

PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT. COL. S. D. GARDNER, OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION

EDITOR.

Nº 19

CENSORED BY CHIEF CENSOR, 1st CAN. DIV.

PTE. J. W. CAMPBELL.

CAPT. W F. ORR.

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### FURIOUS FOOTBALL

An Eighth Battalion man overheard a group of D. T. drivers discussing the marvellous efficiency of their football team, whereupon he immediatly galloped homewards to hold an indignation meeting with his fellow-warriors. The following Wilsonian note was the result:

"No superannuated line-pushers, need shoot the gas about the "footer" of their imitation team, especially in the presence of one of the 'Black Devil" line-busters. We can make your boot-artillery sound like the faint rustle of an eight day match. If you only dare meet us on your own field, tomorrow afternoon, we will transform your dubbin soaked carcases to a red mist, unless some deluded angel descends with a flaming sword to your rescue".

This stinging challenge aroused the "gee-gee" soldiers to white heat. A match was hastily arranged, and the foes met in mortal combat the following afternoon. The battle ensuing was one of the fiercest ever fought on the western front. Charge upon charge was made with the greatest "elan" by both parties, and attack was followed by counterattack so swiftly and vehemently, that it was impossible to to distinguish where attack ended and counter-attack began. The crash of the boot-artillery thundered and reverberated in an infernal series of sole-leather and pig-skin explosions: The very goal-posts shook and trembled in the sound-churned atmosphere: The ball floatrd and flew, bounced and bumped like an enormous "minenwerfer" in the air, and the noxious gases issuing from the side-lines in sulphurous waves of purest Billingsgate' converted the scene into a vaporous Inferno.

The seething conflict surged back and forth from one end of the field to the other, while the raging contestants drifted like driftwood on a furling and unfurling sea. When the battle was reaching the highest pitch of intensity, the "deluded angel" arrived and saved the day for the "Dubbin

The booty on both sides was large, the "Devils" getting five, and the "D. T's" six goals.

Peace was immediatly declared and the armies demobilized towardes the canteen.

"Dubbin"

#### OUR FIRST ANNIVERSAR

#### PORK AND BEANS

"They've come at last", cried Bill, waving a luridly labelled tin in the air.

"Who" I asked, thinking in turn it might be either

the Germans, or reinforcements, or that other Division the "Hard Thinkers" as the Australians call them.

"The pork and beans", said Bill, laying the tin on the floor and gazing at it ecstatically. (Bill is the cook, as you have no doubt already guessed, or he would never have been left without an escort in possession of a poor, lone, unprotected tin of pork and beans). "The fish will follow in the course, thanks to Providence and Major Hughie" he in due course, thanks to Providence and Major Hughie" he added. "From now on, the Canadian soldier will live in the lap of luxury. I can see him" he declaimed with the light of prophecy in his eye; "I can see the Canadian soldier of the future, languidly stirring in his downy couch, what time his batman brings in the morning cup of tea. Then the perfumed bath, and the fresh suit of B. V. D. and Then the perfumed bath, and the fresh suit of B. V. D. and a little walk in the weather for his health's sake. Breakfast to follow, a breakfast of fish: Beautifully firm rain-how trout from the lakes that lie like jewels in the mountain guarded valleys of British Columbia: Whitefish from the shores of the lonely sedge-girt lakes of the Athabasca country: Sock-eye salmon from the tide waters of the Fraser and the Skeena: Halibut from the stormy seas of the Northern Pacific—(I got that from the 'Elbow-joint (Saskatchewan) Eye-opener",) he added apologetically. "And for dinner, this". He tapped the tin on the top. "Yes,

pork and beans, the food in which lies the secret of the vigour and brawn of the Canadian lumber-jack; The food that has nurished generations of our pioneers; The food, baked thoroughly in two thousand degrees of super-heated steam and blended delicately with tempting slices of fresh pork, the whole, saturated with the sauce of ripe, red—" "Bill! I said reproachfully, you've been reading the 'Saturday Evening Post' advertisments on an empty stomach again, and you promised me"—"But", Bill broke in "a fellow down in the estaminet told me—". "What estaminet"? "The nearest" said Bill.

Being an R. M. P., I felt it my duty to investigate. I also took my mess-tin with me, to collect the evidence. As I went out of the hut, I could still hear Bill, "Our motto is 'Pork and Beans and on to Berlin'".

"If what they sell in the estaminet can do that to Bill, I'd better hurry up, or there'll be a few Orderly Room cases tomorrow" I thought. I hurried.

When I got back, late for dinner, I found my pork and beans had been kept for me. There were three beans and a smear of sauce in my mess-tin lid. They didn't assay very high in pork, but they were all right. There was nothing wrong with them. They were perfectly good beans. Still, there were only three of them and I was bungry.

"How many tins of pork and beans were there"? I asked Bill. "Two to a platoon", was the answer.

