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Lieut. Col. E. B. WORTHINGTON

THE CANADIAN BASE DEPOT MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

Canadians ! why are we here in France? The causes for which we first enlisted seem hardly adequate for all this sacrifice and fortitude. England's honour, the Belgian treaty, the public law of Europe were all worth fighting for and at the call to arms we rallied round the flag. After two and a half years of fighting we begin to see a deeper meaning in this war. To-day we are fighting for Canada herself ; not for England, as for some isolated yet noble mother country to whose cause we offer a contribution, we are out to maintain the truth and the freedom which are the foundations of all national life, we are entirely in the Empire « for all we have and are », we are in the unity of the Allies fighting the German idea of selfish force as the supreme right.

An equal opportunity for every man, this has been and shall be Canada's pride. Every Canadian has a duty : to become the best he can become. This is our birth-right ; this is ours to hold against

the aggression of Prussianism which dominates and dictates the lives of its followers. We ask the right to live as Canadians who are waiting to buy up the opportunities that Canada offers. For ourselves and for our children we demand this right of opportunity and we are fighting to maintain and reassert it. In liberty, freedom and justice our fathers laid the foundations of our Canadian life. They toiled terribly to secure our hearth and home. Self-respecting manliness, a good family life, an equitable form of Government, were handed down from them to us. It is to maintain all this that we are fighting now.

We all love Canada, every inch of its broad expanse. We love our particular part of it and at this distance we reverence the spot we call home. We know now that our country is a part of us and that we belong to her. Because of what she has given us we are what we are. Her ideals of manhood, patriotism, opportunity, freedom, are part of us and Canada lives in us. These are great days for Canada and the Empire. Every true Canadian is prepared to endure to the end of the war, and to give all he has to preserve our loved Dominion.

THE EDITOR.

WHAT MANY A MAN HAS LOST

I had a little baby girl
Rosy and gay and round,
A thousand little jokes we shared
And silly secrets found.

She was so very sweet to kiss,
So very good to tease,
So dear to chase in leafy ways
So comfy on my knees.

When Germany her cruel sword
Set at the whole world's heart,
I had to leave my baby girl
To go and play my part.

And I have lost my baby girl,
She's grown a dainty maid,
But ancient passwords are forgot
And ancient jokes mislaid.

She's much too big for a pick-a-back,
Too big for Daddie's knee,
We're strangers to each other's ways;
My baby's lost to me.

Lt. Col. KITSON-CLARK.
o. c. 49th West Riding Base Depot.

CAPT. D. J. HILEY. C. F.

OUR CHAPLAIN

On Christmas Day a most interesting and impressive ceremony took place in the Officers' Mess of the Canadian Camp. Captain Hiley was the guest of honour, and after the meal was concluded, our esteemed Officer commanding, Col. Worthington, rose to speak. For fourteen months, he said, the officers and men in the camp had stood Sunday by Sunday to hear the inspiring sermons of Captain Hiley. During all this time neither officers nor men had the opportunity to reply. On this Christmas Day the Colonel was to tell the beloved and venerated Padre exactly how one and all felt towards him. In serious and sometimes in humorous vein the speaker acknowledged the value of Captain Hiley's faithful and untiring service to the Canadian boys. He has toiled early and late ; he has given of the fulness of his heart to every one of the thousands who have passed this way. His earnest and weighty messages have cheered and encouraged men in the hour of crisis. Never has he failed in his high and holy office. His largess of soul has been a constant power in the camp, and he is the friend of all. « He is not a Canadian », said the Colonel, « but he can't help that. Our hope is that after the war, he may come and visit our Country, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific he will be welcomed by the boys of the Dominion who have found in him a Father and a friend. »

The President of the Mess then came forward carrying a handsome Normandy clock which the Colonel asked the Padre to accept as a token of personal friendship and high regard from himself and the Officers. A brass plate on the clock is inscribed :

« TO CAPTAIN D. J. HILEY, C. F.

From the Officers of the Canadian Base Depôt. »

For once in his life Father Hiley failed to find words to express his feeling. He told us, however, that each soldier boy personified to him his own doctor son, « I do to every boy as I would that some man would do to my son ».

There is the secret of the dear Chaplain's power among us. To him we are sons ; to us he is father, and in his affection we glimpse the glory of the greatest Love of our Father God.

There are few Chaplains with a greater capacity for impressing men. Our Padre is a Welshman with all the fiery eloquence of the Celt. It is grand to hear his magnificent voice pealing out as he addresses three thousand men on Church Parade, far more

impressive is it to see hundreds of men gathered to hear him a second time at a voluntary service on Sunday evening. He is a fighter among fighters and a man among men. For thirty-five years he has waged war against the devil. He has a great gift of humour and does not see why the laugh should be always on the devil's side. He can hit with the force of a sledge hammer, and yet he is as tender as a child. No man can ever come into touch with him without recognising his kindness, sympathy, honesty and manliness.

THE EDITOR.

GAVE THEM A FRIGHT

A few evenings ago a large squad of German prisoners was being marched, under proper escort, from the Imperial Camp — adjoining ours — to the Railway Depot for transhipment to England. They were marching as Germans alone know how to march. — as if the beat of a metronome. Suddenly they seemed to lose their nerve. Their walking become difficult, confused and disorderly. We could'n't at first detect the cause of this. They were all looking up at the far corner of our camp, in a blinking, frightened sort of way.

« What the — is it that scares them ? » asked one of our boys.

« Blessed if I know » came the reply.

Then quite suddenly the secret of the disturbance was revealed to one of the group, who burst out with his discovery :

« They hear the pipers playing up there ! »

NO I. O. U'S. IF YOU PLEASE

That our Camp Sergeants are a good all-round bunch of fellows no one will deny. Yet it is human to err, and for the benefit of the few, whose financial principles are just a trifle lax, the Mess Buffet has found it necessary to affix the following notice on the wall :

« We regret to inform our honoured customers that our good and generous friend, Mr. Credit, expired to-day. He was a noble soul ; always willing and helpful : but had been failing for some time.

- » May he rest in peace. Pay Cash.
» We trust in Heaven — Others in C. O. D.
» Make a noise like Cash. »

A NOS GRANDS ALLIÉS LES CANADIENS

Dès qu'il eût entendu, de l'autre côté de l'eau,
Le canon boche tonner, précurseur de l'assaut,
Le fier Lion Britannique sur les pattes, se dressa,
L'œil en feu, la crinière au vent, il écouta ;

Quel est ce bruit, dit-il ; la France est envahie,
Grande ennemie d'hier, aujourd'hui : chère amie.
Allons, mes Fils, debout, pour aller la sauver.
Le courage doit servir à défendre l'opprimé.

