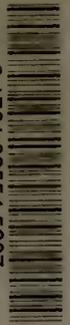


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OH! CANADA



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A MEDLEY OF STORIES, VERSE,
PICTURES, AND MUSIC CONTRIBUTED
BY MEMBERS OF THE CANADIAN
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



MY "DUG-OUT" DREAM.

From an original drawing by Captain R. G. Mathews, C.E.F.

OH, CANADA!

A MEDLEY OF STORIES, VERSE,
PICTURES, AND MUSIC CONTRIBUTED
BY MEMBERS OF THE CANADIAN
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

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SALUT!

OH, CANADA! is not put forth as the most scintillating example of the literary and pictorial talent of the members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. As a rule, our efforts at scintillation are somewhat hampered. Cases have been known where quite witty jests have suddenly lost their point, or been supplied with a new one in the shape of a 5·9 (Essen). "Cold feet" also is a complaint unfavourable to humour. Wherefore it is alleged that most of the current "trench jokes" and "dug-out drawings" are done in London flats by junior members of the War Office Staff. We cannot vouch for this. All that needs be said, gentle reader, with regard to the present olla-podrida, is that it is an attempt to round up a few scattered details and form them into an active unit. The appearance of OH, CANADA! will not, we trust, interfere with the vigorous prosecution of the war. The Somme will duly be set on fire, but copies of OH, CANADA! will *not* be used as incendiary ammunition. It may cause a few momentary misgivings in the breast of Little Willy; but, on the other hand, it will probably confirm all General von Bernhardt's calculated opinions of our Colonial futility.

However, our trench *vis-à-vis*, Fritz, has seen us in various parts and postures. It is unlikely that he likes us. One or two things have crept into this publication which may further wound his feelings, but it can't be helped. OH, CANADA! will remind our friends as well as our foes that whenever any occasion arises for their presence,

THE BYNG BOYS ARE HERE!

OWE CANADA ?

“ England owes Canada her thanks for the aid she has rendered in this war.”—ENGLISH STATESMAN.

*Owe Canada? Not so, dear John;
We do our duty simply to the whole
Of that domain the sun ne'er sets upon.
You owe us nothing: Death claims his toll,
Honour and self-respect and duty tribute take:
They are our common creditors, and we pay.
You owe us? Nay, 'tis for our races' sake.
No thanks to us, John Bull, we pray!
Owe Canada, indeed! If debts and debtors be,
What mighty debt thy children owe to thee!*

J. F. DRUMMOND.



LIEUT.-GENERAL HON. SIR JULIAN BYNG, K.C.B.,
Canadian Corps Commander.
(*A snapshot at the Front.*)

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OH, CANADA!

A BACKWARD GLANCE

BY THE HON. LADY BYNG

(Wife of the Commander of the Canadian Army Corps in France)

A CHILD'S mind is curiously retentive, and in the dim recesses of mine all manner of odds and ends, belonging to distant Canadian days, flash forth as I write. The Dominion, or such corners of it as I was privileged to see, have remained an abiding and delightful memory which I feel that I would fain refresh, if occasion ever arose. And now, in a manner, it has arisen, owing to my husband's good fortune in being appointed to command the magnificent force which Canada has sent to help the Old Country in her hour of need. So through the medium of those who, from the Western Land, come to see me, or whom I happen to meet in these days, do I find myself brought once again in touch with a country which holds many happy memories for me; and in response to the request that I should send a contribution to OH, CANADA! I will try and jot down some slight memories of the Land of the Maple Leaf.

Events, scenes, and people are as vividly impressed on my mind as though they were affairs of yesterday. It was on Nov. 14, 1878, that, with my parents, who were both appointed to the staff of Lord Lorne and Princess Louise, I set sail for Canada. I remember the crowds in London, the good-byes, the flower-filled saloon on the train that took us to Liverpool, where people lining the streets for a farewell glimpse of a popular Princess, loudly cheered my big jointed doll, "Robert" by

name, which my mother's French maid was carrying. " Robert " was a very real personality to me, and since he was as big as a seven months' old child, he certainly could not be packed away in a trunk, so he was carried on board the Allan liner *Sarmatian*, and met with an ovation from the good-tempered crowd which, as usual on such occasions, will cheer anything and anybody who takes their volatile fancy. On the journey, too, " Robert " was to the fore, for in the awful storm which we met on Nov. 18 he was flung across the cabin, and landed in a corner with both hands clasping his mop of curly hair, as though he, too, like the rest of us, was enduring all the agonies of sea-sickness, and he made us forget our miseries in a momentary laugh. For twelve days, when for the most time we were battered down owing to the weather, we laboured and struggled across the Atlantic, and I cried pitifully that they should " stop the ship " because I was so sick. Stop we did once, not because of my pitiful appeal, but from sheer stress of weather, and also to offer help to a tramp steamer, which, with her steering gear dislocated, lay at the mercy of those huge waves. However, thanks to Captain Aird's fine seamanship, we reached Halifax at last, minus the main trysail, half the bridge, and one of the boats. We were all of us feeling horribly battered, and more than thankful to set foot on the firm land whose sloping shores, clad with the brilliant foliage of the late fall, welcomed us. After various functions, we arrived at last in Ottawa, where I well remember the charming and fairylike beauty of a torchlight procession with which the new Governor-General and his Princess were greeted.

From photographs which I have seen latterly of Rideau Hall, it must, thanks to the excellent taste of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, be a very much prettier and nicer place than when I lived there, but good or bad taste makes little difference to children, and I am sure the son and daughter of Sir Francis de Winton have as many and



THE HON. LADY BYNG.
(Photo by Bassano, Ltd.)

as delightful memories as I of that winter in Ottawa, when we first learnt to toboggan, skate, and walk on snowshoes. Not that skating appealed to me, because I never got beyond the stage of falling violently on the ice, which was infinitely harder than my small person. Skating, therefore, left me cold in more senses than one. But tobogganing was quite another story, and many a thrilling dash do I remember down the big slide, squeezed in as an extra passenger because of my smallness. What a breathless moment it was until the impetus slackened among the pine trees of the woodland that lies at the foot of the slide, a woodland so starred in spring with hepaticas that to this day the sight of the little blossoms always conjures up Ottawa to my mind. How clearly it all seems to visualise before me now—Rideau Hall, with its grounds, the house where the de Wintons lived, and where I went for lessons; the big slide which, to a child's eye, seemed to reach almost to the sky; the open skating rink with the curling rink alongside, and the steep slope above the rink where we built a snow fort, protected with icicle guns and stocked with snowball ammunition. There was, too, the short, almost perpendicular slide nearer the house, which was forbidden to us, and therefore all the more tempting! Once I sneaked off alone and negotiated it in my miniature toboggan, with dire results, for I pitched head-first into the snow at the bottom, and was ignominiously rescued by one of the servants.

On Sundays there used to be great walks, the "Viceregal tramps," as they were called in the local papers, when my parents, Lady Sophia Macnamara, Colonel McNeill, Captains Harbord, Bagot, and Chator, Major and Mrs. de Winton, Mr. Sydney Hall, the Governor-General and the Princess, used to sally forth, either to walk through the town or make excursions on snowshoes. What tumbles there used to be! What abrupt and undignified disappearances, head foremost in the snow, of sedate ladies-in-waiting, military secretaries, or other dignitaries of

the little Court, and what delightful pictures Mr. Hall's ready pencil used to make of them, whilst we children mocked, because, being light in weight, we were comparative experts on snow-shoes. Then in the spring-time there were delightful expeditions to the maple woods, for the first tapping of the trees for syrup, and to this day my mouth waters greedily at those delicious moulds of maple sugar on which I feasted not wisely but too well!

After Ottawa with its fine Houses of Parliament, now, alas! burnt down, its timber-slide and the lovely Rideau fall, ruthlessly hidden by ugly buildings, there comes to my mind a medley of places only seen on tour. Toronto, Montreal, the Saguenay River and the rapids, which I remember best, followed by a prolonged sojourn alone with my maid in lodgings at St. Johns, New Brunswick, where, with infantile tactlessness, I contracted scarlet fever. My memory of St. Johns is a fevered jumble of a quaint old landlady, a mongrel black and tan dog, "Tanny," whom I adored, and masses of wild columbines waving in the breeze of the cloudless summer weather. From St. Johns I went to Québec, which of all places, besides Ottawa, stands out clearest in my mind, because marked events happened there. First, the opening of Dufferin Terrace; then an ugly rising in the lower part of the town which necessitated our being shut up in the Citadel—where we lived—for several days. During the whole of that time the soldiers' horses stood in the barrack square, ready saddled and bridled to meet any emergency. What the riot was about, what happened, etc., I neither knew, nor at that age did I care, but the fact of being beleaguered in the Citadel was a thrilling enough adventure, full of excitement and romance to a small child, as was also the burning of a whole street of wooden houses, which I saw shortly afterwards. Another excitement was the simultaneous, and chance, arrival of a French and a British man-of-war. The *Galissonière* and the *Bellerophon* were the two ships which anchored side by side, and many were the

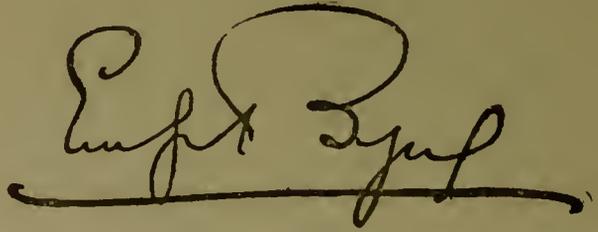
festivities which followed, to some of which I went, and I remember a most comical drawing by Mr. Hall of the "Admiral's farewell," when, to the horror of Sir Edward Inglefield, the Frenchman seized him in a warm embrace.

Of course, being but a child, I saw little of the men who were making Canadian history at that time, yet certain faces and figures remain silhouetted against the background of events, all of them strange and new to me. I remember Laurier, Tilley, Masson, Sir Edward Inglefield, the Admiral, and General Selby Smythe, Commander of the British Forces. But most clearly of all, Macdonald, "Sir John A.," though I was not of an age to realise all that the long, lean face, with its loose skin and innumerable lines, meant, or what it would stand for in the future history of Canada. To me he was just a kindly-spoken old man, not the great Imperialist statesman who faced strife and enmity to consolidate and confirm that unity betwixt Canada and the Old Country which is bearing fruit to-day.

When the autumn tints of 1879 began to deck the scene, and the ruby, emerald, and amber-hued maple leaves to flutter downwards in multi-coloured showers, we set our faces homewards once again. It was all too soon for my liking, and I was sorrowful enough when at Halifax we boarded, once more, an outward-bound steamer.

Little did I think then that in the course of years I should find myself bound once again to Canada! Little did I dream that the rainbow-hued maple leaves carpeting the ground should in future days become the badge of an Army which, gathered from the fertile Canadian fields and wide spaces of the golden west, should march across the plains of France, the shell-racked dunes of Flanders, and, by holding the gates of Calais and Paris on the salient of Ypres, carve their names in imperishable glory on the stone tablets of the world's history! Little did any of us think of those things then.

Still less did I, a small child, know that to my husband would fall the good fortune of being chosen to command these splendid soldiers who are fighting, and, please God, winning through to the perfection of that abiding peace for which the world is praying and hungering through months of anxiety and sorrow!

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Capt. Dyer". The signature is written in dark ink and is underlined with a single horizontal stroke.

A VISIT TO FRANCE'S "COLONIALS"

BY MAJOR BECKLES WILLSON

THERE was no doubt about it—there was “something in the air.” It began with the bluff old veteran in the faded crimson *képi*, who stood guard at the barrier which may be said roughly to indicate the extreme right of the British and the commencement of the French line.

“*Tout va bien, n'est ce pas ?*” he asked, his whole wrinkled face radiant, in the tone of a man who had said the same thing twenty times already that morning. It was noticeable everywhere in the villages through which we passed, in the smiles and waving hands of the workers in the fields, in the good-humoured bearing of the troops we saw on foot or in the saddle, in the wayside camps, and in the trenches themselves. I lunched with a distinguished French general, who greeted me warmly at the door of the stately château which serves as army headquarters, and straightway ejaculated, “*Tout va bien, n'est ce pas ?*”

Decidedly, then, there was “something in the air.” A new spirit of confidence has come over the French Army which did not exist a few months ago. The captain of chasseurs, who has been in the thick of the fighting, who, twenty-three months ago, saw the Germans advancing on Compiègne and Paris, whose breast is covered with medals, expressed the situation laconically when he said :

“The Russians will go on and—Verdun will not fall !”

The moment, then, was propitious for my visit to the French

lines. Even the weather—the coldest, wettest summer within living memory—had changed, and the sun, emerging from behind reluctant vapours, bathed in sunshine the foliage of the numerous forests and those wonderful green fields of the Oise which extend behind the ridges of the fighting line. Wonderful—because you cannot help marvelling by what process they are cultivated. The labour necessary to bring them to this pitch of perfection must be enormous; every kind of crop flourishes, and yet you only see a few groups of women and children here and there, hoeing, spading, and raking, and a few—a very few—horses drawing an ancient plough or harrow. Yet it is all done efficiently, quietly, without parade, almost as much out of sight, as it were, as the work of the French fathers, husbands, sons and brothers in yonder hidden trenches. Labouring so hard as the women do, one is surprised that any should keep their cheerfulness and comeliness; yet many a pretty face was raised as we passed, and laughing salutations, often in grotesque English, but intended to be complimentary, was the rule of the day. A word here about the demeanour of the men—both of the civil and military population. You have had descriptions of them recently as being grave, even melancholy, going about their duty in grim silence and with an air of calm and tragic resolution, in striking contrast to the merriment and levity of the men in the British lines. I witnessed nothing of the sort, although I perambulated many miles of the French front and came in direct contact with thousands of French soldiers. A gayer, cheerfuller, more confident lot of fellows I have never met, even amongst our Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders, and the merry roar of a chorus which awakened the echoes of a certain forest will always live in my memory :

Juchhei-di, Juchei-da,
 Juehheidi, hei di, hei-da,
 C'est qu'il vaut mieux sur la terr'
 S'amuser que ne rien faire
 Juchhei-di, Juchhei-da !

