order, towels and bathing pants of the "Fashion Paree."

Grouser again, "Wonder if this is a fake, the Old Boy is equal to it." But it was no fake this time.

After a quick march down to the beach, a doffing of clothes in record time, and a terrible splashing, there is an order to come out.

Grouser: "D—the luck, just as I am getting my hair wet Old Pile o' Bones must needs yell his head off. 'Git out of that water. D—if I will; I'm going to swim out to that boat and grab that beer the Ancient Mariner is trying to drown."

We proceed to **dress**.

Curious what a difference there is in a man when he stands revealed as nature intended him to be. There is our worthy bandmaster; some say he is fat. Don't you believe it. It is not fat at all, only clothes. If you do not believe it you want to see him when he is taking a dip in the ocean swells. And you know that tall man in "C" Company? Between you and myself he is no taller than the bugler in the same company. He wears stilts. Then you want to see our Q.M.S. He's some man, you can't see him in the water. Remember that corporal? You know the one I mean: some people use him to sweep the tent with. Did you ever see his legs? A train could pass through without going off the track. Then you should see our officers, every one of them the finest of figures; some like the figure 8, and

some like the way L is pronounced by 'A' Company's marine. Believe me, when we are undressed we are some battalion; no wonder the Duchess wanted to see us; of course, I mean dressed.

Even our dear old friend the everlasting grouser has something to say on that score. "Look at that old fool, if we had the football pumps here we could perhaps make a man of him, and that runt, wonder he doesn't try grafting from Sliver." Well, spite all our joys, an end they must have and homeward go we must. Of course Grouser must have the last word: "'Spose its Form Fours, Right and P'toon 'alt now for the rest of our blooming lives instead of sticking our bally bayonets into the bellies 'cross the water.'"

Junius.

SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS EXCELLENT.

Congratulations to the medical officer, Major Harris, and his staff on the excellent sanitary arrangements of the camp and the splendid health of the men of the 49th Battalion! On all sides can be heard remarks of a most favourable kind on the excellent appearance of the lines and the methods adopted for sanitation. Indeed, it is an open secret that many of the camps in the neighbourhood have copied several of the ideas inaugurated by the doctor.

The report he handed into the Forty-niner in this regard follows:—

"The sanitary arrangements of the lines appear to be excellent, and have been highly praised by the headquarters' staff. The health of the men is all that can be desired, the percentage of sickness being very low. The men in hospital are in most cases there as the result of injuries received on the football field or at bayonet exercises. They are being well looked after by our "Metagama" nurses in the Moore Barracks hospital. There has not been a single fatality in the battalion since its organisation."

DEATH OF MRS. WILLSON.

It was with the deepest regret that the members of the battalion, from the commanding officer down heard the news of the death of Mrs. Flora Kathleen Willson, wife of Major Justus Willson, commanding "D" Company. The deceased passed away on Saturday, July 24th, at the residence of the Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Davisson, Ashley Grange, Cheriton, where she had been staying.

Mrs. Willson held the rank of lieutenant in the South African War, being one of the first nursing sisters to obtain a commission. She was awarded the King's and Queen's medals for that campaign. Deceased was also a Daughter of Jerusalem.



The funeral took place on Tuesday, July 27th, at St. Martin's Church, Cheriton. There was a choral service in the church previous to the interment, conducted by Captain Ball, 49th Battalion Chaplain, C.E.F., who was assisted by the Rev. J. W. Davisson. Captain Ball also officiated at the graveside. The hymns were "Peace, Perfect Peace" and "Lead, kindly light."

The chief mourners included Major Justus Willson (widower), Miss Fitzmaurice (sister), Colonel W. A. Griesbach (Commanding 49th Battalion), Major Hardisty, Mrs. J. W. Davisson, Mrs. W. A. Griesbach, Mrs. Palmer, Major Weaver, Major Palmer, Major Hobbins, Major Watts (9th Battalion), Captain Alexander and Captain Pinder. The coffin was borne to the grave by the last six named officers. Other officers were present from the 3rd Canadian Mounted Rifles, the 9th Battalion, the 25th Battalion, and the Eaton Motor Machine Gun Battery.

"D" Company, Major Willson's command, was present in full strength, under Lieutenant Winsler, and men from "A," "B" and "C" companies were under Lieut. Gregory.

The scene round the graveside was most impressive, some four hundred soldiers being present.

The grave was lined with beautiful flowers and evergreens, and the coffin was buried draped in the Union Jack, wreaths from Major Willson and Colonel Griesbach being placed upon it. The casket was of polished oak with brass fittings, and bore the inscription: "Flora Kathleen Fitzmaurice, wife of Major Justus Willson, 49th Battalion, C.E.F. Died July 24th 1915."

There were some magnificent floral tributes, which included emblems inscribed as follows:

From little Betty.

Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men, "D" Company, 49th Battalion.

With deepest sympathy, from Capt. J. S. Higgins and Officers, 51st Battalion.

A mark of respect from officers' mess waiters and batman, 49th Battalion.

From Sergeant Dowdall and officers' mess staff, 49th Battalion.

With sincere sympathy from the Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Davisson.

From Major and Mrs. R. G. Hardisty. Officers, 49th Battalion, Canada.

With deep sympathy, Mrs. J. C. Jamieson (Edmonton).

From "B" Company, 49th Battalion.

From Sergeants, 49th Battalion, C.O.E.F.

With deepest sympathy, J. F. El. Carman.

A cross of roses.



(By Sliver.)

The bandmaster would like to get a pointer how to convince a certain sergeant that there IS a difference between "Bonnie Dundee" and "The Warwickshire Lads and Lassies."

* * *

Extract from regimental orders of August 14th:—"The band of the 49th Battalion is selected to play at a garden party to be given by H.R.H. Princess Alexander of Teck at Beechboro' on Monday afternoon next" Some class to us!

* * *

At the recent inspection of the battalion by Major-General Steele, the band was complimented on their playing by the inspecting officer.

