



PRINTED BY KIND PERMISSION OF LT-COL. W. F. GILSON, OFFICER COMMANDING 7th CANADIAN INFANTRY BATTALION

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N^o 20

BRITISH EX. FORCE, FRANCE, DEC. 10 1916

Price 1d.

SPECULATION

Most of us have had dealings in Real Estate at one time or another. Many of us have met fluent tongued orators, armed with a plan and a proposition, and have parted with our cash in exchange for experience. Not always of course, but sometimes.

Apparently there are men in the Canadian contingent, with whom land speculation has become such a habit, that even in the face of death and under the very eyes of the Hun, they must ply their persuasive trade.

Recently, when a certain battalion was « in », there were no dug-outs in the trenches, and one of the boys promptly pre-empted a hole under the parapet. From this neither threats nor entreaties could draw him.

As a habitation it was nothing to write home about. The decorations were done mainly in mud. Almost any building inspector would have condemned it on sight. It was neither safe nor sanitary, but at least it was a shelter of sorts from the weather and the « whiz-bang ».

Noticing this, a man with the speculator's eye offered two francs for the hole.

He knew the battalion was broke. He knew this particular private was an easy-going creature and a lover of the produce of Belgium, and yet, by reason of his disgusting wealth, he sought to purchase the ease and safety of a fellow soldier. For two paltry francs in Baillleul notes he induced him to endanger his health and imperil his limbs and his life. (Government property too).

The joke was on the speculator in the end, for no sooner had the transaction been completed, the papers signed, sealed and delivered, than the original owner of the hole in the wall collected the nicest « blighty » you ever saw, a « blighty » at once the delight and despair of the entire Medical Detail.

Shortly after the blighted one had been tied up and ticketed, the Germans blew up the whole trench.

So you see, it sometimes pays to sell on a rising market.

FLANDERS AS A HEALTH RESORT

« Flanders, as a health resort, has never been properly appreciated by a careless and superficial public ». This announcement, which recently appeared in a well-known London contemporary, contains a remarkable and obvious truth. After some experience of the health-giving properties of Belgian air at 2 a. m. on a stormy night, we are disposed to agree, and even to carry the statement a little further.

If you are bored and blasé ; if life, for you, has become a dull uninteresting round of distasteful duties ; if you desire fresh thrills and new excitements ; if you would feel the blood coursing madly through your veins ; if you yearn for a life of primitive simplicity uncontaminated by needless and hurtful luxury — join the army and come to Flanders. The stimulating effects of the crescendo whistle of approaching shrapnel are truly amazing. Fat men, family men, men whose lines were obviously laid for fire-side ease and domestic placidity, have been known to be stung to an astonishing activity at the sound ; to perform feats of strength and marvels of speed quite incomprehensible to the civilian. If you would fathom the secret of their sudden access of youthfulness, there is only one way — join the army.

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The wiring detail had just reached the shattered village, when the Hun began to plaster it with high explosive. Naturally the men hunted cover. There's no use stopping to argue with large lumps of cast-iron flying through the air. « Frenchy » got separated from the others and ran right into the Wiring Officer.

« Where are you going ? » the W. O. demanded. « I dunno, but I'm going pretty quick » answered « Frenchy ».

« Where are the other men ? » asked the officer. « Back there somewhere » said « Frenchy ».

« There's nothing to be scared about », said the W. O. « These are only a few « whiz-bangs ».

« Whiz-bang » barked « Frenchy » : « Whiz-bang, by damn, full-grow ! »



PRINTED TWICE MONTHLY (Huns permitting)  
and may be procured from the following agents  
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420 Strand, London, W. C., Eng.

**IN THE FIELD.** (note new address).  
Canteens of 5th, 7th, 8th, and 10th Canadian Inf.  
Battalions.  
Canteens most Canadian Corps Area.  
Army Canteens in Canadian Corps Area.  
Y. M. C. As. in " " "  
Soldiers Institute, Canadian Corps.

### EDITORIAL

« With thy musket on thy shoulder,  
Thou shalt prove who is the bolder,  
Ere the mountains are much older,  
Son of mine. »

(WILLIAM WALLACE).

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After an unavoidable break in the publication of « The Listening Post », (for which you can either thank or blame the Hun) we are once more in a position to carry on...

For the benefit of those who have lately come to us, we wish to point out that, during the past year, « The Listening Post » has become one of the most widely known soldiers' papers published at the front.

As we are dependent, for our existence, on the original literary contributions sent in, we appeal to all who can write or draw to send us their prose, poetry, or pen and ink sketches. Even if it is only the germ and gist of a joke, an odd situation, or an amusing incident, jot it down on any kind of paper and send it in, and so help us to make the paper worth while to ourselves, and an interesting souvenir for our friends at home.

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By voting three to one against Prohibition, British Columbian soldiers have shown that they will not welcome a dry reception on their return — unless it's an extra dry one.

