

Lt. Col. J. E. Leckie

THE BRAZIER

Passed by
The Chief Censor
First Canadian Division



Published by
permission of
Lt.-Col. J. E. Leckie, DSO

A Trench Journal printed at the Front by The Canadian Scottish for the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th Battalions, Third Infantry Brigade.

No. 3

BELGIUM, MAY 20, 1916

PRICE 2d

THE 48TH OF CANADA STILL GOING STRONG

It is fifteen months since the 48th (15th Batt., C.E.F.) landed in France. To anyone who saw the remains of the battalion, the morning after its march out of Ypres just a year ago, and gazed on the weary, dirty, bearded battle-worn men who constituted all that was left of the 48th in France, it must have seemed that the regiment was shattered beyond repair. The new drafts which within a few days swelled the depleted ranks to something approaching normal size, excellent in themselves did not seem likely to conduce to the unity of the regiment, coming as they did from all parts of Canada. There were strange sights behind the pipers as we marched to Festubert of killed men with service caps and bal-moralled men in trows, and of many who were straight infantry in all their dress, with never a touch of the Highlander about them.

In the long succeeding months of trench work, however, with the excellent if sometimes trying variety of experience that the Third Brigade was fortunate enough to obtain, all those small differences were wiped out.

Now in spite of the addition of many new drafts and of numerous changes in the personnel of the officers, instead of being weary and dispirited after long service at the front the 48th is fresher than ever, consolidated and unified with a strong regimental spirit. It is not now quite so much the 48th Toronto, but it is the 48th of Canada and Flanders—a battalion with an enviable war record and a war spirit.

STILL AT THE FRONT



Members of the 91st Regiment, Canadian Highlanders of Hamilton, in The Canadian Scottish

For all this we have to thank in the first place the non-commissioned officers and men, both of the new drafts and of the old regiment, for the splendid manner in which they have put aside everything personal and worked together for the credit and honour of the 48th. The many new officers who came out a year ago generously threw
(Continued on Page Eight)

ROYAL MONTREAL REGT HOLDS FIELD DAY

Showery weather did not mar the field day given by the 14th Battalion, Royal Montreal Regiment, on the afternoon of the 8th inst. Though old Jupiter Pluvius tried his best to dampen the spirits of the contestants, he was unsuccessful and the various events were run off without a hitch. There was a large attendance of spectators, including Lt.-Gen. Sir Edwin Alderson, K.C.B., and several officers from the 3rd Brigade staff and battalions. The band of the 2nd Infantry Brigade rendered an excellent programme that was greatly appreciated and added to the pleasure of the afternoon.

A well contested game of soccer resulted in the eleven of the Grenadier Guards winning from the 14th by a score of 1-0.

Several good boxing bouts were staged including lightweight, welterweight and heavyweight events, and the exhibitions of the manly art provided clean sport. In the lightweight class Pte. Jones gained the decision over Pte. Norman, both of the 14th, after three well contested rounds. The
(Continued on Page Eight)

NO 2 COY NOTES

(By R.M.B.)

The Huns did not forget to shell "Hell's Corner" when the company was going round the bend of the road. The spot is appropriately named, but what about the boys who fell into the ditch? Some cover!

The Sanitary man of No. 7 Platoon has become quite famous. In fact a poem has been composed about him. However, Wilfrid is not a Prussian.

Who is the N.C.O. who sports the Cameron tartan in his cap? Could he not get a piece of Seaforth ribbon? Probably he is waiting until he gets a Seaforth kilt.

Who was the private who was paraded before the company officer to ask if he could obtain a pass to St. Julian? He was told by the O.C. he could have a pass but whether the sentries would let him go through was another thing—as the burg has been in the hands of the Germans for about a year. "Oh, Sir," replied the applicant, "Third Brigade headquarters was there." "Quite true," replied the officer, "but it is not there now."

The Y.M.C.A. representative paid a high compliment to the talent at the battalion concert at Pop. on the 14th inst. The company was well represented on the programme.

GOSSIP OF NO. 3

[By C. S. C.]

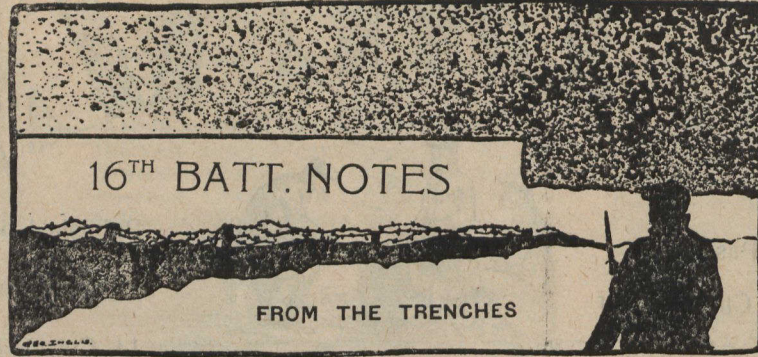
The company most heartily welcome Lieut. D. Bell on his return from sick leave. Long may his "Lum reek and gum boil!"