()n this, our first anniversary, our

comrades who have made the great

sacrifice: Who have laid aside pack and rifle and answered the last

midst and their voices are forever

still, but to us they will remain an

inspiration and an example.

roll-call.

thoughts are with those of our

Their faces are absent from our



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### EDITORIAL

To horse! To horse! The sabres gleam; High sounds our bugle call Combined by honour's sacred tie, The word is 'laws and liberty.' March forward, one and all.

Sir Walter Scott.

"The Listening Post" is one year old to-day, the first number having been issued on the 10th of August 1915.

"The Listening Post" has an unique and distinguished existence, with many historic features, not the least among them being the fact that, as far as we are able to learn, it was the first regimental newspaper to be written, edited, printed and circulated wholly from the fire zone.

Starting with a circulation of 1,000 copies, it's growth has been rapid and it's circulation world wide, until with

No. 14 issue we had reached the limits of our press capacity with a circulation of 15,000 copies, twice monthly. But the demand is still growing, and in order to meet this demand we have decided to acquire our own printing plant with up-to-date facilities for a circulation of 20,000 copies.

We therefore pass on our greetings to our many readers and friends, and trust that in the future we may continue to diffuse a little cheerfulness into the

hearts and lives of our soldiers at the front, who in turn will pass it along to the folks at home who are keeping the "Home Fires Burning".

### "Niemeyer proves thriller to crowd".

Billy Sunday of Recruiters startles theatre-full of people. announces a Toronto daily paper. And we stand absolutely rooted to the spot-shades of Kitchener and Ye Gods-what amusement!!!

It is time this kind of "coaxing" able bodied men to defend their country stopped. It is silly, costly, and unpatriotic. The idea of coaxing a man to defend his own hearth and home is so ridiculous that we have to laugh. Let the Government bring in an "Organisation of defence and Army Bill" in order that all able bodied men who can be spared from Canada for Army purposes will be picked at once, ticketed, and called up in "Classes" as requiredthis is only simple business method, which will be easier on the tax payer's pocket book and less worry to the military authorities. We have urged this action before-we respectfully urge it again.

## Mentioned in Despatches.

Our beloved leader and friend, Lt. Col. (now Brig. Gen.) V. W. Odlum D.S.O., has been compelled, through the course of deserved promotion, to leave his old unit, of which he was so proud, the 7th Canadian Inf. Battalion.

No words can express the regret experienced by all ranks of the battalion when it became known that the Chief was going, but all knew that only the call of duty alone could take him from us. Where ever General Odlum may be he may rest assured that in endeavouring to follow and live up to the high standard he has set, our hearts are with him still and his success will be our joy.

The following message to the battalion has been received from Lt. Col. V. W. Odlum D.S.O. and is published for information:

"On leaving the 7th Battalion for other duties, I desire to express to all officers and all other ranks my deep appreciation of the continuous loyal support that has been accorded me since I first assumed the command on April 23 1915. We have passed through trying times together, and we have worked hard. But thro' it all I have been sustained by my unwavering confidence in my officers and my men. That confidence has never been misplaced. You have borne the hardships and performed your ceaseless duties uncomplainingly and to the spirit of self sacrifice and endurance which you have shown, the Battalion owes it's present proud position and I owe the recognition I have received. I have always asked much of you and you have always given it. I am proud of you, and proud of the Battalion, and I part from you and it with deep feelings of sincere regret. We have a common interest in our memories of those who were once with us and are no more. Through them we are bound with indissoluble ties. No matter where I may be sent, or what I may be asked to do, the 7th Battalion will always stand first in my

heart. I want every officer and man to feel that he has a personal claim on me, and to come to me at any time in the future, when in need of assisstance of any sort whatsoever, as with perfect right. I can never repay you for what you have done, but I can always be to you a friend".

(Signed) Victor W. Odlum. The following reply has been forwarded: "All Officers, N.C.Os., and men of the 7th Battalion wish to tender to

you their heartiest congratulations on your appointment as Officer Commanding the 11th Brigade. Their gain however is our loss, we feel that we have not only lost our Commander, but our best friend.

We can best show our loyalty to your successor by constantly endeavouring to live up to the high standard and example you have at all times set us.

We thank you for the very kind sentiments expressed in your letter, and wish you from our hearts "All Success'".

W. F. Gilson. Capt.

All Officers and other ranks join in extending a bearty welcome to Capt. S. D. Gardner on his return to the 7th Battalion, and to congratulate him on his appointment to the high position of Commanding Officer, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Lt. Col. Gardner is known and respected not only as a fighting man and successful officer, but also a true friend to the soldier who does his duty as it should be done.

We hasten to assure Col. Gardner that he will receive

the same hearty support of all officers, N.C.Os. and men that has been accorded to Lt. Col. Odlum to the end, that the 7th Battalion will retain it's lofty position among the fighting units of our fair Empire.

We are glad to note that Major Haines is again back to duty. We trust that he is much improved in health. All members of the Battalion join in wishing him the best possible success in his new position. Call round and see the old Boys, Major, when you can-you will receive, as always, a hearty and sincere welcome.