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

(CONTINUED)

60. — And the Chief Counsellor harkened unto him and said « At the waning of the twelfth moon, thou and thy henchmen, and thy hirelings shal, move to the hill called of the « Lark » where the dwellings are of tin and of wood set out in the green fields, and where thou and thy band shall dwell in peace until such times as we go to face the King's enemies. »

61. — And our O. C's band being but simple souls from the far west, and not knowing of the treacherous nature of the earth of our Mother's country, believed these things.

62. — And in the middle of the twelfth month they moved to the huts of tin and the Sergeants and Corporals amongst the hirelings did abjure many that were of a slim and sprightly build, that they fall not through the cracks between the boards, and that they lean not upon the walls lest the structures should collapse and bury all within.

63. — And there were detailed daily many of

the parties that labour, for the Counsellors of our Mother's Service had decided that there should be built a road on which to run the chariots of steel, and promise the hirelings many shekels that they labour thereon.

64. — And the band of our O.C. did depart daily ere the sun was yet up and wield mightily of the pick and the shovel, for they knew not the craft and cunning of the Counsellors who watched furtively and were much pleased, and did say one unto the other ; « Behold, here is a band that labour mightily because they love it, verily in the days to come shall they fill many sand-bags in the lands beyond the sea ».

65. — And there was one among the hirelings that had been appointed to assist the Q. M. left to become a henchman in our Mother's Service and there was appointed in his place the Sergeant of the fire sticks that shoot forth the forked-lightning; and he was another who had served with much distinction in the sun countries, yet having abstained much from the curries and the chutneys was not afflicted with the sun madness so often as his swarthy comrade of the seventh company and to distinguish him he was known to all men as the R. Q. M. S.

66. — And the feast of the Christ was held at this time with much joy and cheering, and eating of the good things of the country, and the drinking of the waters of the northern parts of our Mother's Country.

67. — And when seven days had passed they did celebrate the birth of a new year with blowing of trumpets and bugles and with the wild music that kills from afar by the bands that were of the savage races, and say each unto the other « This is the year that we have waited for when we shall fight the King's enemies and march through the fair cities of our enemy's country even unto the chief city that is called Berlin ».

68. — And the Chief Counsellor of our Mother's Country did decree that all bands should have but four companies ; but that all may go across the seas did allow that two companies be put together and called one company.

69. — And they did further decree that the officer of the junior of the Majors being but an ornamentation and a burden to the tax payers should cease to exist, and the T. O. and the S. O. should be also of the henchmen of the companies and of the companies only four of the henchmen called subalterns should be allowed to each and that all other henchmen being surplus should be left in our Mother's Country.

70. — And the heart of the S. O. being sorely stricken that they took from him his horse and he could no longer chase the sunbeams he did leave the band of our O. C. to become a henchman in the Fusiliers of Our Mother's Country, even unto the 25th Battalion.

71. — And the P. M. having been appointed as A. A. was ordered also to be left behind.

72. — And the miners that mine the coal in the earth having returned by stealth in the dead of night to the O. C's band before leaving for the tin hut were welcomed with much joy.

73. — And the second and seventh companies were joined together and became N° 1, and the commander of the second company his second in command.

74. — And the first and third companies were joined likewise and to a henchman of the miners who wore the crowns of gilt upon his shoulders and had seen much service in the King's Armies was given the command ; and as his second in command the commander of the first company.

75. — And the fourth and fifth companies were joined to each other and became N° 3, and the commander thereof was he who had commanded the fifth company and the commander of the sixth company became his second in command.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

THE OLD TIMER

I met him in the gloaming dim
Where Poplars fringe the road.
I saw he sought for speech with me,
« Old man » said I, « Explode !
The estaminets are open, and all my pals within,
If thou wouldst have a word with me, then enter
and begin. »

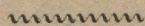
« My son » said he, and cried a few
Salt, scalding, bitter tears,
« I came not here in quest of mirth
Nor even for free beers.
I could a tale untold to thee would freeze thy
youthful blood,
Of happenings rare, when we came first to dwell
upon the « mud ».

I shoved my mess-tin o'er to him.
He took a mighty draught.
He lowered his face over the brim
And quaffed, and quaffed, and quaffed.
He hummed a « Bill ». He hummed a light, then
cleared his throat and spake —
« At Ypres, last year » — « Hold ! Hold ! » I cried,
« If you your thirst would slake.

At my expense, then can that stuff
Of « Ypres, last year » Old Son.
There's been a scrap or two since then,
And anyhow, that's done. »
He stuttered and he stared ; he swore ; he mutter-
ed and he groused
Of « Fresh, young guys who never saw no servi-
ce », and he roused

Himself to efforts new, and spoke
Of Festubert, of course,
Givenchy too, then Petit Douve.
(It was his last resource).
But all unheeding there I sat and drank my Bel-
gian ale,
For fifteen hundred times I'd heard that ancient,
hoary tale.

