

# THE BRATZIER

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. 5

FRANCE, AUGUST 22, 1916

PRICE 2d.

## CAPITAL CONCERT AT VICTORIA LINES

Not for many months has the 16th enjoyed the lighter side of life so thoroughly as during the period back at Victoria lines. Beside a field day of sports there were a series of intercompany indoor baseball games, cricket and football matches and a concert. The weather remained perfect throughout and the week under canvass had many pleasant memories — particularly for the Sergeants Mess.

On the evening of July 25th an open air concert was staged in a natural amphitheatre. A small raised platform was erected in the grassy hollow, around which officers and men sat. Through the kindness of the C. O. the 52nd regimental brass band was present and the Y.M.C.A. provided a piano. Before opening the concert Lt Col. J. Edward Leckie D.S.O. took the opportunity to present the championship medals won by the regimental football team at the spring athletic meet of the Third Brigade.

The programme was a pleasing one and the regiment is again fortunate in having among the recent drafts some excellent talent. The pipe band was up to its usual good form and the various selections rendered by the 52nd band were heartily applauded. Altogether the programme of songs, recitations, violin and mandolin solos, Scotch dancing etc was of high quality and the evening sent everyone back to their tents with a light heart, for

which thanks were largely due to Cpl. N.V. Fitton for organizing the concert.

The programme was as follows:—

Song.	Pte. W. W. Free.
Dance - Hornpipe	Cpl. D. Rose.
Duet - Instrumental	Cpl. Mc Donald & Pte. Bradford.
Song.	Cpl. R. White.
Imitation trombone.	Pte. A.W. Tucker.

## IN MEMORIAM

Lieut. ROY TESSIER SEEVER SACHS.

Headmaster, Vancouver B. C.

Killed in action, June. 14th '16.

Queen of the snows, was ever purer heart  
Than this thy son's to help of Britain given?  
With fuller sacrifice have any striven  
To play for Europe's peace a warriors part?  
Not from the thoughtless wrangling of the mart  
But from the student's cell uncalled, undriven  
He crossed the seas with one bright star in  
Heaven  
Duty the pole-star of his patriot chart

Oh! never pipes more sorrowfully played  
For one by life and deed to all endeared  
Their loud lament above a soldier's sleep:  
Here plant the Maple, let no stone be reared,  
And every autumn bid its whispering shade  
Of this gold heart a golden memory keep.

— H. D. RAWNSLEY.

Selection.	PIPE BAND.
Quartette.	Ptes. Medcalf, Large, Tucker & Nesbitt.
Song.	Pte. Anderson.
Highland Fling.	Piper Mc Gillivray
Accordian Solo.	Drummer Pomeroy
Song.	Pte. Joseph Smith.
Band Selection.	52nd Regimt Band
Recitation.	Sgt. Hornby C.A.V.C.
National Airs.	52nd Regimt. Band.

## HONOURS WON BY THE THIRD BRIGADE.

Under date of July 22nd the Canadian Corps Commander published the following special list of decorations which have been awarded to the members of 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade by the General Officer Commanding in Chief, under authority granted by his Majesty the King. The order further conveyed the Army Commanders hearty congratulations to the recipients of decorations.

### D. S. O.

Major E. M. Perry 13th Batt.

### MILITARY CROSS

Lieut. W. G. Hamilton	13th Batt.
Lieut. W. E. Beaton	14th do
Capt. P. P. Achland	15th do
Capt. H. Price	15th do
Major R. O. Bell Irving	16th do
Lieut. J. A. Scroggie	16th do
Captain D. H. Bell	16th do

### D. C. M.

R. S. M. W. Green	14th Batt.
Sergt. B. Brayton	14th do
Sergt. W. Duncan	14th do
Sergt. C. R. Lennan	14th do
Sergt. B. J. Topham	14th do
Pte J. C. Henderson	15th do

### MILITARY MEDAL

Pte. R. Young	13th Batt.
Cpl. G. I. Gowan	13th do
Sergt. Tribault	14th do
Cpl. T. Hodgson (clasp)	14th do
Cpl. A. Inray	14th do
Pte. J. Isabell	14th do
Sergt. M. Reid	15th Batt.
Sergt. J. Temple	15th do
Sergt. J. Willis	15th do
Pte. E.F.B. Hodges	15th do
Pte. A. Alexander	15th do
Pte. R. Spiers	15th do
Pte. J. Savage	15th do
C.S.M. T.W. Brewer	16th do
Sergt. T. Birch	16th do
Cpl. W.A. Rees	16th do
Cpl. K. Bateman	16th do
Cpl. J. Stuart	16th do
Pte. N.F. Mears	16th do
Sergt. J. Thompson	3rd Brigade M.G.Co
Cpl. J.B. Mc Ilwaine	do

UA 602.17 C3457 Fd. Res





# 16<sup>TH</sup> BATT. NOTES

FROM THE TRENCHES

## N<sup>o</sup> 2 WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

In our last sojourn in the vicinity of No-man's-land who was the private who asked an officer for a Stokes gun shell to fit a flare pistol?