CONTINGENT DITTIES and other soldier songs of the Great War, by the late Frank S. Brown, Sergeant, P. P. C. L. I. (The Pats). The poems in this volume are from the pen of a young Canadian soldier of the Princess Pats Regiment who met his death on the field of Honour at St. Eloi during his first day in the trenches. The profits go to a worthy cause.

Price 1/- net. Order your volumn now from: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. Ltd., 100 Southwark St., London, England.

The following is the list of honours granted to members of the 7th Battalion during the year ending Aug. 10 1915:

### D. S. O.

Lt. Col. (Brig. Gen.) V. W. ODLUM Major L. E. HAINES Lieut. (Capt.) W. D. HOLMES (Killed in Action) Lieut. J. R. McILREE

### Military Cross

Capt. (Lt. Col.) R. P. CLARK Capt. (Lt. Col.) S. D. GARDNER Lieut. (Capt.) W. D. HOLMES Capt. A. L. W. SAUNDERS Lieut, W. C. MERSTON Lieut. A. WRIGHTSON

### D. C. M.

16420 Sgt. DRYDEN W. H. 16246 Sgt. PEERLESS H. N. L/E MULLINS T. M. 16576 16858 Sgt. ASHBY H. 16799 Sgt. (Lieut.) MERSTON W. C. 77848 L/C BERRY J. E. 16922 Pte. McQUEEN W. A. 16269 Sgt. ROBINSON J. 21747 L/C PRESTON L. 16297 Cpl. (Sgt.) CURRY A. K. 17163 Sgt. ROBERTSON A. 16395 Cpl. (Sgt.) BABCOCK E L. 429729 L/C WEIR K. 23348 Sgt. HOLLAND J. 77902 Cpl. (Lieut.) PATERSON W. 16958 Sgt. SWINDELLS W.

### Military Medal

428660 Pte. McDIARMID A. H. 16858 Sgt. ASHBY H. 429729 L/C WEIR K. 16305 L/C FARIS A. Y.

### Gross of the Order St. George (Russian) Fourth Class

16241 Sgt. WEEKS H. H.

### Medal of the Order St. George (Russian) Fourth Class

16425 Pte. Earmer J.

There is also a long list of officers, N.C.Os. and men of the Battalion who have been "Mentioned in Despatches". We regret that lack of space prevents us from including these names in this issue, but we promise to print them in the near future.

### COMPLIMENTARY BANQUET

A complimentary banquet was tendered to Major General L. J. Lipsett C. M. G. on the evening of June 28th 1916 at the Hotel de la Bourse, Poperinghe. The banquet was given in celebration of Major General Lipsett's promotion to command of the 3rd Canadian Division and to bid him "God Speed" and all possible success in his new command, by the Officers of Headquarters Staff, 2nd Canadian Inf. Brigade, 2nd Field Co. Canadian Engineers, 5th, 7th, 8th and 10th Canadian Inf. Battalions, 2nd Brigade Machine Gun Co., and No. 3 Co. 1st Canadian Divisional Train. Among the distinguished guests invited to be present were: Lieut. Gen. Hon. Sir J. H. Byng, K.C.B. K.C.M.G. M.V.O.

Major Gen. A. W. Currie G. B 66 66 L. J. Lipsett C.M.G. Brig. Gen. J. H. Elmsley D.S.O. G. Hughes D.S.O. 66 66 H. C. Thacker C.M.G. 66 A. C. McDonell D.S.O. " G. S. Tuxford C.M.G. Lt. Col. R. P. Clarke R. H Kearsley D.S O. .. .. D. R. Frith D.S.O. Brig. Gen. W. B. Lindsy C.M.G. Col. A. E. Ross C.M.G. Lt. Col. C. H. MacLaren D.S.O. F. J. Dingwall Major Lt. Col. Hilliam Major S. B. Anderson J. A. Macdonald J. G. Piercey " 66 J. M. Eakins C, A. Corrigan H. C. Greer W. R. Bertram A. Brooks J. Morrison

It is to be regretted that many were unable to be present.

The banquet was most successful, over 125 guests having gathered around the festive and liquid board, the following being a sample of the

### CONCERNING HORS D'ŒUVRES-

N.B. Oysters are out of season.

On the half shell, the whole shell and nothing but the shell. So help me Whitstable! Dickens.

Little Black Devils on toast-(8th Batt.) 90th Winnipeg

Angels on Horseback-(5th Western Cavalry).

### IN RE THE SOUR-

Let us keep out of it. - Dante's Inferno Canto XXXIIII. Cockie Leekie-and something to be cocky about too!

### APROPOS OF FISH-

There's as good-fish in the sea, etc., etc. (Adverse rep ort on Admiral Von Tirpitz)

### NAME YOUR POISSON-

N.B. B. C. salmon is up 5 cents per lb. per tin but is guaranteed not to turn pink in the tin.

### ALL ABOUT THE ENTREES-

Have you the entree ? Browning

An omelette aux fines berbes, Sir. Best we can do! Please?