« Draft ».



German immigrants pouring in ; what about the alien act ?

More evidence of the criminal slackness
of our Government.

When is this reign of apathy to cease ?

(By our own special wheel-arrow service).

None of our valued contemporaries appear to have noticed that since the beginning of July there has been a constant influx of Germans into England.

Almost daily, large parties of them may be seen stepping off the boat at Southampton and passing thence into the very heart of Merrie England, and every one of them is a trained soldier.

Our moribund Government not only tolerates this thing, but even encourages it. These men are freely invited to occupy vast tracts of our richest park lands. Escorts are provided for them. They are conducted, free of charge, by Government officials to residences where whole colonies of them are housed and fed by our doddering and effete Legislature.

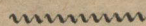
Even Members of Parliament look on at this iniquitous proceeding with satisfaction writ large on their smug features.

A remarkable thing about these aliens is, that many of them have resided for a considerable time in the Somme district of France. They are easily recognisable by their dress which is of one colour and pattern, and by the fact that they bring no luggage.

The Member of Parliament for Busseboom has been invited to question Premier Asquith on this strange and wanton violation of our laws for the exclusion of undesirables.

REGIMENTAL POETICAL REALITIES

- GENERAL'S INSPECTION. « The sunset of life gives me mystical lore.
And coming events cast their shadows before. »
- FARM-HOUSE BILLET. « I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls ».
- ORDERS. « Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new ».
- ESTAMINET. « I heard a voice, « Drink, pretty creature, drink ».
- Pipe Band. « Discords make the sweetest airs ».
- Salient. « My lodging is on the cold, cold ground and very hard is my fare ».
- Fare (Mulligan). « Little drops of water, little grains of sand ».
- Crump Holes. « 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view ».
- Stand To. « The stars that have most glory have no rest. »
« And like a lobster boiled, the morn.
From black to red began to turn. »
- Rum Issue. « Though lost to sight to memory dear. »
- Pleasures, Sports, etc. « Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink. »
« I counted two and seventy stanches, all well defined, and several stinks. »
- Keating's Powder Inspection. « Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there ! »
- Grousing. « And from the discontent of man the world's best progress springs. »
- Relief. « Each bullet has got its commission and when our times come we must go. »
« For this relief, much thanks. »
- A. S. C. « They also serve who only stand and wait. »
- In Blighty. « Danger well past, remembered, works delight. »



SOME SOUVENIR

The Boche very kindly left a large variety of mementoes in one of our trenches which he used, for a short time, in the excusable absence of its proper and permanent owners. These articles of vertu were for the most part, hardware and cutlery, although there were a few other souvenirs of a different and more perishable nature.

Everyone collected souvenirs. There were gas masks for ma-in-law, buttons for the baby, parcels from dear, old Wurtemberg for immediate consumption, suitable gifts of all sorts. They bulged out every private's pockets. They clanked and rattled against rifles. They hung suspended from equipment. Everywhere there were tokens of Fritz's attentiveness.

One officer picked up a mud encrusted bayonet of a strange and obsolete pattern, and carried it carefully out. Unhappily, on having the acid test applied at the billets, that is to say, after having been well and truly wiped on his batman's pants, it turned out to be a « Ross » bayonet.



An officer of the umpteenth battalion was horrified, on rounding the traverse, to find one of his men looking steadily over the parapet. « What are you doing there ? » he demanded. « Why don't you use the periscope ? » « Well, sir », the man replied, « the Germans have broken three periscopes on me already ».



A friend just back from a base town tells us the following anecdote illustrative of the touching bond of union between the Australian soldier and his officers.

Our informant was seated in an estaminet with an Australian corporal of police, when a Staff officer entered on his way to an office in the rear of the building. « Hullo ! Have a drink », said the Australian, breaking every known rule of military procedure by remaining seated. The officer declined the invitation and passed on. Turning to our friend the Australian remarked. « We' ve a pretty decent lot of officers. Yes, I'd buy almost any one of them a drink. »

He had reached the billet in the barn the night before, after a nerveracking spell in the front line and had tumbled in just as he was. In a few minutes his healthy snores filled the place, but his dreams were many and unpleasant.

Bright and early next morning, Mathilde, the hired girl, stepped out into the yard and blew a blast on the horn to summon the men to breakfast. Even stolid, Flemish Mathilde was astonished to see a scare-crow of a figure appear at the barn door, feverishly adjusting a smoke helmet and shouting. « Gas alarm, boys ! »

Two members of a London regiment went into a cafe for the purpose of surrounding a pay-day feed. As Madame had nothing but ham, they ordered accordingly. In due course they were served, but unfortunately the ham was rather « High ».

« My word, Bert. This 'am's 'igh, » said the first.

« It is 'igh 'am », his pal replied, « Tell the old lady, « you can speak French ».