* * *

The gentleman who suggested that the band and pipes play together on the march must certainly be tired of life.

* * *

It is whispered that the bandmaster will resign if the regiment is to be issued with kilts

* * *

The band's engagements at the Leas Bandstand have been successful.

* * *

The bandmaster of the — Battalion who saw the regiment march in the other day, and wants to steal our regimental march, had better not.

* * *

The band accepts no responsibility for the weird noises sometimes to be heard in camp.

* * *

When the solo cornet player blushed.— Little girl, after band performance on Leas: "Look, mother, there is that nice cornet player!"

Harry Lauder's songs certainly make the cooks "go some."

* * *

Lance-Corporal Bowles had quite a send-off on being transferred from "D" Company to "A" Company. Bandsmen of "D" Company gave a banquet, Bill made a speech, and the band played him from "D" to "A" lines.

* * *

The band is saving a lot of its wind for the grand finale—"Bonnie Dundee" up the Unter der Linden.

* * *

"Puff" certainly had some cheek when he wanted that wrist-watch!

A CORPORAL'S BALLAD.

"I'D RATHER BE OUT HERE."

~ ~ ~

The "Dundee Advertiser" prints a fine ballad by Lance-Corporal Joseph Lee, of the 4th Black Watch, from which we take the following:—

The men who stay at home at ease,
And go to bed just when they please,
Have lots o' baccy and o' beer,
And yet—I'd rather be out here!

The chaps who stay at home and dine
Have heaps o' victuals and o' wine,
With walnuts—shelled—and all good cheer—
It's better to be shelled out here!
(Swish—bang!)

The chaps who stay—the lucky dogs!—
Can stroll around in tailored togs,
While my make-up is something queer—
Yet—better be a scarecrow here!

The chaps who stay at home and play
At tennis through a summer day
Need ne'er fall bleeding to the rear—
And yet—I'd rather play out here!

Sweet-hearting?—ah! you lucky chaps
Who go a-wooing—well, perhaps,
Unless I get a nasty whack,
I'll get a girl when I get back.

Why, yes, who knows? there still might be,
Some girl to love a bloke like me;
There's Dolly—would she drop a tear,
If I went under over here?

The men who live at home at ease
May list—then 'LIST—just as they please;
For me, by Christ! my conscience clear,
I think I'd rather die out here!

A MORNING AS AN ORDERLY SERGEANT.

"Say, Sergeant, do you know if anyone has found a belt?"

"No, I don't."

"Will you know if anyone finds it?"

"No, get out!"

"Sergeant?"

No answer.

"Sergeant?"

"What?"

"Will you put me down for a pass to-morrow night?"

"See your platoon sergeant. How many times do you want telling how to get a pass?"

Another voice: "Sergeant, have ye seen the Quarter-r-termaister?"

The O.S. jumps up with muttered oath, "For the love of Mike get out and stay out. Beat it. You blithering lot of waps Do you take me for a 'cyclopaedia?"

He resumes his seat at the desk and has no sooner sat down than a figure darkens the tent door. Anticipating this intruder the O.S. turns with a scowl and barks out, "Well, what do you want?"

"I have had a letter from my mother, and she's not getting the separation allowance yet, and I'm going to find out why. I've been in this blamed outfit over eight months and filled in about twenty cards, and if I can't get what's coming, I'm going——"

"Hold on now son, and take your breath. Come back after parade and I'll take you to the paymaster. Go on now, beat it!"

Turning to the desk again the O.S. picks up his pen just as the bugle starts to sound "orderly sergeants." He grabs his belt and dives out of the tent. Half way to the orderly room he discovers that he has somebody else's belt, and that it is about six inches too big for him. He doubles back and, arriving at the tent, falls over a peg and lands inside on his hands and knees in front of the major, who asks him if he is ready for company office. "Nearly, sir. I'll be back in a minute." He scrambles out with a muttered apology, and arriving at the orderly room gets called down for keeping everybody waiting.

"No new passes will be given till after next Tuesday's muster parade," says the R.S.M.

"Do you hear that, 'D' Co.?"

"Yes, sir," meekly replies the O.S., thinking of the time he has wasted making out passes the previous evening.

Hurrying back, the O.S. rounds up the minor offenders and takes them into the major. Two or three minutes after "office hours" he discovers that the parade state is not signed, and has to chase out to the drill grounds to find the major. Arriving back in the company lines after attending "orderly room," he finds the officer for the day looking for someone to bawl at because the lines of blankets are not straight, and the pails not washed out just right; and so it goes on for the rest of the morning until at last the O.S. sits down and figures out how long a respite he will have before he is O.S. again

ARE APPOINTED INSTRUCTORS.

It would appear the army authorities are just now awakening to the true value of the machine gun, and as a result they are developing the organisation of this weapon on a new basis.

The tendency is to make the machine gun a new branch of the service. With this object in view, schools of instruction have been formed, and officers, N.C.O.'s and men are drawn from the battalions and put through a course of training. The first instruction class started June 24th, which was attended by Lieutenant P. McNaughton, of the 49th Battalion. At the end of the course he was appointed as instructor. The next school started on July 10th, and the 49th sent as its representatives Captain J. B. Harstone and Sergeant E. D. Allen, both of whom have been named as additional instructors for classes starting on August 13th. It is expected there will be in the neighbourhood of 400 men taking this course at the next session.



SPORTING COMMENT.

Owing to the fact that musketry practice has been in order for the past two weeks and that all baseball, football and cricket enthusiasts have been kept busy as a consequence there is little in the shape of sporting news to be found in this issue.

BASEBALL.

Captain Bidwell's baseball team was an easy winner in a couple of games with the 42nd Battalion. The Forty-niners hit better, fielded better and "pegged" much better than their opponents.