Crumberwell, Brumberwell, I charge thee cast away T-bone steaks—by that sin fell the angels. Bill S. NOW ABOUT THE ROTI-

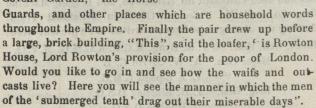
The beef of Sunny Alberta. Dogie Steak Maverick on the O. T.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's ox. (10th Batt.) Commandment.

(Continued on page 122.)

### By Contrast.

He was a typical London loafer, of the drooping moustache, cap and muffler variety, and he volunteered to show the man on leave the sights of the city. This naturally involved visiting Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Horse



"All right" said the man on leave, "I don't think you can shock me very badly, Lead on".

Bracing himself for the most horrible revelations of the wretchedness of the poor, he followed at the heels of his guide, entered a large, well-furnished hall, and was conducted through the reading and writing rooms, the white-tiled kitchen, the bath-rooms, and the rows of comfortable cubicles.

"Now" said the guide, as they returned to the street again, "You see the sorrows of the poor of London",

"Sorrows"! said the man on leave with a snort.
"Hardships! Privations! Why man that's luxury of the most disgusting sort. I've seen more hardship and privation, more beggary and destitution on the Western Front than London ever looked on".

X X X

Corporal of the Guards (Imperial): "Relief, left turn, to the Guard Room, dismiss".

Corporal of the guard (Canadian): "Beat it".

X X X

Company Commander of "Dry" Battalion now being formed in Ontario: "Line up for your lime juice men, before you go over the parapet".

x x x

Range Officer: "Why on earth can't you get on to the target"?

Recruit: "Please Sir, the rifle's too long for me",

x x x

Which one will have to interview the Paymaster? Officer: "Ignatz, what do we need for dinner?"

Ignatz (batman): "Sure Sir, an I've tripped on the bath mat this mornin' Sir, and we need a new set of dishes Sir".

# x x x SOME FINNS, WHAT!

It was muster parade, and the Sgt. Major was busy with No. 2 Co's roll call. Presently he reached the name of Finn, and having called out the name several times and received only one answer, he roared out: "How many Finns are there?".

A small voice replied "64423, Sir".

## SCOTCH MIST.

He stood for a moment with the air of dull, dazed, dejection, the wan and wistful expression of a man just back from leave.

"Every time I return from there, all I can remember is spires, and a mist, and long stretches of mohogany. The first morning I met all kind of officers, and remembering the latest Divisional prod about paying compliments, made them salute me by the simple expedient of saluting first. Later in the day, when the mist began to bother me, I saluted two door porters and a commissionaire, and when they kissed their hands to me, I quit".



Frightfulness

They were discussing German atrocities in the Signallers dug-out, and many and strange were the crimes laid at the door of the Hun. The starvation of prisoners, and the treatment of wounded, were recorded with a wealth

of detail of the most blood-curdling sort.

"Do you know what happened to a pal of mine"? asked one wearer of the crossed flags. "He was captured at Langemarck, wounded, and had his left eye removed without the aid of cosmetics".

"Yes" said another, and during the last Zeppelin raid they dropped insanitary bombs on a hospital".

## PREVENTION.

In those days, those bad old days when the gum-boot was few and far between, or e'er the shoe-pack had hit fair Flanders, it lay with Pte. Wood of the Bombers to discover, that to varnish his legs and put dubbin in his hair was the best method of keeping the weather out.

# X X X ADAPTABILITY.

Gordon got a white pudding the other day, all the way from Aberdeen. It had been through a train wreck, or cross-channel collision, but apart from a compound fracture of the pelt was otherwise all right. The directions said "Boil twenty minutes" but as that was plainly out of the question, the section fried it in anti-frostbite grease and—survived

x x x

Gitz-Rice is a pianist. So anyone will concede who ever listened to him drawing melody from the key-board. He is also a diplomat and a person of resource.

Some time ago he was entertaining an English battalion. For a start he slipped them a string of the syncopated stuff, rag-time of the raggiest sort. Applause was lavish. Then with the fatal ease of long practice, he pulled a solemn face and said: "Gentlemen, when I was last in London, I visited St. Pauls Cathedral. The venerable old pile seemed to breathe of peace and piety. With hushed step and bowed head I stole into a vacant seat. I shall now endeavour to give you an imitation of what I heard if you'll "stand for it". What he really meant to do, was to give them a series of musical gymnastics, chimes, that sort of thing.

To his surprise, at the words "if you'll stand for it", the Colonel rose and all the officers and men stood up. With admirable presence of mind, Gitz-Rice struck the opening chords of "Nearer My God To Thee" which he played through with tremendous expression.

The Colonel thanked him, saying it was "one of the most impressive things he had ever listened to".

### x x x

That barber—(beg pardon, Artiste de la Coiffure)—in "Pop" certainly has the art of the polite intimation down to a fine point. The first thing that catches your eye when you enter, is a placard "Should the Germans shell, we must go"

Rather a problem for the unfortunate party propped up in the chair, with only one side shaved, when the shells begin to fall,

Soap or safety. Shame or shrapnel.

v x x

A certain Private was seen going through a series of mysterious rites with a rifle and bayonet.