What the blazes is it? A soup plate? No! What then?—No, no, never! it hasn't got a handle and besides it isn't big enough. Well, we should worry, there will only be the usual one or two to go round.

C.S.M. J. Smith has again returned to the fold. We are very glad to record the glowing reports of his abilities as an instructor.

(We regret to state that Jim has been wounded, but hope he is now in "Blighty."—Editor.)

It was with the deepest regret that his old platoon heard the sad news that Sergt. Neal had lost one of his limbs. Poisoning set in and contradicted the first good reports of his progress. Using his own cheery words, "The stump is doing well."



There was a fat lady of Metren

(Remainder Censored)

Who told you that? A parson!
Which sky-pilot? Well! Well!

WITH NO 4 COMPANY

(By A.W.)

Who is Snakey?
Has anyone seen Kelly?
Any mail? Ask Pte. Wattie
Pte.: "Have you any Cameron kilts?"

Sergeant: "Ye weren't sae anxious tae get a Cameron kilt in 1914."

R.S.M., R.Q.M.S., Pioneer Sergeant, Transport Sergeant, Pay Sergeant, Pipe Sergeant, Orderly Room Sergeant and Sergeant Master Cook. Any more wanted from the company for the staff?

Scene, Givenchy. Platoon sergeant to sentry looking through the periscope: "Is everything quiet?"

Sentry: "Bejabbers, the Germans have been busy last night and dug a trench within 25 yards of ours."

Sergeant: "About turn. You're looking at our own lines." (And he still plays fitba.)

Who is the battalion orderly who delivered a message "With the Orderly Room's congratulations." Did he mean "compliments"?

AMPOULES

(By C.C.)

Blighty tickets via this department seem to be very popular and we notice that some of the boys are making their third trip out to France. These lads are certainly not conscientious objectors!

A more expressive tongue than Esperanto was used on Two Metres when he dropped the bottle of soda water on the road. In fact the flow

rivalled the soda water for strength.

The section has lost the services of two fine workers in Olie Bjornsfelt and Geordie Blair, both of whom were hit while attending wounded under shell fire. George, who was one of the most popular men in the battalion, has been "mentioned." At the last lecture Captain Rice, M.O., took occasion to tell the section how proud he

was of their work.

That was a happy "pipe of peace" Major Canon Scott presented to the section. The "smokes" and the kindly sentiment accompanying same were both appreciated.

Here's to ye, Sergt. McNeill. May your troubles be only little ones, is the hearty wish of the section.

"Bunty" Sutherland, formerly of the Medicals, is now with the Third Field Ambulance and is quite at home handling the lines.

[Pte. C. C. Johnstone, an original member of The Canadian Scottish, who contributed the above notes, has made the great sacrifice. "C.C." as he was affectionately called, was one of the most popular men in the Medical Section and his loss is keenly felt by his comrades.—Editor.]

BATMEN FOREGATHER

Life was made merry and our petty troubles forgotten on the evening of April 13. It was a joyous occasion that will long be remembered by the thirty odd officer's batmen and cooks who foregathered at a certain estaminet in P—. Taking advantage of the battalion being out in reserve and the necessary permission having been granted by the O.C., the boys under chairmanship of Corpl. Walter Fail had "some" time. A supper followed by a concert and dance produced the right get-together spirit. The catering was in the able hands of "Old Man" McMillan, who did the boys proud. A committee consisting of Ptes. Bellamy, Ridley and McPherson ably assisted. The services of a Belgian stringed orchestra, together with a piano, were requisitioned and following an impromptu concert, in which Pte. Jimmy (Ginger) Smith distinguished himself, the boys danced to the wee sma' hours; and mademoiselle was there, too, with the light fantastic.

During the course of the evening Captain Heakes presented a message from Col. Leckie, and Captain Browne and Lieut. Armstrong enjoyed the concert. As the officers departed Mme. was overheard to whisper: "Le Capitaine danse tres bien."

REGIMENTAL POT POURRI



Lieut. J. M. McEachern has joined the battalion from the Third Brigade Machine Gun Company.

Lieut. P. M. Brassey and Lieut. W. Donald have been appointed to the Third Brigade Machine Gun Company.

Ptes A. T. Smith, of No. 4, and E. Williams, of the Machine Gun company, and Corpl. C. B. Wilson, of the Grenades, are in England to qualify for commissions.

On behalf of the Prince Rupert boys in the battalion Major Peck requests The Brazier to extend thanks to the Helping Hand Society and Mr. R. M. McIntosh for comforts supplied, including pipes, tobacco, cigarettes, socks, etc.

Lost—A Bombing School. Finder will please report to the Intelligence Section.

Pte. Arthur Collison of the Grenades has left for England to qualify for a commission in the 3rd Durham Light Infantry.

Sergt. Tommy Ibbotson is now 2nd Lieut. Thomas Ibbotson of the 10th Leicesters.

