The RED HACKLE

PUBLISHED BY THE
73rd Royal Highlanders of Canada, C.E.F.

MARCH 4 1916

FOR KING AND COUNTRY
ANOTHER BOUQUET

SCOTCH CANADA: Hi there, ye wallopin' wombat o' a clashmacloot! Here's anither wee bit thistle fer ye! Try an' sit doon on it mon! Just try!
THE TRIP TO ALMONT.

A delegation of "D" Company's men went to Almont the other day to witness a hockey match—or, to be more explicit, we should say, they went to participate in the game, but the opinion of the men who did not comprise the team varied as to whether the players actually played or whether they merely looked on. Profit as it may seem, it is nevertheless true—we lost. It can hardly seem possible, but it is true—perhaps it is the 73rd lost, and to make matters worse, the prevailing opinion is that we lost because—well—four of the seven men comprising the team actually claim Almont as their home town.

Regardless of the outcome of the game, the men far forgot themselves as to overstay their leave, owing no doubt, to the fear of facing the Battalion. Some heartless person suggested that it was feminine attractions which detained them. We, of course, know it is not the case. And they are now on C.B.

There are two factions now: one claiming that the punishment was a severe one and the other that they should have been shot at sunrise. No matter, the fact remains that the 73rd lost, and four men of the team actually live in Almont.

Note by Enron.—We just heard a remark that we are sore because we were not invited. Maybe so, maybe not! Will some young lady from Almont send us an invitation to call just to show the rest of the bunch that they are wrong. You know one of those nice invitations with "refreshments served" in the corner.

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT

"I don't quite get the meaning of that title to your little mag., 'The Red Hackle,'" quoth a maiden fair to one of our corporals.

"Well, it's a red feather, as explained in our last issue," replied the aspiring N.C.O. "It was given to our ancestors on account of their great bravery," he added. "You see, the idea was to have them display the red feather as they never would the white."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "Company Office in the morning!"

OUR BOYS IN KHAKI

Left! left! left, right, left!
Marching straight and true;
Bugsles sounding; drummers pounding;
The hour at last falls due
To board the ship, and cross the sea,
To make the tyrant Germans flee.

Left! left! left, right, left!
Marching by in files,
Aching hearts, bursting hearts
Hidden under smiles,
Ah! how brave the dear boys are,
As they go marching off to war.

Left! left! left, right, left!
Oh! Canada be proud!
Let for a cheer, a hearty cheer,
A cheer both long and loud
And let us pray that come what may,
They'll help bring on the better day.

Left! left! left, right, left!
Our hearts all follow you;
And while the tears spring to our eyes
We know you'll all be true;
And feeling each to Christ is dear,
Fight bravely, without thought of fear.

Left! left! left, right, left!
Good-bye; again good-bye!
Are you down-hearted?
Not ! not ! not !
So, hip! hip! hip hurrah! brave men,
And may you soon be home again.

E. A. B.

DOUBLY VICTORIOUS.

"Perhaps the evil I most dread is the evil of improper companionship"—a remark made by a mother to the Editor.

The manhood which asserted itself when we enlisted will, no doubt, detain us from joining the company of men who may make a bar-room their rendezvous, and yet the fear of being criticized may, perhaps, cause us to temporarily forget the hopes and prayers of our dear ones.

The resistance power in the men who made Canada what it is to-day, should be employed by us, and the fear of ridicule (which has in a good many instances been responsible for drunkenness) should not affect us.

Drink in itself is a lesser evil; it's the actions of the men under its influence which causes the trouble. Can we not resist its beckoning finger and continue on our way regardless of its persistent demands?

Let us not forget the hopes of those we love. Let us not forget the prayers in our behalf. Let us remember that our duty to our beloved goes hand in hand with our duty to King and Country, and return from the terrible conflict doubly victorious, Victorious from the Hun and Temptation.

THE CANTER-CANTER.

We were very much impressed with a statement made by our corporal Sergeant of the Canteen, that the average sales of pies, cakes, candies, cigars, cigarettes, etc., amounted to—we'll now—we have forgotten the exact figures, but being somewhat of a mathematical turn of mind, we have arrived at the conclusion that, averaging the sales at 10 cents each, the number of times Sergeant Maebie and Lance Corporal Warden go to the cash register runs into the millions per month—more or less. But we can safely say that the distance covered by these two worthies, figured down to actual feet, would be enough to go around the world once and still have a couple of hundred miles to spare—and yet they talk about route marches.