The same cannot be said regarding the match with the 12th Battalion a couple of week ago. Boneheads, errors, and rotten judgment featured. The boys had the game cinched in the fifth innings, but after that they were batted off the lot, and the men from the huts stole bases as easily as they could steal candy from kids. It was a sorry showing, and rather painful for the fans of the 49th. There is consolation in the fact, however, that in individual play our boys showed superiority in every branch, and with a little practice would put it all over the same opponents.

CRICKET.

There have only been two games of this fascinating sport since the 49th arrived in England, both matches resulting in easy wins

for the 49th. Captain Ball and Sergeant Merritt were the big hitters in the return match, making respectively scores of 70 and 60 not out, which, considering the fact that all the members of the team have not handled a cricket bat some few years, it is certainly going some. The team on both occasions was captained by Major Weaver. The scores of the two games are given below.

1st game played at Canterbury on July 10th resulted in a win for the 49th by 94 runs and one wicket, the forty-niners making 198 for 9, and King's College making 104.

2nd game played at Canterbury resulted in a draw, but really a win, as the score will show:—

King's College 120 for eight wickets.

The Forty-niners 177 for three wickets.

FOOTBALL.

Enthusiasts of this game in the regiment do not seem to be able to get away to a start at all. Only one match has taken place, and that was an inter-regimental one.

There is plenty of talent, as this game proved, and it is a pity that someone does not start something, for an eleven could be picked which would give a good account of itself.

We might add that the battalion has received four footballs from the Canadian Soldiers' Comforts Commission.

The foregoing cartoon illustrates the bayonet drill as practised by the 49th. The battalion was fortunate in securing the services of a first class instructor in the person of Sergeant-Instructor Holmes, under whose tuition the men have excelled to a degree that warrants the praise and approbation of the commanding officer. And he is particular!

The sacks shown in the picture are filled with sand and straw, and as nearly as possible offer the same resistance as would a man's body. Bayonet fighting is more of an art than the average person imagines; in fact there are as many different points and parries as there are hairs in a cat's tail.

To an accompaniment of satire, sarcasm and original oaths from the instructor, the participants in this deadly exercise charge the

bags with a vigour that would turn the proverbial kicking mule from the "show me" state green with envy. And even then the instructor is not satisfied.

"You fellows are too blamed slow to die suddenly. Stick it into 'im; 'op to it; 'it 'im like blazes; knock h— out of 'im." With these and other expressions the instructor encourages the boys to further exertions.

Points and parries are also practised with the aid of clubs, one man holding the fixed bayonet and the other the club, each trying to put the other "hors de combat." Readers will not for a moment imagine that this is a game to be taught to children, as several men are now under the doctor's care as a result of this new amusement invented to thwart the Germans.

INSTRUCTIONAL COURSES.

MUSKETRY COURSE.

A three weeks' course in musketry has been taken by the following officers and sergeants at the Eastern Command School of Musketry, Hythe: Major C. Y. Weaver, Lieutenant G. Z. Pinder, Sergeant R. W. Smith and Sergeant L. N. Lee. About 150 officers and men attended this school, and in our next issue we hope to publish the results of a competitive examination held at the conclusion of the course.

A course of musketry has also been arranged at Risboro' Barracks, which the following officers and non-commissioned officers will attend:—

Lieutenants R. W. Lines, G. N. B. Herrick, H. Drabble, G. E. L. Hudson, Sergeants P. Ford, "A" Company; R. Tuach, "B" Company; F. W. Scott, "C" Company; W. E. Newton, "D" Company; Corporal P. Haigh, "B" Company; Corporal J. G. Downton, "D" Company.

This course commenced on August 16th for one week.

OBLIGED TO NORAH!

Private Clibbery, "A" Company, and Private Searle, "C" Company, recently took a course at Wild Street School of Cookery, London. Our versatile and cherubic friend Clibbery was given second place in the competitive examination list, and Private Searle also distinguished himself. "A" and "C" companies must certainly have noticed considerable improvement in the "Mulligan mixing" of these two gentlemen since their return, and no doubt feel a deep debt of gratitude to a certain Norah H. Duckett, who had charge of the school, and who has presented Privates Clibbery and Searle with a neatly lithographed certificate.

OFFICERS ARE SUCCESSFUL.

Lieutenant G. W. MacLeod has recently completed a month's course at the staff Col-

lege, Camberley, and, although no competitive examination reports are available, we understand that he has been highly successful.

Lieutenant B. H. Tayler has returned after an absence of one month at the School in Scarborough. Our congratulations to Mr. Tayler on being placed third in the examination list and obtaining an excellent report from the commandant of the school.

Lieutenant O. Travers is at the School in Dover.

INSTRUCTION COURSE.

Sergeant Fowlie, "B" Company, has returned from Chelsea School, London, fully primed, and with a very good report from the commandant of the school.

Pioneer-Sergeant B. P. Scott is at present at Wrotham on a course of Pioneer instruction.

Lance-Corporal Shearman is engaged on a grenade course at Godstone.

DOES GOOD WORK.

Corporal F. Hughes, "B" Company, has recently returned from Gymnastic School, Aldershot, with an excellent report.

Lieutenant P. J. Belcher, Lance-Sergeant Nixon and Corporal D. D. MacLeod are at present at this school.

Lieutenant Clowes, Lieutenant Millar, Sergeant Black, Sergeant McDonald and 30 men have attended courses in bomb-throwing. These people have returned firmly convinced that the only possible way to victory in France is to have whole battalions of bomb throwers carrying so many "stink-pots" on their persons as to look like an animated pot rack. Their evident disdain for the common soldier who still, in his old-fashioned way, carries a rifle and indifference to the somewhat aggravated argument as to the efficiency or inefficiency of the Ross rifle as issued to Canadian troops, is refreshing.

Judging, however, from the high standard of marksmanship displayed when throwing dummy bombs consisting of Swiss milk cans filled with earth, we would not care to be in the German trenches when the bomb-throwers of the 49th get into action.

SIGNALLERS TAKE COURSE.