On the eve of his promotion to a commission Kerr Wilson, formerly of the Grenades, was killed in the trenches. He was an old Victoria boy and came across with the first contingent.

Corpl. Dan McGregor of No. 1 Co., for some time attached to the 3rd Tunneling Company of the engineers, is slated for deserved promotion to be sergeant.

Sergt. Munro, the genial manager of the Canadian Soldiers' Institute, is unfortunately laid up in hospital as the result of a sprained back.

Lieut. P. M. R. Wallis, of No. 1, has been promoted to captain.

Sergt. F. Chisholm, of No. 4, has returned to Winnipeg to accept a commission in the 179th Battalion.

Lieut. J. R. McClure is now attached to 17th Reserve Battalion at East Sandling with rank of captain, and Lieut. G. E. Gibson is attached to the same battalion.

Lieut. H. A. Duncan is welcomed back to the battalion after an absence of some months. He was one of the original "Harry Lauders" and was all through Ypres and Festubert.

Major Frank Morison, D.S.O., has been appointed Chief Compensation Officer at Shorncliffe.

Ptes. H. H. Findley and W. Gregory of the Grenade Section received the commanding officers thanks in battalion orders and a vote of thanks from the Royal Flying Corps besides an eight days' furlough for their resourcefulness in rescuing the bodies of Lt.-Col. Lewis and Capt. Gage, R.F.C., embeded in a wrecked aeroplane lying in "No Man's Land." Ten other bombers were also thanked in orders for their assistance in the daring enterprise.



Tommy, going on leave, to the lady in the refreshment booth at Boulogne: "Madame, doo cafay, seel voo play. Compree?" (And the lady doing her "bit" for the soldiers, "compreed").

During the period the 16th were in division reserve billeted in town an excellent concert was held at the Y. M. C. A. headquarters under the management of Lieut. M. J. Mason, capably assisted by Sergt. Buchan. Not the least pleasing feature of the evening was Colonel Leckie's singing of "Alouette" in which the house joined enthusiastically in the chorus.

WHAT THE BOYS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Are moustaches a la Chaplin the regulation style?

Why did Blank File ask Nigger for a glass of beer and what was the answer?

Who was the gallant young officer

who having returned from leave, wrote to a beautiful actress, but his ardent missive was returned unopened, endorsed "Address unknown"?

Who was the successful female impersonator who brought down the house to the joyful chorus of "Who's Your Lady Friend" when she (?) sat upon the Canon's knee, at the recent sing song?

Is it true that in a certain Western Canadian city the O.C. of a newly formed Highland regiment issued orders that the men were to carry umbrellas at a parade on account of the inclemency of the weather?

Who was the corporal who stole the honey from one of a sextette of Belgian beauties on the Rue de Cassell and then beat a hasty retreat because he saw the stern visage of his C.S.M.?

Who was the C.S.M. who got stung? Did he think he could make a hit with the lady because he had a sergeant in his company who could speak French?

If the Athletic Committee could not raise the wind to equip the football team with proper boots? Certainly champions deserve the best.

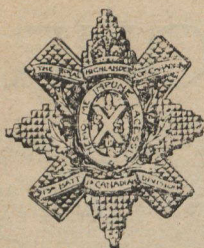
Big Joe McGan easily holds the honors as a marathon sprinter these strenuous days. In a three-mile dash, chasing the tail end of a limber, the effect of a liberal supply of H.E.s accentuated the record performance, to the amusement of the eye-witnesses. For weight and age Joe is some lollapalooza on his pedal extremities.

The thanks of the Medical Section are due to The Woo'gathers Club, 896 Bathurst Street, Toronto, for a splendid gift of knitted socks.

Pte. D. M. Mackay, formerly of No. 3 Coy., is now a first class warrant officer of the First Canadian Divisional Ordnance.

Miss Lena Ashwell and her clever company entertained recently a large gathering of Canadians at the headquarters Y.M.C.A. branch.

Corpl. P. T. Burke of the Medical Section has gone to "Blighty" to qualify for a commission.



13TH BATT. SECTION

IN MEMORIAM

CAPT GILBERT DONALD MCGIBBON

Killed in Action 19.4.16

LIEUT CLIFTON MILLBANK HORSEY

Killed in Action 22.4.16

LIEUT J. CURSON MORROW

3rd Field Coy., (late R.H.C.)

Killed in Action 26.4.16

LIEUT ARTHUR NEVILLE PEERLESS

2nd Can. Batt. (late R.H.C.)

Killed in Action 29.4.16

LANCE-EDITORIAL

That is all we are allowed to write, not yet having been gazetted to full Editorial Rank. It is commonly supposed that an editor (Lance-Editors are the same only more so) has a devil of a time making copy. Not at all. All he does is to sit in a stylishly upholstered dug-out and write an article once every so often, ringing the changes on the remark: "We want copy, please be good enough to contribute." Then if it doesn't turn up he writes a few things himself. We therefore pray and beseech you, as many as are able to read: "We want copy, please be good enough to contribute." —THE LANCE-EDITOR.