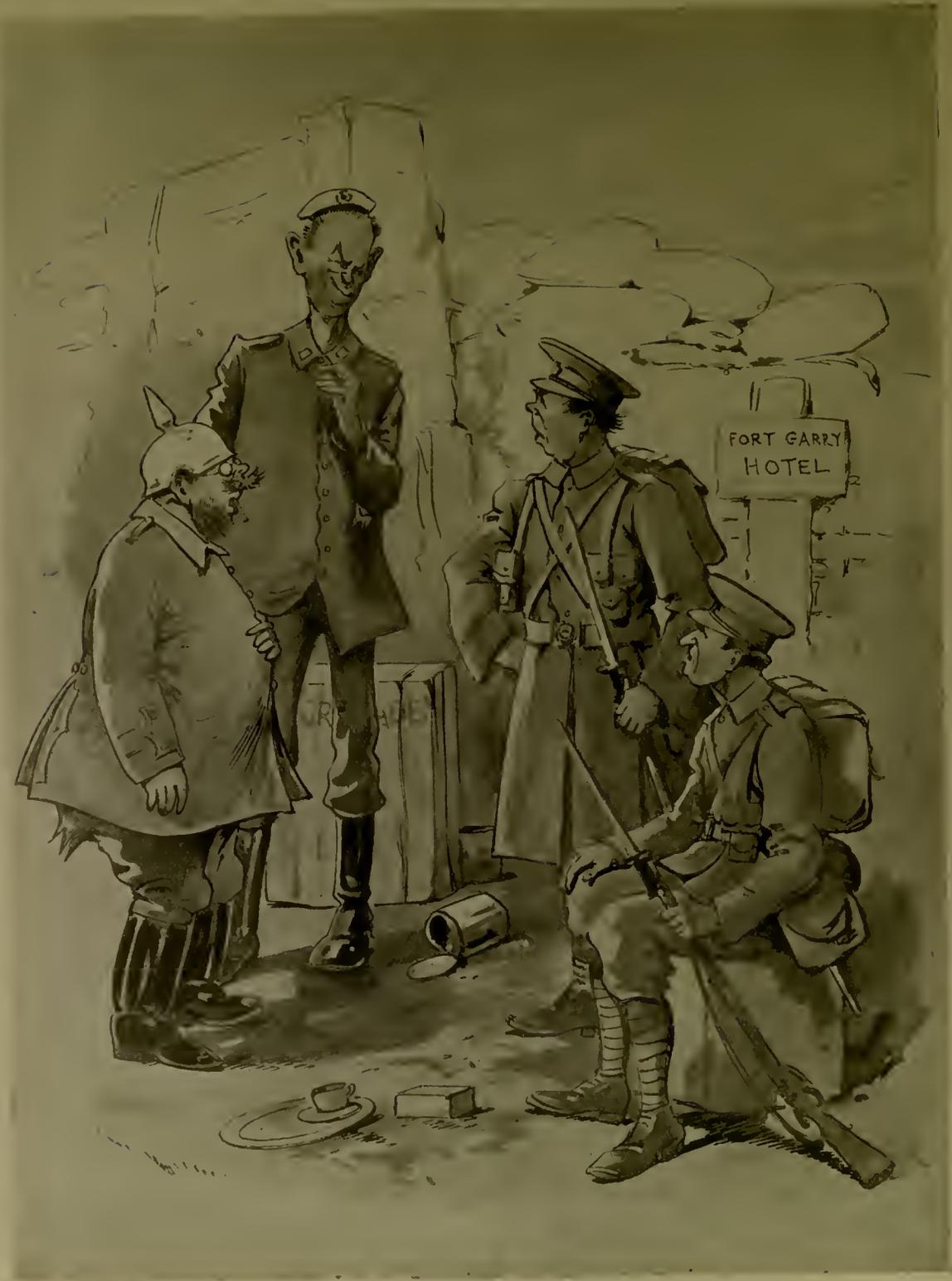


A FIGMENT FROM FLANDERS.

(With apologies to Captain B——nsf——r.)

PRIVATE HIGGINS.—Say, George, when we get back to our farm in Ontario I'll bet the old snake fence will be good enough for me!

PRIVATE BANN.—Same here! I don't never want to see more of this blame stuff again (*And so say we, all of us!*)



FIGMENTS FROM FLANDERS.

McGINNIS.—Say, you two boobs. What did you think you were goin' to get when you saw us coming down on you?

PRISONERS (*in chorus, cheerfully*).—Cigarettes.

I wanted particularly to see France's Colonial troops and so I called on the general of the French Colonial Division. He, too, a sturdy, upstanding, martial figure, who had seen service in Morocco, Algeria, and Senegambia, beamed with confidence.

"Never once have I boasted," he said to me, with a touching manly frankness. "I knew we had God on our side, justice on our side, and the Allies on our side; but the peril was great, and I could not trust myself to speak. Now I do speak and because I am sure. We are at the beginning of the end, and the war will finish this year. . . ."

I asked him about his men, and he spoke to me with enthusiasm of the loyalty, courage, and fortitude displayed by the famous regiments under his command, the Spahis, Zouazes, Chasseurs d'Afrique, the Regiment de Maroc, men from all parts of France's colonial dominions, and the Legion Étrangère, which includes many Americans, Brazilians, Mexicans, and Chilians. "There are white, yellow, brown, and black," he said, "but they are all Frenchmen fighting for France. They call us barbarians—the Boches over there—but it is they who, by their blood-lust and cruelty, are the true barbarians, and that is the name they go by with us. Look, we call them so in our official orders—the 120th Regiment Barbares, the 73rd Regiment Barbares, le général barbare, le colonel barbare—that is the name they get and deserve. But go and see our men in the trenches, and tell me if they are good and brave soldiers or not."

Accordingly, shaking the two hands the general held out to me, I departed, in company with a handsome Tunisian captain for the Boyau Maroc and the Tranchée Senegal in the fighting line, and for the neighbouring villages where the French Colonials were resting. It was interesting to observe, by the way, that my guide, in his new sky-blue uniform and blue-enamelled helmet, wore a Sam Browne belt, which has latterly come into use amongst many French officers. One of these, ignorant of the name of its originator, informed me that he supposed when the huc of the

British service uniform was prescribed by the War Office a belt was adopted of the "same brown," and that, therefore, logically, the French belt should be of the same blue. "It is stupid, is it not?" he asked. I told him we considered it a great compliment; but I did not attempt to undeceive him as to the name of the *ceinture de la même brune*, which he wore with such pride.

As we approached the first village, we saw what havoc had been wrought by the German shells. The upper part of nearly all the dwellings, substantially built of stone from the neighbouring quarries, had been blown to fragments. Sometimes the whole house was demolished; at other times it was completely gutted and the four walls remained. From this district the civil population has long since been evacuated, and yet these villages are not uninhabited. If a single story, if even a cellar remains, it is filled with soldiers. You read the sign at the entrance "Logement pour 30 soldats" or "Cave pour 20 hommes" and peer into the little garden, often overrun in wild profusion with flowers—peonies, begonias, and pansies are most common, with bowers of honeysuckle and roses and neglected shrubbery and shabby patches of grass—and there you will find soldiers—such soldiers—in bizarre apparel, seated on the ground, or standing about in animated groups. But of these hereafter. Let us hasten on to the trenches. As we ascend the slope an example of French thoroughness bursts into view. Only yesterday on this site stood, detached from village and forest, an ancient village church, whose spire was visible to the artillerymen of the enemy. It was decreed that it must go. Accordingly, in the early morning the aged curé came to perform a simple rite—simple, yet the most suggestive, impressive, and awe-inspiring in the world. We have often known a priest take leave of his church, but here it was the church which was literally to take leave of the priest. First of all, he collected all the wreaths and crosses which lay upon the graves of the dead, mostly soldiers, in the little churchyard, and these were borne away in a cart to a deep cave in the



LA GRAND' PLACE, YPRES, AUGUST 4TH, 1914.
From an original drawing by Martin Earle, C.E.F.

neighbouring hill. Then on his knees he uttered a brief prayer—for the time was short—and, rising dramatically with arms outstretched, exclaimed in a loud voice:

“Lord, Thou gavest and Thou takest away! Blessed be the name of the Lord. *Vive la France!*”

He had seen his old church for the last time. Five minutes later, while he and the soldiers were safe in shelter, the signal was given and the mine beneath the structure exploded. To-day, when I stood near the spot, there was nothing but a shapeless heap of stones, not one resting upon another. What piety and pathos there was in the remark of one French peasant:

“After all, *le bon Dieu* knew why, m’sieur, and He forgave.”

The quarries on the side of the hill make admirable reserve trenches, and, after all, the Germans could never have hoped to gain this side of this range of hills. The bomb-proof casemates are admirably constructed, some of them thirty feet below the surface. A deep communication trench—or boyau—led to the commanding officer’s quarters, all finished off in workmanlike style far underground and furnished by their occupants with considerable taste. From thence we emerge again into the open and in the trenches on the crest of the hill, peering through the embrasure in the observatory stations, which occur at intervals, we can command a view of the Boche line. Just here it is nearly three hundred yards distant, at the base of the thitherward slope. But there are still two intervening lines of French trenches, so that not even in his fiercest mood and with his heaviest guns could he hope to gain this crest, or, having gained it, hold it and pass it. For it is honeycombed deep with bomb-proof caves and passages, and alive with artillery and men. Further evidences of thoroughness greet us on every hand as we pass along. The dug-outs are, it must be confessed, far neater and more spacious than our own; the floor of the trenches is not only neatly paved with wood, but the sides are everywhere lined with wood as well. Several times I came across characteristic touches—

such, for instance, as a block of stone with engraved inscription over the doorway, "Caserne de Briscards," or "Villa de deux Baillet," where my own countrymen would have been content with a daubed shingle. And his legends are full of humour, too. In another part of the line, in a deep trench on yet another hill, a man had set up as a barber. But the mere sign, "Perrichon-Coiffeur," however entertaining to a visitor, would never do; so this particular sign read, "M. de Figaro-Perrichon—Coiffeur des Dames." The French *poilu*, too, has his "Sans Souci" and his "Repos d'Amour," and tries in these straitened clay-and-sand hovels to take a romantic view of his surroundings. And from what I saw of him here, and in his quarters just back of the front, I can testify to his success.

A few days ago a proclamation was printed at French headquarters in German, announcing the Russian successes and the British victory over the German fleet off Jutland, and there was a great rush amongst the soldiers of the Colonial Corps to distribute copies of this proclamation in the enemy trenches. Zouaves and Spahis and Senegambians vied with one another in stealing out to the advanced posts with the document strapped round a stone and flinging it behind the barbarian lines and into their front trenches. Although I have a copy before me as I write which missed fire, yet very few did, and as accurate projectors of illuminating literature these dusky defenders of France thoroughly enjoyed their job.

If so far I have said little of the men of the Colonial Corps, it is because I can hardly trust my pen to describe what I have seen. If you can imagine a peaceful village of Wiltshire first bombed by a Zeppelin, then denuded of its inhabitants and forthwith occupied by a tribe of ebony-hued Congo natives, with rifles and scimitars swung over their shoulders, while an adjoining village was similarly given over to Mongols, Malays, Abyssinians, and Arabs, all waving the Union Jack, figuratively at least, and crying "Long live England!" and "Down with the Boche

barbarian!" you can form some idea of the spectacle. But to turn a corner of a quiet country road and find a troop of Moorish cavalry, fully armed and garnished, bearing down upon you is a memorable experience. A little farther away, where the civil population has not been evacuated, a regiment of red-fezzed Senegambians, blacker than any negroes I ever set eyes on in the New World, is quartered, a source of perennial joy to the little French children, who have long ceased to feel any awe for them and regard them only as rare and delectable folks whom the extraordinary and mysterious power called war has cast amongst them for their entertainment. With the children in these favoured villages life is a perpetual circus.

Nearer the front the exotic and picturesque natives have it all to themselves. In one neglected villa garden with its rank growth of phlox and balsam, poppies and hollyhocks, and the grass a foot high on the once trim lawn, sprawled in groups, silent or animated, a platoon of swarthy and turbaned Moors. I was the first Canadian they had ever seen, and they could only dimly grasp the extent of the mighty waste of waters which separated me from home or of the land itself of which the maple-leaf was the national emblem. But, after all, was it much less wonderful that they should be there than I—in the scourged and perilled land of the Franks, for whom forty races and five hundred tribes were fighting?

A little farther on the road to Compiègne I came to the village of C——, where an entire Moroccan regiment was quartered, overflowing the cottages, barns, shops, and stables into the cobbled streets, and lounging in picturesque attitudes on a little stone bridge over the river. It was a perfect riot of colour everywhere, in which crimson and yellows were noisiest, but the dazzling white of burnous and turban still the most salient. I went to the regiment's headquarters, where the colonel of this amazing regiment received me with much grace and cordiality. He is a handsome Frenchman—still youthful, who looks as if he

might have stepped out of the pages of Ouida—so romantic and gallant was his bearing. His name was De Tinan—it might have been D'Artagnan. He limped slightly—the result of a thrilling adventure in the Algerian deserts: and his men followed his coming and going with such passionate devotion writ on their dusky faces that one could understand the command he has over them. Yet they are proud and haughty enough in their bearing, these stalwart Moors, Arabs, and Bedouins, with their burnished rifles, pistols, and scimitars slung about their bodies and their robes and *chechias* waving in the breeze.

“They are famous fighters,” said the colonel. “Come with me and I will show you them at play.”

We entered a garden and approached a low stone building, the upper part of which had been demolished. In the cellar of this structure, lit in Oriental fashion from above, some two hundred warriors of every tribe had assembled. They were packed as closely as our men pack a canteen, all seated on the ground, from which a dense cloud of smoke from cigarette, hookah, and chibouque ascended through the great gash in the cellar roof. A pathway was somehow made for us to the farther end, and as we passed thither it was seen that a Moorish *danse à ventre* was in progress. Two male dancers endeavoured to simulate the not altogether pleasant sinuosities of the desert *danseuse*, to the accompaniment of a cacophonous drum and the weirdest pipes I have ever heard. Moreover, at intervals they emitted a strange chant with a monotonous refrain, in which the assembly occasionally joined with relish. The dance lasted so long that I thought the performers gyrating, leaping, bending, twisting their hips, rolling their eyes and showing their dazzling teeth, would have dropped in sheer fatigue, and I was glad when coffee—oh such coffee!—in tiny brass cups—was passed around and furnished on occasion for whispered chat. Then other dancers appeared, and finally a very black demon of a fellow emerged from the background of crouching humanity and the Colonial murmured to me :



ANOTHER FIGMENT FROM FLANDERS.

(By Major Wallace Bairnsbrother.)

September the First.—Partridge-shooting begins to-day.



OUR AFRO-CANADIAN HEROES.

PRIVATE BROWN (*exhibiting half of solid projectile*).—Dat was a mighty hard biff, Cap !
But I reckon de Boches 'll hab to make 'em harder 'n dat to bust dis chile's cranium !

"He is our chief vocalist and *lion comique*. He is going to give us a patriotic song in French."

In a moment my gaze was riveted on this warrior's face. He had flaming, protruding eyeballs, and the thick, terrifying lips of a fairy-tale ogre, and in guttural, blood-curdling tones this is the jolly little *chanson* he sang—at least I give its purport as far as I could gather it :

"O come, all ye Bedouins and Moors and Algerians and Tunisians, come to the glorious blood feast. Come, O men of France, Russia, England, and Italy, and lay hands upon the accursed Emperor William and squeeze him by the throat and cut off his head and dabble in his red, red blood !"

At this trait of humour the whole assembly roared with laughter, and all of us clapping our hands loudly, made him repeat his effort not once—but thrice.

And as I cast a glance around that sea of faces, as strange and magical a scene as ever pictured by Fortuny, I could not help wishing that that restless figure in Potsdam could himself be a witness of this miracle he had evoked—the spectacle of the outraged barbarian coming from the silence of the African desert to the relief of Western civilisation in its peril.

THE OTHER "BLIGHTY"

HE was only twenty—a tall, light-haired, freckle-faced, quiet sort of fellow, and he had foolishly tried to stop a Boche bullet with one of his vital organs. His captain said—— but there's no use going back to that, because this story begins in the hospital at the back of the front, where Simmons—that was his name—found himself in a ward with a lot of other soldiers he had never seen before, a nice, clean, cool ward, with a nice, clean, cool, and rather pretty Belgian sister stirring a drink for him in a tumbler.

"What is it—a Martini?" murmured Simmons feebly, watching the operation with interest.

"Allô, L 27," exclaimed the nurse with a smile. "So you have decided to come back to life again, is it so?"

The youthful soldier looked up into her eyes and nodded.

"How long have I been here?" he asked.

"Let me see, five—six—seven days. And now, Mister Cockaigne, I know what you're going to ask next. But you mustn't ask it—you must not talk at all. It is ze doctor's orders. Be quiet and be a very good boy. Drink zis."

"I'm a teetotaller, sister," murmured Simmons.

"*Hein?* You funny boy!"

He made a grimace as she gently raised his head and poured the contents of a wine-glass down his throat. Even the slight exertion seemed to exhaust him and he panted for breath on the pillow. Poor boy, it was just as well his mother or sister



CUPID IN FLANDERS.