Et Tommy est venu, libre de toute entrave,
A côté des Français se battre comme un brave.
Troupes d'élite, officiers : fleur d'aristocratie,
Ont versé leur sang pur contre la barbarie.

Un appel vibrant aux possessions lointaines,
A fait surgir en foule des forces surhumaines :
Ceux qui ont répondu avec le plus d'amour,
Ce sont les Canadiens, nos frères de toujours.

De l'Amérique du Nord, ils se sont élancés
Au secours de la France à jamais bien-aimée.
L'Yser les a vus, sublimes de vaillance,
Opposer au Teuton leur superbe endurance.

« Ton désir était fou, Guillaume l'Orgueilleux,
De vouloir asservir la terre de leurs aïeux. »
Et Guillaume a lancé contre ces braves soldats,
Le flot de ses armées en de rudes combats :

La barrière Canadienne a persisté à tout,
En pensant aux petits qu'elle sauvait partout.
Merci, brave Corps d'élite pour votre dévouement ;
Si l'ennemi s'accroche encore avec acharnement
A la belle terre de France qu'il serre entre ses bras,

L'heure va bientôt sonner, qui la délivrera,
Anglais, Français et Canadiens, ouvriers de la Délivrance,
Regardez le beau ciel de France !
Qu'avez-vous vu ? Ce mot sublime : *Espérance !*

Composé par M^{lle} MARGUERITE NIVET,
Montivilliers.

THE G. C. M.

No court is this of gold or siller
Though *Massy* is the legal pillar,
So cash rules not though *Money's* here
And through law's maze the court he 'll steer,
While through hot days of ceaseless quest
Bold *Peace* will sleep the sleep of rest,
And *Lông* with keen perception tries
To find the truth amidst the lies ;
Still when we want a world of fun
We take a draught of *Worthington*,
While midst the tangled web there wanders
The worn out shade of puzzled *Saunders*.

Composed by Lient. Col. ATKINSON. A. S. C.
(The Court sat 16 days including 2 Sundays.)

What Could be Worse Than ?

Soldier playing the piano with one finger, occasionally hitting the right note by accident, this, while you are trying to write a letter.

Bully beef and hard tack ?

Suddenly recovering your health when you would have been marked « C ».

Béing ill with stomach trouble and lock-jaw on the day that peace is declared ?

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

By Pte. W. T. STILL.

Shakespeare saith :

« The man that hath not music in his soul,
Whose spirit is not touched by concord of
Sweet sound cannot be trusted. »

This may be a rather severe indictment of the unmusical ; but we know that, should our band be suddenly taken from us — say to be established at the court of Czar Nicholas —, we would miss it very much. By « we » I mean the whole of our camp, where thousands dwell.

The popularity of our band is becoming enormous. It is all the rage, and in perpetual request by Canadian and Imperial authorities alike, besides filling quite a number of outside engagements, a record of which is to be found elsewhere in this issue.

Here and now I merely wish to emphasize the importance to us of its Sunday evening performances. This is where it shines when, reinforced by our Pipers, it assembles on its stand in the road to evoke melodious strains which are very cheering to the men of the new drafts and the war-worn casuals back from the hospitals.

Our band also gives delightful entertainment to the villagers from Rouelles and Montevilliers, who swarm to the concerts. A very popular *rendez-vous* indeed is our bandstand. Set in the junction of two roads, and half surrounded by tall stately trees, its precincts form a pretty scene for a promenade or a quiet chat between soldier and civilian. By means of such meetings the bonds of the Entente Cordiale are more firmly rivetted — especially so when a dimpled maid of Normandy invites converse with a lusty soldier boy. The friendly relations which unite the Union Jack and the Tricolor are sometimes very apparent. Our boys are only human, you know, and, of course, they are a long, long way from home. Can you wonder that, when placed in this romantic setting of hills and dales and leafy trees, with the Fair Daughters of France round about — the Orchestra discoursing sweet music all the while — can you wonder, I ask, that our boys should sometimes be moved by a gentle emotion intimated in the old song :

« Ask her while the band is playing,
Let the oboe speak for you. »

Is it very remarkable that the Tommies should feel a glow of kindly affection rippling up their spine? Echo answers « No ». It would be rude of them, indeed, to spurn coldly the little « coasting welcome » which might chance to come their way.

But alas for the poor laddies who cannot converse in French, or whose knowledge of that tongue is confined to a few phrases of bad French learned « up the line », they are not quite excluded from social intercourse with the demoiselles; but they feel that their facilities are so meagre, so inadequate.

Thus one of our Seaforth Highlanders, who held down a few French sentences, yearned to share his ideas with a certain young lady and her mother, who were standing at the roadside admiring the Pipers strutting by. The French, you must know, have developed a sixth sense — a faculty of appreciating the pipes. The

ladies were, at this moment, remarking, with a wealth of gesture, our sturdy drummer flourishing his sticks on high and smiting his instrument with mighty thuds.

Although Jock was bent upon getting an interview, he did'nt want to queer himself first go-off by thrusting in too abruptly. He thought that if he sidled up to the ladies, they might look at his kilts and ask him a favorite question. He would have been able to answer : « Je ne porte des pantalettes. » But as, strangely enough, the question did'nt pop, he concluded that their curiosity must have been satisfied — perhaps visually during the passage of the pipers.

Evidently it was up to him to set the ball rolling. Such being the case, he asked a friend hard by : « What will I say to them ? »

« Say : Aimez-vous cette musique ? », which means : « Do you like the pipes ? »

« Alright », replied the Highland laddie, and off he goes to the ladies. Addressing himself to the younger, he asks :

« Aimez-vous cette musique ? »

« Oui, Monsieur, l'aimez-vous ? »

« Non. »

« Pourquoi ? »

« No bonne » (he fancies he is getting on wonderfully).

« Vous ne l'aimez pas ? », glancing at his kilts in surprise.

« No comprez » (timidly). Then turning to the mother for the first time he says :

« Bon Soir, mademoiselle » — ma is flattered. Then follows an embarrassing silence, during which Jock's interest is apparently aroused by some curious phenomena up the street. An inspiration coming to him, he resumes :

« Parlez-vous Anglais ? »

« Non, Monsieur. »

« Non », in tones of surprise.