FOOTBALL

We were recently able to pull off a match with the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards. The game was spoiled by a very high wind, but some good football was seen and our team showed wonderful combination considering it was the first time they had appeared together for some two months. The outstanding feature of the game, apart from the jubilation of

our linesman, was the splendid performance of Jones at centre-forward, well assisted by Clarke. Allen was easily the best half on the field.

R.H.C., 5; Coldstreams, 1.

Goals by Clarke (2) Jones (2) and Somerville.

Team: Caine; Smith, Gaffney; Sergt. Murdock, Allen, Davidson; Corpl Milne, Somerville, Jones, Clarke, Young.

The following day we played the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards. The line-up was much the same as the day before, Corpl. Dickerson replacing Davidson at left half, and the forward line being Sergt. Anderson, Somerville, Corpl. Milne, Clarke and Burrows. The Grenadiers showed much better condition and combination than our opponents of the previous day, and although the wind was still troublesome, a very hard and fast game resulted. Caine in goal was excellent, as was Clarke in the forward line. Smith did good work at full back, but was uncertain. We were fortunate in getting a goal from a free kick, while the Grenadiers got a lucky one from a corner.

Grenadiers, 1; R.H.C., 1.

Goal by Somerville.

The next morning we played off for the championship of the Brigade with the 16th Battalion, The Canadian Scottish. Our team was the same as against the Coldstream and were unfortunately tired and our opponents showed superior combination. The better team won.

Canadian Scottish, 3; R.H.C., 0.

We regret that Jones has since been dangerously wounded, but congratulate Davidson on a beautiful Blightie.

ROUNDEL

In regretful memory of Peaceful Ploegstreet where the following inscription appeared in a trench:

"Fritz snipes on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and can't shoot worth a damn; Otto shoots on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and is a son of a ———."

When Otto tries to get your bean
The death rate's liable to rise;
It's somewhat risky being seen
When Otto tries.

On Fritz's days you're all serene,
For Fritz can't hit you if he tries;
He's nothing but a "might-have-been."

One day they'll change and that will mean

Some guy will get a rude surprise.
Don't decorate the sylvan scene
When Otto tries.

BRIEF ESSAYS ON UNPOPULAR SUBJECTS

I. WORKING PARTIES

"This is indeed a bloody business."—Macbeth, Act IV., Sc. 1.

Although working parties are now recognised throughout the Expeditionary Force as the solution of the great physical training question, the weekly schedule is still drawn up by the D.A.D.P.J.*

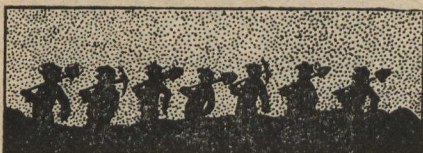
For purposes of classification these parties are usually divided as follows: (a) The Hare and Hounds class, (b) The Obstacle Race class, (c) The Belgian-Walking-Tour class. It is unusual for any battalion to draw more than seven of one class or ten in all for the same night, but there is no regulation to the contrary.

The "Hare and Hounds" is by far the largest class probably embracing 70 per cent of all working parties on the Western Front.** As the name denotes, the object of a party in this class is to find something, the something usually being a person, probably an engineer. He is the Hare and the infantry working party are, of course, the Hounds. It is not generally known what a large number of Field Companies are now out here, but the D.A.D.P.J. knows, and realizes how many Engineers must inevitably be constantly getting lost. A working party is therefore detailed to proceed to a place where it is thought likely that some engineer might have been last seen. This is called the meeting point. Sometimes another point is given, usually some spot in the front or support trenches, where a little digging is not likely to damage the defences sufficiently to render them dangerous. The object of the party is to find the engineer.

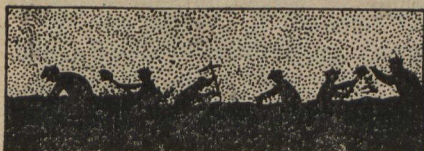
* Deputy-Assistant-Director of Practical Jokes (not Physical Jerks).

** Up to and including August 27, 1915, when last figures were issued.

They may look anywhere except between these points and if he is found within one and three-quarter hours he may be prevailed upon to allow the hares to do a little digging, provided they can find shovels. If unsuccessful, the search party will proceed home and the officer will be prepared to explain in writing next morning (a) Why he was not at some other point not specified, (b) What time it was that he was not there, (c) Who told him to go home, and why?