Is it true that Major B. I. is having his next dug-out plastered with French mortar?

Why Pte. Frie when singing at the concert had to stop? Someone said he struck the wrong key and others say his favourite key is whis-key.

Is it right that Pte M... is to be known as the human wheelbarrow? Wouldn't it be advisable to get a new wheel for his barrow - and not persist in running on his face?

Those sports! Some say good old luck. But I say ....? Just think chaps we had the usual smoker at which some of the boys lent a helping hand (and mouth) but we did not hear our old favourite Alloutte. Why?

W. H. L.

## FROM THE ANARCHISTS

Oh! you Transport!! Some ball team!!! Get out in the bush for about steen weeks and practice. Nobody will see you there.

Some top-notch singer in No. 2. What? But cant he warble something else besides Liza Johnson?

High class rooters for hire. Terms moderate. A win guaranteed everytime. First class recommendations. Apply Box car W.

The section tenders its heartiest congratulations to Lieut Scroggie and C. S. M. Tommy Brewer on their decorations. Long may they wear em!

To the boys NOW in blighty: We are all very glad to hear you are progressing favourably. Steady a little. Then let her rip!!

C. S. C.

## ARF A MO'

WITH THE Q. M.'s STAFF.

At last! Somebody has come to the sound conclusion that the boys can manage "very well" thank you "without a pack to

hump to their little dug-out in the West.

Company S. M.'s should take note that ant heaps are not pleasant places to repose upon.

Congratulations to Sergeants Wright, Campbell, Bellamy, Chapple and Raines on obtaining three stripes.

A lot of the boys look tickled to death about something. Must be a new breed about.

Who said the Transport can't play baseball?

Just at present the world appears to be made of divisional rests, pleasant surprises and other rumours.

Will dogs eat eggs? If you are unable to answer this query, the information may be obtained from D.

Who sat on Mac's fiddle?

I may be awfully ignorant, but it certainly looks a capital idea our transport has adopted of carrying their horses emergency rations plaited round the spokes of the wheels.

All good wishes from the staff go out to Cpl. S. D. Johnston now a cadet on the high road to a commission. May it be a smooth one.

It was rather hard on the Sergeants Mess the way the Officers walked off with that case of Scotch "eggs", but cheer up, it may be their turn to win the next time. Meanwhile a word of advice. Come and see a game between the Pipe Baun and the Q. M. Staff and pick up a few useful wrinkles.

J. C. K.

## CAUGHT THROUGH THE LISTENER.

Owing to the extremely favourable weather the turn under canvass at Victoria lines caused the Signal section to view life through rose coloured spectacles. This, of course resulted in an ebullition of youthful spirits, not the least effervescent being a usually staid member (descendant of an ancient and royal line) who still retains that breezy manner which betrays the amphibean.

While we are looking forward to leave and the delights of feminine society, we are fortunate in the company of several "flappers" - one of them is of quite immode-

rate proportions. When out at rest the boys can be observed daily flirting with them, and extracting much innocent diversion and instruction in their company. Two of the section in particular were so fascinated that they went right "up in the air".

Writing of hobbies. Many of us of course have tame rats and mice but we now have a bird-fancier in our midst and he can be seen hourly billing and cooing with his pets.

Since resuming the Mess Fund all hands wear a blythe and care-free appearance; the Mess president's somewhat onerous duties are rendered lighter by this reflection.

At this writing pay-day is in the remote distance. However we still have "Two Bucks", who while of undoubted "face value", are scarcely "negotiable instruments".

A. H. H.

"Bursts" From the Third Brigade

## MACHINE GUN CO

Since we had the "Vickers"

Everybody's happy. Everybody's glad. And its only the Boche who gets real mad. When we oil up the feed-block and let her rip. Poor old Fritz fairly gets the pip.

What we should like to know :-

Who is the gallant corporal who likes to "wobble" after looking on the wine when it is red?

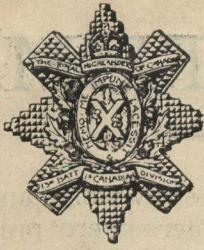
Who is the member of the officers mess that connects square pushing with long hair?

Who is the member of the Sergeants mess who finds a difficulty is balancing his peas on a knife?

Hearty congratulations to :- Sergt. J. Thompson formerly of 8th Batt. M. G. section and Cpl. J. B. Mc Ilwaine formerly of 16th M. G. section upon winning the Military medal in the recent operations.