He feels now that he is getting into a rather bad tangle, and does'nt know where this touching interchange of thoughts will lead him. His repertoire is becoming exhausted — but not quite. So, coming back to it again, he asks :

« Après la guerre ? »

At this the ladies look at each other in bewildered surprise, as if to enquire : « What on earth does he mean ? » He tries to look intelligent and quite at ease ; but its no use. He must vamoose before he makes a perfect idiot of himself ; especially as several Tommies are gathering around, much interested.

So he smiles a farewell and hurries to seek his linguistic friend again. Ah, there he is. Going up to him, he says : « Say, Tom, you go and talk to them. They want to see you », after which he vanishes from view into the crowd.

SQUAD DRILL

Squad ! Shun ! Number from the right !
Gee ! I 'm sick of doing Squad drill from morning until night.
For its : « Left turn », « About turn », and then a « Right incline »,
Till the blooming day is over, and on bread and cheese I dine.

I go to bed at nine o'clock, and try and steal some sleep,
I dream I 'm either forming fours, or falling in « two deep ».
Sometimes I have a nightmare and can hear the bugle shrill,
With the Non-coms all a shouting, Fall in boys for drill !

I 've fourteen blisters on each foot, and my neck with the sun is burnt,
But I 'll just keep on a trying, till I get the darn thing learnt.
Now if you chance to read this, and don't like the stuff I 've wrote,
Kindly please remember, that « Squad drill's » got my goat.

Pte. W. H. BATLEY. 264105.
52nd. Canadians.

HITTING THE NAIL

A civilian Frenchman, who takes a lively interest in the doings of our boys, asked one of them what was meant by the initials C. E. F.

The Kilty, who is a bit of a wag, replied quite aptly :
« CANADA — ENGLAND — FRANCE. »

PUTTING IT VERY NICELY

An officer, who was conducting a bevy of soldiers along the road to the Railway Depot, was met by two mounted men of the Veterinary Corps, who were rather tardy in thinking of the salute.

The officer stepped out of the procession, stopped the two horsemen with the question :

« You are mounted men, are'nt you ? »

« Yes, Sir. »

« I thought so. If you had been in the infantry, you would have stood to attention. »



ANTHONY GINLEY

PUZZLE

— * —

How many Officer's and Sergeant's coat sleeves would be required to make a Yankee Flag ?

ANTHONY GINLEY — Youngest D. C. M. in Imperial Service

Anthony was born of Irish parents on March 6th, 1900, so is one of the many brave sons that Erin has given to the Empire. He tried hard to join the Army, but was rejected several times, but succeeded on August 24th, and was drafted into the Royal Montreal Regiment, 14th Battalion, and left for England on October 8th ; a simple pleasing lad to look upon, short of stature, grey eyes, a plump little Irish face, and a disposition and spirit that would fascinate any one who talked to him by his simple and unpretentious nature. He had spent some time on Salisbury Plains in the ever-to-be remembered mud of that period. Some men marched out to a station four miles away to entrain for France. Anthony fell in and walked with them and quite unauthorized entrained with them, he found his way to France; and so in February of 1915 was in the trenches in France, and it was at the battle of Festubert that the little Irish Soldier Boy displayed that wonderous courage that won for him the D. C. M.

A Company of the Battalion was directed to take up a certain position. It was a desperate journey that lay before them over the bullet swept battle field. Trenches had been blown to pieces, many were completely waterlogged, hence there was no straight road that they could take ; they had to dodge places greatly exposed to enemy fire and turn to right or left by an impassable trench, with the result that they lost their bearings, and when they did discover their whereabouts they found themselves in the end of a German trench, a considerable distance from the place to which they were directed, and the efficients of the Company had been reduced to the strength only of a platoon.

The Major in command was exceedingly anxious that his O. C. should know exactly their position and condition and asked for a volunteer to take a message back, and the first to offer was the 15 year old Anthony Ginley; his simplicity and honesty about him was really touching. The Major said : « Anthony that was very brave of you. » He replied : « No Sir, not at all, I did not like being in

the German trench and I thought it less dangerous to go back than to stay where I was, so I went back because I was afraid, not because I was brave ; if I got back I should be out of it. » There was something childlike about his candor, an older man, though he were ever so frightened would hardly be as guileless as that.

The message was given and Anthony departed on his perilous journey and succeeded in getting his message to the O. C. of the 14th, who was resolved on getting a message back to Major Warburton, commanding the remnant in the German trench, and as Anthony was the only one who knew the way, he asked would he mind going back with a message. Anthony replied that he would go, so he retraced his steps and succeeded in getting back, and when he got back, they were more than anxious to get Stretcher Bearers to render aid to some who were in sore distress, and as Anthony was again the only who knew the way, he was again asked if he would go, and accompanied by Bugler Darge, who was little older than Anthony, the two set out. Anthony carried a gun, Darge was unarmed. By this time darkness had set in and Anthony, in trying to thread his way, lost the trail, when in the darkness they were challenged by : « Halt, who goes there. » They were afraid that he was an English speaking German, and Anthony threatened the Coldstream Guardsman. If the darkness did not hide them it must have been rather an amusing thing to see the little boy, hardly longer than the gun, threatening the guardsman, a sort of Pug and Mastiff « Dignity and Impudence ». The kindly guardsman verified himself and revealed to the lads that they had turned round in the dark and were walking right into the arms of the Germans again. So the two Boys went on their journey, and under cover of night brought back the Stretcher Bearers. Now the little Irish Boy was exhausted, and the kindly Major deeply touched by the services of Anthony, took him to stay with him for the remainder of the night, and felt that he had rendered a service that deserved recognition, especially when it is remembered that he had only passed his 15th Birthday by three months; so the next morning he recommended him for recognition, and lucky it was for the boy for the next day the Major himself had made the great Sacrifice.

So Anthony Ginley won the D. C. M., I fancy the youngest man in the British Service, and he wears the decoration so humbly and simply, so honestly repudiating all courage that was exceptional, saying that Darge was ever so much more plucky than he. Boys like these, in Deeds like these, are the guarantee for the future of our Empire.

D. J. HILEY.

WHEN OUR ADGT. SAYS HIS PRAYERS

Oh ; the head of the house is the Colonel,
And he's a class by himself,
And bosses the show as he ought to do,
And gets but little in pelf.

There's Majors, Captains and Lieutenants,
And they all have their little job,
The B. S. M. he never sleeps,
And gives the whole of us cob.

There's Sergeants, Corporals, Lance and us,
And don't forget the band,
And there's the bloke who leads us to
The bright and happy land.