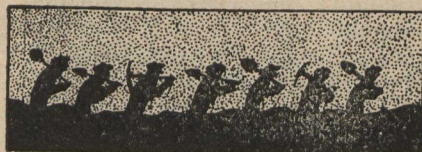
The next in importance is the Obstacle Race class. Parties under this heading are usually called for relief nights or when ration parties are working. The idea is simple and appeals to the youngest as to the oldest soldier out here. A team of say a hundred, armed with "I" beams, dug-out frames or some such light weapon, are lined up at one end of a narrow gauge track or narrow communication trench. Similarly posted at the other end, imagine a relieving company in full marching order. At a given signal both parties start off towards each other. The winning team is naturally the one that can push most of the opposing side off the course. Here is where condition tells. Incidentally, it is by standing within earshot of the meeting point that Sergt.-Majors acquire their wonderful command of language. This is a very popular party with the engineers and invariably crowded with interest and incident, particularly on a muddy night or when shelling is in progress.



The Walking Tour class is daily achieving a greater vogue and calls for no explanation; it's name is sufficient. Most parties will be found to come under one of the above heads. Sometimes, however, it occurs that a party is called for some actual work,

though these occasions are rare, as it is naturally not often possible to arrange to have our parapet destroyed by the enemy on the same day as we are scheduled to repair it. But it can be done. In conclusion, Lionel Moncton wrote nothing truer than:

There's a part of the line, close to Hill 59
Where the troops are all working like niggers
With both shovel and pick, till they're pretty
well sick
Of eternal employment as diggers;
Both by day and by night, if we don't have to
fight,
You will find us parading with tools!
If the spade gets too hot, with the friction,
what! what!!
We reluctantly wait till it cools.
Peace, Peace, O, for some Peace!
Digging trenches you may think a sin;
But the day will yet be when we'll chortle with
glee
As we watch poor old Fritz fill them in.



MACHINE GUN PATTERN (3rd Brigade Machine Gun Coy.)

(By W.E.K.)

The Song of the Colt: I sow not,
neither do I spin; yet the No. 2
feedeth me.

The Quarter-master doesn't believe
in "jams"—pass the bully!

Q.M. to Sergeant rummaging round
the stores: "What are you looking
for?"

Sergeant: "Nothing!"

Q.M.: "Did ye expect to find it in
the rum jar?"

Six a.m. and all is well. Then rise with speed
and grace,
Beat it for the nearest creek and wash your
dirty face,
Shave away the whiskers, clean your Gat as
well,
Get you out on first parade or else there will
be ———.

Sky Pilot reading his text: "What
shall a man do to be saved?"

Voice from the ranks: "Keep your
head down naughty boy!"

M 13 TO M 174 (INCLUSIVE)

*Dedicated without permission to the Adjutant, 13th Canadian Battalion,
The Royal Highlanders of Canada*

What makes the sniper's heart to break, what makes him to perspire?
It isn't carrying sacks of coal to stoke his dug-out fire;
It isn't packing leather coats and other airy trifles
Like sheepskins, blankets, waterproofs; it's humping two d — d rifles.

Oh! the telescopic rifle with its telescopic sight
For telescopic slaughter may be perfectly all right;
But the sniper quickly finds that its a blessing somewhat mixed
When he has to hump another gun, whose bayonet can be fixed.

What makes the sniper lose his sleep when he gets back to camp?
It isn't leaky roofs which make his blankets rather damp,
Or even draughty floors or rats; he lies awake at nights
Lest some belated reveller busts his telescopic sight.

Oh! the telescopic rifle! Oh! the telescopic gun
As a weapon of precision is a terror to the Hun;
But the sights are somewhat fragile and the sniper's health soon fails
From the strain the care of telescopic rifle sights entails.

What makes the Os.C. Companies grow old before their time?
It isn't fruitless efforts to get creosol or lime,
Or vain indents for dug-out frames, bath mats or such mere trifles;
It's reiterated queries about telescopic rifles.

Oh! the telescopic rifle how it keeps the wires hot:
"Please report how many telescopic rifles you have got."
We keep a printed form now which we always answer back:
"We haven't any telescopic rifles A.A.A."

SPORTING PAGE

With the return of the warm sunny days and long evenings athletic sports and contests as a means of recreation during the period when the troops are back in billets or rest camps are to the fore. Baseball enthusiasts are looking for paraphernalia; the followers of Canada's national game want lacrosse sticks; the soccer man demands proper shoes to add to his equipment; the cricketer must have his trappings and even the devotee of the ancient and honorable game of archery is not to be overlooked. The sporting instinct of the Canadian on active service is not to be denied even at the front, so committees are now in process of formation, seeking funds and equipment. Many appeals have gone forth to the Y.M.C.A. and kindred associations and soon our needs in this line will be supplied.

BRIGADE SOCCER FINAL

(By G.N.)