« Madame », said the linguist, pointing to his plate. « Je suis, très Je suis ».



FIRST MORNING
12 MILE HIKE

A FEW DAYS REST



THAT LAST HALF MILE



FOLLOWING THE ATMOSPHERE
53 DO YOU EVER TRY WASHING
THEM



THERE USED THAT WHISTLE AGAIN



THAT NIGHT
PLEASE PAY ATTENTION DRESS FOR TOMORROW
FULL IN ORDER HAVENACK RATIONS BREAKFAST
WALKER TALK W L 30 WE DO T AGAIN
TO MORROW

He was scanning the manual with eager attention, but finally threw it down in disgust. « This thing's not complete », he growled, « Tells you how to salute when walking, riding, or driving, but don't say anything about what you're to do when you're pushing a perambulator. »

Joe Drumm says he would rather have a jar than a jolt, because there are quite a few jolts in a jar.

OUR PLAYET.

The Place : Piece of trench containing one Canadian « mud-brusher ».

The Time : Early fore-noon of pale and dismal day.

The Girl : There isn't any.

Minnenwerfer seen describing it's fatal arc towards Canadian m. b. who throws up his hands with an air of resignation and cries :

« Moses and Abraham, I'm comin' to you ».

CURTAIN.

How insidious is Canadian slang. The leader writers of even the more conservative London Dailies, are characterizing the present Allied push as « Som (m)e Offensive ».

Mercy Kamerad for the atrocity !

Private directing a friend to his billet :

« Go along the Rue d'Aveluy until you reach the Rue. Defense d'afficher. First turn on the right. »

1st box car passenger, as train slows down near station :

« Do we get off here ? »

2nd ditto :

« Certainly not, it isn't raining ».

Through the impulse of hunger a member of a recent draft was describing, in detail, the lavishness of the rations in barrack life in England.

Coughing violently an old timer gasped :

« Shut up or I'll swallow my gum ».

5th BATTALION COLUMN

The German War Machine.

The massive German War Machine won't work the way it should. From all reports we've heard and seen it isn't making good. They used to say « It's like a watch ». It's movement was sublime, but now it seems to be a botch, and it is losing time. It's partly manned by Turks obese, who of their Kultur shout. It creaks as though it needed grease. It's « king-bolt's » fallen out. This war machine the Germans made, it was their pride and joy, and then they longed in blood to wade with their expensive toy. They kept it standing in it's shed and longed for an alarm, « If 't isn't used » their Kaiser said » 'twill rust and lose it's charm. So let us watch and let us wait till someone throws a brick, and then our engine charged with fate will get there pretty quick. « The brick was thrown, a small affair that made a trifling sore ; « This is our chance beyond compare » then rose the Hunnish roar. Great Britain wished to heal the wound that errant brick had made, and France desired to wrap it round with linen, splints and braid, but Germany was fierce and mean for she had waited long to use her big, red war machine so wonderful and strong. Now manned by Turk and Bulgar it groans upon it's way. It's wheels are going under. It's mules are needing hay.

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1st Officer : « We've got a gem of a camp cook. Makes rhubarb pie on a home-made stove ».

2nd Officer : « That's nothing. We had stewed chicken last night, made out of maconachie ».

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The Estaminet was full — there were several reasons for this — the boys had just been paid — the beer was good and then there were attractions — a piano on which one of the boys was operating and extracting all kinds of forgotten rag-time tunes.

He was pleasing the crowd, that was evident from the constant invitations to have one — and the row of glasses on the music-box. And last but not least was Mademoiselle, who, the boys said, « Sure was some Jane ». The glasses were seldom empty and then only because it was difficult to get change.

A quiet looking Guy, whispered to Mademoiselle, « Any whisky » ? She answered « Na Poo — Fini — Police — Apres-la-Guerre ». Which translated means that there was nothing doing.

A fellow from the 5th on the opposite side of the table, laughed and said — « Might as well ask for a discharge, or three months leave to visit the Canary Islands, as ask for whisky in the joints. »

It's hard lines, but worse has happened to me, last winter for instance, in the trenches on one of those cold nights, — sleet, rain and about 1 A. M. frost — I was on sentry, feeling miserable and wondering why I hadn't joined the 59th Division of Canadians, or the Pay Office Corps in London, when along comes our officer and says « Sentry, the password tonight is Whisky ». I said — « What, sir ? » He repeated, « Whisky, W-h-i-s-k-y ! » That set me thinking how much I would like one — hot, or even cold — I could hear some one coming along the trench, particularly when he trod on a piece of bath-mat that wasn't there. I challenged — reply « Whisky » — « Pass Whisky. ». This set me wonderin' how much real whisky I would let pass — the brands — the whisky I would have on pass — the whisky I would have when my favourite baseball team won, or lost, or drew. I could go on all night, but if any of you fellows ever get to the officers, be more careful about pass-words. Give such ones as : « Tickler's Jam » ; or « Arf a mo ».