“As long as this war lasts, dear boy, I can only be a sister to you!”

or sweetheart was spared a sight of him then—for he had had a bad time of it and there were tragic hollows in his flushed cheeks and black rims beneath his blue eyes, and he was thin—almost as thin as a mummy or an official communiqué or the chances of a man in No Man's Land when the star shell is turned on and the Boche snipers are out for blood.

"Poor boy, cheer up," said the nurse, putting a deliciously cool bandage on his burning forehead. "Yes, you will soon have your wish, L 27. You will soon go back to Blighty."

L 27 opened his eyes and his glance met hers.

"Ah, you see," she said, busying herself with towels and sponges and basins and things. "I told you I knew what you would say—When shall I go back to Blighty? You wonder how I know? That is my secret. They are all Cockneys in this ward, and their talk is always of 'dear old Blighty'—Blighty from morning to night—Blighty when they wake up and Blighty when they are put to sleep. But it is all right, Mister L 27. I myself love Blighty. I would live there, too, after the war. But hush, here comes the doctor."

This sort of talk went on for two days. Simmons didn't say much—it was rather painful to talk—but he liked listening to the little Belgian nurse, and then one night he called out to the man in the next cot, who was minus a leg, and said:

"Old pal, where is Blighty?"

"Chuck it, mate," returned the other man wearily, "I've got my own troubles."

"No offence. Only wanted to know. What is Blighty?"

The other slowly screwed his head round and stared.

"'Ow the 'ell did you get in with this bunch, mate? Blighty's England. Some damn lingo or other, I expect. We're all from London 'ere."

"Really," asked Simmons, "that's all right then. I'm from London, too. So that's it—Blighty?" And he sank off

to slumber and dreamed he was on the banks of the Thames, or wandering in Piccadilly or Pall Mall, and she—the girl he loved but had never dared tell her about it—was on his arm, and he had got the D.C.M., and he was so happy that he smiled in his sleep. The little Belgian nurse saw the smile and was deeply touched—more touched than she had been for a long time—because she had grown to be interested in the case of this tall, square-jawed boy with the clean-cut features and the blue eyes and the light hair, and because the doctor had told her that evening that the chances for recovery were somewhat less than even—complications had set in and it would be a stiff fight for his salvation.

“Keep him cheerful, sister. Don’t let him think he’s in a bad way—and Nature may help us pull him through.”

So when she dressed his wound next day and brought him his medicine she talked to him about Blighty and London and of her own life there. She had, it seems, been a governess before she became a nurse, and she hinted at a tragic hurt in her own life which the great city had partially healed.

“Is there one thing so beautiful as the Thames at moonlight—and London so sweet and silent and strong? It makes you calm. Oh, so calm, L 27. No wonder all you fine, brave London boys want to go back to Blighty. Will you not be happy in Hyde Park?—dear wonderful Hyde Park, with the Serpentine and trees and paths and flowers.”

Simmons’s eyes grew moist.

“Say, sister, when *am* I going back to Blighty?”

“Soon. Good-night. And go straight to sleep.”

“You ain’t answered my question, sister. When?”

“In a few days now. You’re making the fine progress, the doctor says. And to-morrow I’ll show you some picture postcards my sister has sent me from London. You shall see them. Good-night.”

Before morning L 27 was taken with an internal hæmorrhage,



POPERINGHA BARBER.—Ah, sair, it was a machine that did remove your hair so close?
OUR CAPTAIN (*wearily*).—No, you fool—bombed off!

(*Drawn by R. S. K.*)



OUR PAMPERED HEROES.

(Drawn by E. J.)

PRIVATE MUGGINS.—There! if it ain't just like Mother to forget the olives!

and two surgeons, summoned in haste, worked over him for an hour. The flow of blood was checked, but from that moment the young warrior's fate was sealed. That little Boche bullet had done its work, and if the Boche who had sent it only knew he would probably have been deeply gratified. In vain Sister Marguerite laboured. Simmons's spirits, like his mortal spirit, slowly ebbed, and it soon became a question of hours.

"Say, sister," he whispered huskily. "You needn't keep it from me. I guess I ain't goin' to Blighty, after all."

Just then outside a group of convalescents struck up :

"Goin' back to Blighty,
Cross the sea to righty-tighty,
It means a lot to us so far from home,
But walkin' down the Strand you'd see and understand
What a soldier's——"

"Say, sister," whispered L 27, motioning the girl to bend a little lower, "I guess I'm done in. I ain't afraid. I done my best, an' if I had another life an' old Sam Hughes said he wanted it for my King an' country, damn! wouldn't go an' enlist all over again. But I got something on my mind. I deceived you, sister. That bunch singin' out there, they know better. They know I don't come from Blighty—at least not your Blighty. My home's across the sea. I'm a Canadian. I am Alec Simmons of the —th battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, but I must have got mixed up somehow. You got your London and I got mine—mine's 4,000 miles away—London, Ontario, an'—an'—say, sister, will you—just——"

He never finished—for a sudden spasm seized him and the grip on the nurse's hand tightened, then relaxed, and L 27 had made the supreme sacrifice.

But Sister Marguerite saw to it that the little board above his grave advertised the truth to a (geographically) careless world.

And you can see it to-day in the cemetery about a mile from
P—:

HERE LIES
ALEXANDER SIMMONS,
A GOOD SOLDIER AND TRUE
FROM
LONDON (ONTARIO).

J. E. M.

FAR FRAE HAME

YE'RE a lang way frae your hame, laddie,
Gin ye could turn and see ;
Wi' your dreams o' fame an' siller
An' the brichtness in your e'e ;
An' it seems a' pleasant roaming
Frae the morn until the gloamin'
Far frae me.

The sun has droppit low, laddie,
An' you're gangin' farther yet,
Sin' ye think ye see the lanterns
On the city's parapet ;
I ken, I ken you're dreamin'
An' my puir auld e'es are streamin'
Wi' the wet.

Ye're a lang way frae your goal, laddie,
But ye'll never ken ava',
For ye'll soon sink doon in slumber
In the cauld and silent snaw ;
An' maybe ye'll no be wakin',
(It's a lang, lang road ye're takin')
Ane puir mither's heart is breakin'—
That is a' !

W. B.

“ SOME ” ENGLISH AND THE PRINCESS

BY PHILIP CARDINAL

I

CAPTAIN THE HON. CECIL FITZSEYMOUR, who was mentioned in despatches the other day, had been, a good many years ago, Military Attaché in Petrograd, where he had struck up a cordial friendship with Prince Alexander Tekloff. Together they had gone off on a hunting trip in the Urals, and during their intimacy the Russian had extracted a promise that when the Englishman happened to be again in his part of the world (mentioning his castle at Tekloff) he would condescend to become his guest. Well, Fate ordained that Tekloff had been dead many months when FitzSeymour, knowing no whit of [it, rode up to the ancestral seat of the Tekloffs, accompanied by his groom, and duly announced himself.

Now, in Russia, as the reader is well aware, you do not bandy titles with a lackey at the door. It is as if you asked if John or Mary Jones were at home, even if said John and Mary should happen to be, by the grace of God and favour of their Sovereign, Duke and Duchess of Margate. In this case, then, FitzSeymour merely asked (in a very imperfect accent) if Alexander Tekloff were at home, and, being answered, as he supposed, in the affirmative, he smilingly entered and took his seat in the Louis Quinze drawing-room, leaving his groom to lead the horses to the stables. Twenty minutes passed, during which the gallant young officer had plenty of time to examine all the furniture and bric-à-brac

of the room, and to wonder amiably why his young friend Tekloff kept him waiting so long.

Great perturbation filled the bosom of the Princess Alexandrovna when the aged Stépane Ivanovitch entered her boudoir with a tiny English visiting-card, with the announcement :

“ The gentleman is in the salon, Alexandrovna Sergevitch.”

The Princess took the card, read it, and flushed scarlet.

“ Are you sure, Stépane, he asked for me ? ”

“ Quite sure, Alexandrovna Sergevitch.”

Of course, the Princess knew him at once. Not only had she heard her husband often speak of him, but she had treasured the memory of having, long before her marriage, once danced with this young Captain FitzSeymour at a great ball at Petrograd. Nay, she still kept in a little gold frame the photograph FitzSeymour had sent her husband, a photograph taken in his splendid cavalry uniform.

The Princess was a great reader of Ouida's novels, and for her this beautiful hussar typified the heroes of Ouida. No wonder she felt perturbed. It took her nearly twenty minutes to array herself in her most charming toilette—white muslin, for it was summer, with black sash and with a single bunch of violets in her corsage—and descend to the salon. The result was that the Captain's breath was taken away. He stammered and pulled at his moustache, but as he unfortunately knew scarcely twenty words of the Russian language and was almost equally weak in French, the exact truth of the situation came out very slowly indeed. But when the bewitching young widow's black-bordered pocket handkerchief went up to her eyes, it dawned upon the gallant hussar and he became silent and shamefaced, and thought of the best and quickest means of backing out of the Princess's presence and out of the castle and out of the province.

Such a proceeding, however, was by no means to the lady's liking. Never, she averred, should a dear friend of her husband's

be treated in such fashion. He must be her guest; he must see all that Tekloff had to show him, all the things that were dear to Alexander—all the improvements he had made on the estate. Her brother, Prince Constantine, was coming that evening, and—well, in a word, FitzSeymour stayed. He stayed three days, and in those three days it would have been hard to say which was deepest head over heels in love, Captain the Hon. Cecil Beauchamp FitzSeymour or his fair hostess, the widow of his whilom friend Prince Alexander Tekloff.

So far, you perceive, nothing has been said of Edward Blinks, and yet Blinks plays a very important part in this story. Not only was Blinks an ex-private in the Prince of Wales's Own, not only did he know a great deal about horses, but he had been connected with Prince Blonski's racing stables in Petrograd, and had a very good acquaintance with Russian. In fact, during FitzSeymour's present stay in Russia, Blinks looked after his horses, and was occasionally a most useful interpreter. In fact, Blinks spoke Russian rather better than he spoke English.

A good deal has been said and written about the language of Love, and how, by virtue of its peculiar attributes, certain young persons are enabled entirely to dispense with mere vocable parts of speech. And, no doubt, smiles and looks, sighs and gestures, can do much towards a complete understanding between a young man of eight-and-twenty and a young woman of twenty-three. But we live in a complex age, and when, for example, such a couple are discussing horse-flesh, Love's lexicon is miserably deficient. That was where Blinks came in. The Princess took a fancy to Blinks, and when at last Blinks's master took his leave of Tekloff, FitzSeymour agreed to lend her his cockney groom to look after her stables, once the pride of Prince Alexander. Moreover, it was arranged that when the Princess took her long-projected visit to England in the autumn she should stay at Framlingham Towers, the guest of FitzSeymour's father and his widowed sister, the Hon. Alice Monteaule.



DRILL SERGEANT.—'Shun! Not a bit like it! W'y don't you pay attention? Wot the 'ell d'ye think I'm doin' this for?

PRIVATE (*in civil life a Toronto Student of Divinity*).—I haven't the least idea! Perhaps your medical adviser has recommended intense physical exertion.



FIRST TROOPER (*coming upon Boche who has been lying for hours on the wrong side of the parapet*).—Wot's he yelling for, Charley?

SECOND TROOPER.—Search me! Sounds like "Vasser! Vasser!"

FIRST TROOPER (*shareholder in Chesebrough*).—M—m! Try him with some Vasserline.

Scarcely had the handsome young warrior departed from the ancestral seat of the Tekloffs than the Princess, stifling her sighs, proceeded to put an idea she had secretly formed into instant execution. She sent for Blinks.

“ Blinks,” she said to him abruptly. “ I want you to teach me English.”

Blinks looked nervous, but he was a good servant, and ready to assume any duty the exigencies of the occasion demanded.

“ I understand,” continued the Princess, “ that you are a Londoner ? ”

Blinks nodded and said he was.

“ That is well,” pursued the Princess. “ I understand there are provincial dialects. Being a Londoner I should think you would make a very good teacher, Blinks. I am visiting England in the autumn, and of course I should like to learn as much English as possible. You will receive extra wages and come to me for two hours each day—one hour in the morning and one in the afternoon. Begin now. Give me an easy sentence and I will learn it.”

Blinks scratched his chin and stared at the wall.

“ Blimey ! ” he muttered to himself, “ ’ere’s a rum go ! ”

“ What was that ? ” asked the Princess quickly.

Blinks grinned.

“ Cawn’t think o’ nuffink,” he explained. “ ’Tain’t easy, fust off. Bit ’ot, ain’t it ? That means—— ” and he told her what it meant.

The Princess was charmed.

She repeated the phrase about the weather several times.

“ Now, what should I say to that ? What is the answer to ‘ Bit ’ot, ain’t it ’ ? ”

The tutor, smiling back, warmed to his work.

“ Not ’arf,” he said.

And so the Princess’s lessons in English began.

II

On reaching Petrograd from Tekloff, Captain FitzSeymour took his courage in both hands and, relying on the lady's possession of an English dictionary, wrote to the Princess. Twenty-four hours later, a sweetly scented billet-doux was handed to him at his hotel.

"I look forward to seeing you in England," wrote the Princess in French. "Meanwhile, I have begun lessons in your beautiful language and already I make progress. You will never guess who my tutor is! But M. le Professeur has the true London accent, which, after all, is *la grande chose*."

Even then not a ghost of a suspicion entered FitzSeymour's head. He went back to London, and *en route* at Paris he found another billet-doux awaiting him which with enormous difficulty and the aid of a French dictionary he got through word by word. It then occurred to him that he might as well seize the occasion to rub up his French, for which reason he spent a fortnight in Paris. On leaving Paris he engaged a French valet. Thereafter it was comparatively plain sailing.

Many letters passed between Framlingham Towers and Tekloff Castle; and long before his furlough was up FitzSeymour was not only as good as engaged to the charming and wealthy Russian widow, but he had also become as proficient in French as most young British officers. His sister, the Hon. Alice Monteaule, although not without misgiving, duly wrote to the Princess begging her, immediately on her arrival in England, to come directly to Framlingham Towers, in Wiltshire. But autumn came and then winter, but no Princess. It was the beginning of May before Alexandrovna Sergevitch could tear herself away from Russia. The real reason for the delay was that Captain FitzSeymour had been ordered abroad on special duty, but expected to return to England in time to greet his lady-love.

Meanwhile, indefatigable as the versatile Blinks was, he could hardly have achieved such wonders had the Princess not been the aptest pupil in the world. It was really a marvel that had happened. For in three months the Princess was able to chat about horses quite freely with Blinks; in six months she could talk quite as well about horses as Blinks himself. True, they never got much beyond stable topics, with an occasional incursion into army life and canteen customs. But the Princess knew that Captain FitzSeymour was chiefly interested in horses. Under Blinks's guidance she read two or three English novels which Blinks strongly recommended as being favourites of the Captain—one by Hawley Smart, another by Jacobs, and another by Pett Ridge. She knew a great deal of the sententious language of the night-watchman by heart, and knew how to render it faithfully with the prized London accent, which, as she had told the Captain, was “ after all, *la grande chose*.”

The London season had opened, the town was full of brightness and gaiety, when one May morning the fair Princess Tekloff with her French maid alighted from the train at Charing Cross, and was driven to Claridge's. Blinks, married to the lady of his choice, had been left behind at the castle. The weeks she had sojourned at Paris only served to convince her ladyship that she was already as good as an Englishwoman. Everywhere at the shops, at the dressmaker's, she spoke a fluent English which was always perfectly understood, especially by the English assistants. One haughty creature, indeed, had failed to understand when she had asked her to wait “ 'alf a mo ” while she made up her mind about a creation in millinery; but when she repeated the phrase angrily, a delicate-faced apprentice straight from the British capital had overheard and understood, for which the Princess gave her a five-franc piece, and told her she was “ a little bit of all right, wot ? ”

At Claridge's the manager tried to explain that the rooms the Princess had telegraphed for were occupied until the 12th,

owing to a misunderstanding. Her highness was greatly displeased. She could be very haughty, the Princess Tekloff, when she chose, as became the daughter of one Russian noble and the widow of another.