Superior playing in every department of the game gave the Sixteenth team a 3 to 0 victory over the Thirteenth eleven in the final soccer game for the Third Canadian Infantry Brigade championship on April 15. A splendid and enthusiastic attendance witnessed the closing league match, which was replete with close play. The 16th losing the toss of the coin kicked off against a very strong wind and quickly made the acquaintance of the Montrealers defence. After some give and take play the 16th forwards ably assisted by their half-backs, started a good combination run which ended by McMurdy beating the goalkeeper's hands up. This was followed shortly after by one from centre-Sharock. There was some very good football shown in this half by both sides; though the wind was troublesome and the ball hard to control. The second half started with a determined rush by the 13th forwards, but they were speedily given the turn-about by our defence, which were not to be caught napping. After about twenty minutes play McMurdy sent in one of his surprise shots, counting his second goal and third for his side, ending the score for game. The whole of the 16th team did what was expected of them and worked well, though no one thought their opponents would have

been kalsomined so completely. The 13th goalkeeper had little chance with the shots that beat him. Their right back was a splendid player, the best on their team, as he saved them time after time when all seemed lost. Their half-backs were set a stiff job to hold our forward line and as for their forwards, they were up against a very hard proposition which they failed to solve, and any chance they did get to shoot they finished poorly. Taking the game all through it was characteristically fast and clean and was successfully handled by the sergeant of the Scots Guards.

The 16th team lined up as follows: Goal, Ritchie; backs, Welsh and Wearmouth; half-backs, Warrick, Reddihough (captain) and Gregory; forwards, Taylor, Gordon, Sharock, McMurdy and McPherson.

14TH VS 16TH BATTALION

This delayed game was played off on April 14 and resulted in a closely contested exhibition of footer, resulting in the 16th gathering in a victory by 2 to 0. The two goals were obtained in the first half, when the best play was witnessed in the combination work and backing up of the Canadian Scottish players, notwithstanding a very strong wind which was giving both sides trouble in controlling the ball. The team lined up as follows: Ritchie; Welsh and Wearmouth; Barrie, Reddihough, Warrick; Taylor, Gordon, Sharock, McMurdy and McCulloch.

INDOOR BASEBALL

During the period the Third Brigade was back in rest indoor baseball was largely in vogue, pending the receipt of equipment for the real game. Teams composed of officers and men of the 16th played several matches and a

game between the officers of the 16th and 13th resulted in the Montrealers winning handily. The form shown by the commissioned ranks is classy.

COMMODIOUS PREMISES

With characteristic enterprise and insight into the needs of the troops comprised in the Third Canadian Infantry Brigade, whom Capt. W. Finland the popular Y. M. C. A. officer, looks after, it took but a few minutes for the Canadian representative to complete negotiations for the purchase of the Y. M. C. A. hut, canteen and stock from the British official at D — — — h Camp and to resume business. That same evening when half the Brigade poured into the camp after their long hike from the south Captain Finland and his staff was doing a roaring business supplying the thirsty and hungry.

The Y.M.C.A. hut is one of the largest erected at the front. It has a large marquee where the dry canteen is operated and refreshments may be had at all hours. It goes without saying that every man in the Canadian forces appreciates the splendid work being done by the Y.M.C.A. to provide for their comfort and welfare when they come out of the trenches.

THE BRAZIER

[By W. J. S.]

The Brazier is a paper widely read
Here in *les tranches*, so 'tis said,
Early and late, till Tommies go to bed,
Before I tell you more of this wee
sheet
Remember that Brigade has claimed
the right
A paper of this name to make elite.
Zealous to spread around a joyous
light
In every dug-out held by this Brigade,
Ever to cheer us up, and by its aid,
Rally us round the flag till
Peace is made.

TABLE OF LEAGUE GAMES

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals		Points
					For	Against	
16th Batt.	- 2	2	0	0	5	0	4
13th Batt.	- 2	1	1	0	5	4	2
14th Batt.	- 1	0	1	0	0	2	0
15th Batt.	- 1	0	1	0	1	5	0

The Chaplain addressing R.S.M.: "Are you coming to the service at 10.30 this morning?"

The R.S.M.: "No, sir, the football match is at 10.30."

One thing is certain — a shell is no respector of persons.

VERSES FROM THE FRONT

TO A SODGER'S LOUSE

(By Anonymous)

Wee scamperin', irritatin' scunner,
Hoo daur ye worry me I wunner,
As if I hadna' lots tae dae,
Blockin' the road to Auld Calais
Without ye.

Ye'll hardly let me hae a doss
For your paradin' richt across
Ma back, ma neck, and doon ma spine
Thinkin' nae doot ye're dain' fine
Sookin' ma bluid.

When at ma country's ca' I came,
To fecht for beauty, King and hame,
I read ma yellow form twice,
But it said nought aboot fechtin' lice
Or I hae gibbered.

When "Little Willies" skiff ma heid,
Or aboot me tae draw a bead,
I fain would stop to scart ma back,
To shift ye aff the bitten track
Afore I fire.

When through the shirt o' Sister Sue,
I search maist carefully for you.
I smile tae think the busy wench
Never dreams her seams mak' sic a
trench
Tae gie ye cover.

Whit Labyrinthine dug-out too,
We're makin' in our kilts the noo,
Ye're reinforcements tak' the bun
Encouraged by the Flanders sun,
Too keep us lively.

"Gott Strafe ye" little kittlin' beast
Ye maybe think ye'll mak' a feast
O' me, but no, ye'll get a had
When next ye try to promenade
Across ma kist.