« Drink up, boys ! Madame ! Beer, toute suite. »

10th BATTALION COLUMN

SNIPE AND DUCK

Excellent shooting at a British Dug-out.

In one of the choicest localities in Northern France.

TO BE LET

(three minutes from the German trenches).

This attractive and well built dug-out, containing one reception kitchen bed room, and up to date « Funk hole » four feet by three feet. All modern conveniences including

GAS AND WATER.

This desirable residence stands one foot above water level, commanding an excellent view of the enemy trenches, excellent shooting (snipe and duck).

Particulars from the late tenant BASE HOSPITAL.

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A man can't tango all six nights in the week, and expect to compete with the other fellow who hits the feathers at 10 p. m. Moral — take advantage of the new Daylight Saving order and cut out the poker.

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In future any enemy Listening post captured will be painted any old colour will do — and sent by runner to the Corporal of the sand bag section for inspection, with a view to discovering the person or persons foolish enough to think of decorating NO. MANS LAND with posts.

What do they think No Mans land is anyhow ? A corral ?

~~~~~

We heard of someone the other day who sent home one of his original kakhi drill shirts to have some more made, and the reply came back. Your « fragment of France » received O. K. have put new shirts in hand.

Shades of Captain Bairnsfather.

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Can any for our readers inform us why the girls of Nottingham object to officers of the Bantam Battalion ?

Ever notice what « huge » loads those M. T. cars carry ?

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To officers, N.C.O's and men of the 2nd Brigade 1st Canadian Division. (Including Q. M. Stores staff and transport).

A grand social and dance will be given in or near Leicester Square at a date to be given later. Biscuits, bully beef and water will be provided free of charge when obtainable.

## PROGRAMME

Dances.

The machine gun glide.

Whiz bang two step.

Snipers trot.

H. E. Concussion twist.

Minenwerfer side step.

Interval for refreshments and music. Which will be provided by the world famed troupe The French 75s, ably assisted by the C. F. A.

The rifle grenade polka.

The trench mortar waltz.

The transport gallop.

The stretcher bearers goose step.

The 10th Battalion dug out double.

And fire works by Fritz.

Admission free. Provided each N. C. O. and man carries equipment, rifle, full complement of S. A. A. and two bombs.

No ladies admitted.

### THE ADVENTURES OF IGNATZ HUMP, SOLDIER AND BATMAN TOO.

By R. ATHER RAWTEN

- 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 — also heroine. Kind of stuck on Ignatz.
- Old Man Brillon :** Marie's father.
- Auguste :** Villain : Roadmender : Spy : Marie's cousin.
- Other Accessories :** Canadians : Soldiers : Human Beings.

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Half an hour after lunch time our hero strode into the billets, albeit with an unsteady step, and depositing a sand bag which chinked and gurgled, in his hut, drew out his purchases. These were a small tin of lobster, two of pork and beans, also small, a tin of pineapple, two packets of rolled oats, and a mass of damp, milk chocolate of obscure parentage. From these, eked out by the army ration, Ignatz prepared a recherche repast for the Exalted One which made the latter reflect, « some batman, if an obstinate beast ». The « chink » and the « gurgle » were naturally withheld. These belonged to our hero.

Having lunched thoroughly, the Exalted One leaned back with the satisfactory sigh of repelition, lit a cigarette, the gift of a maiden aunt, a good judge of worsted, and an excellent Christian, but not an expert in tobaccos. Then he thought about the money. « Hump » he shouted, « Sir » answered Ignatz, standing at attention as rigidly as his knees would permit. « How about that change » ? Our hero stared a moment uncomprehendingly, then pained amasement dawned on his freckled face. « To think that I, a batman of renown, should be asked a question so ridiculous » was in his mind. But the question had to be answered, Ignatz smiled faintly, and began : « Sir, as I reached the four corners, I was stopped by an R. M. P. who asked for my pass. I reached into my pocket and handed him what I thought was my pass. I never noticed the paper he gave me back. Later on, I found I'd given him your twenty franc note, and the paper he gave me was this here religious tract ».

Ignatz laid a grimy, pink, literary and evangelistic effort on the table, and continued ; « When I got to the Est-store I found out my mistake and ran back to the four corners only to find that the R. M. P. had been suddenly sent with his unit to keep order in a navy battalion near Bethune. So I bought your lunch out of my own pocket and hurried right back. Very sorry Sir. »

The Exalted One, who, as you will have observed, was of rather recent creation, and not very well versed in the etiquette of batting, pondered a moment, whistled a little, and finally said in a strained voice « all right Hump, you may go ».

« Home James » said our hero, beating it for his hut, for his eloquence had made him thirsty. Having carefully closed the door, he tore the tin-foil off his reserve stock and drained it to the final flicker. Then he smiled dizzily and lay down for his afternoon sleep as the Exalted One was dining out that evening.