“Chuek it, guv’nor!” she exclaimed, protesting.

The dignified manager started as if shot.

Ten minutes later the Princess was in a taxicab being driven rapidly to the Carlton Hotel, where, as luck would have it, she managed to secure a suite of apartments just vacated by a prima donna from Nebraska. From her sitting-room she despatched a little note to the Hon. Alice Monteaule, of Framlingham Towers, telling of her arrival, and another—daintily scented this one—to the Cavalry Club to await the arrival of Captain FitzSeymour. Although she spoke English perfectly, the Princess always wrote in French. She turned to her maid.

“François, ring for a messenger. When he arrives send him to me.”

Françoise obeyed, and a District Messenger—a lad not long from school—was ushered into the Princess’s presence.

“’Ullo, nipper!” she said kindly, gazing upon him from the depths of a deeply cushioned divan.

“Beg pardon, miss?” rejoined the lad.

“Garn!” She uttered with gentle indulgence the phrase she knew to be the complement of polite apology. “’Ere, nipper,” she continued, “’ere’s a letter I want tiken to the Cavalry Club; see? Wite for a answer if the genleman’s in. Get a move on an’ you ’as a bob. Savvy?”

The boy was an intelligent boy, and he grinned. This was not the first time he had taken messages for popular comediennes who made princely incomes by their eoster imitations.

“Yuss, miss,” he said, and was off like a shot, while the sweet-faced lady’s parting “Right-o!” rang in his ears.

“You see how I speak English, François,” murmured the Princess, turning with a smile to her maid.

“ Oui, madame,” answered Françoise. But she wore a troubled air, nevertheless.

III

As it turned out, the Captain was not at the Cavalry Club. He had not yet arrived in England. But the Princess Tekloff was not left long without a warm welcome from the gallant warrior’s family, for a little later in the day a page-boy bore up a long telegram from the Hon. Alice Monteagle:

“ Do pray come at once to Framlingham Towers. We are all expecting you, and Cecil is coming here direct from Southampton. Reply what train you will arrive.”

To which Mrs. Monteagle’s prospective sister-in-law replied, laconically :

“ Thanks. Bit chippy to-day. Part for Framling eleven to-morrow morning.—ALEXANDROVNA.”

Many were the consultations—not a few were the forebodings—concerning this same telegram when it reached Framlingham and was read by Mrs. Monteagle, old Lord Framlingham and two maiden aunts, Colonel Browerby, the Reverend (and Rural) Archibald Snape, and Lady Elizabeth Snape. But the most charitable interpretation was, of course, the best.

“ Poor dear! I’m afraid her English has been picked up from the ‘ smart set ’ in Petrograd.”

“ No; Cecil tells me she has not been for years in Petrograd, and then only for a few weeks. She has engaged a professor to learn English.”

“ But—‘ a bit chippy,’ ” persisted the Rural Dean. “ What does it—what can it mean ? ”

The Hon. Alice laughed gently.

“ Oh, I think I know what it means. She is fatigued.”

“ You don't think she is fast, do you, dear ? ” inquired the Hon. Jane.

“ Oh, no ; Cecil says she is sensible and home-loving, though clever and fond of nice clothes.”

“ H—m ! ” said the maiden aunts in unison.

Fortunately they had not long to wait in suspense. Duly the next afternoon the London train drew up at Framlingham station, and there quickly alighted on the platform a charmingly groomed, radiant figure, who, a single glance convinced Lord Framlingham and his daughter, was none other than the Hon. Cecil's fiancée. Mrs. Monteagle went primly forward with her hand outstretched. The footman went to the rescue of Françoise and her wraps and hand-luggage.

“ It is the Princess, is it not ? ”

The Princess nodded a laughing assent. They kissed each other, and the Princess was drawn towards the stately, rather rheumatic, old peer, who bent over her hand in courtly fashion, and tried to feel that he was doing the right thing—the impressive thing.

“ We have just heard from Cecil,” said the Hon. Alice, as she led the way to the carriage. “ It was a marconigram from Plymouth. He will arrive to-morrow early.”

The Princess beamed with delight.

“ Garn ! ” she exclaimed.

“ I beg your pardon ? ” interposed her hostess.

“ Strite ? ” pursued the Princess. “ No kiddin' ? ”

The Hon. Alice gave a perplexed little glance at her father.

“ I fear,” she said, “ you will find us all so stupid. We don't know a word of your interesting language.”

The Princess arranged her skirts in the carriage, and emitted a musical little laugh.

“ Law bless yer,” she murmured. “ What's the bally odds, missis ? ”



IN THE TUNNEL.

“ James, I do believe I hear my old friend Fritz knocking at our front door. Let us give him a warm Western welcome ! ”



GEMS FROM OUR DUG-OUT GALLERY.

“Cheer up, Tom, dear. The cloud will soon pass away.”

Both Lord Framlingham and his daughter looked aghast. They could hardly credit their ears.

“I—I beg your pardon,” stuttered the old peer.

The Princess Tckloff greatly enjoyed their surprise, which she accepted as a compliment to her fluent proficiency.

“Fair knocks yer, don’t it?” she laughed.

They drew up at the stately portals of Framlingham Towers. By this time Mrs. Monteagle insisted on talking French to her guest, and in that tongue the somewhat curious impression she had formed of the Princess began to wear off; and in her boudoir, in the conservatory, on the spacious lawn—where they had tea—she found her spirituelle, naïve, as sweet and wholesome and simple as a child.

“And now we must run away and dress,” broke off Alice. “I ought to tell you that we are having a little dinner-party to-night—in your honour.”

At that moment there was the noise of a motor-car coming up the drive. It was being driven by a good-looking youth with a blond moustache, an eye-glass, and a cap set at a rakish angle.

“It’s Bobby Lygon,” said the hostess. “We dine at eight. You’ll find everything comfortable in your room.”

“Right-o!” beamed the Princess from the second stair.

Bobby Lygon heard and chuckled. He had expected a dull evening, and now the Fates seemed suddenly resolved to be kind to him. He knew the sort of young woman who said “Right-o!” but his astonishment was great three-quarters of an hour later when he was introduced to this particular young woman, and understood that she was the Russian Princess who was going to marry his friend Cecil FitzSeymour.

Old Lord Framlingham took in the Princess Tekloff, and having been earnestly besought to speak nothing but French, he endeavoured, though not without difficulty, to make himself agreeable in that language, much to the lady’s secret chagrin.

There had been another danger which the Hon. Alice had endeavoured to forestall. The danger was Bobby Lygon, who sat on the Princess's right.

"Bobby," whispered his hostess severely, "will you grant me a favour?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Monteagle. Pray name it."

"If you talk at all to the Princess Tekloff, talk in French."

"And make myself a laughing-stock," he cried.

"No. You talk French very well. Will you? To oblige me?"

"But she talks English as well as I."

Tears of vexation filled Mrs. Monteagle's eyes.

"Please," she pleaded. "Please. Just to oblige me."

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, Mrs. Monteagle; I'll do my best."

The hors-d'œuvre and the soup had vanished and they were half-way through the fish before more than a "oui," a "non" or a "merci" had been exchanged with the lady on his left. Lord Framlingham was an indefatigable bore with his attentions, and his recollections of the capitals of Europe when he was an attaché in the years '56-'58 of the last century. Then, as Bobby was lifting a morsel of salmon and a slice of cucumber to his lips, a silvery voice murmured in his ear: "Bit 'ot, ain't it?"

It would be foolish to exaggerate—but Bobby Lygon went pale. He nearly choked with the salmon.

"It is—rather," he mumbled idiotically. Then he remembered his promise. "Il fait très chaud pour Mai," he added, and stabbed another fragment of salmon with his fork.

"Chuck it!" sweetly murmured his neighbour. "Wot price English?"

Bobby turned and looked the Princess full in the eye. She seemed to him bubbling with merriment and bonhomie. She was "smart" to her finger-tips; she was chaffing him. He would pay her back in her own coin. But his hostess! He



THE MENIN GATE, YPRES

(as I saw it in June 1914).

From an original drawing by M. J. A.

turned guiltily, and found her glance full upon him. What could he do? He would hint his predicament to the Princess.

“Il faut que je parle francais ici ce soir, madame, pour— pour un pari,” he said.

“A bet?”

“Oui, madame.”

“Oo’s the other bloke?” she asked.

“C’est une dame,” whispered Bobby.

The Princess turned to Lord Framlingham.

“’Ere’s a rum go, m’lord,” she began.

The worthy peer dropped his knife and fork.

“Pardon, madame!” he gasped.

“’Ere,” protested the Princess with a moue, “my lingo may be a bit off-colour, but it ain’t so bloomin’ crisp as all that! Surely you can twig what I am a-sayin’ of? You twig, don’t you, mate?” She appealed with a sweet bewitching innocence to Bobby Lygon.

“Chaque mot,” signalled that young gentleman in distress.

There was an utter silence at the dinner-table. How poor Mrs. Monteagle longed for an earthquake, or a bomb, or that some one would faint, or that her brother, Captain the Hon. Cecil, would come! She was beginning to talk feverishly when the Princess addressed her in terms half of raillery, half of reproach.

“You ’ear,” she said, “wot Mr. Lygon says. It’s a shime. I ain’t to speak English w’en I am fair gone on it. Lor’ lummy, so I am.”

A shiver ran through the company. The maiden aunts had hastily risen.

“May I ask, madam,” said the Reverend Mr. Snape pompously, “who taught you English?”

The Princess was full of open-eyed wonder.

“Why, Mr. Blinks,” she said.

“Mr. Blinks!” echoed the Hon. Alice Monteagle.

“That low-down eockney eostermonger Blinks, whose life Cecil saved in South Africa?” exclaimed his lordship.

“Je ne savais pas,” murmured the Princess contritely, “mais, il me semblait—all right, *hein*? A good sort? Jolly decent?”

Lord Framlingham took her hand.

“My dear child,” he began.

But Mrs. Monteagle intervened.

“Come upstairs, dear. It is all too—too dreadful!”

The Princess, already in tears, suffered herself to be led away to her room.

“Vous avez raison,” she moaned. “C’est affreux. Et ee Blinks—alors, he is a peasant, a rustie?”

“Oh, no, not a peasant. He is a Londoner.”

“A Londoner? Then why——”

“An *East* Londoner, dear. But I cannot explain. Only Cecil is coming in the morning. He will show you—we will all show you——”

The Princess was wringing her hands.

“Hélas! Hélas! And I must not speak East London that I take six months to learn?”

Then her face suddenly brightened.

“Perhaps,” she murmured, “Cecil will not mind! Perhaps when we are spliced and we live in Russia we ean fair sling the b—— lingo together. Wot price West London then, *hein*?”



SERGEANT-MAJOR.—I dunno wot to do with 'im, sir. 'E ain't been a casualty, an' the M.O. says 'e ain't a defective, an, 'e says 'e comes o' fightin' stock. My God, sir, look at 'im—ain't 'e a fair champion for the Corkscrew Cuirassiers ?



“ AS PANTS THE HEART.”

The recent order for the abolition of kilts on active service so preys on the spirits of one of our gallant Canadian Highlanders that the mere spectacle of the hated “trews” *en gros* is almost equal to shell-shock.

CORYDON'S TRENCH SONG

Original Music by E. G. D.

Animato.
fz

Fetch me a hunk of bul - ly beef,
ff fz

And a pot of mar - ma - lade,..... And
colla voce. rall en tan do. a tempo.

CORYDON'S TRENCH SONG

off I'll set for the par - a - pet, With a great big Shef-field spade.....

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

p Who reeks of Sum - mer's sweat and swink, Or

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *p* and *pp* in the right hand, and *p* in the left hand. The musical notation follows the same three-staff format as the first system.

Win - ter's i - cy fang?..... *f* Fill
dim - - en - - u - - en - - do.

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line features a crescendo leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic, with the instruction *dim* (diminuendo) written below the notes. The piano accompaniment also features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The system ends with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

CORYDON'S TRENCH SONG

up the mug, old pal, and drink, And let the Hun go hang, go hang,

Animato.

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are "up the mug, old pal, and drink, And let the Hun go hang, go hang,". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with chords and rhythmic patterns. The tempo marking *Animato.* is placed above the piano part.

And let the Hun go hang, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, And let the Hun

andantino. *animato.* *andantino.*

8ve bossa.

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal line continues with "And let the Hun go hang, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, And let the Hun". The piano accompaniment features dynamic changes: *andantino.* for the first part, *animato.* for the laughing section, and *andantino.* for the final part. The tempo marking *8ve bossa.* is placed above the bass line of the piano part.

go hang.

This system contains the final line of the song. The vocal line has a single note "go hang." followed by a long rest. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and rhythmic patterns, ending with a final chord.

FABLES

I

A MAN was found by a farmer at the brink of a well.

“What are you waiting for?”

“I have thrown in a stone and am waiting for the splash.”

The farmer laughed. “That well is full of frogs. Your stone has hit a frog.”

“I am aware of that,” replied the man. “*I am waiting for the frog to splash.*”

II

A wayfarer stood admiring a growing field. Its undulations, its golden splendour, its perfume made a deep impression on his senses.

“What are you looking at, mister?” asked a rustic.

“I am admiring this beautiful field of wheat, its glow and movement and perfume.”

The rustic doubled up with laughter. “You are fooled, stranger; it ain’t wheat, it’s *oats!*”

III

Before a window a man stood gazing ecstatically upon a beautiful woman within. “How perfect, how graceful, how silent!” he cried. “There is my ideal!”

A scoffer jeered. “That! Why, that’s only a lay figure.”

“Thief!” cried the man. “Do you rob me of my illusions?”

IV

Once a traveller paused before a lofty clock tower.

“I am waiting,” he said, “for yonder clock to strike.” He waited in patience for a considerable time and at last was fain to ask, “Is there anything wrong with the clock?”

“No,” responded an aged but respectable inhabitant. “The clock has given general satisfaction. It is punctual, distinct, and never gets out of order.”

“Strange!” exclaimed the traveller. “Then why does it not strike?”

“The reason is very simple, sir. It is not a striking clock!”

E. S.

LADY (*accosting Canadian Soldier*).—Oh, do tell me, why do they call you Anzacs? I thought Anzacs were a Mexican tribe.

McFADDEN.—Quite right, mum. Mc an’ my friend are reelly Mohawks, but our Colonel is near-sighted.

YOUNG CANADA SINGS

FROM Sydney to Esquimalt, from the Lakes to Hudson Bay,
Men who never saw you, Mother, those that left you yesterday,
We have chucked the tools and ledgers, we have left the bench
and mine,

We are sailing east to Flanders to join the khaki line!

(Sign here! S'help you God! Forward—March!)

We are coming, wild and woolly,
Hearts and hands are with you fully,
Pledged to smash the Prussian bully,
Five hundred thousand strong!

We are coming to our Mother who bore us in her flank,
From the prairie and the backwoods, from the shop and mill and
bank,

From the orchard and the offing, be the battle brief or long,

We are coming, Mother England, five hundred thousand strong!

(Advance! Countersign? Pass—Canada!)

We are coming, pink and perky,
Though our drill be quaint and jerky,
Bound for Sausage-land and Turkey,
Five hundred thousand strong!

They said that we were softened by the wages and the feed,
They said that we were hardened to the kin we used to need,

Eager, fit, equipped, and ready—were they right or were they
wrong ?

We are coming, Mother England, five hundred thousand strong !
(Heave ho ! Lights out ! Farewell, Canada !)

We are coming, British brother,
Red War's hellish flames to smother,
We are off to help our Mother—
Five hundred thousand strong !
(Altogether, boys !—" The Maple Leaf Forever ! ")

CANUCAS.