The following officer and N.C.O.'s of the signalling section of this battalion have just completed a course in field telephony at the C.E. Barracks, Sir John Moore's Plain:—Lieut. J. C. MacQuarrie, Sergeant A. A. Murray, Corporal A. E. Edwards, Lance-Corporal A. T. Corner and Lance-Corporal Bennet. Up to the time of going to press the official results of the examinations have not been made public, but it is understood that the standing obtained by all the members of the section was exceptionally high.

The course was very instructive, comprising as it did all the experience gained in military training during the present war. The instructor in charge, Sergeant-Major Humphries, a N.C.O. of wide experience, was severely wounded while engaged in the discharge of his duty in the present war.

WHEN SCOTTY SCORED.

The mercenary qualities of the Scotsman are proverbial, as witness this. A Scotsman had the fortune to have as a friend a very good Canadian who was, of course, very free with his money, as they all are, and the Scotsman was not backward in allowing him to spend it. When the end of his visit hove in sight, however, the inner conscience of Scotty pricked him, and he relented to the extent of asking the Canadian to have a drink. The conversation was as follows:—

"I hope you have had a good time while you have been here, and before parting we had better drink to our future meeting." What will you have?"

"Thank you, sir, it will be a pleasure to drink with you; I guess you may order me a champagne."

"Well you guess again and make it somewhere about tuppence. Do you take me for a multi-millionaire?"

THE FORTY-NINTH.



Bushels of "poetry" has been handed in for the Forty-niner, most of which has been consigned to the waste-paper basket. The following brilliant effort, however, written by an officer, is not chosen for the splendid rhythm or meter.

The Canadian soldiers of the 49th
Are generally considered extremely bright,
But one would think from the following verse
That the Battalion would be quite the reverse

You must consider there are four companies
With their own peculiarities,
And if you can read between the lines
You must consider yourself extremely wise.

"A" has an appetite which on pig doth dwell
"B" has a bagpipe with a gasoline smell.
"C" has a conundrum hard to ravel,
"D's" password is steady when off to the devil.

SONS OF THE PRAIRIE.



"They are lost our guns, to the conquering
Huns."
"Lost?" will you tell us so?
In the lingo's test of the grim Far West,
'Tis a word we do not know."
And they gritted their teeth their lips
beneath,
Those Prairie's hard-bit sons,
As from man to man the catchword ran,
'We'll have back the captured guns."

On that quest all bent at the foe they went,
The lads of the great Far West,
Their blood on fire with a righteous ire,
And they fought like men possessed.
One brief hot spell of loosened Hell;
Hell for the baffled Huns,
But a time was this of wild mad bliss
To the Prairie's dashing sons.

They slew, were slain, yet knew no pain
In the thrill of the breathless hour.
When the big guns flash and the bayonets
clash,
And you're gripped in the war-lust's power
And the Teutons fought as they should and
ought
All martial Deutschland's sons,
But the Prairie breed were the men at need,
And they had back the captured guns.

Their fame resounds to the Empire's bounds.
Lads of the grim Far West,
Who saved the day in that breathless fray
And bettered the foemen's best.
And methinks that foe will now be slow
To boast of his captured guns,
While accounts are there and still to square
With the pick of the Prairie's sons.

—From London Truth



COMMANDING OFFICER.—Why were you late?

PRIVATE S.—Sir, I was hurrying to catch my train and I met the Salvation Army Band playing "God Save the King." I had to stand at attention as became a Forty-Niner, and it caused me to lose my train by about a minute.

COMMANDING OFFICER. - Dismissed

WHAT'S WHAT.

(By Junius.)

"C" is to be congratulated on the fact that they have had the three Instructors attached to their lines. Readers will not please infer that it is necessary for "C" to have them there as kind of parental watchers over their behaviour, for it is given for information that "C" can and do hold their own in every respect. (Hush, not a word about animals!)

* * *

"C" is to be congratulated on the fact that they have more wrapped up in the smallest parcel than has any other bunch in the Canadian Overseas battalions. No, no, Q.M.S. ! It is not for you to blush I was thinking of the buglers of this Battalion.

It is reported at the time of going to press that no member of "C" has been married since landing in England. I am afraid that the boys of this company are too particular.

* * *

Major Daniels is proud of his Demons, as well he has occasion to be.

* * *

Sergeant Thomas is to be congratulated on his poetry appearing in this issue. Bridges, the poor old pen-pusher will have to look to his laurels. (Sergeant Thomas says the Editor does not know his business. Where is the note of interrogation after poetry?)

* * *

The senior cook is to be congratulated on his rumoured engagement to the pastry school teacher. We believe her name is Miss Duckett.

WHAT WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Whether a certain lieutenant who lost his luggage on the boat also lost the cork out of the said luggage? If he was unlucky enough to do so, he has our most heartfelt sympathy.

—:o:—

It the gentleman who named the Battalion Pup "Lion" had looked on the wine when it was red, or was it only an exaggeration of his vision?

—:o:—

Whether the gentlemen (?) who have had the audacity to issue counterfeit pound notes and cause them to be circulated among the Canadians thinks that all Canadians are fools?

—:o:—

Whether a certain bugler who blew "Cook House" as "Fall In" for Church Parade was thinking of his mental appetite or the moral appetites of others of his fraternity?—

—:o:—

What Tartan will be upon the kilts of this battalion, and whether kilts are worn with or without suspenders?

—:o:—

Whether a certain company was first on the list at rapid firing owing to their ingenuity in loading? We think that it is up to us to send some kind of notification to the Germans!

—:o:—

Whether the gentleman who inquired at the post office for War Loan and was told that he himself was a "War Loan" has got over his sore head?

—:o:—

Whether the two cooks who were instructed by a certain worthy Miss Duckett are married or single men?

—:o:—

Whether readers of this magazine have read O. Henry's book, "Pigs is Pigs"?