Ignatz awakened as dewy eve was at its dewiest and strolled across to the neighbouring farm where he dined satisfactorily, if not elegantly, on three eggs, bread with a suggestion of butter and stewed chicory. He virtuously declined an invitation to play stud poker, and impelled by the dual urge of love and beer hied him for the « Estaminet A la Frontiere », it being now hard upon six o'clock.

Marie was there strangely enough, and she gave our hero a kind look and a gentle tap with her large and muscular hand which turned him

faint. He countered quickly however, and bought. Marie partook.

Ignatz was a little short on French, but he used such phrases as he had skilfully. Much meaning, great and tender stress may be put into the simple phrase « après la Guerre ». Every soldier knows it. Our hero rang all the changes on it. He sighed it. He spoke it. He crooned it. He shouted it. Every time there was a chance, every time the nightly hub-bub of the Estaminet died down for a moment, there was Ignatz with his little phrase. It was almost the only phrase he knew. His other one was « na poo » and it was not yet time to use that. So, every time Marie was able to rest from her labour of distributing beer, speciale, biere et stoot, Players, ginger bread, grenadine, citron and bad money, our hero uttered his little phrase.

Marie was touched. Such constancy deserved reward. She began to study her strange wooer closely. She found to her pleased astonishment that the alignment of his features was fair to middling, that his hair hung down picturesquely over the collar of his tunic, that he wore his smoke helmet with distinction. Already shewas aware that he had all kinds of kaie. All this had the effect of creating that impalpable nimbus of interest about our Ignatz, which is the sure precursor of love.

Marie, who, when she chose, could speak English much better than our hero, although her knowledge of Canadian slang and improper speech was not nearly so complete, said « you come my house tomorrow three oclock. You meet all my parents, then maybe — après la Guerre ». She then kissed Ignatz moistly on the left eyebrow and shooed him out.

In the Estaminet the mud stained heroes of the trenches, the R. F. A. and the A. S. C. were fighting their battles over again. Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy, Petit Pont. The quicker they drank the faster flew the bullets. Shrapnel hailed about them on every side. They took cover from our own guns. Ah ! It was terrible, terrible !

Ignatz was so overcome by the recent crisis in his emotions that he was unable to refute these base usurpers of the honours of his corps, as was his usual custom. Delirious with joy and dizzy with beer our hero tottered towards his hut. He was rounding the corner by the ruined cottage, when, « Crash ! » Something whizzed past his ear and struck with a terrific impact, on the cobbled road. Ignatz took cover with commendable promptitude and celerity. At the self-same moment a dark figure detached itself from the shadow of the cottage, and uttering a cry of rage, rushed off towards the village. Our hero crawled cautiously out of the ditch, dripping but undaunted. For a moment he stared after the fast receding figure of his would be assassin, running over in his mind all the men he owed money to, but without enlightenment. Then he examined the instrument of destruction. Oh, unbelievable base-ness ! Oh, crime without parallel ! Oh, anything else you like ! It was, it was a loaf of service bread.

Hump knew from it's out of date pattern that it was a 1915 loaf. He looked it over carefully for distinguishing marks, but apart from the obvious fact that it was quite dead, could form no conjecture as to it's previous owner. He rolled it, with an effort, to the road side, so as not to impede traffic, and went on his way pondering deeply.

So great was the turmoil of his emotions that he lost fifteen francs at « Black-jack » in a few minutes, and then, as he couldn't concentrate on the cards, threw in his hand and went to bed.

Next morning he paraded sick with shell-shock. The M. O. gave him the once over, listened to fully three syllables of his most alarming symptoms, and gave him three threes, being out of number nines. He was handed an M. and D. slip and told to efface himself.

(To be continued).

Mentioned in Despatches.

The « Dead Horse Corner Gazette », founded and edited by Pte R. W. Trowsdale of the 4th Battalion, has closed its career with the dispatch, for « Blighty », of its Editor. The latter was severely wounded in the thigh and hand during the operations on the Somme, and is now an inmate of the Edinburg War Hospital, at Bangour, near Edinburg, Scotland.

SOME JOB

Quite the latest thing in jobs, is « trench-warden ». This involves being an N. C. O. or man of the party detailed for the purpose. If you are lucky enough to be one of them, your duties consist of preventing anyone running away with the trench when you aren't looking; filling it in by day or night from sheer wanton-ness, or excessive and unnatural desire for hard work; preventing the surreptitious cook, the stealthy batman, or the unambitious private from dumping debris in it, and then pretending he thought it was a shell-hole, or refuse pit.

You are also called upon to discourage the thrifty, French farmer from planting potatoes or burying deceased relatives in it, and generally to see that it is kept like a trench, and not like a blooming flower garden, or merely accidental crack in the earth's surface.

Noted by the Censor