A TOAST

Here's to the boys of the R.C.R.
Who learnt their job before the war ;
They've earned their right
In many a fight
To fill a grave or bear a scar !
D.

TO CORNEL PRÜM

(The name of the shop-keeper opposite)

(BY A CANADIAN PRISONER IN GERMANY)

O CORNEL PRÜM, how grey I feel,
How dismal, dull, and lone I am,
As flung from home by Fortune's wheel,
I at this casement sit and damn
You, Cornel Prüm!

'Tis not because to you I owe
My exile to this foreign land,
But I have neither friend nor foe,
The language I don't understand,
So, Cornel Prüm,

On your devoted head I'll heap,
The vials of my long-pent wrath.
I cannot eat, I cannot sleep,
But only stare across the path
At "Cornel Prüm."

Who are you that for me must be
The streets, the parks, the glitt'ring crowds,
The shops, the smiling pageantry,
Of field and grove and flying clouds,
O Cornel Prüm?



A TRIO OF REAL HEROINES.

“When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!”



WHAT HE WANTED.

Scene : A small shop in Belgium.

FAIR SHOP-KEEPER.—What ees eet M'sieu desire ?

CANADIAN SOLDIER.—Oh, a quart of Rye, a box of Tuckett's, some sweet corn on the ear, a few speckled trout, some buckwheat pancakes, a gallon of maple syrup, a hunk o' spruce gum, a dozen doughnuts, a peck o' snow apples—an' say, I guess that's about all, unless you happen to have Kaiser Bill's head knockin' about anywhere !

Till war has ceased to rage and flame
Must I sit thus in horrid gloom,
Staring at your infernal name.
The maddening name of "Cornel Prüm,"
O Cornel Prüm?

P. D.

INQUISITIVE PARTY.—Exactly what difference do you find
between fighting in the Ypres Salient and the Somme?

PEACE RIVER JIM (*after judicial consideration*).—Mud's browner

OUR ARMY AND AFTER

Words and Music by PAUL BLONDIN,

Martial, with spirit.

f *rall.*

1. O Can - a - da is the Em - pire's pride, Our...
2. The seas are tost up - on our coast, We....

hearts for King and coun - try beat, But what would be our
hear the foe - man's can - non roar, Shall we who prize proud

p *a little slower.*

OUR ARMY AND AFTER

Em - pire wide If not for Bri - tain and her fleet? Onething we'll do— our
free - dom most, Let on - ly Bri - tain guard our shore? Jack Tars have we who

cres - cen - do. rall.

faith is true, One watch - word on our lips, No more we'll shirk the
sail the sea All read - y when our country calls, We've gold and steel for each

Em - pire's work But build our coun - try's ships. } O Bri - tain bat - tles
Dreadnought's keel, Let's build our na - tion's walls! }

rall - en - tan do. a tempo.

OUR ARMY AND AFTER

for the flag Her ar - mies are in mo - tion. We've plough'd the land, our

rallentando.

This system contains the first vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a grand staff bracket. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords and moving lines in both hands.

forts are mann'd! Come, lads, let us plough the o - cean!

f

This system contains the second vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues in the same staff as the first system. The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords and moving lines in both hands, with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte).

This system contains the piano accompaniment for the third system. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a grand staff bracket. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords and moving lines in both hands, with accents (^) placed over several notes in the right hand.



COUNT VON ZEPPELIN'S DREAM.
IF LONDON WERE YPRES.
(From a German Official Photograph—perhaps.)



THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
(From the Collection of Count von Zeppelin.)

COUNT VON ZEPPELIN'S DREAM

BY AN EXTINGUISHED NEUTRAL

ONE morning the news came from Potsdam to a certain villa on the shores of Lake Constance that the Germany Army was at last being mobilised for war. War was expected in a few days. By a singular coincidence I happened to be calling on the distinguished occupant of the villa at the time. I had been travelling on the Continent of Europe for six months, bearing credentials from various illustrious Americans. Amongst my letters of introduction was one from the Hon. William J. Bryan to Count Zeppelin, of whom I had heard a good deal as the inventor of a cigar-shaped kind of inflexible balloon for which a great future was predicted by the Count and his friends. The balloon was filled with gas; the connection between it and our great American Peace Statesman need not be laboured.

I had seen pictures of the Zeppelin "airship" in the Peoria (Ill.) *Palladium*. Sometimes it was in the air, sometimes it was in the special shed built for it, and sometimes it was half submerged in the waters of the lake. I had also seen pictures of the Count and read interviews with him, so that when a plush-apparelled flunkey ushered me into his presence I recognised him at once. There was no mistaking the red countenance, the bald head, the white moustache of the German veteran who had said that the Wright brothers had produced "a very interesting toy, but nothing more."

It was plain to the dullest intelligence that the Count was suffering from excitement. He was so excited that he forgot

to shake hands with me. Mopping his brow, he walked up and down the apartment, discoursing volubly.

“Young man, you have come at a fateful moment. History begins to-day. The dreams of my life are about to be realised. Read that!”

He thrust a telegram before my eyes. I read thus :

“POTSDAM,

“July 30.

“Army mobilising. Prepare immediately. Your motto should be ‘Zeppelin über France, Russia, and England. *Deutschland über alles.*’

“(Signed) WILHELM.”

“Yes,” cried the Count, “my chance has come. My only fear is that England—England which has laughed at me—England which has not imitated my masterpieces—will keep out of this war. For I wish to wipe her off the face of the earth—obliterate her cities, towns, and villages, and exterminate her population.”

“But can you do this?” I exclaimed.

“Do it?” roared the Count, “why, I have only to give my orders and the thing is done. Look, here are the models of my fleet in action.”

He took me to an adjoining room and there over a table were suspended by invisible wires numerous cigar-shaped contrivances, which I recognised as miniature “Zeppelins.” Below them on the table was a contour-map of the British Isles. Other tables contained similar maps of France, Russia, and Belgium. The Count showed me the principle upon which an air raid was undertaken. He explained to me the general mechanism and capacity of the ships. He exhibited samples of the bombs which would scatter death and destruction throughout the countries visited.

“Nothing has been left to chance, young man. All is scientific



KITTY LOWTHER IN ST. JAMES'S.

“ Look, he has gone, boy ! If Wolfe fail, then farewell to Canada, England's hopes—and mine ! ”

and certain. My ships follow faithfully the course mapped out for them. They arrive over a city and the bombardment begins. In half an hour the attack is over. Not a building—not even an outhouse—stands. The bulk of the population has perished. Then we move on to the next town. To show mercy, to discriminate, is naturally impossible. We move with the inexorableness of God.”

“Count,” I said, “this is terrible. I hope England will keep out of this war. The fact is, I have some friends there.”

“She has been warned,” returned the Count solemnly. “I have warned her. I have told her Foreign Office exactly what will happen. Nay, I have done more. I have sent through my friend, Lord —, a number of views of London after the visit of my fleet. Look, I will show you.”

The Count produced a portfolio and drew forth, one by one, a series of drawings.

“You see,” he said, “London in ruins. Do you recognise my work? Do you perceive the effect of my superb and accurate ordnance?”

I looked and beheld. I recognised through the smashed masonry and heaps of rubbish the stately fane of St. Paul’s, the sacred pile of Westminster Abbey, the noble Law Courts, the ancient Tower, the British Museum, and other monuments of which the capital of the British Empire is justly proud.

“Why are these made?” I asked.

“Why should we wait?” replied the Count. “Our German policy is to decree things to be done and then to do them. Forty-eight hours after England declares war this is what will happen to London and simultaneously accounts of the devastation, accompanied by these pictures, will be distributed to the world’s press. We have even a Zeppelin medal struck,” added the Count proudly, “to commemorate the destruction of London.”

He handed me a bronze medallion the size of a dollar, with the Kaiser and Zeppelin’s profile on one side and on the other the ruins of Westminster Abbey.

“And there is no doubt about your plan succeeding?”

“Not the slightest. You can tell your countrymen England is doomed. And now,” concluded the great German inventor and patriot, “farewell. Perhaps we shall meet again. Give my love to Herr Bryan. Tell him that, although we travel different paths, we both have peace as our goal. I am off now to the frontier. *Auf wiedersehen!*”

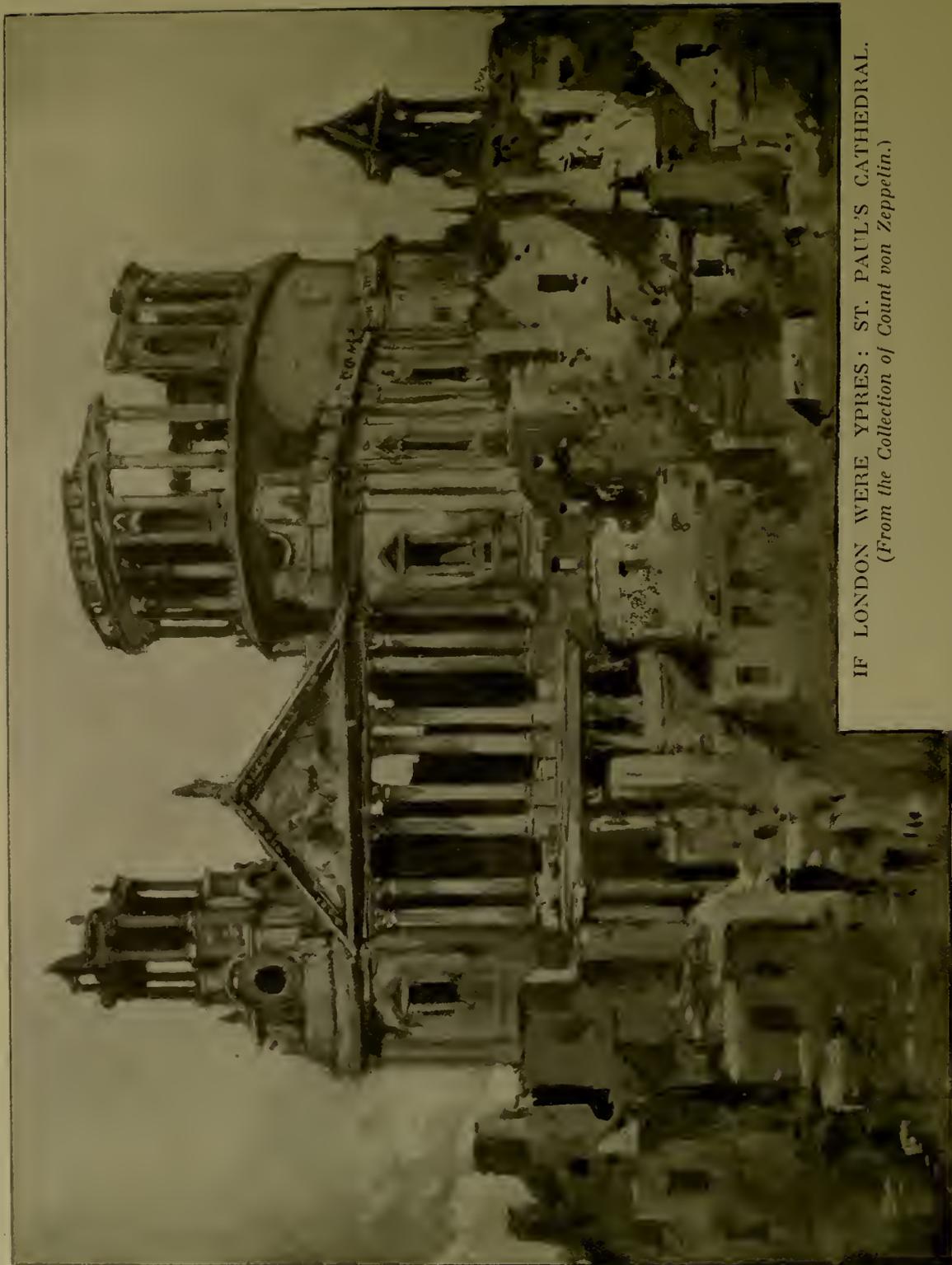
And so I shook hands with Count Zeppelin and departed. For two years I have been searching our American papers for news of London's total destruction. Somehow the story has failed to get through. Could the Count have over-estimated his powers? Or is this a triumph of the British censorship—because I saw pictures of St. Paul's and the Abbey in a German newspaper the other day, labelled, “IRRETRIEVABLY DAMAGED BY ZEPPELIN AIRSHIPS.”

I think I shall call the attention of William Randolph Hearst to the matter.

G. R. S.



IF LONDON WERE YPRES: VESTIGES OF
THE LAW COURTS.
(From a German Official Photograph—perhaps.)



IF LONDON WERE YPRES: ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.
(From the Collection of Count von Zeppelin.)

THE MOTHER

THE mother sat on the verandah of her house in the village which commanded a view of the long, deserted street. Most of the men in the village were gone to the war—all the young, active men with whose forms and faces she was familiar, and who used to smile and raise their hats as they passed. The mother's eyes were wet with tears, and the half-knitted sock lay untouched in her lap. Her thoughts were far away—away off on the river Somme in France, with her two sons, who, stirred by that deep sense of duty which had impelled the manhood of the community, had crossed the seas to fight the battles of the Empire. So far only two scraps of tidings had reached her—one that the transport had arrived safely in port, and the other, long afterwards, that their battalion had landed in France. They must have written letters, but if so mischance—perhaps in the shape of a German submarine—had overtaken them—for nothing had come.

The mind of the mother was still far away when a young fellow from the bank—crippled in one arm and so unable to serve—stopped in front of the house. A newspaper was in his hand.

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Bennett,” he cried, “have you heard the news? There has been a big battle in which the Canadians took a prominent part. I shouldn't be surprised if our boys were in it.”

“Does it give any particulars?” inquired Mrs. Bennett, eagerly.

“None at all. Just what I've told you. Perhaps we shall hear to-morrow.” And, after a few more words, the bank clerk passed on.

On the morrow there was nothing further about the battle, but on the succeeding day it was known that the —th battalion was one of those engaged and that the casualties had been heavy.

In what agony of suspense the mother waited, and then, on the fifth day after the battle, she opened the newspaper to read the following account :

“CANADIAN HEROISM AT PONTHÈVRE
“BRILLIANT DEEDS ELOQUENTLY DESCRIBED BY THE
OFFICIAL EYE-WITNESS

“OTTAWA, *Wednesday.*

“The Minister of Militia has received the following by cable :

“The action in the vicinity of Ponthèvre was distinguished by many interesting features, and furnishes another proof of the valour of Canadian troops under fire. It is difficult for me to present any connected narrative at this time of writing. There were many brave deeds performed; one of the finest was that of a corporal in a New Brunswick battalion who, although losing the sight of his right eye, promptly turned his head to the right and continued onward with the aid of his left eye alone, until he stumbled in a crater and fell. It is believed this gallant soldier was severely injured. Another incident of the Canadian advance was when a German shell exploded, wounding six of our men. Two of them, being only slightly hurt, instantly offered to assist to bear their comrades to the rear. This was done under fire, but I am happy to record that the party reached the dressing-station in safety.

“An Ontario battalion also greatly distinguished itself. In the ranks was the possessor of a fine baritone voice who was continually heard to cry, “Give the Boche ——, boys, give them ——!” I mention this as revealing the fervent ardour of the men.

“Another story relates to a dog—a small terrier—belonging

to a captain in a Western battalion, who wandered about in No Man's Land in the height of the battle, capering and barking violently, until he unhappily met his death, it is feared, in mistake by one of our own soldiers.

“Altogether it was a fiercely fought contest, in which the honours fell to the Canadians. It was a great day for the Dominion, and one of which our people should be proud. It is true, our losses were comparatively heavy, but our object was attained, and at nightfall we were in occupation of the enemy's position.”

.