"What do you think you are doing?" he was asked.

"Bayonet exercise", was the indignant reply in cultured tones; "stabbing people you know".

### The Adventures of Ignatz Hump, Soldier and Batman too.

By R ATHER RAWTEN. (Continued)

Synopsis of Characters:

Ignatz Hump: Soldier: Hero: Batman: In love with—Marie Brillon: Once a lace-maker, now, by the cruel vicissitudes of war, barmaid in an estaminet, alsoheroine. Kind of stuck on Ignatz.

Old Man Brillon: Marie's father

Auguste: Belgian: Villian: Roadmender: Spy. Marie's cousin.

Other Accessories : Canadians : Soldiers : Human Beings.

They spilled over into his field dressing pouch. His smoke helmet satchel bulged with them. He stuck them into his boots and behind his ears and still they came. Finally, one disgrunted player stood up and said "Hump, you're a crook. I won't play any more with you, besides I'm broke".

One by one the men withdrew until finally Ignatz was left in sole possession of the hut—and the kale. He yawned, lit a rag in a tin of dubbin, as his candle was almost consumed, took off his boots, wound his watch, pillowed his head on his tobacco pouch and fell asleep with a smile of infinite content distorting his pale, proud face.

Far beyond the ridge flare lights glimmered and glowed. A distant machine-gun muttered at intervals. A very noisy battery in the edge of the wood uttered four distinct and awful whoops. The shells droned through the moist air to burst far over the German lines with the muffled tap of shrapnel. The night wind soughed and sighed through the trees. A nice, sociable rat pattered over the flour of the hut, selected a couple of fresh "fives" from Pte. Hump's off sock, detached some of his superabundant hair and made off with the finest upholstery material she had ever discovered in her whole rodentary life, and still Ignatz slept on. Dawn lightened in the east. The morning "strafe" rose and died away before the need of breakfast.

Ignatz stirred, swore a little, lit a half dead cigarette and began to think about getting up. Besides his officer had been shouting for shaving water for about half an hour and this almost convinced Ignatz that he would have to arise-soon. He did. He completed his toilet in two minutes "Ingersoll time" and lied a little to his superior. Then he got the shaving water. Considered simply as shaving water it was not wholly a success. It possessed many of the attributes of shaving water with the addition of a refreshing bouquet of farm yard, a generous sediment and the subtraction of the heat. The Exalted One protested vigorously and warmly, but Ignatz pointed out that he didn't make the water, that he didn't heat it, (which was perfectly true) and offered as an alternative to share the messtin of tea in which he himself was about to ablute. This offer was declined curtly and conclusively and Ignatz set about cooking the Exalted One's breakfast, a ceremony which called for care and originality. His task was to make one egg look like two—the other egg—the hig one, had, well—been commandeered for military purposes, a fact which must be kept from the Exalted One at all costs, fact which must be kept from the Exalted One at all costs, except going without. By an acrobatic feat known to few, and liberal surgery with a clasp knife, Pte. Hump attained the desired effect and presented the result to his unsuspecting superior, with the untroubled brow of conscious rectitude and expertness. The officer fed, (beg pardon breakfasted, only privates feed), and turning to Ignatz said, "Hump have something decent for lunch". "Very good Sir" said our hero clutching the twenty franc bill which lay amongst the litter of breakfast plates. (There wasn't really a litter of dishes, in fact there was only one dish, but it sounds ever so much better). so much better).

Having shaved and washed sketchily and with the utmost economy of labour, Ignatz cleaned his master's clothing and accourrements. The boots first, were soused in the horse pond, dried in the draught of the windmill, carefully dubbed with the butter issue, polished till they shone with a wisp of straw, and finished off with an old sock.

(To be Continued)

Then he attacked the tunic, wishing all the while that the Exalted One would buy leather buttons. There was no help for it however, so he cleaned these and the badges with his master's tooth-brush and powder.

Being free now to do the shopping. he made for the nearest Estaminet, as the Regimental Canteen was many weary leagues away and out of nearly everything. Thus it was that he trudged along the self same highway on the afore mentioned morning, careless, happy, and without premonition of the calamity which was about to befall him.

Ignatz was usually an observant man, but so engrossed was he with his good fortune that he failed to notice the black-browed, black-bearded, Belgian road-mender who trifled with a shovel, flirting with work for the Government at four francs per. He failed to notice that this person watched him, not with the apathetic indifference of the average native, but with a keen, close scrutiny. All unconscious of impending danger, Pte. Hump passed on, inhaling the soothing perfume of his 'Arf a Mo' with an untroubled spirit.

He reached the "Estaminet A la Frontière", pushed open the ricketty door, stole a glass someone had laid down for a moment, drained it, took it up to the counter to be replenished, and seeing none of his friends near, paid for it himself.