The mixture in the packet here
Is bound tae mak' ye disappear,
Nae mair I'll need tae mak' ye click,
One dose they say 'll dae the trick
As share as d'ath.

APROPOS OF FLANDERS

Sure, this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough and double
Reasons for complaint.
Rain and storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often grey;
Thorns and brambles have beset me
On the road—but, say,
Ain't it fine to-day?

What's the use of always weeping,
Ma, in' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulations,
Water with his wine,
Life, it ain't no celebration,
Trouble? I've had mine—
But to-day it is fine.

It's today that I am livin',
Not a month ago.
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As fate wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain—but, say,
Ain't it fine today.

A contributor to La Vie Canadienne dedicated the following verses to the commanding Officer of a Canadian Highland battalion, who, among the lads of the auld regiment, will always be remembered as:

MAJOR JACK

Come, call your boys together,
Major Jack,
To face the wintry weather
On the track.
Scottish, with their latest breath,
Will follow to the death
Where you lead them, when you need
them,
Major Jack.

For they know your tried and true,
Major Jack,
And they'll each along with you
Do their whack.
In your heart no thought of fear,
On your lips a word of cheer,
Ever ready, cool and steady,
Major Jack.

Well we know you'll hold your ground
Major Jack,
And when foemen creep around
Drive them back.
In the Homeland o'er the sea,
We are trusting, Sir, to thee,
And your laddies, in their pladdies,
Major Jack.

TO A RUM JAR

AN APPRECIATION

(By R.T.S.S.)

O quaint, misshapen shape! O thou
whose stunted lines have oft called for
the acclaim of thirsty legions.
O thou, who, within thy squalid
self did'st contain life's sweetest

essence; who canst, by one lone jolt
change these mudded walls to marble
pillars, this tattered burlap to a silken
canopy, yon sodden floor to a feath-
ered couch! Accept now my thanks,
my thirsty thanks.

Oft, on a wintry night, hast thou
gladdened my wearied eyes to see thee
approaching from afar, born aloft by
some luckless swain, who did but
faintly appreciate what honor was his,
but called instead many Unseen Pow-
ers to witness that never was there
mud like the mud of Flanders!

Now, night engulfed in this self-same
mud, thou liest beside yon broken
bath-mat. Thou, who did'st but yester-
ere bring joy to sixty gallant men;
who did'st change my officer's scowl to
a wreathed smile; the S.M.'s curse to
a mild rebuke; the Listening Post's
qualms to a bold defiance. Thou hadst
thine single hour of greatness.

Praise be thou hast many brothers!

WAR LIMERICKS

[By F. G. S.]

There was an old man of Belloo
Who, on finding a tack in his shoe,
Said a horrible word
Which his wife overheard,
And which I could'nt mention to you.

There was an old maid of Belloo,
Who was hated by all that she knew.
Her habits were mean
And her hands were unclean,
And her teeth—which were false—
would'nt chew.

There was a young girl of Belloo,
Who had eyes of beautiful blue
But was so full of wiles,
With her nods and her smiles.
That to run was the safe thing to do.

While the Germans were camped in
Belloo,
An aeroplane over it flew,
And it there dropped a shell
Which sent them to ———
And made all the devils look blue.

"Do you believe everything you
hear?" asked the new private of his
sergeant. "No, sonny. But when
I'm in the trenches and hear a noise
like an express train I never doubt
that a 'coal bucket' is coming."

UA602
.17
C34
B7
Fol
no.3
1916
Reserve

THE BRAZIER

Printed and published while on active service, as occasion permits, by The Canadian Scottish.

Manager: Pte. Percy F. Godenrath.

Mechanical Staff: Drummer A. R. McCreadie, Piper Geo. Inglis.

NOTICE—All MSS. and correspondence should be addressed to The Manager, The Brazier, 16th Batt., C.E.F.

Articles on topics of regimental and brigade interest are welcomed if short, legible, written on one side of the paper and author's name attached.

With this issue The Brazier enlarges its scope from a purely regimental journal to a paper devoted to the interests of the Third Canadian Infantry Brigade, embracing the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th Battalions. Owing to the recent move of the Canadian Army Corps the present number was unavoidably delayed in publication, but when the proposed organization is completed for a Brigade paper we hope to be in a position to issue regularly each month. The thanks of the management is due for the very loyal and hearty support given the publication by members and friends of The Canadian Scottish, which has resulted in placing The Brazier on a self-supporting basis. Also for the very kindly reviews in the British and Canadian press. Any suggestions for improvements and for contributions of "copy" and sketches will be gratefully received as it is the desire to make a paper worthy of the traditions of the Third Brigade while on active service. The Brazier will continue to be printed "at the front" by regimental employes but trusts its life will not necessarily be a long one.

STILL AT THE FRONT

On our front page is reproduced a photograph of the remaining members of the 91st Regiment, Canadian Highlanders, who formed part of the First Contingent, in the composite battalion—The Canadian Scottish. The members are:

Lying down Pte. A. Ridley, Pte. C. J. Payne.