—:o:—

Whether the gentleman who told the C.O. the correct way to Hades was personally acquainted with the way himself?

—:o:—

Whether hair has been cut as per the order of a certain Sergeant-Major?

—:o:—

Whether the car recently arrived is a rattle or a Ford? It is reported that it is a Sun-

beam; we wish it would use its beam these days.

—:o:—

Whether anyone can explain the pass system as used by those responsible in the various companies?

—:o:—

Whether rocks get heavier when carried for more than 90 minutes; also whether the game is worth the candle?

—:o:—

Who the gentleman is who wrote "Wake up, your country needs you" on the tombstone in Folkestone Cemetery erected to the Germans drowned off the English coast a few years ago?

—:o:—

Whether the bugles need tuning, or if it is only another case of sore lips?

—:o:—

When a certain Q.M.S. is going to start and grow

—:o:—

Whether the alleged quartette sometimes to be heard in the staff sergeants' tent think they can really sing?

—:o:—

Whether it is etiquette to eat before or after the arrival of the hostess?

—:o:—

Whether a certain Sergeant-Major knew that his efforts to entertain a flapper at Margate last Sunday were greatly enjoyed by several Forty-niners; also whether his wife is in this country or Canada?

—:o:—

If the "bomb" thrower attached to "A" Company who told the girl he escorted to Folkestone theatre that he often went for a bathe at Sandgate and swam a mile or so to sea before breakfast knew his platoon commander was seated immediately behind him taking in everything?

—:o:—

Whether Olive reciprocates the feelings of the Forty-niner who "fell" for her at Margate last week-end?

—:o:—

Who the drummer is who draws all the smiles and wiles from the young lasses in

Hythe, and whether his attentions will be accepted? "B" Company, please note.

—:o:—

Who the gentleman is who pledged his watch to a young lady on a certain occasion, and whether he has redeemed it yet? The Editor is anxious.

—:o:—

Whether the officers are aware that they are entertaining angels in disguise?

—:o:—

Who are the officers of this battalion who take such a great deal of interest in the mixed bathing in this district? Is it that they take a fatherly interest in the children, or in the grown-ups?

—:o:—

Who the two buglers are who take such an interest in special constables, and why?

BEATEN TO A FRAZZLE.



The Major's heart was heavy,
With rage his brow was lined,
The words of the Colonel's "Memo"
Were rankling in his mind.

"Your men are getting out of hand,
They must be brought to time;
And if you cannot handle them,
I'll make them toe the line."

"A man applies to you for leave,
You think six days is plenty;
He takes the six, and then some more:
Sometimes as much as twenty."

"You hand him out seven days C.B.:
He takes it with a grin,
And thinks next time he gets away.
His roll won't be so thin."

"This game must stop, and thereby make
Your Absentee List slender;
And do not let a man away
Who is an old offender."

Just then a Sergeant stepped inside,
And said "Will you excuse sir,
But Private Mathews stands outside,
And wishes speech with you, sir"

"Just bring him in," the Major said,
And thought now here's my chance:
This is the bounder who last time
Gave us a merry dance.

"Well, what d'ye want?" the Major barked
Before the man could breathe.
"I'd like to know sir, if I can
Be granted six days' leave."

"I've had a letter from my wife;
She says her health is lower,
She can't get up to wash the kids,
Or down to wash the floor."

"She's all I've got, and we've been wed
Just over twenty year;
We've shared our joys, our ups and downs,
Our pint of supper beer."

The Major pondered for a bit;
He knew that Mathews lied,
And that his orders to return
On time would be defied.

So casting round for some excuse
To turn down the request,
He thought he'd see which of them both
Could really lie the best.

So thumping with his fist the desk,
He waved a paper round,
And roared out to the startled man,
"You lie to me, you hound."

"I also have a letter here,
Sent to me by your wife,
Which says that when you are at home
She's frightened of her life."

"She says that if you ask for leave,
To turn you down quite hard;
The last time you went home to her
You left her features marred."

The man, saluting, turned about,
As though quite filled with shame,
But hardly had he got outside
When he came back again.

"Can I have further speech," he said,
"As conditions would have been
If you were not an officer,
And we'd no rank between?"

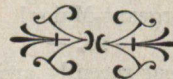
"All right, my man," the Major said,
"I'll hear what you've to say;
But don't say aught about reform;
I guess that's past your day."

"It's just this, sir," the man replied,
"My reputation here
Is not what you would call first class;
They say I'm fond of beer."

"They say I fight, and swear, and shirk,
And perhaps it's all quite true,
But when it comes to lying, sir,
My hat comes off to you."

"You said you'd had a letter, sir,
From the partner of my life;
But I regret to say, sir,
I've never had a wife."

Sergeant W. B. Thomas





THE LEAS BANDSTAND, FOLKESTONE.

The above Photograph was taken recently at the Leas Bandstand when the 49th Brass Band, under leadership of Bandmaster Sergt. J. B. Daly, discoursed a fine programme of music.



ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL, FOLKESTONE.

Since the commencement of the War large numbers of soldiers, including Canadians, have been inmates of this Institution whilst suffering from wounds and injuries received at the front.

HORSE CHAFF.

The sleek transport horses and the riding stock discussed the week's gossip after drinking the King's health. The bay mare of kicking fame started to grouse in the usual mess way re the line of grub, saying, "I can stand this fine cut hay if my ration is up to weight, but why do they put chaff among my oats? And that new stable hand does not shake out my bed."

The riding stock took up the conversation. "My scullion was heard to say that a hunt was started, and that three meets had been held in Lady Markham's paddock at Beachboro'."

Cow Pony Mary, from Pipestone Creek, then butted in, and after clearing her throat and ejecting a wad of thistles at Piebald Charlie, of High River, said: "It was better than Ringling's Circus at Wetaskewin. The arena was velvet turf, the hoops and the jumps sheep hurdles brushed with gorze and poles from the big canvas.