Our hero was a practised and discriminating imbiber of beer, but this Belgian stuff "got his goat". He swallowed it with the ease of long use and a shudder of distaste, called for another and thought about his shoping.

Then it was, at that fateful moment, his eye fell on Marie. There she stood sedate and calm, ladling out the "froth" at the rate of fully two quarts an hour, short-changing the dissolute soldiery with a dexterity demanding admiration.

In a past of some variety Ignatz had been a bar-tender in Vancouver. He knew all the tricks of the trade. He accepted all the perquisites offered by opportunity As he watched, his admiration grew and grew. Verily she was no novice. Thus had he done in by-gone times. He dilated with interest and beer. Ah! The lovely miracle was wrought. He was in love.

Shortly after, Marie became aware of a small, Canadian soldier who bought beer with imposing recklessness, and besought her to have 'one on him'. But Marie was cautious. Marie was prudent. Not for the penny stuff would she fall. It must be champagne or nothing. She intimated this with attractive indifference and he bought. Yes, he bought the genuine gooseberry, sealed up in elaborate tinfoil and full of fizz. He bought once; he bought twice; and then he thought about his shopping.

(To be Continued.)

### Answers to Correspondents.

Consoled.. Ah, yes. Casualties are sad aren't they? But as you say, they mean a rectified leave list.

Coincidence. Yes. "Ten nights in an Estaminet" was by the author of our grand new serial, R. Ather Rawten.

Mathematican. You ask: "If a light trench mortar crew at practice, firing dummy bombs, suffers two casualties in five minutes, how long will a crew last in real warfare"?

We have turned the matter over to our Statistics and Circulation manager, who promises an answer the day after peace breaks out.

James. No, the motto of our regiment is not "Hard Work and High Mortality". The very idea!

Nicotine. You guessed correctly. The reason a manhas to pass such a severe physical test to join the army, is because one must be a man of good physique in order to stand all the gift cigarettes handed around.

Roast Rocky Mountain Kids, "tough"? Nullement (7th Batt. Get me?)

But Revenons a nos moutons avec des petit pois a la shrapnel et la sauce Café Belge,

Mary had a little lamb-ent flame who subsequently married her. Marie Corelli.

### WHAT ABOUT SWEET STUFF?

Pêches Malba—I don't think. Charlotte Russes—ditto.

Portage Ave. Specials — I'scream Sundaes, Banana Splitz.

### BRING UP THE DRINKS-

French beer-under protest. Belgian beer ditto most emphatically.

The 5 per cent rule relaxed for a pyschological moment as we drink.

### YOUR HEALTH, SIR

And damned be he who first cries "Hold, enough".

(Macbeth) Shakespeare.

while here we give a certified version of the excellent MENU provided by our worthy hostesses.

### MENU

Potage Velouté

Hors d'œuvres variés

Tomates farcies

Escalopes de Veau à la Jardinière Poulets Rôtis Salade Pommée

> Galantine Truffée Gâteaux des Alliés

Fruits

Desserts

Vins et Liqueurs

Champagne Paul Ruinart 1907 (extra dry)
Whisky Ecossais

Porto

Pale Ale

Cigares Cigarettes

The following excellent programme was provided by the band of the 2nd Canadian Infantry Brigade ably led by Bandmaster T. W. James.

March	New York Hippodrome	Sousa
Overture	Southern Stars	Marhl
Valse	Destiny	Baynes
Selection	Geisha	Jones
Barcarolle	From Tales of Hoffman	Offenbach
Intermezzo	Laughing Eyes	Finck
Selection	To Night's the Night	Rubens
March Pack	up your troubles in your old K	it Bag

O Canada
The Maple Leaf
God Save The King

### The Toast.

The toast to "THE KING" was proposed by Colonel Rattray (Acting Brigadier) and Mr. Vice. Major Prower.

In proposing the health and success of Major General Lipsett, Col. Rattray ably expressed the sentiments of all present while in reply Major General Lipsett gave an excellent review of the history and work of the 1st Canadian Division (the 2nd Brigade in particular), from it's organization at Valcartier to the present time, interspersing his remarks with that unconscious wit and humour of which General Lipsett alone is a true master. The banquet came all too soon to a close at 11 p.m. (amid many and enthusiastic hand shakes) with three hearty cheers, and a tiger for General Lipsett and the singing of

GOD SAVE THE KING

P.A.Y.

To The First Anniversary.

Here's to the old "L P." boys!
Fill up your mess-tins and drink.
Toast with whatever is going.
Cocktails or printer's ink
It matters not, for we sure have got
The paper with lots of "pep",
And what is more we're game to the core
To try and sustain it's "rep".

Drink her down with a will boys,
And cut loose a home-run yell,
For our little shell-zone journal
Does more than words can tell.
It's moral tone has always shown
That it's clean from "A" to "Z",
And it's pages bring no desire to sing,
'You're far better off when you're dead'.