C. S. M.





# THE THIRTEENTH'S MIRTH PAGE.

## DE SAPIENTIA.

Euclidogram — If a private and a "9.2" meet in a point - a hole remains.

Suggested motto for British Expeditionary Force Canteen - "Let us prey."

Base note — The ferocity of bayonet fighting instructors varies inversely as the square of the distance between themselves and the firing line.

Reference Note — This curious anti-poetic sin against the laws of harmony is inserted rather as a memorial of our hasty temper than as a sacrifice to be laid on the altar of the Muses. The individual who indited the same presented it in person (very foolishly) and we didn't realize how heavy the round ruler really was until the undertaker presented his bill the next morning. — LANCE EDITOR.

"And he used to say  
In his homely way  
That he'd sooner live in hell."  
Cremation of Sam Mc Gee.

### WHERE ?

Where wizz-bangs zizzle thru the air,  
And snipers part your rising hair,  
And 9.2's destroy and tear  
The verdant face of nature fair.

Where minnie-wefers spoil the ground,  
And make a most disgusting sound,  
Also a large imposing mound  
Of all the trenches lying round.

Where star-shells pierce the midnight sky  
And make the ration party lie,  
In puddles deep, up to their thigh  
And sticky as molasses pie.

Where tear-shells cause the eyes to flow  
Until you wish the Hun would go  
In regions far, far down below.  
(Labelled, methinks "Eternal woe")

Where hard-tacks hard as they are made  
(And used by Bombers in a raid  
To make the frightful Hun to fade)  
Are battled in Orange marmalade.

Where dark brown tea is served in oil  
(Flavoured with good substantial soil)  
And costing superhuman toil  
To make the pesty Dixie boil.

Where trees are only blackened stumps  
The land-scape deep rat haunted dumps  
Varied with lumps and humps and bumps  
And bumps and humps and lumps.

Where rum is served in scanty gills  
To guard against all human ills,  
And save the "vegetable" pills  
And cut the Army Doctor bills.

Where .... ah ! but a coal-box 's gone' or  
head,  
Traveling as if on busines sped,  
Chortling and wortling and raising ned.  
... I think I had better go to bed.

Few people realize the scope and function of the Intelligence Department. Many have the Idea that it is a collection of the Apostles of the Goddess of Wisdom banded together for the purpose of shedding abroad the light of scientific truth. They imagine that such notices as per below are to be found on all the main trench thoroughfares.

"A mass meeting will be held in the vestry of Trench 90763 for the purpose of discussing whether the continuity or personality of the consciousness has any moral effect on the oscillations of the compound pendulum or not. A brace of whizz-bang batteries have been kindly loaned by Fritz which will play that touching little song "If I didn't get you this time, I will surely get you next". Bring your bombs with you!"

Such however, is far from the case. The Intelligence Department's basic principle is to acquire information — not to dispense it — and the list of its activities out-beggars the wildest dreams of a light summer fiction author. The sphere of its labours reaches from the gleaming midnight star-shell to the mines deep down in the bowels of the earth.

However, like all military affairs from a Court Martial to an 18-pounder — it winds up finally in a report. This report must be exact to the fourteenth decimal point, and in estimating cubic feet of earth removed by shells, down to the teaspoonful. But the multiplicity of their labours can only be shown by an actual copy of a report which was (not) handed in last evening.

"At 7.04 7/10 p. m. this evening the enemy bombarded our trenches with 678987 Minnie-wefers and Trench Mortars. Out of these only 678985 landed in our front line and did practically no damage except destroying twenty dug-outs, disabling 5 Machine Guns, removing the parapet, and causing 306 casualties.

407 1/2 cubic feet of real estate was moved vertically, but was replaced in practically the same location by the timely intervention of the Law of Gravitation.

1706 Flares were put up by the enemy, or a total illumination equal to that which would be used by the Street Lighting System of London, (at its present rate) for 1400 years.

Several saps were detected but on investigation it was found that some of the German cooks were using egg-beaters.

Only 1,000,937,364 stars were present last night owing to the presence of clouds on the nor-nor'-south-west by western horizon.

During the excitement, a party of 2 Bombers, (disguised as a stump and a wheat field respectively), bombed the enemy's front line for a front of two miles with 15 1/2 bombs: They captured one Machine Gun, one German water-bottle, one partially damaged haversack. However, as they were returning they unhappily collided with a "Min-

nie". Please note ! No Flowers.

Two hostile aircrafts grazed our front line parapet at an altitude of barely 60000 feet, but did little damage except to knock off a few sandbags. They were easily driven off by two of our observation balloons."