But the Angel child who loves us all,
For all of our troubles he shares,
Is the broth of a boy we listen to,
When our Adgt. says his prayers.

He says them at morn and he says them at night,
And ofttimes in between,
Wherever you go and the air turns blue,
Why that's where our Adgt. been.

Now the air goes blue and the lights go out,
And the saintly Sergeant swears,
And the recording Angel fills his sponge,
When our Adgt. says his prayers.

Oh ; he never repeats and he never goes dry,
A prayer book he never uses,
He has a memory all his own,
And beautiful language he choses.

He shoots it out from his manly chest,
No other with him compares.
And the sound of the drums is never heard,
When our Adgt. says his prayers.

The hum of the shot, and the shriek of the shell,
Will never make us unsteady,
For there is'n't any particular hell,
That we don't know fine already.

And the day will come when they 'll turn us out,
But that's the least of all our cares,
For we 'll laugh and talk of the early days,
When our Adgt. says his prayers.

MC VICAR.

THE BOYS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

How many times the Officers bath-house has been the scene of operations for fire practice, and what's the matter with the place anyhow ?

How many prisoners per week does a Division need, to qualify for a Aylwin hut for an Orderly-room in lieu of a tent ?

Who was the slightly deaf soldier who, on being asked by the nurse if he liked bananas, said : « No he preferred the old fashioned night-shirt » ?

If it is true that the kilty Sergt., on conducting duty in Paris, slipped up on the pavement, and nearly died from exposure ?

How a C. B. D. Sergt. came to loose his hat in town, and was it through dodging ambulances ?

If the house, where a certain C. B. D. Sergt goes every night to study French, is in bounds, and what it is that fires his ambition ?

If when the war is finished we come under Lloyd Georges Old Age Pension Scheme ?

If the subtle censor censored some things sent to Sammy by his sister ?

Did the censor censor something sent to Sammy by his sister ?

If the censor censored something sent to Sammy by his sister ?

Where's the sense with which the censor censored that which Sammy's sister sent ?

With apologies to the sensible censor who will have sympathy and sense of humour enough to censor this.

How many casualties would result in our crowded camp if peace was suddenly declared ?

If the tiny W. Os. report sick for massage of the muscles of the neck dodging salutes when properly dressed ?

If the camp chiroprapist would not have his equipment more complete by the issue of a set of blacksmith's tools ? Have a heart, Mac.

If some of the « casuals » will not be qualified Medicos at the end of the war ?

If we shall have our next Christmas dinner in France, England or Canada, and wether the principal diagnosis next morning will be just plain « pickled » ?

Not Particular

One of our Batmen walked into the canteen the other day and asked for a tin of boot polish.

« Do you want the very best ? » asked the salesman.

« It does'nt matter », replied the buyer, « Its only for the Officer ».

A Definition

To obtain a fairly accurate idea of what « shell-shock » is like just deduct the « s ».

When is a seed a good seed ?

When it is a Germin- 'ater. (Wow !)

AND THE CAT CAME BACK

(A TRUE TALE)

I.

« You will eat that cat. I vow by all that's holy, you will eat that cat ! »

We all laughed, except the speaker Henri de Tonnoncour.

Four bosom pals and chums were we : William Bell the Architect, Gustave Lafontaine the Lawyer ; Septimus Macdonald the Surveyor, and Henri de Tonnoncour, gentleman at large and the owner of the cat.

For four years our friendship had subsisted without a break ; our happy coterie beginning in an aimless way, had at last by an unwritten law formed itself into a small club of congenial spirits.

During our spare hours we were together, sharing in one another's happiness and sorrow, a mutual admiration society, intent on enjoyment, and getting the most out of life.

Was there a good play on at the Russell Theatre, we had a box to ourselves, generally alone — but sometimes with our better halves — at the opening and closing of Parliament we always were together, in the front seat of the gallery — lacrosse matches in summer, would find us on the grand stand — hockey games in winter promenading around the rink two by two in double file — in fact we were known to the world of Ottawa as the « double Siamese twins ».

But in order that life should not be « All beer and skittles » we tried — I say tried, to reserve one night a week to individual and mutual improvement, meeting alternately at one another's houses and spending the evening in listening to a selected member of our party, generally the host, expounding a subject of his choice, generally a topic concerning his profession, and afterwards playing a rubber or two of whist — interspersed with a few drinks of Canadian Club or Gin, *chacun à son goût*.

It was during one of these social reunions, held this evening at de Tonnoncour's house, who had lectured to us on « The drawbacks of being a Civil Servant » and while the « wee dock and doris » was passed around, that the incident occurred, whereby he asserted that we would get outside the cat, and led to the final breaking up of the club, and our amicable relations with pussy's proprietor.

It was on a summer's evening, and the windows being open, the family cat, a tremendous big black Tom bounded in, and after rubbing himself against my knees, stood on his hind legs for a good playful stretch, and for the purpose of cleaning his paws, had buried his nails in Lafontaine's left shin. The victim with a swear word had given Tom a sharp kick, and the cat with a « meow » of pain jumped out of the room.

We all shouted at Lafontaine's discomfiture and de Tonnoncour cried. « You have cowardly kicked my cat, I shall have revenge ! You shall eat him ! I bet you all twenty-five dollars each, that you shall eat that cat ! » The wager was accepted.

II

Months passed and our friendship continued as strong and steadfast as ever. Our club had been in the habit of dining together at least once a fortnight at the « Saskatchewan Restaurant » on Sparks Street and we often met there for half an hour's geniality in the afternoon.

It was on a Monday evening late in November ; the wind was high and the snow skirling in drifting eddies at every corner. We four, after a few cocktails had put on our coonskin coats, and fur caps, and were just about to depart, when in came Rousseau, the genial host. After the usual « Bon soir, messieurs » and « Salut » he said « Gentlemen, you have now for nearly four year been coming here regular, and I may say in fact, that you are my best customers. I appreciate your custom and, with your kind permission gentlemen, I wish you would be my guests some evening at a little dinner here, at my expense — can we say Thursday evening next ? »

Of course we were all very pleased to accept old Rousseau's invitation, (he was not noted for his generosity), but de Tonnoncour remembered that he had some special engagement for Thursday evening. However, after some urging on our part he reluctantly gave in, and agreed to be on hand.

Thursday evening came, and at 8 o'clock we all assembled at « The Sask ». Rousseau gave us No. 9, a nice private room, all to ourselves, and detailed two of his best and oldest waiters to look after our comfort.