It steadies the shaken courage,
And makes things seem worth while.
It changes the pessimist's whining
Into the optimist's smile.
In "knock" and "boost" it has introduced
A spirit both manly and square.

It helps the whole bunch, for it's got the
It's a knock-out for Giant Despair.

It cheers the old folks at home, boys;
It's the essence of all that's grit.
It shows that Canada's soldiers
Can smile as they do their bit.
So once again, to the old refrain—
"Are we down hearted?" Never!
You and me, and the old "L. P."
And the Maple Leaf for ever.

Dvr. R. Williams, 1st Can. D. T.

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

(Continued)

46.—And for some days they did tarry there for the city was fair to look upon and the inhabitants hospitable and the henchmen did enjoy themselves muchly.

49.—And the band of our O. C did embark in the deed of night on the chariots that run on the rails of iron and steal out into the darkness as it where into a strange country.

50. - And as the dawn broke they arrived in the midst of a wilderness and did walk many leagues on the soles of their feet and many would fain rest by the wayside for they were weary and foot sore, but they stayed on for would they not soon come unto the promised land where the girls were fair to look upon and in multitudes.

51.—And when the sun was in the high noon they did come to a camp of many tents set out in a field of green and most fair to look upon but many hirelings did murmur, for there was no habitation around and the fair cities of our Mother's Country were many leagues distant and the chariots were few.

52.—And for twelve days and twelve nights did they revel in the sunshine, and on the verdant meadows, and did arise ere the sun appeared and do many curious exercises, and did fight many mighty battles the one band with the other, yet strangly withal, there were no casualties and the M. O. grew weary of looking for one upon whom to try his healing art.

53.—And on the thirteenth night the rains came, and there was much lamentation, for the grass lands became quag-mires, and many of the hirelings did swear mighty oaths and long fervently to be back in their little wooden huts where the sun goeth down.

54.—And there was one amongst the Rangers of the Mountains whom the henchmen of the seventh company had looked favourably upon, and made him to be the Sergeant of the Colours of their company. And he was of a swarthy visage like unto Satan and did swear strange and wondrous oaths with a gusto amazing; for he had lived many moons in the hot countries and partaken not wisely but too well of the curry and the chutney and other strange foods of these savage peoples.

55.—And at this time the S. M. went to the chief city of our Mother's Land to visit his little sister, and the Sgt. of the Colours of the seventh company was appointed to act in his stead.

56.—And at the holding of the Court of Justice of the O. C. on the next day, the madness of the suns of the hot country had come upon the swarthy one, and he removed the shoes from off his feet, and the socks walked voluntarily therefrom; and he profaned the presence of the O. C. by marching in the evil doers with the bare soles of his feet tramping in the mire. And many wondered at this strange scene for such a thing had not before been known in the history of our Mother's Service.

57.—And at this time he who was of a "smart" appearance and had been appointed to be Λ. Λ. in our O. C's band, did depart on a journey, and by the pressure of circumstances over which his control was much restricted, did fail to return.

58.—And at this time many amongst the hirelings of our O. C's band did write entreating letters to their kins folk that they might use for them much influence even unto obtaining for them positions as henchmen in our Mother's Service for they were weary of carrying the Oliver equipment of the hireling, and of the guard, and of the parties that labour, and desired that they too might wear the sword of the henchmen and spend the sixth and seventh days of each week in the fair cities where the girls smile sweetly on those of authority. And many were there who departed thus from our O. C's band.

59.—And our O. C. at this time made a speech unto the Chief Councellor and said "Of truth these wild hirelings of mine are tough like unto the western grizzly and will charge through anything like unto the Mad Bull Moose; yet do I much misdoubt me that should we tarry many moons in this place I shall have but the sorry remnants of a band with which to face the King's enemies, for behold even now they disappear daily and with much difficulty are again brought to the light of the day".

(To be continued).

### A Thought.

If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost;
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will.
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself, before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battle don't always go
To the stronger or faster man!
But so on or late the man thats wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

I.G.

### GOATS

"Goats", said a Transport man, "are the homeliest looking things that were ever created. I think the Almighty must have been kind of absent minded when He made them. There is something casual and unfinished looking about a goat. It has neither length, nor breadth, nor thickness. It just happens here and there. Yes, the decorative effect of of a goat is decidedly limited. Even a young goat is a horrible looking accident, but a big goat looks like a badly worn fur rug to a careful house-keeper, or a section of bald headed prairie to a mountaineer.

I suppose goats have their uses, but it always seems to me that a goat masquerading as a mascot is outside it's natural scheme of existence.

On long reflection, the only value that can be truthfully ascribed to a goat, is that it keeps the troops billeted nearby so busy, that they haven't time to brood over the other horrors of this awful war.

After a goat has gone through your pack, tried out your bed, inspected your rations, and exten your correspondence, you are apt to forget your private worries and concentrate on the goat.

Our goat is a harmless looking occurence, with a mild eye and an appealing voice, but don't be taken in by these trappings of innocence. That goat can make more trouble than a small cyclone."