Among the other difficult tasks falling to the lot of the Intelligence Department is that of calculating from the number of hostile bullets, the altitude of the sun, and the hardness of our hard-tack, not only what the Germans had for breakfast, but what they will, in all probability, have for tea. The moral tone of the enemy must also be carefully judged. This is done by means of a telescope, a small round hard potato, (a native of army stews) an ink bottle and the Farmer's Almanack. By the careful and judicious use of these sympathetic and delicate instruments, an expert is able to detect whether the enemy is entertaining Kantian, pre-Kantian, Semi-Kantian, Anti-Kantian, Hegelian or Post-Hegelian philosophical heresies.

The Department, like all other well organized units, naturally has its artillery. This consists in gentlemen of privacy, seeking inclinations to render themselves as inconspicuous as possible and whose one aim in life is to puncture the domes or any other portion of the anatomy of offending Fritzes whom the Lord may deliver into their hands.

Howsoever we feel that we have done enough to receive at least 20 days F. P. No. 2 - therefore like the rat-trap - we come to an abrupt - and startling close.  
BOX CAR.

### THE INTELLIGENCE SECTION ASKS

Who is the officer who attempted to play "Officers Mess" on the bugle ?

What was the bombers name who called his partner out of the dug-out to see rifle grenades which in reality were 60-pounders ?

What sanitary man spoiled a bag of flour around the cook house thinking it was chloride of lime ?

Why cannot some of the recent arrivals spring a new one as to what R.H.C. stands for ?

Who said "This is the life!" Well aint it ?

Which machine gunner scanned the heavens for an aeroplane but made hasty tracks for his dug-out when a nose cap passed a few feet from him ?

### REGIMENTAL RICOCHETS

The most popular camp resort during the war days is the new battalion wet canteen, opened under the direction of Sergt. A.H. Mc Geagh.

A sumptuous dinner was partaken of by the N.C.O's of No 3 on July 23rd through the hospitality of Sergt. Stott's parents. Toasts to The King, The Battalion, No 3 Co and Departed Comrades were duly honoured. Short speeches were made by the commanding officer and N.C.O's and a jolly musical programme put on. A unique menu card was specially designed to commemorate the occasion.





### THE JUNIOR SUB LOQ.

As Lamartine observes, "Tout est bon, tout est bien, tout est grand, a sa place." Mayhap therein is a justification for the existence of Junior Subs. We have discovered none other, and that even is neglected. As a Junior Sub of quite ultimate juniority we speak with feeling, if not authority. We shall not define the duties of the Junior Sub. It can't be done. We indicate merely. He has position but no magnitude, worth talking about. Being a body so small, and moving, as he does, perpetually, in a field of larger luminaries, he has no settled orbit. He is drawn hither and thither, he becomes bewildered, salutes with his cap off, calls the Sergeant-Major "Sir", and the drinks are on him. They always are. He is perpetually Officer of the Day. His path is strewn with Brigadiers, Working Parties and Defaulters, and a succession of batmen distribute his perfectly new kit. He provides humour for the Mess, vicariously, be it understood. Imaginative witnesses repeat his sayings and describe his doings for the delectation of their (and his) fellows. He is taught to regard the Royal Montreal Regiment with the highest veneration, and the most humble respect, and — possibly for that reason — the R.M.R. regards him with no respect whatever. Yet, strangely, the Immanent Providence which guides the Destinies of Kings, Emperors, Red Tabs and Adjutants, watches also Sparrows and Junior Subs. It's a good life.

### ENVOI - "PAY AND RECORDS"

(With apologies to a distinguished Author.)

"When the last 'Trooper' has landed  
Our Veteran Crew - ev'ry one,  
And the last Corporation has lauded  
The deeds - it believes - we have done;  
We shall lie, and lying continue,  
To him and to her and to you.

# 14<sup>TH</sup> BATT. ITEMS

## FROM REST BILLETS

And, when we have beggared invention,  
We'll fashion the telling anew.  
And ye, who were left, ye shall marvel  
Ye pale, stark, upright in your chair,  
When we tell of the Charge at La Bassée  
Of our Regiment which never was there  
We shall find truthful base for our  
telling -

Mons. and the Marne, and the Aisne,  
We have heard of these places, we'll  
tell you

We went there, again and again,  
And no one shall cease from lying,  
And no one shall e'er admit.  
An action was fought in all Flanders,  
And he was not present at it.  
But each N. C. O. and each man, Sir,  
Each O. C. with Crown and with Star,  
Shall invent any story he can, Sir,  
For the people who knew not the War".



Lt.-Col. R. P. CLARK, C. O. 14th Batt.

### SPORTS AFIELD.

Particulars of the Battalion Sports held during a recent 'rest' are unfortunately not available owing to a package of M.S. having been lost in the mail. It may be said, however, that they were highly successful. An excellent and varied programme was carried through with precision and expedition, in the presence of an enthusiastic company of visitors.