« For the love of Mike, I wonder what's struck the old man ? » asked Bell the Architect. « Oh you are always wondering » returned Lafontaine. « Never look a gift horse in the mouth ; eat, drink and be merry, and after the spread, I suggest a little game of draw. »

Well, old man Rousseau certainly gave us a grand lay-out. After a few Martini cocktails just as sighting shots, we had hors d'œuvres, Malpecques from the Lower St. Lawrence on the half shell ; Soup aux Pois à la Canadienne ; prairie chickens from Manitoba, « Brought down by a particular friend of mine », Rousseau explained with a leer ; a nice juicy moose steak from Sudbury with all the fixings, and with Sherry, Scotch and a few other liquids too numerous to inventory. Mumm's Extra Dry then came on and Rousseau entering with a profound obeissance. « Gentilmans, did you know, I have just got a Chef from Parie. He is very fine, and now I will serve you « *de pièce de résistance* » — a most excellent ragout made by the Parisien cook himself from the latest Paris

recipe: « Why in thunder didn't you bring it in before ? » cried the Architect. « Well gentilmans it is something extra » explained Rousseau, hurrying away. « For God's sake man leave him alone » indignantly retorted Lafontaine. « Do try and behave half decent anyway. « Oh cheese it you kids », said Macdonald. « Don't rattle the old man, Bell. And now lay on Mc Duff and damned be he who first says hold, enough » — « That's right », interloped Henri de Tonnoncour, who up to this had remained almost silent, with an absent, far-away look in his eyes, as if he were thinking of his wee wife a'waitin'. — Just then the door opened, and in marched Rousseau, with a steaming platter of the celebrated ragout which certainly emitted a most savoury and appetizing odour. « I can most specially recommend dat ragout », said Rousseau, « De latest from Parie ». It was laid in front of de Tonnoncour, who ladled it out in the most generous manner. We at once all pronounced it most excellent, and as there was lots of it had each two helpings. « Say » Lafontaine said, « That's some ragout ; old man Rousseau is damn lucky to get that chef from Paris. » « We must have another ragout next week ». Bell admitted, as he took up a choice morsel and crunched the bones between his teeth. We almost licked the platter clean. Then all at once up jumped de Tonnoncour, « Gentlemen, you will each hand over to me twenty-five Plunks and pay the cost of this dinner ! »

In amazement we all turned to him, and noticed that his plate was untouched.

« What's eating you », said Lafontaine. « Don't you like the ragout ? » « I don't know, I haven't tasted it but I *do* know that you have eaten my cat ! » He started up and rang the bell violently. In came Rousseau with the chef from Paris, grinning behind, and, oh horrors ! the chef proudly bore a black pelt which appeared to be a cat's. After swinging it by the tail gently to and fro he help up the head with its ghastly glazed eyes and sharp small teeth for our inspection.

« Please cough up those twenty-five plunks each of you tender-feet, and ten more each, for the expenses of this function », demanded de Tonnoncour.

Then we one and all began to make excuses and went out quietly into the drifting snow.

The next day we each paid Henri de Tonnoncour thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

“ SOME LIFE ”

I went before the Medical Board, they marked me down « P. B. »
It rather took me by surprise, as I thought I'd get a « C. »
I was sent to a Stationary Hospital, and there, as you can guess,
They soon got my name on the Nominal Roll, to work in the Patient's Mess.

I served out roastbeef and potatoes, and pudding and one slice of bread,
Swept up the floor, read the *Daily Mail*, then went and laid down on my bed,
I rose again at four o'clock for a man had said to me « Come on Ellabeck »
Get a move on, You've got to serve out the Tea.

I served out bread and butter, peaches and cheese and jam,
And got rather independant, and did not care a d . . . n.
One day the Sgt. Major said, « Come over here you slob ».
This job here is too good for you, report to the Sanitary Squad. »

I was on parade next morning, polished up slick and nice,
And was sent to the fumigator, to work among Fleas and Lice.
You talk of the battle on the Somme, the misery and the pain,
But this Job's got them all beat, of Lice there're thousands slain.

Its bad enough sometimes to see, the cripples in the Mess,
But its enough to break your heart, to see the fleas distress,
They look in your eyes for mercy, as their life begins to fade,
Of course some are only wounded, so we render them first aid.

But out on Active Service, one cannot pick and choose,
Its No. 1, Field Punishment, if an order you refuse.
These awful things we have to do, for the world is full of strife,
But this job on the Fumigator, believe me, it's « SOME LIFE ».

43rd. Canadians.
Pte. F. H. ELLABECK,

AN HISTORICAL ANNIVERSARY

The fourth of November is the anniversary of a notable event in the history of Harfleur. For on that day in the year 1435, one hundred and four Frenchmen inside the town rose against the English who were in possession, and joined forces with a gallant French gentleman who had raised the country outside the walls. The English were expelled, but this fine old leader Jehan de Grouchy was killed in the assault. His statue stands in a square of the little town, and in record of a fight, which reflects distinction on both parties, the big bell tolls 104 times in the early morning of this day every year. On the Sunday following that day, each year the people of Harfleur assemble after Mass at the foot of this statue and are addressed by their Mayor, and in 1915 and 1916, English have joined

the French in the celebration, at the close of which, the National Anthems of both countries have been played « en réciproque » by French and English bands.

In 1916, the Band came from the Canadian Camp, and it was the Canadian Colonel who gave the signal for the kindly English Cheers for the French.

And in this year on the actual anniversary, the Mayor of Harfleur visited the Y. M. C. A. Hut of the Canadian Camp, and delivered two addresses : one in French, one in English, to a crowded house.

Monsieur Georges Ancel, Maire d'Harfleur for 12 years, Député 4 1/2 years, Conseiller général du canton 5 years, is the representative of a distinguished family that has been associated with ever since its foundation by François I in 1516. His grandfather, Monsieur Jules Ancel, was Maire of that town and for 40 years Député and Sénateur ; he schemed the extension of the town which in his time did not spread North of the Hotel de Ville, and it was we who advocated the demolition of the walls. Finding opposition from those who claimed the necessity for a fortification of such an important port, he appealed to Napoleon III, who sent down the famous engineer Maréchal de St. Arnaud. Monsieur Ancel conducted him to the hill overlooking the town, and it was then recognised that no defences on the plain could save a town from modern artillery on that height. The wall was replaced by a broad street and that one which passes round the Hotel de Ville, bears the name of Jules Ancel.

His father, Monsieur Raoul Ancel, sénateur de la Seine-Inférieure, gave all his time and thought to furthering the interests of his district, and the last act of his life was to influence the vote at the Conseil Général at Rouen, by which the conflicting interests of Rouen were reconciled. I made his persuasive speech and died in his place.