"We've got two goats now" I reminded him.

"Oh, it's an awful war!" he moaned tragically and moved off.

"Truthful James".

# EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A REAL SOLDIER.

(Continued)

same portion of the anatomy that he was. How will he explain to a crowd of sympathizers, the reason a bullet caught him "there". They won't understand that when a man is creeping along a twelve inch trench and, like an ostrich keeping his head down, another portion of him (yes the part that got shot) is bound to show above the trench. And again, supposing a pretty nurse says "Where abouts is your wound". I don't like to put in my diary just where he did get wounded, but this I will say; If he sits down on anything harder than an air cushion during the next six months, he will remember that there is or has been a war on.

They brought up some good news with the rations Friday last night. We are going way back for a rest and we may get paid??? Let me see. If I behave myself for two more days I ought to draw a full pay this time. There's only one thing I'm a bit anxious about, and that's my burnt mess-tin. I wonder why it is, that when a real soldier loses or damages his mess-tin or equipment he gets soaked anything from one to five days pay. Yet, should a Fritz Minnewerffer blow it to smithereens he gets a brand new outfit free? I have an idea.

Last night was the very first time I was thankSaturday ful for being shelled. During the bombardment
I crept up behind my poor overworked, unsuspecting mess-tin; a few sharp jabs with my bayonet and
the deed was did. I can just imagine the look upon the Q.
M's face when I presented this mess-tin in exchange for a
new one,

"Shrapnel"?

"Yes Sir; high explosive".

"Why didn't you keep it in your dug-out"?

"There's no dug out in my crater Sir"?

"CRATER"?

"Yes Sir, advanced crater".

"Here's a new mess-tin, you don't need to bother getting an order".

(To be continued—maybe)

### THE NEW PIANO

(Exp.-My mother writes, "I have a new piano")

The days out here, are cold and drear But now they're somewhat better, Because my mother's lent fine cheer With a sweet, but simple letter.

She writes how all the boys and girls
Are with good pleasures keeping;
How Mary's hair is out of curls
And Mary sick with weeping.

How Mrs Jones has just popped in To have a cup of coffee, And Charlie slipped and cut his chin While eating hard rock toffee.

But best of all she writes me this,
"I've bought a new piano";
Which tells me mother's in her bliss,
And singing sweet soprano.

So what to me are bombs and guns, And thunder boomin' canno'; I cannot hear them, for there comes My mother's sweet soprano.

She's playin' as she used to play In days of eld and gladness, To while away the weary day, And overcome her sadness.

Oh! don't I wish the war were o'er
And I was back with mammy.
I'd sing and make the welkin ring
In every nook and cranny,
While she played ring-a-ding-a-ding
On her bran new pianny.

Jack Strand, 2nd Can. D.A.C.

### To Teetotallers.

Here we are in muddy Flanders,
Far from comforts and home cheer,
And it raises up our danders
Every now and then, to hear
How some "Billy Sunday" shirkers,
With their kill-joy faces glum,
Chase around as temperance workers
Making squeals about our rum.

Sure enough they want to stop it,

Claiming that it does no good,

Doubtless thinking that we mop it.

(Gee! I only wish we could).

But if they could see our faces,

Or imagine how it cheers,

When it hits the frozen places,

They'd be stricken dumb for years.

They'd be stricken dumb for years.

They don't know a thing about it,

Neither have they any right To even whisper much less shout it. Even if we did get tight,

Till they come and share the scrapping
At the side of fighting men,

Then they soon would stop their yapping, Never to commence again.

Let them stay at home and quibble
If it suits their line of graft.
Money talks so "Ish ka bibble",
Each man to his chosen craft,
We'll drink rum, and they "Peruna",
Name of hypocrites delight,

For it's plain that they would sooner Criticise,—than come and fight.

R. Williams, C. A. S. C.

### Sidelights,

Though we long for the land of the Maple,
Though we long for the mountains and trees;
Is it much wonder when living
In a land where it's mud to our knees?

We came with the keen hope of fighting
Our foes, to push them back from view,
But we find that it's nothing but trenches,
And little but work now to do.

Each day means more digging and cleaning,
The mud from a caved in old trench.
Every other day here it's raining,
Which means one continual drench.

We work at a job that is endless,

Till the sight of a shovel's enough
To make you curse at the training,

That at home was all a bluff.

We read in the papers of battles,
And of how victories are won;
But we seldom read about shovels
And, the digging that's continually done.

Give us credit, though sometimes we grumble, It's not what we figured to do; To fight with a pick and a shovel

And no other prospect in view.

Let us handle our rifle and bayonet,

Let us charge at the Huns in the way;

Let us charge at the Huns in the way; And we'll show that it beats picks and shovel, For we're eager to finish "The Day".

J. S. Cruickshanks.

This isn't exactly a war anecdote, but it's all in the game.

News Editor musingly, "Should there be a comma or a semi-colon after that last word?"

Pay Clerk, also some stenographer, "Let's have a semi-colon, we haven't had one for quite a while".