The two companies which were holding the line were blown into the air by the explosion of a mine, and they landed right in the German front line, which with great presence of mind they cleared with bombs and consolidated much to the discomfiture of the enemy.

SOME « SHUNS »

In an army of strength must strive to great length
To be governed with strict regulation.
Individual rights or free thinking, that might
Rupture unity in operation.
Individual logic, or socialogics
Must be crushed into cringing submission.
Obey without reason. To ponder is treason.
To the State and to those of Commission.

Brave men in command high respect do demand
From the « ranks » in correct salutation,
As is meet in inferiors when faced by superiors,
To show their intense admiration.
When the salute is given the private has striven
To offer a true demonstration.
The officer noting this hero love doting,
Returns some sign of acception.

These acknowledgements vary and almost invariably fail to fulfil expectation.
The « nose-pull » ; the « ear-scratch » ; the Staff's formal « cap-catch » ,
Are original stunts in formation.
There's the cane-flicking dude ; there's the cad that is rude ;
There's the nervous one out on probation ;
There's the unpleasant churl who'll pick up and hurl
His salute at you with indignation.

There's the « genteel » salute ; woe if you pollute
It with manners that lack in discretion.
From his social pedestal, his « ego » celestial
Regards you as life's crude excretion.
It's a listless salute with the bored « Oxford stoop »
Of a make-believe hero of fiction.
Perchance your fond glance finds a hole in his
pants —
Lack of funds ? Oh, no ! Saddle friction !

There's the one in a hurry that often doth bury,
With pain-piercing, flame-flashing friction,
A thumb in his eye, where-upon he doth fly
Into sulphurous, air-scorching diction.
There's the nod and the smile in the hail fellow
style

Of the « Padre's » benign benediction ;
It's a good friendly grin, proclaiming you kin
Regardless of rule or restriction.

Ye men of commission have Royal permission
To rule, but with consideration
For him whose vocation brings on subjugation.
Be kind to his prompt salutation.
All «Swanking» contortions and facial distortions
Of enlarging self admirations
Draw forth condemnation and vituperation
For the sad lack of co-operation.

« DUBBIN ».

« Sergeant, I can't sleep at night », said the private piteously.

« Just the man I want for guard », replied the unfeeling non-com.

At a Court-martial a sergeant-major was called on to give evidence as to the character of the accused. Being a little flustered and anxious to help the delinquent out, he forgot where he was for the moment and responded : « He is kind, affectionate, true ; an excellent husband and father ; a true friend in adversity ; ever ready to smooth the brow of sorrow ; to comfort the bereaved ; to weep with those who mourn, to rejoice with them that are glad ; in short « For he's a jolly good fel ». « That will do », « said the Adjutant, and the S. M. wonders why the accused got the limit.

Two wounded men were making their way down the communication-trench. The one in front, a « leg case », hobbling painfully along with the help of a stick, moved aside at the request of the other to let him past. As they drew abreast mutual recognition took place.

« Hullo ! Walter Stanley » said the man with the unhampered knee-action, « where are you hit ? »

« In the lower leg » said the other with animation ». So far as I can judge, the Gastrocnemius muscle has been almost entirely carried away. The ligaments of the limb are severely strained. I am positive both the Fibula and the Tibia are fractured, and I have grave doubts as to the condition of the Cartillage, Which — « Aw, have a heart ». said the other, « I'm feelin, tough, besides I'm in a hurry to get to the Dressing Station ».

As he rounded the traverse ahead, he could still hear Walter Stanley describing the exact nature of his injuries, with professional pride. « Education sure is a fine thing », mused the man with the burst of speed, « Now, that Walter Stanley, why he enjoys a wound ».

THE EMBRYO WARRIOR

For three whole days, nights ditto,
He'd slopped around in mud.
He'd dodged the dangerous flare-light
And shunned the horrid « dud ».
His buttons and his badges
Had shed their pristine sheen,
The boots he'd bought at Gamage's
Were very far from clean.
At 2 a. m. his plaint arose
Upon the chilly air
When routed from his snug repose :
« Why don't they stop the war ? »

SERIOUS TALKS TO SUBALTERNs

On « Tact ».

Tact is a hard-to-define quality that all officers (except the Adjutant) require to possess themselves of in large measure, to be able to handle troops on pay-day, live bombs, barbed wire entanglements at midnight and other such minor worries of the campaign.

Someone I believe, said that « tact is saying or doing the right thing in the right way at the right time », and much sadness that I have experienced in this hard, old world, compels me regretfully to believe in him.