The Corps, Divisional and Brigade Commanders were present, and the Officers of the 15th Battalion came in force. Music was provided by the Pipers of the 15th, and the Band of the 2nd Brigade. Both highly appreciated and both contributed materially to the success of the proceedings. The Boxing, Running, and machine Gun competitions were alike good, while No. 2 Company's Drill reached a very high level. Our thanks are due to Captain Archibald of the Y. M. C. A. for a very fine exhibition of Pole Jumping and Hammer Throwing.

A pleasing feature was the fine sporting spirit shown by all competitors - winners and losers alike - more especially in the Boxing competitions. In this connexion we must give special mention to a Sergeant of the 15th Battalion, who fought a drawn match (exhibition) against a stronger and heavier man, with great pluck. His performance was loudly cheered by the spectators.

In the evening a concert was held at the Y.M.C.A. before a large gathering of visitors. Nursing Sisters from Nos. 3, 10, and 17 Casualty Clearing Stations came in force, to the evident delight of everyone. Miss Hare of No. 3 C. C. S. very kindly presented the sports prizes. An excellent programme was staged, and a delightful evening was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem and enthusiastic cheers for the visitors.





The Battalion is now running Soccer, Baseball and Cricket sides. Several matches have been played and good form has been shown in all branches. Each of these sides is willing to play any other Battalion in the Brigade or Division. It is the desire of the Commanding Officer that this spirit should be fostered, and wherever possible facilities will be given for games to be played. It is hoped that this invitation will meet with a satisfactory response. Mr. Fitzpatrick has been heard to express the wish that the weather will soon be cool enough for the 15th Battalion to play Cricket with his side. What has Mr. Grant to say to that?



### A VERITABLE HISTORY

There is in Flanders a certain Camp area. A neat rectangle of tents, nestling snugly beneath convenient trees, encloses a green, whereon, while daylight lasts, a herd of swine disport themselves as gaily as ever did they of Gadara, if of less set purpose. At one corner of the rectangle, a dingy pile of farm buildings, one shoulder turned churlishly to the passing track, stands sentinel over the inevitable manure pile. Hard by is the Officers' Mess - a monument to the sagacity of the original billeting Officer, who arranged the juxtaposition.

At certain hours of the day, the pig-maiden, a lady whose charms accord with her calling, issues from the farm, and blows upon a conch. It is a signal of happy import for the swine, signifying as



it does that the hour for pig-feeding is at hand. At the sound, the herd, with one accord, dash across the green, and precipitate themselves upon the groaning board, which indeed is none other than the manure pile, and there make merry and are glad, after their own piglike, and not altogether unhuman fashion.

The area is the habitat of the — 13th Bn. in rest billets. The exact locus does not matter. Euclid is dead, and anyway the story which

their tunics, and hurried in the direction of the waiting C. O. But they were forestalled by the expectant herd, who tore across the field, and presented themselves, as one pig, before the astonished C. O., full twenty yards in advance of the earliest Officer.

The Strafe was off for the day. Officers returned to their studies. Only the herd was disappointed.



### BOOZE

In Persia's prime old Omar had no taste for lemonade: his motto was. "No cark, no care, no crape". He loved his feed and comfy cot and sought the fig tree's shade, and now and then he rinsed his mouth with grape. Oh, that was years ago - this race had not begun: life wasn't then the battle ours is now. A guy could pick his dinner off a tree - the festive bun was had by all, and never raised a row. This Omar never had a job, he had no job to lose - his wants were few - his clothes had gone to seed. In times like that a man was safe, who tarried with the booze: he had his hut - some rags - a daily feed. But never take a Persian scheme and try it on yourself - you're apt to hit another kind of jug. Today to buy a decent meal you've got to have the pelf - you've got to dig likell and

work and plug. As poetry this Rubaiyat is pretty nifty stuff, but foike who try the plan hit stormy weather. Don't fight with booze - the fight for life is really hard enough - it's too darned hard to fight the two together. — B. G.

### TO THEIR MOTHERS AND WIVES

Dedicated to the Mothers and Wives of those who gave up their lives in Sanctuary Wood 13-6-16, the following verses were written by Captain B. H. Rust who shortly after penning this beautiful sentiment himself was called upon to make the last great sacrifice. No better tribute to this brave young Canadian officer can be written than to say he was beloved by all ranks of the 13th Batt. He was the ideal type of the citizen soldier and through dint of conscientious work won his commission and promotion on the Field of Honour. Since The Brazier became the official organ of the 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade it received warm encouragement from the late officer whose delightful versatile contributions were eagerly looked forward to. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a characteristic piece of verse entitled TO 'MINNIE' and our next number will contain a whimsical poem THE MESMERIST which he composed in the trenches during the period of a bombardment. — Editor.