The paper fell listlessly from the mother's hands. And so, this was the great battle for tidings of which she had waited so feverishly and so long. Were her dear ones in it? Who could say? Why, oh why could they not tell her? What could it profit the bitter foe far off in Germany that a Canadian mother should know the particulars of a battle in which her sons had fought?

As she mused she became aware of the figure of a small boy mounting the steps of the verandah. He bore an envelope in his hand, which he extended towards her. She took it with trembling fingers and opened it slowly. Her heart almost ceased to beat. A terrible premonition seized her. Then she drew forth the telegram from the envelope and read it. It was from the Militia Department.

“Oh my God!” she wailed; “my God—not *both!*”

Whereupon she sank back, a pallid, huddled, limp mass in her chair.

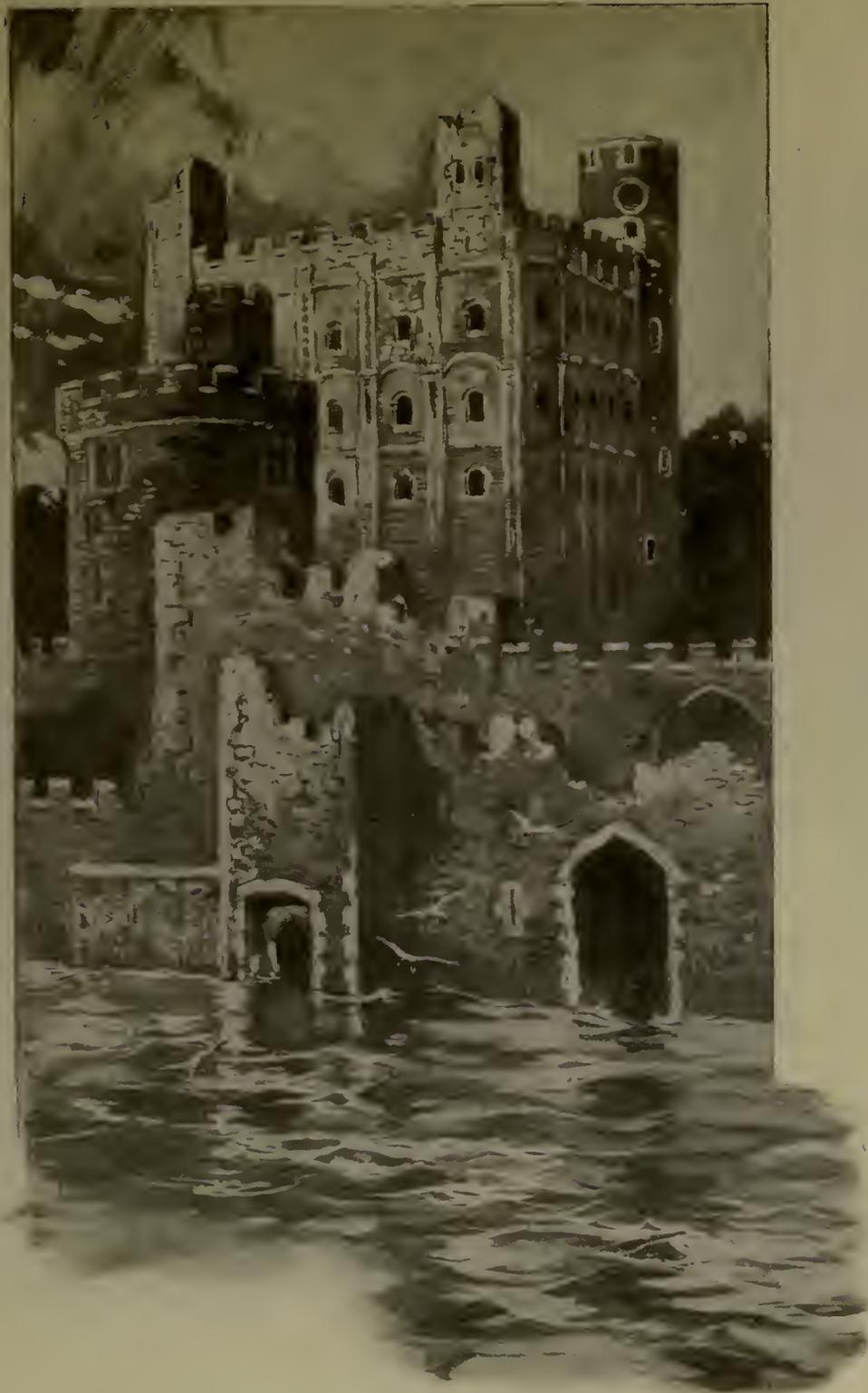
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The great battle of Ponthèvre had been fought and won, and out of the welter of blood, out of the drama of heroic sacrifice, the Official Eye-witness had rescued a terrier dog and a one-eyed soldier for posterity.

J. R. R.

A C.E.F. ALPHABET

- A** is the Army which has sailed overseas
B stands for Byng, whom we're eager to please.
C is for Canada, Connaught, and Currie.
D for Sir Douglas, whom nothing can hurry.
E is the Empire for which we would die.
F stands for France, our most valiant ally.
G is the German—we hope to outlive him,
H is the Hell we are going to give him.
I is the Insect we feed in the trench.
J stands for Joffre, C.-in-C. of the French.
K is the Kaiser who raises our dander.
L stands for Lipsett, a gallant commander



IF LONDON WERE YPRES: THE TOWER.
(From a German Official Photograph—perhaps.)



IF LONDON WERE YPRES: THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT IN RUINS.
(What the Hun would like to see.)

M is for Mercer, whose loss we all rue.
N is our Nurse—a trim angel in blue.
O is for Ours—and the O.C. we prize.
P is the Pats who do NOT advertise.
Q is the Question “When will this war end?”
R ’s the Recruit whom we welcome as friend.
S stands for Sam, who raised this great host.
T is for Turner, who scorneth to boast.
U ’s the Ultimatum which began the great fight.
V is the Victory now clearly in sight.
W is Watson whose front name is Dave.
X is the cross on our dear comrade’s grave.
Y stands for Ypres, where we battled so long.
Z Zillebeke is and the end of my song.

P.

UN CRI DE CŒUR

FATE keeps us apart, dear, yet yonder
He dwells, for I hear his voice,
Now soft and now swelling to thunder,
And the keepsakes he sends me are choice.

Oh, how I'd love to accost him
For whom I have waited so long,
I've sought him, yearned for him and lost him:
Fickle fortune has dealt me a wrong.

Ten weeks to-day in the trenches!
How can DOUGLAS thus keep us apart?
To a suffering soul what sad wrenches,
What cruelty this to my heart!

I wonder how he will greet me:
With a smile and a wave of his hand?
Oh tell me how will he meet me,
Do you think, dear, he will understand?

Will he be like the quaint comic picture
I carry along in my brain.
Of putty and sausage a mixture,
So fat and so stupid and plain?

Some day, Captain dear, I'll behold him,
Be he short, tall or bloated or lean,
And in my loving arms I'll enfold him—
The Boche I have never yet seen!

E. S. S.

FLANDERS,
May 1916.



“ LE ROI S'AMUSE.”

FOR YOU!

SAY, little girl away across the blue,
You may not believe it, but I'm fighting for you;
My King and my country may have the first claim,
My regiment too, and I'm proud of its name.

But it wasn't of them I was thinking to-day,
When I slammed at the Boche in a whole-hearted way,
When over his lines like a tiger I flew,
Say, little girl, I was fighting for you!

Say, little girl with the rippling brown hair,
I've wondered a bit if you really do care,
Though your picture lights up my dark dug-out wall
(The picture you gave when I sailed in the fall).

When the shrapnel is raining and the whizz-bangs alight,
And make it some stunt to slumber at night,
And the bombs in the trench are dropping a few,
Say, little girl, I am thinking of you!

I guess you don't know some things I have done,
When I've scooped out a sap or handled a gun,
But I kinder felt easy to think you'd be proud,
If at roll-call one day I was out of the crowd,
And the Colonel would say, "Jim fought well and true!"
And—well, little girl, I was fighting for you!

M. G. R.

SANCTUARY WOOD,
June 1916.

PASSED-OVER UNITS

No. 1—THE PAY OFFICE BATTALION

It is none too soon that we should learn of the gallant and brilliant deeds performed by units in this awful war. Too long they have been obscured while suffering mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, cousins, aunts, newspaper reporters (and possibly here and there a creditor) anxiously await tidings of the dear one who has gone to fight the battle of his country overseas. All have covered themselves with glory, but only a few of them get into the limelight of publicity. Let the people of the Dominion know what all their boys are doing.

Yesterday (writes our representative on the Westminster front) while all else was comparatively quiet in other parts of the line, witnessed a scene of martial activity in the Pay Office sector. For some time past this battalion, notwithstanding heavy pecuniary losses, has been kept up to full strength (and even a little beyond it), in order to be able to grapple with a ruthless and mercenary foe. Colonel Moss is proud of his men, and well he might be, for there is no unit of the C.E.F. whose majors, captains, lieutenants, company sergeant-majors, lance-sergeants, lance-corporals, and corporals are so abundant and carry themselves and their spick-and-span uniforms so fearlessly and so proudly. All are animated by a high spirit, and though outnumbered by the enemy are conscious that their banking and actuarial skill will enable them to maintain their position.

Yesterday at 9 a.m. they entered the Smith Square trenches and a long line of cars soon afterwards announced that the 277

staff officers were on hand. At 10 o'clock the usual inspection was made of the trenches. Ledgers were piled up in all the weak places and bundles of blue, green, and pink forms were used to line the traverses and keep the gnats and spiders at bay. The dug-outs were examined to see if they lacked any essential, for the Colonel is careful of his men, and the chairs, sofas, carpets, pictures, mirrors, and electric fans were found to satisfy the most fastidious taste.

"Any complaints?" he demanded in the orderly room, as a mere matter of form.

A humble lance-corporal came forward and saluting respectfully, but diffidently, explained that the last issues of *La Vie Parisienne* had been intercepted by the auditors' mess.

"Egad, this is a serious business," replied the Colonel; "let it be looked into, Major."

Seven majors sprang forward at the salute and declared the matter should receive attention.

A company sergeant-major next presented a request.

"Can't we have ice-cream instead of tea in the afternoon?"

"Impossible, my lad. Colonel Obed Smith has launched a protest. A cinema operator took a photograph of a battalion of Canadians eating ices, which was labelled 'Our lads from the North on home rations.' It will scare away immigrants after the war. Better substitute maple creams or——"

Just then the first enemy bomb fell, penetrating the roof and landing on the desk of Major Geohegan, who, although recoiling for a moment, had the presence of mind to seize the accursed thing and hurl it out of the trench. Yet in that instant he had grasped the mechanism of this diabolical contrivance. It bore the following legend on its face:

"SIR,

"I beg to state that having been promoted lieutenant from the rank of corporal on Jan. 3, 1916, appearing in

Divisional Orders on Feb. 4, I was wounded on Jan. 28 and therefore entitled to a scale of pay higher than that indicated in yours of July 10.

“I have the honour to apply for arrears of said pay amounting to £19 8s. 6d.”

Viewed merely as an example of frightfulness the thing was revolting. It was drawn up with cold-blooded actuarial skill and suggested that its author has been trained in the Hamilton branch of one of our famous Canadian banks.

The excitement caused by this thrilling incident had hardly subsided when another devilish bomb entered the dug-out of several majors:

“SIR,

“I have the honour to point out that I have received no pay since Nov. 1, 1915, and that I find an error of £7 3s. 4d. in my pay prior to that date.”

“Call up the machine-guns!” cried the Colonel. Instantly the Remingtons, Olivers, Underwoods, Smith-Premiers, and Empires got into action, dealing out death and destruction in the ranks of the enemy who were now seen to be coming on in force, under shelter of a terrific barrage from the serried ranks of Major-Generals, Brigadier-Generals, Colonels, Lieutenant-Colonels, Majors, Captains, Subalterns, and 49,363 Shorncliffe and Bramshott Privates.

Suddenly there was a cry in one section of the Pay Trench. A monstrous minenwerfer had been hurled into the air from the Cleveland House emplacements and had smashed through the ledgers.

Another high explosion from a \$5.9 gun in Lombard Street had made fearful havoc in the red-tape entanglements. The Remington No. 3 section stood to their machines like madmen,

pouring out a perfect hail of folios, pink forms, green forms, and blue forms.

Over and above the din of the conflict could be heard the voice of the Colonel and sixteen majors shouting orders for lunch.

“We have them on the jump, boys. Do not yield an inch. A long pull, and a strong pull together, and the day is ours!”

The artillery of the Pay Office was in fine form. Never was there such a weight of paper expended, crashing into the enemy's position.

Peeping cautiously over the parapet the advanced outpost could see many a writhing figure, with hands outstretched and fingers convulsively clutching, but unable, notwithstanding all their efforts, to reach the pay-chest.

Soon it became apparent that the contest was an unequal one. The enemy, even with all the resources of St. James's Square, had failed to storm the position, and long before nightfall he had ignominiously retired.

LATER INTELLIGENCE

A further attack is expected to-morrow. It is rumoured that an Inspector-General will lead in person. Fortunately the men are in high spirits. Their spirits do not desert them. It is well to emphasise this fact. “Their spirit,” said their commander to your correspondent proudly, “will carry them through anything.”

Truly it was a glorious day for the Pay Office Battalion. Eighty-four sergeant-majors have been promoted majors. All have covered themselves with glory. Canada should know of the conduct of her heroes who are guarding her coffers so valiantly.

J. N. B.

A BALLAD OF THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT

“WHAT standard comes across the ridge ?”
The Oberfeldherr cried.
The Stellvertreiter scratched his head,
He scratched his head and sighed,
And said, “ I never saw before
A flag like that. The tricolour
And Union Jack and many more
I know—but Sapperment,” cried he,
“That coat-of-arms is new to me.”

“Aeh, yesterday we shot a kerl,”
The Stellvertreiter said,
“Who smote three Prussians hip and thigh
And laid two Hessians dead.
And as we stood him by the wall,
And aimed our hinterladers all,
The fellow stretched himself so tall,
Quoth he, ‘ Shoot on, I fear ye never !
God bless das Maple Leaf Forever.’ ”

“Now that is strange; I never heard
A battle-ery like this;
What kind of uniform wore he—
What sort of speech was his ? ”
“He seemed Englander, O mein Herr,
With just a sort of Yankee air—
I asked the dog, ‘ In Europe where



"THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER!"



“ And still the host came marching on
With song and loud hurrah.”

Dwellst thou ?' He said, 'Mein habitat
Is in das Land von Ahorn Blatt !' *

"And stranger still, each on his coat,
O Oberfeldherr mein,
Wore this device, that fremde host
That hopes to cross the Rhine."
" 'Ein Ahorn Blatt'—unless I'm wrong.
To whom can this tam thing belong ?
They're marching twenty thousand strong,
Beim Himmel, then they'll come to grief—
Still, I don't like this Maple Leaf."

"They are not in der Kaiser's list
Of English, French, or Russ,
Or Scot or Belge or Serb, I swear,
Who're smashing into us."
"Some say they come from one large spot
Upon the New World map, py Gott,
A mixture of the blessed lot.
If that's the case, the game is up.
Good-bye to Kaiser, Krieg und Krupp !"

"We'd had enough to do before,"
The Oberfeldherr said.
"We've bitten off too much to chew,
Mit all these kerls in red.
These lions, eagles make me sick,
Though crowns and crosses we can lick ;
But this here Maple Leaf's a trick
I do not like. It means too much.
I'd rather these had been der Dutch."

* Maple leaf.

OH, CANADA!

And still the host came marching on,
With song and loud hurrah,
With bayonet and courage set
“For King and Canada.”
Oh, Britons overseas are we,
Our arms are strong, our hearts are free,
To crush the tyrant our endeavour.
Hurrah, the Maple Leaf Forever!