OUR PIPE BAND.

To see our pipe band walking at the head of a parade with the pipes a-hurrin' is inspiring, and to see our Pipe Major at the head of the pipes is "some more inspiring"; and, as old Sandy says, "What would the 73rd be without our pipes?"

It is the spirit that counts.
Congratulations

Since going to press Captain Brown of "B" Company has been advanced to the rank of Major.

Major Brown was Captain and Adjutant in the South African War with the 10th Imperial Yeomanry under Lord Methuen; was twice mentioned in despatches; once by Lord Methuen and again by Lord Kitchener.

He also holds the Queen's South African Medal, with five clasps, and the King's South African Medal with two clasps.

The Officers and men of the 73rd hereby extend their heartiest congratulations to

Major John Hector Innes Brown

HEROS AS MONEY-MAKERS

The ladies of Crescent Street Presbyterian Church have determined upon starting a new and lucrative field of labor for some of the 73rd, on their return from the field of Mars. It is a compliment to our men to be considered eligible for the profession of Millinery—a most exclusive as well as lucrative calling.

At a recent entertainment in connection with the church, about seventy soldiers were selected to take part in a contest of hat-trimming. Some of the creations can only be described as "fearful and wonderful," while one or two belonged to that class which enthusiastic womenfolk refer to as poems."

The present war has upset a good many old-fashioned notions as to what each sex can do. Women have shown themselves to be experts in ploughing, harvesting, taxidriving, etc., and there is no reason why soldiers should not become famous as milliners. Who knows but that some "mute, inglorious" Worth of Parisian fame may not in the near future spring from our ranks and add a new lustre to its record, which will necessitate a further decoration as companion to the "Red Hackle."

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

No better appeal can be made to the public than the appeal by Sir Rudyard Kipling in his "Absent Minded Beggar," printed during the Boer War. Editor

"There are families by thousands, far too proud to beg or speak.
And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout. And they'll live on half o' nothing, paid 'em punctual once a week. 'Cause the man that earns the wage is ordered out. He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country call. And his regiment didn't need to send to find him.
He chucked his job and joined it—and the job before us all
Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him!
Duke's job—is cook's job—gardener, barber, groom.
Mews or palace or paper shop, there's someone gone away!
Each of 'em doing his country's work
And who's to look after the room?
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay, pay, pay!

FOR THE INFORMATION OF

Lance Corporal McDonald: There is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.
Lance Corporal Beasley: MQ MUST NEVER be written in the text of a message, certainly not in the A A A line. It is apt to cause confusion and consternation at the receiving end.
Private Christie: Plaques are supposed to be held above the head. The human face is not an ideal background.
Private Giel: If you must practise bayonet fighting, join the class. Do not use your flag—it might break.
Private Rudge: I, oblique stroke, C means—in charge of.

NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

"What is the meaning of these words ("Nemo me impune lacessit") on your crest?" asked a young lady, whose knowledge of the dead languages was limited, of a 73rd Highlander.

"It means," replied the soldier, "No one insults me with impunity." But, noticing the expression of uncertainty upon the girl's face, he added, "Of course that is a rather literary rendering of the motto. In plain colloquial Canadian we should say, 'Anyone getting fresh with me takes big chances.'"
** Somewhere In Belgium **

(By Private L. H. Christie.)

The rude little cottage had been surrounded and two stalwart peasant boys routed out, but only one gun had been found. Each lad stoutly swore that he was responsible for the shooting. The old mother stood near them.

"Choose one or we will shoot both!" the German officer again ordered the old woman.

Her shrunken, toil-worn frame seemed to suffer the pain of death. She wound her rough hands in her apron. Terror, hatred, love, devotion, helplessness filled her eyes.

Alphonse, the tall, light-haired boy was urging the smaller and more delicate Petro by gestures and eager, low words to yield the punishment to him. With equal intensity the little fellow pleaded to take the blame, because Alphonse would be better able to care for their mother. The imperturbable German, not asking for more than one life, set the decision before the mother herself.