First Row—Pte J. Niven, Sergt. J. Gemmel, Pte. R. Taylor, Corpl. W. Stokes, Pte. A. Barr and Pte. W. Ryder.

Second Row—Lce.-Corpl. W. W. Vyse, Pte. J. Campbell, Pte. A. Johnson, Lieut. P. Powis, Pte. E. Gal-

ligher, Pte. F. W. Taylor, Corpl. W. Treysie and Pte. Ritchie.

Third Row—Corpl. G. V. Uri, Pte. J. Ford, Pte. T. Mungo, Corpl. A. McMillan, Pte. A. Foord, C.Q.M.S. J. Boyes, Sergt. J. Newton, Corpl. W. Jackson and Pte. B. Hamilton

THE 48th OF CANADA
(Continued from Page One)

themselves whole-heartedly into the work of reorganizing the regiment and by their loyalty and energy have a large share of the credit for the fact that the 48th in France, after many labours and trials and vicissitudes, is now in as vigorous a state as when it landed in France.

And last and most important, we all gladly give high credit for his work to the one permanent factor in the regiment, the man who has successfully piloted the regimental ship through all its stormy seas; who has been the sole combatant officer fortunate enough to have been with the 48th throughout and who has shared in all the hardships and dangers of its fifteen months in France and Belgium—our commanding officer. With him who has always done his utmost by his courage and cheerfulness to hearten us in dark hours, and by his incessant energy to look after the welfare of the battalion at all times, the men and officers must share the credit that the 48th, in spite of everything, is "still going strong."

We have done a bit of travelling in the last nineteen months and it is a long cry to Longbranch and Valcartier. The pleasant memories of the *Megantic* are still fresh with us, and so too are the somewhat less pleasant reminiscences of West Down South and Lark Hill. But the most important part of the making of the regiment has been done during the strenuous months in Flanders. Another summer has come and we are happy to say that we are still ready—fitter than ever—for whatever adventure the war may bring.

CONGRATULATIONS

Another honour has fallen to The Canadian Scottish in the awarding of the Military Medal to Pte. J. Payne, No. 42009, attached to the Trench Mortar Battery, for gallantry.



ROYAL MONTREAL REGIMENT
(Continued from Page One)

welterweight event went to Pte. Wilson, who defeated Sergt. Hurley, both 14th. The first two rounds were fairly equal, the winner gaining on points in the last. Pte. Labelle, 14th, won on points in a six round heavyweight contest against Pte. Wiltse, 15th. A three round lightweight contest resulted in Pte. Boyle, 15th, defeating Pte. Mullen, 14th, the winner's science offsetting the loser's rugged build. Keen interest was aroused among the fight fans in the three round exhibition bout given by Sergt. Smith, 15th Batt., a former Navy champion, and Sergt. Neill, a former Army champion, now of the Grenadier Guards. Replete with fast foot work and close in-fighting, both men showed signs of a high order and either looked capable of administering the slumber punch. The decision was a draw, and the contestants well merited the generous applause as they left the squared ring.

The different athletic events comprising the programme and winners follows:

100 yards (1st heat)—1st, Cullington; 2nd, Officer; 3rd, Hoare.

100 yards (2nd heat)—1st, Williams; 2nd, Jobel; 3rd, Jones.

Sack Race—1st, Perusse; 2nd, Mitchell; 3rd, Gregory.

220 yards (1st heat)—1st, Hoare; 2nd, Cullington; 3rd, Stewart.

220 yards (2nd heat)—1st, Dick; 2nd, Williams; 3rd, Wakefield.

Three-legged Relay—1st, Collette and Manelle; 2nd, Cullington and Tuiley.

100 yards (final)—1st, Hoare; 2nd, Cullington; 3rd, Officer.

220 yards (final)—1st, Hoare, 2nd, Stewart; 3rd, Cullington.

Equipment Race—1st, Decarie; 2nd, Adams; 3rd, Johnson.

Tug-of-War (Officers vs. N.C.O.s) — Winners, N.C.O.s.

Bomb Throwing—1st, No. 1 Coy; 2nd, Bombers.

Relay Race (inter-company)—1st, No. 1 Coy.; 2nd, Details; 3rd, No. 3 Coy.

The track officials were as follows:

Referee—Lt.-Col. R. P. Clark.

Judges—Major Alan T. Powell, Capt. W. J. McAllister, R.S.M. W. A. Bonshor.

Stewards—Major Gault McCombe, Capt. R. W. Frost, Lieut. J. K. Nesbitt, Lieut. V. G. Rexford, Lieut. M. Grondin.

Clerks of Course—Lieut. D. Worrall, Lieut. C. G. Power, C.S.M. S. Rankin, C.S.M. J. S. Green, C.S.M. G. Armstrong, C.S.M. L. Duhamel, Sergt. B. Brayton.

Starter—Q.M.S. A. Plow.

Scorer—Lieut. C. L. O'Brien.