Their bandsmen played right up the crest;
The Oberfeldherr paled;
The men marched straight upon the guns,
Nor ever paused or quailed.
They never flinched, they never fled,
Though hundreds fell and hundreds bled.
Adown the heights the Prussians sped,
Der Oberfeldherr at their head,
Who wailed as something smote him flat,
„Ich liebe nicht das Ahorn Blatt!“

W. B. S.



CHATEAU DE LA HOOGHIE

(as I saw it in June 1914).

From an original drawing by M. J. A.

THE BATTALION BARD

WE have a poet in our battalion. His name is *not* Browning. We have an N.C.O. of that name, but of course it would never do for him to write poetry. At the first couplet the shadow of a mighty name would come to blot him right out of existence. The justly celebrated volumes of his namesake would fall on him like a parapet stimulated by a minenwerfer shell. No, our poet's name is Perkins. He used to say that away off in Saskatoon he never had a chance even if the divine afflatus *had* struck him. Poetry bubbled in his soul, but it couldn't come out except when he took a pinch of bicarbonate of soda, which made him think for years it was indigestion that troubled him. But it wasn't; it was poetry, and the way he discovered the fact was curious.

He was humming "Tipperary" to himself one morning about 2 a.m., when he made onc of a wiring party. He was thinking of the various other places where he would like to be and the first place he thought of was the prairie, which he was delighted to find rhymed with Tipperary. Whereupon he promptly amended the current version of the celebrated ballad and read it out to us in the evening. At least, he read out as much of it as we would let him read, for we had had a hard day and our feelings were raw and we were looking for blood anyway. But Perkins was not to be suppressed. He wiped the plum jam from his face and clothes (which took some time, because we had rubbed our reprobation in) and said we'd be sorry. Whether we would have been or not is difficult to say, if a certain incident hadn't occurred which converted Perkins into a chartered libertine of verse, so to speak, for we had a terrific strafe by the Boche next day and old

Perkins behaved so infernally well under fire that he was commended by the O.C. and recommended for the Military Medal.

After that what could we do? He became the battalion poet, and spent all his leisure composing verses which were passed along the line and occasionally enlivened the Officers' Mess. I am not going to quote any of these early effusions, although I remember one chaste effusion beginning :

Here I sit in my lonely trench
Waiting for orders from General French.

This was about the time we changed commanders, when Perkins brought forth the following :

There's nothing weak and nothing vague
About our noble General Haig.

Perkins took as his motto—*Nulla die sine linea*. I am glad I cannot remember any more. He wrote them all out in a book which he said he was going to publish after the war under the title *Tropes from the Trenches*. But I think his muse got steadily better, for at a concert in rest billets he produced what I am told is his masterpiece. It was set to music (we were told it was music) and chanted (this doesn't seem the right word) by Company B's baritone, assisted by a corporal with a concertina. It had rather a grandiloquent title: "The Canadian." Here it is in full and it shows poor old Perkins at his best :

THE CANADIAN

BY PRIVATE D. J. PERKINS, SASKATOON LANCERS

To Jack Canuck, drink a toast for luck,
He's had many jobs in his day, sir;
The forest and the farm have yielded to his arm,
And many stiff things came his way, sir.
And now he stands with a rifle in his hands
Ready for the wily Hun,
He'll never tire of the trenches or the fire
Until this job is done.



A BELGIAN NOBLEMAN VISITS OUR TRENCHES AFTER THE WAR.



THE MAN WHO CHASED THE KAISER.
(Drawn by Sigma.)

Refrain

Oh, a thousand leagues across the sea
 He has come to do or die, sir,
 And here he will stay for ever and a day,
 Till he's marched through the land of the Kaiser.

He came from the west where they treat him best,
 But he's moving eastward still, sir,
 And he'll never turn around till he's captured all the ground,
 And given Fritz his pill, sir.
 Through Flanders and France he'll make him dance,
 Paying for the blood he's shed,
 Which may not be till 1923
 And most of us are dead.

Refrain.

Then came the smash-up at St. Eloi, and Perkins lay out in No Man's Land for two days with a broken leg until the Germans—to their credit—brought him in, and he is now—or was—a prisoner of war. But for weeks he was reported dead, and (to show the influence of example) a name board was prepared and passed solemnly from hand to hand bearing this touching inscription :

R. I. P.

Ye who love the Poet's Muse,
 Shed a tear to hear the news:
 Grave of D. J. Perkins this—
 Whizz-bang hoisted him to bliss.

It just shows that inoculation is the only way to deal with certain ailments, and that even when what our M.O. calls a "germ carrier" is weeded out it is too late and the bacteria have been passed on to another victim.

S. F. L.

NOT ENGLAND'S BENDED KNEE

SHALL Britons stoop and yield their ground,
And see the links of race unbound?
Shall yonder Union Jack be furled,
And England from her heights be hurled?
England stands where England stood:
O Britons, guard your brotherhood!
And hand to hand, and blood with blood,
Face the phalanx of the world.

All loyal hearts, in every clime,
Up! Drink a toast with me:
"Old England's arm, her bended arm,
And not her bended knee."

While Britons rule on land and waves
We will not stoop to truce with slaves;
Our fathers' blood was shed in vain
If traitors strike these bonds in twain.
Wave on, proud flag, in azured space,
Wave o'er one Purpose and one Race,
Joined in love shall ever stand,
All our children of the main!

C. M. R.

THE CHASE OF THE KAISER

BY DAWSON BAIRD, C.A.S.C.

It was a Vauxhall car and on a good French road. I calculated to turn the corners in a way to make my Colonel think sudden death was the least thing that could happen to us both. I never really found out what that car could do—owing to those same corners—but I generally estimated that seventy miles an hour was a fair speed in the open country, slowing up through the towns and villages, so as to comply with the prejudices of the inhabitants, to the safe side of forty.

Well, one day I got orders to go and pick up a couple of staff officers whose machine had broken down somewhere near Dickebusch, and so I shot out gaily over the Belgian frontier and pulled out the stops and was going along quite pleasantly when a man came out in the middle of the road waving a red flag and of course I had to pull up. He said he had got a message that I was to go on 300 yards and wait by the roadside. The message sounded all right and I did as he told me. I waited an hour. Then I got out of the car to stretch my legs, wondering when my stranded staff officers would be coming along. Luckily I had some sandwiches and a bottle of cider, and also a copy of the *Ontario Agricultural Bulletin* to while away the time. So I sat down in a nice shady spot and ate my sandwiches and drank my cider and looked at the *Ontario Agricultural Bulletin* and waited. In a little while I saw another car coming tearing along in the distance. When it got up to me it stopped and an officer—a General—signalled to me to come over to him.

“Take your car as fast as you can through Ypres and a mile along the Menin road. Captain Blank is waiting for you.”

I saluted and the General shot away.

Through Ypres!

Just then I heard a shell overhead. I forgot to mention that the German guns had been busy in the distance all the morning. I jumped into my car, touched up the starter, and a moment later I was flying along the Ypres road. I entered the town by the Western gate and opposite the gaol struck a chunk of masonry which hoisted me about eleven feet into the air. Shells began to fall pretty frequent and I had one or two narrow escapes, but I dashed along the deserted streets, got to the Menin Gate and out towards Hooze. Then I saw two officers who held up their arms. I did my best to stop, but something had gone wrong with the brakes. In fact the very devil had got into the car. Her speed, instead of decreasing, increased. My blood turned cold. In another moment I would reach the trenches. I did everything I could, but it was no use. That darned little Vauxhall had got a regular mad fit. I thought of jumping out, but at the rate we were going it would have taken a detail a whole day to pick up my remains. So I refrained.

Now, you may believe it or not, but at the speed that car was going we just took the gap across the road near Hooze, parados, trench, and parapet, like greased lightning. There was a bump or two that hoisted me up some and the next minute we were smashing into an acre or so of barbed wire entanglements and across No Man's Land. By this time a few German snipers were getting busy—but their surprise at the strange kind of infernal machine that was turning loose upon them must have injured their nerve.* A bullet struck the head-light and broke the glass, that was all. Over the German parapet and parados we went at a bound, landing in the road behind, unseathed.

* This was written long before the advent of the “Tanks.” It sounds prophetic.—EDITOR.

My speed must have been fifty-five miles at least and we hopped over three or four lines of trenches like a bird.

About two or three miles behind the German lines I saw a tent raised by the roadside, flying a German Imperial Standard.

“Hullo,” I said to myself, “here’s a piece of luck. I’ll bet ten to one it’s a war council on, with a Crown Prince—perhaps the Crown Prince—Little Willie, you know—or—— but no, that would be too good to be true.”

But just as the thought sprang into my brain, there was a terrible commotion in the neighbourhood of the tent and staff officers began running about as if they had St. Vitus’s dance or were trying to dodge an aeroplane bomb. You see, they had just received a message that the British army had broken through and that Sir Douglas Haig was leading in the van alone in a khaki-painted car. Lord, you should have seen them scatter for cover!

Pretty soon I was near enough to recognise them—it must have been the whole darned German General Staff. There was the King of Württemberg, and General von Falkenburg, and the German Crown Prince, and yes, by thunder, the Kaiser himself!

I guess the sight of the Kaiser must have had some sort of effect on the Vauxhall, because it began to slow up a bit. What struck me as funny, was that instead of taking to the woods, Bill ran along the road in front of my ear, yelling at the top of his voice. You never saw such a figure in your life. Just as I got within twenty yards of him, the Vauxhall struck a rock and keeled over and I was flung out on my abdomen. I looked up and saw the Kaiser still running and still yelling.

“Camerad Haig! Dear Camerad Haig! Do not shoot. I’m going back to Potsdam and be very quiet for efer und efer! I’m yoost miserable about dis war—I lay awake nights filled with sorrow. But the truth is, Camerad, I was unprepared. Yah, I know I had a big army, all peautifully trained und spoiling for a fight. It is true. I was ready to take on England, Scotland,

Ireland and the Isle of Man, France, Russia, Italy, Serbia and Rumania—yah, und beat der whole bunch. *Deutschland über alles!* But, *sapperment*, Camerad, dere vas one great eountry I haf not count on. Ven I read in der Calgary *Eye-Opener* ‘Sam Hughes’s address to his Troops,’ I said to Hindenburg——”

Then I slowly sat up, gentlemen, and rubbed my eyes and looked at my wrist-watch and found I had been asleep just twenty minutes and the staff officers were coming along out of a ruined barn at the side of the Dickebusch road.

VANCOUVER | WINNIPEG
← →

CHATEAU LAURIER
PRESS BUTTON FOR
ELEVATOR
(H.E.)

BIRDIE'S NEST
DICKERUSCH

TO
KEMMEL
THE HUMP ON
THE RIGHT

HUMBER TRIPS
BOATING & BATHING

NO MAN'S LAND →
FREE SECTIONS
PARTLY PLOUGHED

SPADINA AVE
STRAIGHT ROAD TO THE
CEMETERY & HOSPITAL

TO
WELLAND CANAL
PASS THROUGH QUICKLY
& AVOID INTERNATIONAL
COMPLICATIONS

ZILLEBEKE
LAKE 
Mixed Bathing

FRITZ BOSCHE
UNDERTAKER & SEXTON
SMALL PLOTS A SPECIALTY
TERMS ON APPLICATION

SANCTUARY WOOD
PLEASE KEEP OFF THE
GRASS & DO NOT INJURE
THE TREES & SHRUBS

Ch H.D.
1916

A FEW CANADIAN TRENCH SIGNS.



SOME EUROPEAN DISEASE GERMS AS OBSERVED BY AN OFFICER OF THE C.A.M.C.

ON THE GATINEAU

Oh sing of Italy and France, oh chaunt of sunny Spain,
A jaunt on foreign mountains or by a sandy main;
And when you've sung your sweetest, dear, unhitch the old
 canoe,
And hand me o'er the paddle and I'll take a trip with you.

Refrain :

On the sunny Gatineau, when the current's sweeping slow
And the cooling breeze is blowing overland from Hudson
 Bay,
And the hot wind from the south
Gushes from the river's mouth,
To meet and kiss the birches and with the wildfowl play
So we'll skim through shine and shadow all a livelong summer
 day.

Do you hear the merry bobolink a-calling in the cove?
Do you see the little foxes leaping careless in the grove,
And the brown musquashes splashing and the fishes darting high;
Feel the scent of pine and hemlock, see the blueness of the sky,
And the shimmer of the ripples over which the swallows fly?

On the sunny Gatineau, when the current's sweeping slow
And the cooling breeze is blowing overland from Hudson
 Bay, etc.

J. R. GALT.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

A WAR LYRIC

BY CAPTAIN F. REXFORD DENISON

THE stature of the new recruit was distinctly below regulation ; his shoulders were round, his chest was flat, and his pallor was that of a London fog. His broad, intelligent forehead was of no use to him, and only caused his forage-cap or "pill-box" to perch awkwardly. How this degenerate ever got into the old British army was a mystery ; the recruiting sergeant, the examining surgeon, and the commanding officer must have conspired together to pass him for private reasons of their own. He was shifted about from company to company in the particular regiment to which he was attached, because every captain and subaltern kicked at him, and every private, even to the drummer boys, felt his presence in the regiment to be a disgrace.

Moody and unsociable, Private Harris—for such was this unfortunate's name—spoke, when he did speak, a language much too fastidious for the rank and file. This exposed him to their ridicule and contumely. Soldiers in barracks and in the piping times of peace have, as you are aware, little ways of their own ; and of so many harsh jests and rude tricks was Harris the unhappy victim, that had he taken it into his head to desert, nobody who knew the life he had led in the army would have been astonished, no one would have grieved. Truth to tell, Private Harris stood it all like a man cut out of pine-wood ; it was not that he was dogged : he didn't seem to feel. One afternoon he was seated on the edge of his bunk, when a corporal named Minns came bursting into the barrack-room.

At the heels of Corporal Minns streamed a dozen or fifteen men, their faces all wearing an excited expression.

“Come on, Jimmy, let’s ’ave it. Is there any chance of our goin’ to the front? Tell us what the Colonel said.”

“We’ll be off this day month,” replied Minns, slowly and oracularly, “or my name ain’t Minns.” War had broken out, a war which meant business—war on a big scale. By way of beginning, the very next day the Royal Surreys received orders to shift themselves to Aldershot. The whole country was suddenly full of martial fervour. Everywhere was the excitement apparent, and the lads in khaki, emerging from a long period of neglect, became the heroes of the hour. All the men in the Surreys were as happy as soldiers usually are who are basking at once in popular favour and the prospect of immediate orders for the front.

But all this excitement seemed to make little difference to the private known as Harris. He went his way and performed his duties with neither diminution nor accession of zeal. On a certain day a youthful recruit spotted him all alone in the barrack square watching the twittering sparrows.

“’Ullo, mate,” he said genially, “ain’t you goin’ to the ’alls to-night along with the rest? Manager o’ the Royal Buckingham theatre is providing us all with free seats.”

Harris looked surprised and indecisive.

“Better come,” said the youth persuasively; “and leave your tin in barracks—it’s my treat.”

“All right,” returned Harris, after a pause, “I’ll go. I haven’t been inside a music-hall for years.”

Two hours later the pair found themselves in a great theatre which was packed with humanity from floor to ceiling. The pit, galleries, and amphitheatre were filled with men in khaki, and the curtain being rung up, the first performer was greeted with a thunder of applause. Harris and his companion had arrived too late, but the policeman in attendance in the pit

caused the ranks in the front seats to close up and instructed the two new-comers to take places not far from the aisle. The soldiers were much too interested to notice Harris, although one or two men of the Surreys made uncomplimentary allusions to his presence. After the first burst of applause, the house, while not less appreciative, was more chary of its favours, reserving them for the great attraction of the evening, shortly to appear.