The soldiers stood waiting for their part in the procedure.

The old woman turned aside, "Take Alphonse," she groaned. Surprised, but satisfied, they took the boy to the side of the house and fired upon him.

Perhaps the thought of another youth, perhaps the wonder of why the old woman had chosen, perhaps the burden of conscience delayed the officer as he followed his men from the yard.

"Quick, Petro," whispered the mother, and the boy who had been standing rigid, with the horror of his brother's death gripping his heart, came to life. Like a shadow he disappeared. The next instant there was a shot and the German officer fell in the road.

A pack of wild beasts rushed towards the house. Two of them fell. Somewhere inside the dwelling Petro was killed, but there was neither shot nor cry.

They found the old peasant kneeling beside the doorway. "I told, 'Take Alphonse!' oh, God," she moaned, but, "she shrieked with fierce satisfaction as her enemies appeared, "because Petro could aim better with his gun!"

Three graves on the right of the cottage held the peasants, but three graves on the left held their toll.

** A Song **

"IT'S A LIE."

(Any Old Tune Will Do.)

The 73rd Battalion is the best behaved of all.

We're always up in the morning before the bugle-call.

Chorus:

It's a lie, it's a lie.
Oh, you know you're telling a lie
You "Son of a gun" you're telling a lie.
Oh, you know you're telling a lie.

For breakfast every morning we get to table quick,
We eat just what they give us and never raise a kick.
Chorus—It's a lie, etc.

They give us liver and bacon, they never give us beans;
And as for smoky tea, why, we don't know what it means.
Chorus—It's a lie, etc.

The cook he is a gentleman, he never once gets sore.
He says, "Now men, be sure that you always ask for more."
Chorus—It's a lie, etc.

For dinner we get turkey, and sometimes oyster stew,
A choice of tea or coffee and a pint of Molson's brew.
Chorus—It's a lie, etc.

Now lately we have been allowed to stay out till eleven,
But no one thinks of doing that; we're always back by seven.
Chorus—It's a lie, etc.

Now have you ever noticed as we walk along the street,
The girls all look at our overshoes and say "What dainty feet."
Chorus—It's a lie, etc.

We've got the best of officers, they know their business too;
They know just what we want and they'll always see us through.
Chorus:

That's the truth, that's the truth.
Now for once you're telling the truth;
You "Son of a gun," you're telling the truth;
Now for once you're telling the truth.

Our Majors and our Captains are the best that can be found
And as for Colonel Davidson, he suits us to the ground.

Chorus—That's the truth, etc.
Company Signallers Make Good Showing

If there is any squad that deserves credit, it is the Company Signalling Squad, a squad which is distributed throughout the various companies. They have just about completed their course of instruction under Lieut. Sheppard, the Signalling Officer, and from the results shown, they have done very well indeed.

One of the chief reasons of the really first-class work done by the Company Flagmen, is because of the healthy and keen competition that has been manifest between the various companies.

Lieut. Sheppard has wisely encouraged this, as he is evidently of the opinion that this is one of the best ways to produce good results.

In the various Company competitions held, "R" Company has come out on top. They are represented by Lance Corporal Beasley and Privates Christie, Rudge, Ballantyne, and White. Privates Williams, Wooderson, and Whitehead form the second string, and are rapidly becoming proficient. Their closest rivals are the men from "D" Company under the leadership of Lance Corporal McDonald, who has set his mind on getting ahead of Capt. Brown's men, but to now he has not met with any success. The best that his associates have been able to do was to make a draw in the Semaphore Message. As regards the Morse, they were 11 minutes behind. "A" and "C" Companies were not far behind. Privates Russell, Ingham and Doody worked hard for the "A" team, but they failed to make the running.

Consolation comes the way of "A" Company, however, in the individual tests, as Privates Russell of the "A" comes first with 393 points out of a possible 400. McDonald of "D" Company comes next with 391, while Christie of "B" brings up the third position with 389 points. His place is shared with his confreres, Private Rudge, who secured a like number of points. Ballantyne of "B", and Glen of "D", come next.

The work of the Company Signallers, considering the small amount of time that has been devoted to it, has been excellent, and has brought forth praise from the various Company Commanders.