"Strawberry Roan Bango, a coy young gelding, one of the knuts followed by myself, were the main weeze; the band played by Bango rider with a whip on his slats and I went over to the tune of spurs and chains. Poor Bango cleared by a foot, and next day went to hospital with pneumonia, and will have to run the gauntlet of the A.V.C. The betting is a pound of oats to a feed of bran that he will be knifed for appendicitis. My rider, formerly of the Patchley Hunt, as Jorrocks would say, 'andled me with gloves and 'ands."

The listeners by this time were stamping their feet and winnowing softly to the sergeant of the transport to put up the drinks.

Sorrel Fannie spoke up, and after shaking some flies off her maneless neck, reported "that she also had been initiated and over the jumps."

Sorrel Star, after kicking that the mess waiter had given him his beans with the butt-end of a fork, yawned, took a chew, after the lead of his rider, pawed out his bed, and reclining on his side, complained first of the fact that his feet needed trimming, and that the heels of his shoes were not long enough, then reported that he had gone through two degrees and could do his turn on his head or his riders—it was immaterial which,

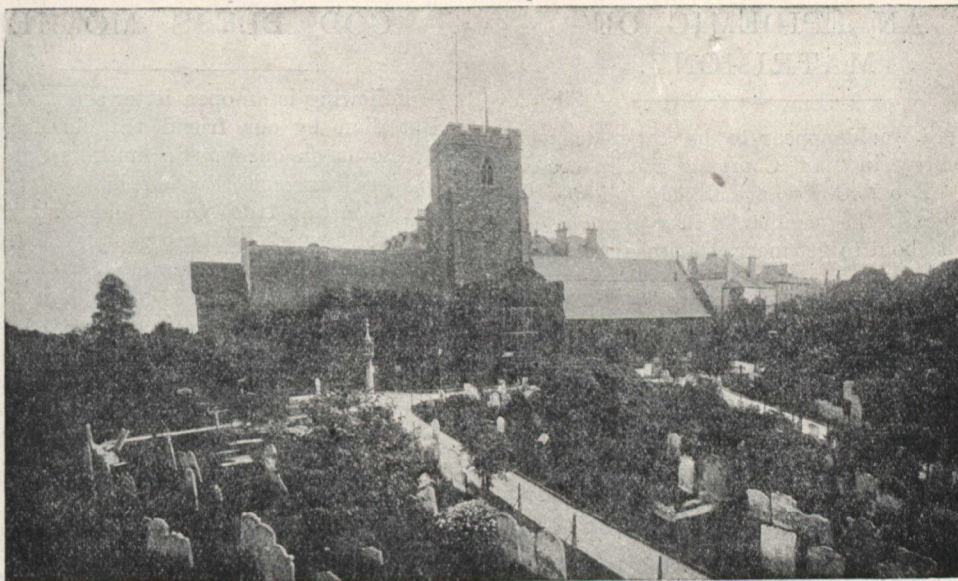
Handsome Harry, the boy with a Roman nose and the seal-brown side wheeler, Steady D, stated that they had been balloted for, but up to the "evening stables" had not secured a backer. Notice was then given to the equine mess that the next meet would be held on Monday, and the mess president, Roan Baldy of Pekisko, was instructed to put a kick on the dome of the night piquet to make him cut out snoring and pass along the corn.

Wild Oats

MARRIAGE OF CAPT. BALL.

A marriage solemnised at Christ Church, Croydon, on Tuesday, had great interest on account of its military and clerical nature and because of the association of the bride with the parish, she being Miss Agnes Marjorie Burt Veale, the eldest daughter of Mr. W. B. Veale, of Lancaster Lodge, Elmwood Road, churchwarden at Christ Church, and the late Mrs. Veale. The groom was the Rev. William Albert Ball, son of the Rev. and Mrs. A. E. Ball, of Quetta, India. He was formerly a curate at Christ Church, since which he has worked in the mission field of north Alberta until January, when he accepted a captaincy on the 49th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force to act as chaplain. The church, which was decorated with palms and white cut flowers, was filled with a large congregation. The service was choral in character, and the Rev. Canon Beal, assisted by the Rev. H. L. Birch, vicar of Christ Church, officiated. Mr. Charles C. Byers, F.R.C.O., was the organist. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a charming gown of ivory white crepe de chine, with an old Limerick lace veil, crowned with a wreath of orange blossom. She carried a sheaf of lilies. The Misses Edith and Lillie Veale, sisters of the bride, were her maids, and they were attired in costumes of pale blue liberty voile over pink silk. Their hats were of black, trimmed with pink camellias, and they carried bouquets of pink carnations. The Rev. G. S. Provis acted as best man.

A reception was held afterwards at the house of the bride's father, and there was a large number of guests. Amongst the presents was a very handsome rose bowl presented to the bridegroom by the officers of the 49th.



THE PARISH CHURCH, FOLKESTONE.

This Church, dedicated to SS. Mary and Eansythe, was founded in 1131 by William d'Averanches, several of its predecessors having been destroyed by the inroads of the sea. Among the interesting objects is a beautiful tomb of coloured marble to the memory of John Herdson, a former Lord of Folkestone, and a member of the family to which the discoverer of "Hudson" Bay belonged—the name having been mis-spelt in America.



TECHNICAL SCHOOL & FREE LIBRARY, FOLKESTONE.

AN EPIDEMIC OF MATRIMONY.

There would appear to be an epidemic of matrimony in "A" Company at the present time. Two N.C.O's have already followed the example of the regimental sky-pilot, and a third is about to get married immediately after musketry.

On August 2nd Lance.-Corporal Gough was married at East Grinstead, Sussex to Miss E. A. Miller, Rev. Mr. Ellis, the Methodist clergyman of that town, officiating.

Corporal Broom was the second victim. His charming bride, as the sob-sister would say, was the belle of Greenfields, Middlesex—a Miss Ada Hillier. After an impressive service in the church where the corporal years ago learned his catechism, a wedding dinner was given at the residence of the bridegroom's uncle. "A pleasant time was had."