Although no words of ours can wake again  
Your valient dead whom lie by branch and stump  
At peace once more, awaiting Gabriel's Trump,  
Yet do not hold our sympathy as vain.

When time with gentle hand shall soothe the pain,  
Remembrance of this message yet may bring  
Some comfort, may take something of the sting  
From hearts that beat in memory of the slain.

A Regiment's sympathy, a Regiment's pride,  
With those that mourn, in those that died as men,  
Are yours: you loved them first and last, but then  
We loved them too, and we know how they died.

God send our Country Mothers that shall bear,  
Such sons as these to keep her Honour fair.

B. H. R.

I am about to relate is true, and Truth is eternal, and recks not of Loci. My story concerns the C. O. and, incidentally the swine.

On a certain evening, when the hour for pig feeding was nigh, the C. O. issued from the Mess. He conferred for a moment with the S. M., who summoned a bugler, and a moment later the notes of the Officers' Call pealed out across the sunlit sward. Immediately, Officers from every quarter dropped their F. S. Rs., did on

### THE BRAZIER

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

Manager: Sergt. Percy F. Godenrath.



# BOMB MOTS

FROM OUR REGIMENTAL  
CONTEMPORARIES.

## SOUNDS OMINOUS

There is no use going to the Scouts Hut, says one of our "Bombers" to borrow money, as stencilled in large letters are the ominous words. *Note Bene.* — The Weekly Chronicle (47th Battalion).



## THE HUMOURS OF MUSKETRY.

He was a slow-moving and particularly dense recruit, but the Musketry Instructor, a true disciple of Job, had sworn to make a first class shot of him.

"Trigger pressing!" snapped the weary N.C.O., after repeating the points to be observed for the seven-and-seventieth time. "Just tell me how much you know of trigger-pressing."

Over the face of the awkward recruit there crept a slow, thoughtful smile.

"Grasp the rifle at the small of the butt wiv a good 'old" he began. "An' place the first joint of the forefinger agin the trigger."

"Good" said the instructor. "That's the idea, my lad. And then you...?"

"Then you squeegee the trigger" said the recruit triumphantly. "You squeegees it wiv a diabolical pressure acrost the..."

But the Musketry instructor had fainted. "Fall In".



## HAPPENINGS.

"What score did you make?"

Pte. P. (not English). "I maka-a de two insides and de two *bagpipes!*" — The Western Scot. (67th Batt.)



## RETALIATION.

The platoon was competing for a twenty franc prize for the most accurate bomb thrower. Just as the successful anarchist was pocketing the dibs, an unlucky competitor shouted to him, "How's chances for five?" "Nothing doing" was the report. "You wouldnt let me into your shell hole the night of the big scrap." — The Listening Post (2nd Brigade).



## PATERNAL ADVICE.

Regimental Sergeant-Major (giving paternal advice to N.C.O.'s going on leave): "Now if you are caught with a bottle going on the boat, you will probably be sent back."

Brilliant N.C.O.: "And if we are caught *coming back* with one, will we be returned to Blighty?"

R.S.M.: "No chance, Kid!" — Dead Horse Corner Gazette. (1st Brigade).



## SOME SIGHT!

Musketry Instructor: "I told you to take a fine sight, you cross-eyed son of a sea-cook. Dont you know what a fine sight is?"

C.E-SON of A.S.C.: "Yes. — A musketry instructor's name on a tombstone! — Canadian Hospital News.



## SIMPLY SALONICIOUS.

In its initial issue the editor of the first active service regimental paper to be published in the Macedonian area of warfare takes off the officers (British Columbia) of his unit, No 5 Overseas General Hospital C.E.F., in the following amusing paragraph:

One day strolling through the camp I met an athlete who was said to be a great *Walker*. He seemed out of breath for he was *Panton* and probably had some

*Hart* affection. They say he is a heavy smoker for I heard him ask: "Have you got your pouch *Boucher?*" He was then going to see the *Taylor* who was mending a *Green Mc Intosh*. He had locked it in a trunk and he said "I have lost *Mc Kee*". Some one suggested lifting the lid with a *Winch*, but others said let the *Frost* crack it. Just then the *King's Proctor*, arrived with the *Miller's* daughter and threw me against the *Wall* — and I woke up. — The Blister.



## AN INVERTEBRATE REPLY.

M.O.: "Where are the *lumbar regions?*"

Particularly bright Private: "In British Columbia and Northern Ontario, Sir!" — N.Y.D. (C.A.M.C.)