Take the case of the « Celleries » for example, not having any tact I had attacked that venerable, old pile of ruins with a large working party of enthusiastic amateurs and carried it reverently brick by brick to a distant field in the forlorn hope that eventually I would get enough to build a palatial Headquarters. Then along comes « Pat ». You all know Pat, I guess, not one of those red-haired Irishmen that you are thinking of, who won't get married because he is kind of scared that home-rule would begin at home... No ! This Pat of ours is one of those off-coloured Scotsmen who refuse to wear a kilt because of their bow legs and the trouble of occasionally washing their knees ; the kind of hard-headed Scot that thinks so hard that he wears all the hair off the top of his head in early youth. Well, as I was saying, along comes Pat ; he just fixes the seventh brick from the bottom left corner with a cold, calculating, left eye and allows the other to roam around in a circle to the point of commencement, and Presto ! a hole in the ground with brick walls round it suddenly gets a tin roof ; a sudden knock with a revetting post at one of the side walls, and over it falls on the tin, and is immediately dignified by the title « detonating surface », and then as I rub the brick-dust from my eyes, there is Pat handing over the cutest, most fetching, little Headquarters you ever saw and receiving the plaudits of the multitude with that kind of half disdainful expression that appears to imply — « Oh this ? Why this is nothing, We do this sort of thing every morning before breakfast, just for exercise ». — That's fact.

Then of course, there's that other time with the Medical Officer when my love of a practical joke wouldn't let me use tact. It was one of those convivial, little gatherings in the cellar of Irish Farm, the only discordant note being our old friend the « Doc » who would persist in explaining, in ponderous medical terms, just how unhealthy the air of those delightful caverns was, owing to it's unusual dryness... After a while we managed to introduce sufficient of the proper kind of moisture into the atmosphere to suit even the Doc's taste, and then he decided that he wanted to go to the front line. Now I should explain here that for some time I had been cultivating the Doc, most carefully in the hope that, ere long, he would order me to be sent down to Nice, or one of those other pretty places for a long rest to recuperate my shattered nerves.

We started out from the farm in the dim light of a crescent moon and proceeded across the field past those little square holes where the Brits dug themselves in during the early days ; whilst we were learning to steal each other's rations, and the real value of week-end passes at Lark Hill Stepping warily I crossed on the narrow bank of earth between to of the grass covered holes and behind me followed the unsuspecting Doc..... Splash ! The next thing I saw was our old friend up to the shoulders in nice, clean water and his hat floating gently beside him. For one breathless, icy minute he was speechless and then the full torrent of his supply of sulphuric language churned up the water into clouds of steam and I fled, and as I ran his last parting wish that I might pick up a « stray » on my way down to the trench, and

the hundred and one horrible things that would happen to a certain wire stealing subaltern, should he come to a certain dressing station, convinced me that any hopes of rest cures I may have cherished from that direction must be given up forever... Wherefore once again lacked I tact.

If you visit bed 23 in N° 7 Stationary Hospital at — (I wasn't going to say where, really, Mr Censor) — you will find a poor, old wreck that was once a sprightly fellow of the Mechanical Transport section. He was a perfectly decent kid, and didn't mean any harm, but the sight of that company swinging along with set, stern faces to make a frontal attack in daylight, just sort of thrilled him, and he thought to cheer them up a little so just hummed to them that old refrain — « We don't want to lose you but we think you ought to go » Now he realises that a little tact is a priceless jewel.

It has just dawned on me, at this stage, that this effusion of mine isn't altogether tactful, and though I haven't really given you any sound advice yet — only samples of lack of it — the only hope I have of showing that I possess any tact is to stop right now.

IDDY UMPTY.

TO THE POPPY

Oh lovely poppy,
Living and sleeping in the shining fields
Why growest thou
In times like these, with silence and thy dream,
Thy red-lipped petals like the wine cup's rim
Are unto me a refuge and a balm,
Where I may drink and laugh at this world's sin
Unmindful of the wretch and wee of war.

Oh modest poppy
In thy living red I see a dream of hope
And life to come ;
For thou art growing in thy loveliness,
Upon the mound where Valour sleeps with Death
Beneath the cross that marks a hero's grave.

And Oh sweet poppy
As I mark his doom,
And read the cross, his number, and his line,
And think that as he died so must we die,
My heart is filled with sorrow and deep gloom.

But then dear flower
Whene'er I see thy bloom,
And hear thee saying « Life is Lord of Death »,
And watch thee growing in thy loveliness
All living red in Summer's beauteous breath,
A breathing peace and perfect blessedness
Comes stealing on my soul with strong repose ;
For he and I are like thee and the rose
That blows and dies, but, ever blows and blows.

J. H. STIRT,

2nd Can. D. A. C.

Two of our scouts who were wearing German caps, souvenirs of the recent fighting, were to their dismay, arrested by the battalion next-door, and had a deuce of a time proving an alibi.

Their innocence was eventually established, and their identities proved by sheer force of profanity.

You may fake an identity-disc and a pay-book, but army English, Canadian army English, can only be acquired through long experience and incessant practice.

After they had put on the third record, (you know the one) « Holy, sufferin, systematic... » the officer who was questioning them leaned weakly against the parados and said : « S'enough boys. Your characters are cleared. Go ! »