There are persistent rumours to the effect that W. G. Gale the younger ventured on the sea of matrimony when he breezed into London last week. Personally, we do not believe the report, but as one woman-hater in the regiment says, "the present-day girl is crazy for anything."



VISITING ROUNDS.—Sergeant, turn out the guard.

SERGEANT.—Impossible, sir, the wet canteen does not close until nine o'clock to-night.

GOD BLESS MOTHER.

Following is an open letter sent to the 49th Battalion by our friend the old lady who greets us on our way to musketry at Hythe. We are convinced that we have a very good friend in this true type of Old Country lady, and the respect and the good wishes of this Battalion will be with her, no matter where we wander:—

My Dear Boys,—This is an open letter for my dear regiment, the 49th. I am so proud of all the Canadians, they have fought so splendidly in this terrible war, and you, my brave sons, who are going out will do just the same. You look every inch of you brave fighting men, with grand officers to lead you.

I love your badge, and will always wear it, and it will be buried with me when I die. You darling brave boys going out to fight for me and all of us. I wish with all my heart I was going with you to fight in the very thick of it. I come from a long line of soldiers and brave men and women. I give you my address, and do, when you can, write me even a few lines from the front. I will send you papers and little things you might like, and when you return sick or wounded, let me know your hospital, and I will, God willing, come and see you, cheer you, and do all I can for you.

I shall miss you more than I can say, and all your dear bright faces looking up to me and giving your mother such splendid cheers. I shall never forget you, my soldiers. I leave you in God's care, night and morning I will pray for you that God's Angels, wherever you are may be with you, protecting you and giving you victory over our cruel enemies. Hoping that we shall meet again, God bless you, my dear boys.

Always your devoted

Irish Mother,

Cella Paget Gibins

Mrs. Paget Gibins,

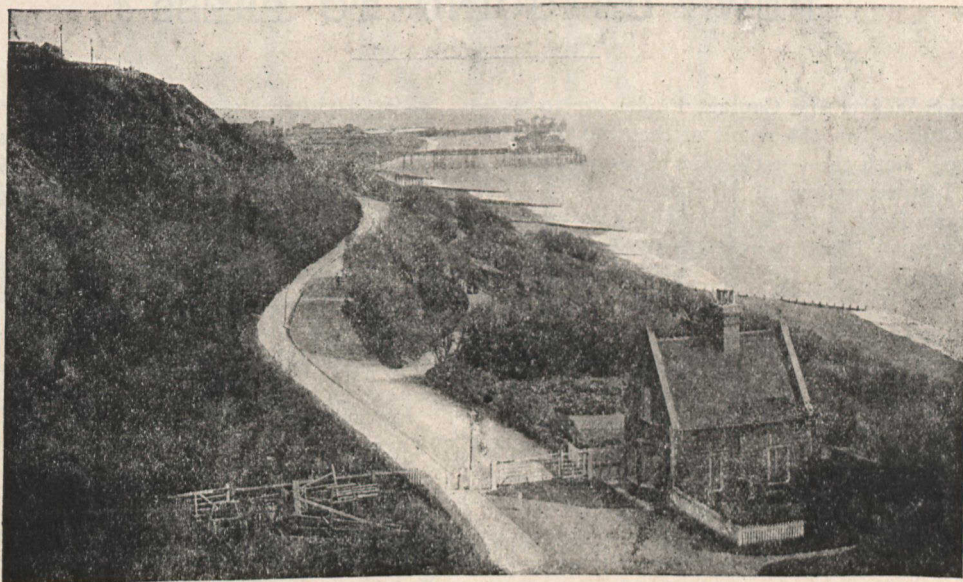
Fairmead,

Blackhouse Hill,

Hythe.

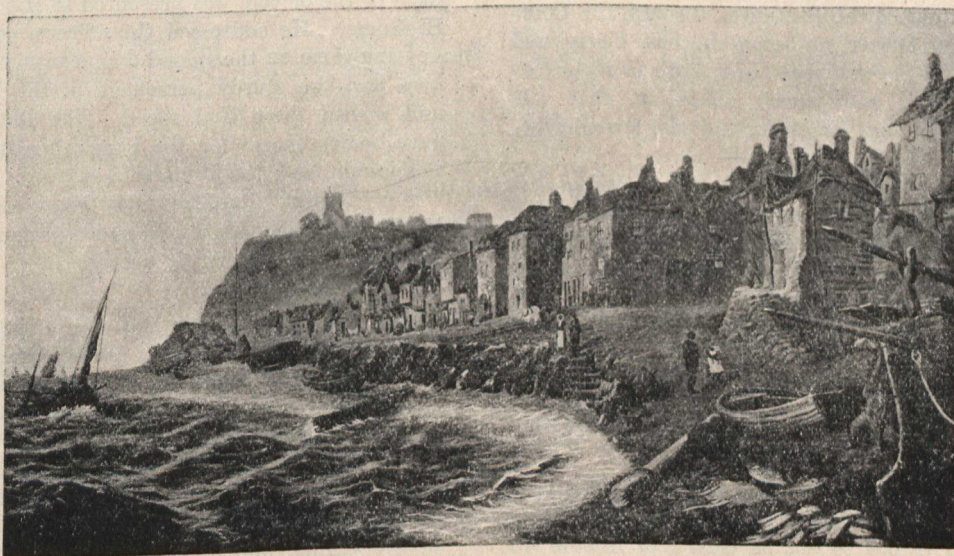
August 15th, 1915.





THE TOLL HOUSE, LOWER SANDGATE ROAD.

The Lower Sandgate Road, which runs along the base of the cliffs, is fringed on either side by winding paths—those on the land side shaded by pines, and on the seaward side are well-kept gardens. The road is the private road of Lord Radnor, and the picturesque toll-house preserves it from heavy and objectionable traffic. In the season open-air music is provided in the beautifully laid out gardens between the Lower Road and the sea.