## THE TRUTH

It is doubtful whether soldiers letters will be of any use to the future historians of the war. Interesting particulars, if there be any are cut out by the Censor. Letters to mothers soften the truth, letters to wives and sweethearts do exaggerate a wee bit. — The Busy Beaver (Canadian Engineers).



Curates are said to be scarce in Canada. The army has taken the *surplice* supply.

There is some grim truth in the remark that life at the front wouldnt be worth living if it weren't for the frequent rumours which enliven it.

They had been discussing the advance on the Somme. When the Yankee remarked "Some fight", to which the Englishman dryly replied "Yes! and — some dont."





# A PAGE OF MISCELLANY

## MORE THAN JUSTIFIED.

For vigorous style and an abundance of adjectives Tommy is fully justified in backing the London Daily Express. As a sample a recent editorial entitled "The Day" described the Prussian War Lord as follows:

The pinchbeck Nero of Germany.  
The irrepressible Wilhelm the Unc-  
tuous.

Wilhelm the Talkative.  
Wilhelm the Untruthful.  
Wilhelm the Wilful.  
The copyist of Attila.  
Wilhelm the Blasphemer.  
William the Braggart.

But we would hate to print exactly what Tommy at the Front calls this diabolical disturber of the peace of the world.

## SHE ALWAYS FIZZES

A One Act Drama.

Scene - The Cut. Time - Midnight. Characters - Grenadiers, Company Cooks and "Albert Edward".

Scene 1 Outside the Depot.

1st Grenadier: What in blazers is that?

2nd Grenadier: Beat it! Shes fizzing.

Scene 2 Inside the Depot.

2nd Grenadier enters like a streak and flops.

Inmates in chorus: Go easy, darn it. What's the matter with you Hamy?

Tremendous bang!!  
All tumble outside.

Scene 3. Outside the Depot.

3rd Grenadier (excitedly). What's fizzing in that other box. Smoke candles?

Heavens theres bombs underneath! Beat it boys!

Enter Albert Edward with a dixie of hot tea.

A. Edward: Here goes the tea (Splosh).

Enter company cooks with fixed bayonets.

Company Cooks: Stand to your dixies the mulligan must be saved.

Mellee.

Grenadiers handling dixies (Splosh! Splosh!) N. C. O.: Now up with the box and throw dirt on it quick. That's aworking. Ah' she's out now.

Scene 4. Inside Depot.

Hamy: (After deep and silent thinking). Wasn't it lucky for our family that she "fizzed".

Inmates: Forget it!!

FINIS.

N. B. Oh! Yes! she always fizzes before she goes off. If you don't believe us ask the C. O.

## IF WAR EVER GETS INTO SOCIETY

1. *Correct form for issuing orders of the day.*

GENERAL PETAIN

requests the pleasure of Captain Rousseau's entire company at an INFORMAL ATTACK on the German Lines Wednesday afternoon from 4 to 6.

TO MEET THE PRUSSIAN GUARD

Please bring hand grenades and respirators.



Who's the owner of Jock's gas baggie.

2. *Correct form for a letter of introduction.*

General Joseph Cesaire Joffre.

Somewhere in France

My Dear General: —

This will introduce to you Mr H. Explosive Shell, who has just been called away from here on a flying trip to your trenches. Mr Shell is thoroughly conversant with the blowing up business, but does not know his way about in your territory. Therefore, if you will keep closely in touch with Mr Shell until he has fulfilled the mission with which he has been intrusted, you will deeply oblige.

Yours Sincerely

W. Hohenzollern.

3. *How to write a nice string of Social notes.*

Shrapnel Fragment Esq, one of the most popular members of the younger British projectile set, is spending the week-end in the shoulder of Colonel Franz von Hoch of the Barvarian army. Shrapnel has written to his cronies that he is very comfortably lodged and expects to enjoy his stay in the Barvarian Highlands.

The engagement is announced of Bertha, seven millionth daughter of Krupp Works Esq, of Essen, to Bill Skoda of Austria.

On his birthday yesterday, General Poilu of the Second French Army received a number of handsome attacks from the Germans stationed opposite his trenches. They also showered him with shells and presented him with several hundred prisoners in honour of the day. The general was kept busy until late in the night responding to these attentions with graceful counterattacks.

Madame Poperinghe announces the forthcoming marriage of her charming daughter Antionette to Staff Sergt Johnny Cannonuck après la guerre.

D. V.

Colonel Thomas Aitkens and Mrs Red Tape held a dasant at their summer camp at the Base, previous to the departure for the front of a large number of Canadians who recently graduated from the Shorncliffe Military Academy. Notwithstanding the heat of summer, the thoughtful hosts insisted that a winter campaign was imminent and so presented each guest with two heavy under pants, one Knitted Cardigan jacket, one Balaclava helmet, one pair of woollen gloves and one body belt.