What that attraction was, was soon made manifest. A popular baritone stepped from the wings, and amidst tumultuous applause commenced to sing. The song was a striking one; the words were full of magic; they caused the blood to tingle in the veins. The house caught up the refrain almost to a man, and the roof of the great auditorium shook with the thunder of a thousand voices. At the second line of the first verse the recruit who sat beside Harris in the packed mass of humanity in the pit noticed his companion start. A warm colour suffused his ordinarily pale face, and at the beginning of the refrain he threw back his head and tugged at his throat in the manner of a man who is choking.

“What song is that?” he asked, gripping his companion’s wrist.

“That? Why, that’s ‘Burning with the Old Red Flame.’ The other snatched at the strip of paper nervously, and saw written there after the title of the lyric, “Music by Sir Alphonso Parker; words by Walter Edwards.” A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he sat there in the midst of the cheering, singing, tumultuous multitude, the only silent one there.

“Look at Harris, that little skunk,” somebody cried behind him. “Look at him. Why ain’t the nasty little coward singing?”

The soldiers had been drinking, perhaps a little too freely, and the unwonted surroundings had also served to inflame them. They were ready for any rough prank or diabolical freak.

Some one produced a long hat-pin, and Harris received a prod in the back which caused him to cry out with pain.

“Hush! Hush!” burst from all over the house.

“Put him out!” cried a hundred voices.

The singer on the boards paused. All eyes were bent on Harris, who, once more cruelly prodded, was hustled forward. To avoid the violence with which he was threatened, he leapt over the barrier which separated the pit from the stalls. Here he found himself hustled with even greater violence, partly on account of the perturbation his intrusion occasioned. In his frantic desire to escape he vaulted between the seats one by one, disregarding their occupants. He was by this time hardly conscious of what he did, or whither he tended. He leapt the railing enclosing the musicians, slipped, and fell with a thud, perfectly audible to everybody in the stalls.

The singer perceived that an accident had happened, and, recognising the penchant of great crowds to panic, and being a young man of great presence of mind, he at once recommenced his singing with spirit :

No matter when it comes, lad,
You'll hear the glorious drums, lad.

The house, its emotions and tendencies quivering in the balance for one brief instant, rose to the occasion :

No matter when it comes, lad,
You'll hear old England's drums, lad,

it sang in unison.

The crisis seemed past.

As for Harris, he lay quite still behind the curtain of the railing amongst the musicians; he had had a bad fall, but was not seriously hurt. It was whispered about in the stalls and balconies that the disturbance had all been caused by a soldier who had

been drinking more than was good for him. He had had a fit, they said, but was all right now. The singing of the war lyric and the incident of Harris had only occupied a few minutes, and now the popular baritone was smilingly receiving the ovation of the house. It might have ended there, but somebody observed the distinguished composer of the music of the wonderful song at the wings, and there was a loud demand for his appearance, with which the good-humoured manager thought it best to comply. But after the disappearance of the manager and composer, linked arm-in-arm, the audience was not yet satisfied. A new cry, that of "Author, author!" resounded throughout the theatre.

It reached the ears of one insignificant little soldier with a bulging forehead, who, bruised and with shaken nerves, lay trembling in a corner of the orchestra enclosure. As he heard it the blood flew to his brain. A great gust of feeling swept over him, and, disregarding the efforts of the stalwart flautist to detain him, he sprang erect to his feet. Dazzled by the great blaze of the footlights, he could at first see nothing. But he could hear yet the echoes of that word "Author" dying away in his brain. Before more than a dozen or so occupants of the stalls observed him he had climbed up on to the stage, and was over the glaring row of electric lamps. A gentleman in evening dress confronted him, bowing and smiling; but the bow ceased, and the smile faded, and the man's eye meeting that of the khaki-clad private, he turned ghastly pale. He was replying to the call of the house; he was Walter Edwards.

"Author! Author!" screamed Harris. "No, it's a lie—it's a cruel lie. That song is *mine* and I wrote it. I wrote hundreds of songs and sent them to a publisher, but, God help me, I——"

The rest of the sentence was drowned in a roar of laughter from the pit and galleries. A powerful hand was laid on Harris's collar, and he was dragged roughly off into the wings.

Apart from this incident the evening was a great success.

At a late hour, as the huge crowd dispersed at the doors of the brilliant theatre, a man remarked to his neighbour :

“ I say, wouldn't it be strange if that wretched little white-faced Tommy *had* written that song, after all ? ”

The friend addressed looked amused and incredulous.

“ Rubbish ! ” he said.

CHANSONETTE

C'EST tout à fait une p'tite affair-e,
C'est bien difficile à le dire entières;
Mais Jeanne est belle
Et Jean est beau,
Ils ne connaient point de quoi il faut;
Esperons que cela
S'arrangera !

Un mal de gorge—ah ! Biberon,
Il ne bois plus qu'en fort souffrant.

(*Eclate*)

Morbleu ! c'est un tonneau s'échappe
Le vin il coule—Ah ! par le pape,
Esperons que cela
S'arrangera !

E. G. A.
Trois Rivières.

BINKS OF QUEBEC

THE SOUTH AFRICAN VETERAN'S STORY

BY MAJOR E. S. VALENTINE

A SMALL fishing-smaek with a Union Jack at her bows was the first to greet the good ship *Sardinian* as she lay off Table Bay. The sun shone gaily, and it was a pretty sight. The men of the Canadian Contingent bent in wide clusters over the *Sardinian's* sides, and waved their caps and handkerchiefs, and hurrahed at the sight of land. They also sang a new song composed *en voyage* by Private White, of Calgary :

When next we travel to the Cape,
By gum !
We'll go by way of Cairo !

and another popular ditty by Billy Campbell, of Ottawa, entitled " We're a bit of the Thin Red Line " :

We're a bit of the Thin Red Line,
We are, we are, we are !

It was the first time in the history of the Dominion of Canada that a ship had sailed straight from her shores to Africa. How astonished old Samuel de Champlain would have been to be told of it ! What business had Canada with Africa ? The men were inclined to answer the query facetiously.

" Oh, nothing much. Only Johnny Canuek's getting a big boy now, and he wants to help his daddy."

" We're going out a thousand strong, and 320 of us six feet high, just to show how we raise 'em in cold countries."



THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

"I tried to do my duty at Balaclava and Inkermann, and now, by God, my grandson's done it at Courcellette!"

There had been a good deal of chaffing on board ship when the first spell of sea-sickness was over; and the blight which had been caused by the sorrowful demise of Binks of Quebec was lifted when the shores of Portugal hove in sight. Somebody sang out :

We're a bit of the Thin Red Line,
We are, we are, we are !

Then a cutter which had been close to the steamer's side pushed off with the mail-bag; the *Sardinian's* engines came to an end of their brief respite and recommenced their evolutions, and an adjutant in khaki was shaking hands and patiently listening to the following tragedy of Binks.

Binks, it appears, was not old enough to be a full private, but he was a brave little fellow, and deserved promotion. Although his age was but nine, he was one of the few who had seen active service. Binks was Canadian to the midriff, having first seen the light in the very shadow of the Citadel at Quebec, and he came of honourable French-Canadian ancestry. Fate had led him, at an early age when most children are in the nursery, out into the north-west of Canada, and he had been a great favourite with the inspector and four troopers at Elkhorn, a station of the North-West Mounted Police. It was here that he distinguished himself by an achievement remarkable in one so young, and which will ever render the name of Binks celebrated in the constabulary service, and will cause his untoward death to be deplored. It so chanced that among the duties of a certain day at this particular post there was a "call" to be made upon a highly treacherous Indian, who rejoiced in the name of Man-not-afraid-of-his-ghost. This Indian had somehow found means to procure a large quantity of whisky, which he proceeded to dispense among his fellow-aborigines, to the utter defiance of the law and demoralisation of the neigh-

bourhood. Man-not-afraid-of-his-ghost had fled to the shanty of a half-breed named O'Leary, who notified the police that, if they would send a trooper to the premises, he would give him up, and that the Indian was perfectly helpless from the results of long-continued inebriation. It was a merely perfunctory errand, for Man-not-afraid-of-his-ghost was a coward at the best of times; and it fell to the lot of Gleeson to execute it.

Now Gleeson happened to be young Binks's closest and most intimate friend, for which reason Binks (who showed an ardent desire to take part in the expedition) received peremptory orders to remain behind at the post. It was November, and was fairly bright, clear weather for that time of year, and Gleeson set off on his seventeen-mile ride in a joyous canter. He had covered a good ten miles when he heard a noise in his rear, and, looking around in his saddle, he perceived, to his surprise and perturbation, the form of little Binks.

"Why, Binks," he cried, "what do you mean by following me? Do you call this obeying orders?"

The little fellow opened his mouth as if to reply, but hung his head, and said not a word.

Gleeson pretended to be angry, and ordered Binks back to Elkhorn. Greatly affected, Binks pretended to obey. But it chanced he had often made the journey to O'Leary's shanty, and so, instead of going back to his post, he in reality continued in a sort of dog-trot to the place of the trooper's destination.

Little Binks had just vanished from the horizon when the sky, which had grown grey by degrees, conceived a few million particles, and these particles fell and covered the prairie. Down they came, thicker and thicker, until Gleeson, foolishly seeking to make headway against them, lost his way. But worse was yet to come, for Gleeson's sturdy broncho slipped and foundered. In vain did Gleeson seek to induce her to rise; he was fain to give over the attempt and wait for the storm to subside, which it did in a couple of hours. Here was a pretty prospect! The

trooper hated to leave his mare to die there in the drift, and he had no more idea of the points of the compass than a new-born babe. So he wandered around and around in a circle, always coming back to the spot where his broncho lay, dead lame. About three o'clock he looked up and saw a black speck on the snow a great distance off. It grew bigger and bigger, and Gleeson soon made out that it was Binks.

"Poor little devil!" he muttered, and he reflected that if the worst came to the worst, they could all freeze together. So he hailed Binks, who responded by a few brief commonplaces, and in a moment more was at the trooper's side. Then Gleeson noticed with a cry something that made his heart beat fast, and affected him with mixed feelings. Binks was wounded, and blood dropped from his leg at each step that he took. The trooper knelt down, and made a hasty examination; it was as he suspected. There was a bullet embedded in Binks's leg. But behind Binks there was a trail of blood-drops six miles long over the snow, and this trail led to the shanty where Man-not-afraid-of-his-ghost had taken refuge.

Binks's encounter with the bad Indian had proved the trooper's salvation, although it caused the amputation of Binks's leg and the eternal undoing of Man-not-afraid-of-his-ghost. It also saved the life of Gleeson's mare, for she was brought to the shanty by O'Leary and another half-breed the same night on a sledge.

Binks grew to be a character in the Saskatchewan country, and has figured in the pages of more than one traveller. He finally fell into the hands of Captain Thompson, of Winnipeg, and (lest the phrase excite speculation) I may as well mention that Binks was a small dog of the terrier tribe, and Captain Thompson one of the officers selected for Imperial service in the Transvaal. All the way out from his native city Binks was in the very highest spirits. His death was, therefore, all the more tragic and unexpected. He ate something on the sixth day which did not agree with him, and according to last accounts the

officers and men of the Royal Canadian Regiment were holding a sort of moral inquest on the cook. The funeral rites are stated to have been most impressive, and Binks now sleeps peacefully in mid-Atlantic (lat. 40, long. 39, says the ship's log).

The Canadian contingent had (and the casualty was never written up in the official War Diary) lost its first hero.

CANADA'S VOICE

OH, we know your cause was a just one if ever cause were just ;
But did we pause for a moment when we heard your trumpet
peal ?

When we saw you fling down the gauntlet, O Mother, was it lust
For pomp and fighting and conquest that swept our souls in a
gust,

And made us shoulder our rifles and grasp the pointed steel ?
Nay, love and duty called us ; the duty of free-born men
To quit ourselves with honour in the work men have to do,
Whether to build up an Empire or tear one down again !

*The lion he lives in his lair and the cub he dwells in his den,
But the brood shall go fight together ; for the pact of their love is
true !*

Envoi :

God speed you, sons and brothers, in this mighty last crusade ;
Far better were death than shirking : take ye your appointed
place.

In the roll-call of the nations Canada hath her answer made :
Trusting and faithful, Mother, stalwart and unafraid,
We'll march with thee to the uttermost for the glory of God
and our race !

L. S.

SEGREGATION

“WHAT’S all this talk about ‘Segregation of Canadian wounded,’ Bill?” asked the Ontario man, applying a bit of chalk to his bandage where his cigarette had burnt a hole in it.

The Manitoba casualty shifted his crutch and his quid, and considered the subject deliberately.

“It’s like this, Edward. They want all our fellows to be together, instead o’ being mixed up in English hospitals.”

“But why shouldn’t we be together—us and the English Tommies? We can learn a lot from one another. I guess they’re afraid we’ll be overheard cussin’ our politicians—that’s what it is.”

“No, Edward, you haven’t got the drift o’ the idea at all. Do you happen in your benighted constituency to have heard of a French motto called *Shershy la femme*?”

“I’m an Orangeman,” retorted the other, “an’ I ain’t goin’ to incriminate myself. But I get your drift. Go on.”

“Well, it’s this way. I’m for segregation and I’ll tell you why. It gives our Canadian nurses a chance. An’ it’s heaps more fun for our bunch. Now you know what an English nurse is like. You know she’s a good nurse, a hard-working, kind-hearted, respectable nurse. But she ain’t very young, and she ain’t very gay. Mind you I wouldn’t speak a word against her for the price of a Fort Garry town-lot, but does she, can she, compare with our saucy Canadian sky-blue lieutenants, with their pretty tresses done up in aprons? And not one of ’em over twenty-five summers!

Why, to look at 'em alone is a treat. To have 'em hold your hand is a darn sight more amusing than gettin' a D.C.M. from King George at Buckminster Palace. To my mind, Edward, them Canadian nurses, with their smiles and trim figures and Confederate cavalry hats and admiral's overcoats (that they ought to wear inside out), are amongst the chief glories of this blamed war. There's nothin' to beat it. It makes a fellow want to be wounded again an' again to go back to 'em, bless 'em."

"But what's all this got to do with segregation, Bill?"

"Why, it means that every one of our boys gets a fair chance. He has a right to one o' them sweet critters, instead o' havin' to put up with the homely, quiet, middle-aged Sisters that take your pulse and hand you out your dope in the English hospitals. Do you get me?"

"Yep, I get you all right. But you've forgotten something. You're an Imperialist, ain't you, Bill?"

"Sure."

"Well, then, listen to me. What's our poor British brother done that he's to be shut off from this female treat that you've been so eloquently expropriating upon? We've nearly busted ourselves showing him what the boys of Canada can do in this war, and I guess we've impressed him some. Well, what about the girls of Canada? Ain't they to be given a show? We know 'em, we've seen 'em, we've feasted our eyes on 'em and flirted with 'em, and our officers are goin' to marry 'em all after the war. But what are we so darn selfish about? What are we goin' to build a high fence about 'em for? What it all comes to is that we're goin' to segregate our nurses, as if we was a lot o' benighted Moham-medans, so as the English Tommy couldn't get a sight o' one o' the finest Canadian products that ever made an immigrant's mouth water. It's a mean policy an' I'm agin' it. We've made our sacrifices on the battlefield—let's make it in the hospital ward. I'm all for giving to Lieutenant Gladys and Lieutenant Esmeralda a chance to show these Yorkshire and

Essex fellows that we raise something to beat prize pumpkins and No. 1 Hard. Do you get me, Bill?"

The Manitoba warrior cogitated. "You're puttin' up a tough proposition, Edward," he said at length; "but I guess this war is plumb full o' sacrifices."

R. L.

BATTALION WAR-CRIES

I. THE 90TH BATTALION

ONE—two—three—who are we?
We are the boys of the L.B.D.
Are we here? I should smile,
We've been here for a h—— of a while!