Monsieur Georges Ancel was accompanied on the platform by his wife who is a direct lineal descendant of De Houdetôt, standard bearer of William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings. And his wife and two sons were welcomed by Lieut.-Colonel Worthington, in happy terms, as representative of their host and ally France, and of that beautiful Normandy whose children had played so big a part in the history of England and the origin of Canada. Monsieur Ancel spoke in English as follows :

« Nearly a year ago, I had the pleasure of saying a word of » welcome to English soldiers, who had come to this District, which » I have the honour to represent in Paliament.

» To-day I repeat that pleasure and it is a specially happy one,
» because I am addressing some of the British Colonial Forces.

» For two reasons. My first reason is that the British Empire
» has shown that it is one large family ; and the whole world, has
» been stirred by the way in which the Colonials of England, have
» come to fight for her. Great children for a great Mother !

» My second reason is that as Frenchmen, we can now give
» a welcome to a part of the great English family, which actually
» came into that family from France.

» To Canadian — English born and French born — I say
« welcome », « doubly welcome ». We French and English have
» fought in the past, and at any rate we have fought as *gentle-*
» *men*.

» So gentlemen ; — So gentlemen ; — we are joined together
» to meet an enemy who is *not* a gentleman, — and when we have
» beaten him, and beat him we shall, I know that we shall find
» ourselves all bound in a still greater family with ties of love,
» for ever.

» I thank you, Colonel Worthington for your very kind invi-
» tation, and kind words and congratulate you on your splendid
» Camp » — and turning to the French Canadians, he said :

« Messieurs,

» Laissez-moi vous dire combien nous sommes heureux de
» saluer ici le retour des Canadiens à leur berceau.

» Par l'ouvert de la Vallée d'Harfleur, vous pouvez apercevoir,
» en face, la Côte de Grâce, et le petit port si pittoresque de Hon-
» fleur. C'est là que de Champlain et ses compagnons normands
» se sont embarqués pour la campagne aventureuse et lointaine,
» pour le mystérieux continent, où, avec la vieille sagesse et sapience
» normande, ils apportaient aussi toute la vaillance de la race,
» son indomptable énergie, son esprit d'organisation et d'initiative.

» Honfleur a toujours gardé le fier souvenir de ces enfants et
» de leurs destinées glorieuses. Au mur de la belle Lieutenance une
» plaque de marbre perpétue leur mémoire ; elle vit encore plus
» dans tous nos cœurs.

» Vous, non plus, n'aviez pas oublié le pays d'origine. Avec
» quelle émotion nous vous voyons aujourd'hui revenir, à l'heure
» du péril, défendre cette terre dont vous êtes sortis. Et, regardant
» défilér les superbes régiments canadiens, connaissant leurs
» prouesses, nous ne pouvons qu'éprouver un sentiment d'admi-

» ration profonde pour cette race Anglo-Franco-Normande, dont
» vous avez, vraiment, fait une des premières et des plus belles
» du monde.

» Puis, quel magnifique exemple donnent toutes les colonies
» de l'Empire Britannique accourues à l'appel de l'Angleterre, tels
» des enfants venant combattre pour leur mère menacée ; quelle
» preuve plus concluante de la façon dont la Grande-Bretagne sait
» respecter les droits et les sentiments de tous, et s'attacher ainsi
» les peuples qui lui sont soumis,

» Je ne veux pas finir sans évoquer le souvenir des vaillants
» combats, qu'au cours des siècles, se sont souvent livrés Anglais
» et Français. Mais, combats menés avec la belle et bonne humeur
» de deux adversaires qui s'estiment, et selon toutes les lois de
» l'honneur le plus chevaleresque, qui ne laisse place pour aucune
» rancune.

» Comme des enfants d'une même famille, qui, parfois se cha-
» maillent et se querellent entre eux, mais qui s'unissent pour
» « tomber sus » à l'ennemi déloyal et traître, dès que s'est élevé
» le monstrueux attentat de l'Allemagne, Français et Anglais se
» sont dressés ensemble pour la défense du Droit et de la Liberté.
» Jusqu'au bout, et Dieu aidant, ils mèneront ce bon combat pour
» le triomphe de tout ce qui est l'honneur de l'humanité, contre
» la dégradation et la honte que voulaient imposer au monde nos
» infâmes ennemis.

» Et de toutes nos héroïques souffrances supportées en com-
» mun, de tant de noble sang versé, il restera aussi, désormais,
» entre nous, tant de liens d'affection et d'union, que sera défini-
» tivement scellée l'Amitié de nos beaux pays de France et d'Angle-
» terre, sans aucune crainte de malentendus à l'avenir. »

Both speeches were extremely well received, and the meeting was then resolved into a school.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kitson-Clark, of the 49th Base Depot, held a class in French, his text being : the *Marseillaise*, and a translation of nearly every phrase in two of the stanzas was elicited by him from ready and attentive scholars.

LA MARSEILLAISE

By ROUGET DE LISLE, 1792.

L. K. C. & E. K. C., 1915.

ALLONS enfants de la patrie,
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé,
 Contre nous de la tyrannie,
 L'étendard sanglant est levé, (bis)
 Entendez-vous dans ces campagnes
 Mugir ces féroces soldats ?
 Ils viennent, jusque dans vos bras,
 Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes !

Soldiers of France of ancient story,
 Arise to greet your day of days.
 Tyrant hosts against your glory,
 Now their bloody banners raise. (bis)
 Do you not hear these ruffians shrieking ?
 They're ravening over your land,
 They're tearing your children from your
 [hand,
 On your comrades their terrors they are
 [wreaking.

Aux armes, citoyens ! Formez vos bataillons,
 Marchons ! Marchons !
 Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

To arms then sons of France, Your fighting
 [lines advance,
 March on ! March on !
 Your furrows flood with their accursed blood.

Amour sacré de la patrie,
 Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs.
 Liberté, Liberté chérie,
 Combats avec tes défenseurs. (bis)
 Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
 Accoure à tes mâles accents,
 Que tes ennemis expirants
 Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.

Oh ! sacred love of France undying,
 Direct these arms for vengeance free
 Liberty thy foes defying,
 Fight for those who fight for thee. (bis)
 Beneath our flag may fate victorious,
 Give answer to thy heroic cry,
 That foes may see before they die,
 Thy triumph and France for ever glorious.