OLD FOLKESTONE.

From a painting by R. Kerr.

NEWS ON GOING TO PRESS.

Major Weaver and Captain Pinder are to be congratulated on the result of their Musketry Course. Both these gentlemen obtained first-class Instructorships of Musketry.

After a few lessons the men of this Battalion will be equal to as many Germans as care to face them.

—:o:—

Major A. K. Hobbins, on hearing that one of his old officers serving on the staff of General Alderson had been awarded the D.S.O., wrote and congratulated him on the honour bestowed, and in reply received a letter of thanks and a request that he at once accept the command of a company in the first division. This would have meant to the battalion the loss of a grand officer, but we are pleased to note that he still remains true to the 49th, and decided that no matter what happened he would share his lot with his men. This decision is strengthened by the fact that we are no longer a reserve battalion, but shall go "somewhere" as a unit.

—:o:—

We as a battalion should feel honoured and gratified to think that the Imperial Officers who were watching our efforts on the ranges congratulated the Battalion, through the Commanding Officer, as being the best disciplined and most cheerful battalion, both in regard to range drill and march discipline, that has passed through Hythe for the past few months.

—:o:—

It has been brought to the notice of the Editor that several members of this battalion have relatives who have been awarded commissions, the D.S.O. and the Military Cross for bravery in the field.

We extend our congratulations.

—:o:—

Extract from the Edmonton Journal:
49th BATTALION CHOSEN TO GUARD
KING GEORGE.

Letters received from England state that the 49th Battalion C.E.F. was chosen out of 48,000 troops to act as Guard of Honour to King George on the occasion of his recent visit to Shorncliffe.

Some Battalion. Eh! What!

We have received a copy of the "Can-tuarian," in which is published the result of our cricket matches against King's School. They appear to be disappointed that they were beaten, but give us credit for having a good team, also they thank the band for the splendid selections rendered by them. We might mention in passing that Lieutenant E. G. Merritt and Corporal H. R. D. Kingdom are old boys of this school.

—:o:—

Extract from the "Citizen," Ottawa, June, 1915:—

"The Battalion is well trained, and when it marched into Parliament Hill it was given encouraging cheers from the thousands of citizens who were there to see the Westerners. The Corps has three bands, the brass band is well equipped, and a particularly good one. It played difficult selections in a marvellous manner when one considers that it must have been organised only a short time.

His Royal Highness was received with a general salute, the Battalion being in line across the lawns in front of the Houses of Parliament. The Duke carefully inspected the companies, talking with many of the men. Each of the officers was presented to His Royal Highness. He addressed the officers, complimenting them on the splendid appearance of the men and the sturdy personage of the corps, and wished them God speed. The Battalion gave hearty cheers for the King, the Duke of Connaught and the Premier.

Sir Robert Borden and Major-General Hughes also made short addresses, praising the Battalion and wishing it success.

—:o:—

The members of this Battalion who have had the bad luck to be sick owe the Canadian nurses at Moore Barracks Hospital their best thanks for all their attention and kindness. Apropos of this the following is told:—

A member of another Battalion was overheard to say to his pal, "Tell the nurse you belong to the 49th, and you will get the best of everything, and be treated 'white.'"

It is also noticed that all the nurses wear the 49th badge. We are pleased to think that we are so honoured.

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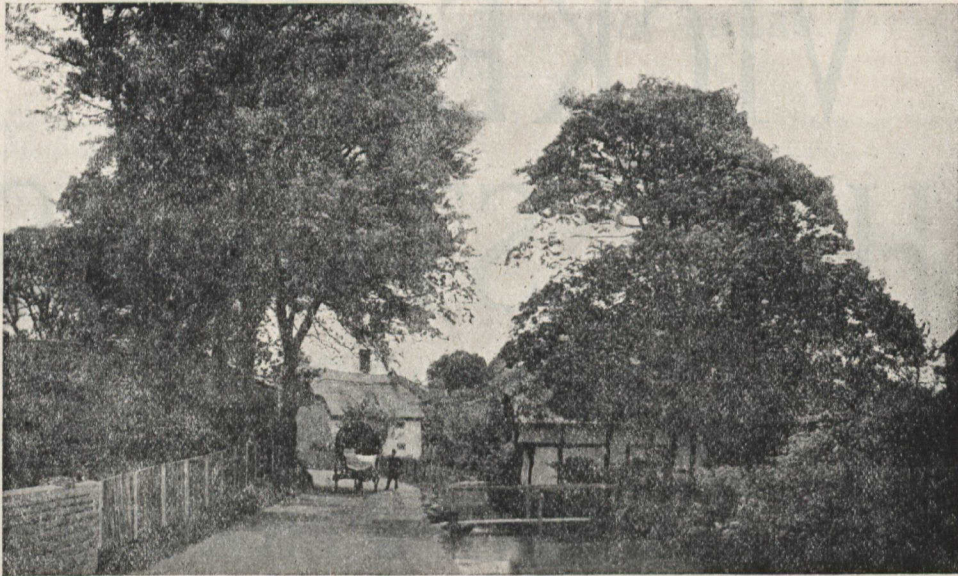
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OLD COTTAGE, NEWINGTON.

This picturesque scene with the old-fashioned thatched cottage is situated close to the camp of the 49th Battalion.

VICTORIA PIER, FOLKESTONE.

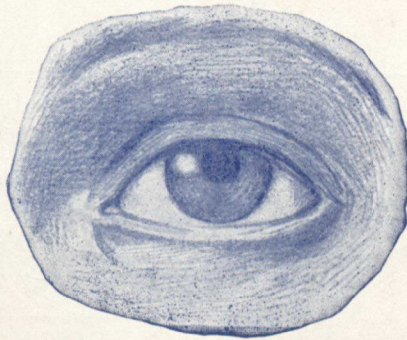
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