Dame Rumour has it that the annual outing in Flanders of the London war correspondents is to take place at an early date. In anticipation West End tailors are designing topping uniforms that will even eclipse the pre-war day "nut".



# VERSES FROM THE FRONT

## GURKHAS WHITE

Now Armagh Wood be it understood  
Had been left in the hands of the Hun.  
And it we are told he meant to hold  
'Gainst the efforts on any one.

But back in rest was a bunch of the best  
Who made it their boast and tradition.  
That never had they, for even a day  
Lost a single trench or position.

And they called the Hun by names that one  
Would hardly repeat to the ladies  
And swore in a manner stout the'd heave him out  
Though they went through the fires of hades

And so one day in the trenches they lay  
And they waited the time to attack.  
For once they got Fritz in the grip of their mits  
They'd a lot of their own to get back.

Each had his sand-bags four and six bombs or more,  
A shovel, a rifle and bayonet  
And in joyful mood they watched Armagh Wood,  
As our guns did merrily play on it.

It was dark as pitch when they reached the ditch  
Where the first line took their alingment  
But under his belt each man of them felt  
The glow of a rum consignment.

Then sky and ground were rocked with the sound  
Of the shattering roar of our guns.  
And the blackness of night changed to dancing light  
As our shell fire battered the Huns.

Through that torn wood where no whole tree stood  
They surged like a wave on sand  
Through his rifle fire, and the wreck of his wire  
A dash that he couldn't withstand.

And after that night the "Gurkhas White"  
Fritz renamed us with decision  
For God help the Hun when he ever began  
To get fresh with the 1st Division.

— J. A. S.

## TO "MINNIE"

Oh, monstrous globule who with hideous speed  
Dost cleave the heavens in parabolic flight,  
And, comet-like, dost leave a trail of light  
To give the timely warning that we need  
To dodge thy shattering terror in the gloom:  
Oh, swift destruction, rushing on yet stayed  
Poised overhead like Damoclean blade,  
Thy horrid sibilance the voice of doom:  
Oh, earthquake-voiced annihilating death:  
Oh, great arch-sausage who dost dissipate  
The landscape into fragmentary bits:  
Whene'er you come I crouch with bated breath,  
But oh, the joy to watch and speculate  
On your reception when you visit Fritz!

— "24681"

## S. R. D.

Some poets rave of maidens hair, their noses and their lips  
Whilst others equally crazy portray their eyes and hips  
But to me such things are folly and their virtues I cant see  
As my mind is so engrossed on these magic letters S. R. D.

We have Ticklers and Maconochies and Australian frozen meat  
With many other brands of food that's mighty hard to beat,  
We smoke tobacco from the land that never sets the sun,  
But most nourishing of all our rations is that little tot of Rum.

When Julius Ceaser first on Gaul, his barbarian hordes let loose  
His transport difficulties were great, not so his choice of booze.  
So his Q. M. S. then sallied forth with orders, that back he  
must not come

Unless he were well laden with the vintage - Briton's knew  
as Rum.

At Cressy and at Agincourt, in Egypt and Quebec  
Where ere our foes were gathered, they got it in the neck,  
For then, as now, wherever there was fighting, be it on land  
or sea,

The most cherished of our rations were those labelled S. R. D.

I'm not a great tactician, nor at Staff College have I been.  
But the soul inspiring bravery of rum I've often seen  
Now you Army Corps Commanders, if in Berlin you would be  
Don't forget that double ration of S. R. D.

—J. K.

## WINNING THE RIDGE

The night was dark and the rain very wet, and the wind it  
blew while it lasted  
And the 16th Bombers in the Trenches lay, to their eyes in mud  
quite plastered.  
Each man had been served with his tot of Rum, and hastily  
drank his sup,  
When the order was passed along the line "Over - the best of  
luck".

Through slime and sludge with a cheer on their lips, they  
bravely beat their way,  
And dug themselves in out in "No Mans Land", just before  
the dawn of day,  
With a growl like a bear through the cursed air, from our  
9.2's to Fritz.  
Were added continuous salvos — breaking his parapet.

Old Fritz to stop the final rush, put up a desperate fire.  
But the Bombers in spite of hell itself tore through his broken  
wire.  
Once in his lines we commenced to straf, and some straffing  
we sure did do.  
For there was'nt a Hun left in the trench to tell how the Bom-  
bers broke through.

With a hiss and a crack, in each dug-out and sap you could  
hear the sweet strains of a bomb.  
And a voice in the dark was enjoying the lark, as he yelled to  
the Bombers "lead on".  
So we reached our goal and held it too, in spite of the Hate of  
the Hun.  
And we'll never forget as long as we live how The Ridge wa  
won.

— C. T.