Aux armes, citoyens ! Formez vos bataillons,
 Marchons ! Marchons !
 Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

To arms then sons of France, Your fighting
 [lines advance,
 March on ! March on !
 *Your furrows flood with their accursed blood.

Then the light went out, which rendered the school-master invisible ; the rain rattled on the roof, which caused him to be inaudible ; but the class held together and sung various melodies which were called for to illustrate the points of the little lecture : namely — a contrast between the French and English genius in soldier songs.

« The sweep and swing of *The Long, Long Trail*, the careless but sustained rhythm of *Tipperary* were very different from the eager personification of weapons such as : *Mi- Mi- Mitrailleuse*, and the simple notes of *God Save The King* were restraint itself in comparison with the magnificent fury of the *Marseillaise*. The Englishmen sang on their way up to a man's duty towards crushing an infamous but unseen monster ; the French were inspired by the divine hate of an obscene thing that they knew.

« Heaven be with them both. »

And the men broke off after a wonderful cheer for their French and English friends.

E. KITSON CLARK.

NAVAL & MILITARY NOTES

11.15 g. m. *Everything quiet on this front (Buglers included)*

Stepping off the bridge I found myself in a German dug-out from which I emerged to find myself on the Rue de Paris. As there were numerous policemen around at that particular time, I had to endure a thirst which had taken a full week to mature, and which might have been satiated but for the afore-mentioned nuisance otherwise known as the bane of Tommy's existence « When on Active Service, etc. ».

I was brought to myself by a « whiz-bang » which struck our parapet too close to be pleasant, and bringing thoughts of streets of gold and beautiful angels, and during the general excitement which followed, I took advantage to change my position — finding myself in a café with a big « Mam Shows » in front of me, and our skipper Johnson, to my delight, was sitting opposite regarding me intently with that nautical eye of his.

He told me that he had coal-scuttled his ship in mid-ocean : Latitude, 2,340. Longitude, 42,981 1/2, leaving the pirate crew on Listening Post with nothing but overcoats boots and paybooks, marking them in the meantime Medicine and Duty. He himself had great difficulty in reaching the shore owing to the barb wire entanglements, and hitting the wet canteen on the way, together with the starshells fired at point black range and which played great havoc in the enemy's ranks owing to their massed formation.

We were busy relating former experiences in the Congo, where we were both ship-wrecked with a cargo of Dolls Eyes and Fly-papers, when a tremendous explosion occurred ; we rushed to the door to find that the sound was caused by the blast of a policeman's whistle, but returned again before he saw us, or we might have been riddled with shot and shell and fourteen days No. 1. The skipper not being ready to retire from this wicked world in such a hasty and undignified manner, we stood to.

A few hours later we stepped aboard the dingy and were rowed to the Gare de Maritime, from where with a very fast run we reached Rouelles station, where a great crowd was assembled, time 9.15 g. m. For myself I did not see the crowd being too busy keeping down the drink, which we had stowed below in the hold. (We held it too.)

Dear readers, who can tell the agony of mind and body, that we endured, and the blinding shot and shell that we dodged reaching camp, but we both made heroic efforts to sign the ships log in the

guard room. Can you, gentle reader, realize or conceive in in the slightest degree the torturing thirst that was on the following morning. Picking up the daily paper this morning, I read that our ship has been U13d., but only the bridge and deck are missing, and the hold, so we expect to sail again some time next year wind and tide favourable. We were to have sailed one day last week but the tide went out and has not since returned, being nine days overdue owing to everything being higher these days. We expect to have a good voyage, and though we get lots of shells, they are only the Oyster variety, and mostly « Duds » at that. By the way our Machine-gun has lost its machine, so we only have the gun now, which between brushes with the enemy, brushes the decks fore and aft. Our engine are painted blue now, so they make a noise just like the blue sea being invisible and unheard of at a range of 15 yards, and we need no escort being in possession of a smoke helmet to counteract the fumes of « issue cigars and tobacco » (see page 20 Q. M. Stores). Our next cargo is conducting Sergeants which we have orders to dump in mid-ocean Lat. 2,382,960 Fah. returning with a cargo of « Sam Browns Schooldays », and barbed wire shoelaces. I join with the skipper in good wishes for an early drunk and a quick passage home. The former provided, we find the Paymaster IN and the latter provided. Fritz comes to his senses, yours to a cinder.

SHORE CAPTAIN.

SACRIFICE

The dainty violet lifts its azure head,
In gloomy woods where high the leafy boughs
Rustle, a-quiver as the zephyr soughs.
Beauty from dust, new life from leaves long dead.

Hoary traditions and Sagas of the North,
Likened this world of men to ash-tree gray,
Whose multitudinous leaves beneath, decay,
And feed the parent growth that gave them birth.

Each leaf a life ! and each in dying gives
Itself to nourish and produce a new,
What shall in every mind the thought imbue,
That in the new, the dead and gone yet lives.

Life goes that life may come, the rule prevails
Thro' all the mazes of this created sphere,
Mother for son and love for lover dear,
Each for another the breath of life exhales.

In western wild, across the seething foam,
'Gainst beast and native, fever, famines drear,
Our fathers fought that they their families might rear,
And for their little ones erect a home.

What shall we say then, when in hideous strife,
Man spill the blood of fellow and his roof
With fell bomb shatters, and the warp and woof
Of world wide commerce, cuts with ruthless knife.

Must the groans of dying men and heaps of slain
Whose blood to heaven for retribution craves,
Must the tears of widows over lonely graves,
And orphaned children, all be shed in vain ?

Nay' not unless the earth its path pursues,
Unguided and uncared for by its Maker wise,
There shall like Phoenix from these slain arise
A glorious Peace that none shall dare abuse.

What is to us a maze of mystery,
A fearful failure of the Christian work,
The triumph of the heathen and the Turk,
May in His hands enhance the web of History.

To despot, who for glory whets his blade,
Who disregards the Mandates of his God,
And with the blood of fellows soaks the sod,
Can come no hope of good from war so made.

But he, who hears the cry of home bereft
Of joy and peace by fire and sword,
Enters the bloody lists to keep his word,
Plighted aforetime to protect the weak.

He ! if he die in shock of battle, knows,
His death becomes the seed of future peace,
Which when this wordly lust of hate shall cease,
Will spring eternal o'er both friends and foes.

NEMO.

SOME TIME AGO

Some time ago we had the honour of a visit of inspection of the Base Depot and Training Camp from the Hon. Sir Samuel Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defence. Sir Sam was accompanied, in his tour through the different grounds by General Asser, Base Commandant.

What the Minister of War witnessed up on the plain ; new battalions and draft going through their different courses of bomb-throwing, trench jumping, bayonet work, etc., must have seemed rather tame to him — coming here, as he did, straight from the Western Front. Nevertheless it is quite certain that he found these new levies working with spirit and enthusiasm in a camp which is well appointed with the paraphetnalnia of all the diverse branches of

present day warfare. And at the assembly on the square of all Canadian and Imperial troops for the march back to their camps Sir Sam was able to get an impression of the thousands of men who were about to leave for the firing line.

Returning to the Depot he addressed the « Casuals » on the parade ground. He said that, having just arrived from the Western Front, where he had inspected the Canadian and British lines from end to end and had seen many battalions in action « from vantage points as near to the fighting as it was all safe to be » his confidence in the Empire's fighting strength was still further strengthened.

« You men, who have been to the Front » he said « and will shortly be returning to it, have reason to feel proud of your achievements. I see a number of you about me who were with the first division. I recall some of the pessimistic utterances which were current at the time of its formation. It was even said, by some, that Canada could not mobilize, train and equip a division in time to be of service abroad. Well, Canada has enlisted over 400,000 in her army. You men have written a brilliant page in Canadian History, in spite of the serious disabilities which you suffered under at the beginning. Later drafts have also done excellent work, which has won the admiration of the British Army. All Canada is thinking of you, boys, and you will return, after the war, to a welcome such as Canada knows how to give ».

The War Minister concluded by pointing out how well events are shaping in our favour now, saying that prospects were decidedly bright. He then proposed three cheers for the King and for our Commandant Gen. Asser. These were given enthusiastically. Then, at the word from our Colonel, three hearty cheers were sent up for the Minister of Militia, who was then conducted to the Officers Quarters.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE

— * —

They were gay and chic and bright,
With laughter and love and cares so light.
Irresponsibly happy by day and by night
'Twas their way yesterday,
Gay women of France !

Sweet words of love they were heard to say,
To their valient men who marched away.
Laughter and happiness turned to despair,
Sadness and sorrow for many so fair.
Brave women of France !

Irresponsibly happy just yesterday,
Now chastened in sorrow and care.
Bravely they wait and pray at night
For those who may never return from the fight.
Sad women of France !

Laughter and joy from eyes so bright,
Have faded away for many so fair.
Yet carrying bravely sad thoughts of the fight
With faces determined, but not of despair.
Grim women of France !

True character shines in faces so fair,
Praying for France by day and by night.
Chastened in grief but not in despair
France should be proud of women so rare.
Wonderful women of France !

Sgt. Major BRADLEY.

C. A. M. C.

TOMMY'S PALS

Hullo. Hardtack ; Hullo Bully, what is it. Oh nothing much, only I think we are moving to day for the front, and a good job too. You know I am getting fed up with being packed up here at home, when our pals are in the thick of it. I agree with you there Bully. I hate to be called a slacker, but as you say we will soon be out of this bally warehouse as we are the next to go. I expect we will be loaded up tonight. I am just dying to get to the firing line. Thats me too Hardtack, the front is the place for us. I would hate to be dumped at some Base or convalescent camp. It is a mistake to use us in those places, as there are lots of other foods good enough for them. You know we are the mainstay of the men who are struggling in the mud and doing things. In fact we keep the war going. You are quite right there Bully. Now take those Maconachies Rations they are good enough for rear dumps, PBs and that class, but they are no good in the front line as they have to be warmed up. Now take yourself Bully, look at the nice firm jelly encasing you. And you Hardtack you are full of nourishment ! — Hullo, I believe we are going to pack us into their van, Hurrah Hardtack we are off at last. I guess it will be to the docks for a start, goodbye just now will see you on board. — Hullo that you Hardtack ? Yes Bully, where are we ? I think we are near the bottom of the sea, but we will soon be in France. I hate this stuffy place, how are you getting along ? Oh not too bad Bully ; a bit shaken up and a lot of my pals got broken up. Some bally fool of a home guard dropped us about a hundred feet into this hole. No wonder the boys kick when we are all smashed up ! ah ! we 've stopped, this must be sunny

France. I guess it is Hardtack we are on our way, I wonder if they will send us right up. I hope so Bully I am getting restless. I'll tell you, I want to get into the haversack of a Canadian. So do I Hardtack we will see some fighting then ! some combination that eh, Hardtack ? Bully and Canadians, we will try and stick together as iron rations. We are bound to get knocked about a bit but we will be right in the thick of the scrap. Hulloo ! they are putting us on a train, good business, what did that Froggy say, I don't savy their lingo do you Hardtack. No I don't but I noticed a whole lot of stuff labelled for the Somme, so I suppose we are all right. There's a whole lot of Canadian Tommies on the platform as well going right up all wearing the Maple leaf. We are in luck, in luck ! ah ! we are off, and not packed in a box car either. Hulloo Hardtack where are we, did you hear that. Yes Bully thats our guns, don't they sound all right. « Line up there men for your rations ». Did you hear that Hardtack, I bet John Bull we are going right into the front line. « One tin of Bully six Hardtacks, here you are men ». I say Bully this is not so bad, a nice clean bag, its better than being in a box. Now we can settle down to business, but we are not iron rations, we are on the forty-eight hours stretch, so we won't have long to wait to do our bit. I hope this Canadian won't get knocked out before we get over No-man's land. Why Hardtack they are off, don't you hear them splashing in the mud. We 're right in the trenches too, or we would'nt be bumping so much. Heavens ! what's happened, our mans gone down, are you all right Hardtack. Not so bad Bully only crushed up a bit ; did you hear that. Fritz must be shelling them going through the communication trench. We 'll soon be right up now. Another Coal-box ! what ho she bumps ! listen there's our barage, over the top they go, crack, bang, whizz, we are right in it Hardtack ! Siss, d—m. What's the matter, Bully ? I 'm hit, a bally bit of shrapnell got me in the lid and took it clean off ! Ah well, I 'll soon be wanted anyhow, what a devil of a row, did you hear that Hardtack. « Merci Kamrad ! » the old game, no fight left in them, we 've got them all right. I tell you this Hardtack before I am used up that you and I and Canadians can go through anything. « I say Tom, I think we can » have a snack now, open up the Bully, here is the Hardtack. All » right Jim, by Jove, the Bully is open ! look here it got hit with a » big piece of shrapnell. Good old Bully saved you from a nasty » wound, and now it is going to satisfy the inner man, great stuff Bully and Hardtack. »

Pte. R. MAIN.
102nd. Batt. Canadians.