In the Ensign work, Jimmy Ballantyne of "B" and Lance Corporal MacDonald of "D" show up first with Rudge in next place. Most of the others are clustered. Map sketching has also been tried out with fair results.

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Farewell to the 73rd

Oh! the swing of the kilts and the brir of the pipes
As the lads go marching by,
Brings a stound to my heart and a woeful fear
And into my oen the blinding tear.
As I ask myself wi' a deep, deep sigh,
Will they a' come back again?

O God! they are going off to fight
'Gainst a rule of tyranny,
'Gainst a power that wills that 'Might makes right,'
A power that would shatter the dawning light.
A power that would fetter true liberty,
And make us slaves again.

Oh! give them strength o' heart and arm.
And a will to smite the foe:
And if by death some maun fa' down
And ne'er come back to share renown
No matter; the victor's crown we know
Shall diadem each brow.

And so we say farewell dear lads,
Wi' your kilts and bag-pipes shrill;
May God be wi' ye and keep ye true,
True to yourselves and true to 'The Blue'
And true to Him of Calvary's Hill
Who died for each of you.

E. A. B.

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CARTOONS PLEASE LARGE AUDIENCE.

Victoria Hall, Westmount, proved far too small to hold all who wanted to attend Mr. A. G. Racey's illustrated lecture last night on "The War in Cartoon," in aid of the Westmount Soldiers' Wives' League. 23rd committee. Tickets had practically all been sold days before the date, and pieces of tickets were sold for standing room last night. The audience was most enthusiastic and Mr. Racey has received many requests to repeat the lecture. It consisted of something over two hundred of his own clever cartoons—shown by stereoscopic and divided into sections as he said the way he would like to divide the Germans. It was devoid of elaborate details or long statistics, but that, according to the lecturer, "the young people could explain it to the old folks." Mr. Racey's explanatory comments were witty and at times, when dealing with the outrages the enemy were guilty of, eloquently denunciatory and never anything but interesting. He has a pleasing delivery, and a voice whose carrying power enabled him to be distinctly heard throughout the big audience. While his humorous cartoons kept the audience in high glee those dealing with the Lusitania victims, the outrages in Belgium and the martyrdom of Edith Cavell were thrillingly pathetic. —From The Montreal Herald, Feb. 24th, 1916.

We have nothing to add to the above. It was simply great, and how about Mr. Racey's cartoon appearing in this issue. Can you beat it?

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ECHOES FROM THE PAST.

Some time ago Sergeant-Major Hawkins, by walking in front of a street car compelled the motor-man to keep his car parallel with the parade. (Note.)

First Young Lady—"Oh, dear, it is positively awful. That is the second car that passed us and won't stop, and it is so cold, too."

Second Young Lady—"Isn't it a pity that that tall handsome soldier from the 73rd isn't here to walk between the tracks. I'll bet he'd make the car stop in a hurry."

It is the spirit that counts.
FOR KING AND COUNTRY

“A” COMPANY

Commanding Officers: MAJOR CARSLEY
CAPTAIN ST. GEORGE.

No. 1 Platoon

Lieut. A. M. Scott, Transport Officer—Officer in Charge of P.T.
Commander—Lieut. H. P. Stanley
C.S. M. Wiltshire, W. H.
C.Q.M.S. Cassidy, J.

132032 Sergeant Callum, J.
132018 Sergeant Cuxton, F.
132350 Corporal Chafe
132398 Corporal Buchanan
132113 Lance Corporal Cornell, E. E.
132144 " McKay, J. B.
132606 " Cunard
132366 " Leslie
132274 " Lanche
132181 " Vickery
132083 Private Bedard
132045 Blitheborne
132249 Brown, H.
132202 " Bayle, W.
132181 " Brodie, W.
132277 " Barry, G.
132400 " Bailey, T.
132126 " Black, W.
132143 " Bleazard, A.
132372 " Baythway, G.
132071 " Burke, W.
132239 " Brown, G. C.
132346 " Carnell, S.
132242 " Crall, H.
132201 " Critten, F. J.
132367 " Cantwell, T.
132152 " Crull, A. M.
132183 " Carter, J. G.
132207 " Davey, J.
132288 " Doody, C. R.
132307 " Douglas, S.
132289 " Dore
132350 " Ferguson, A.
132089 " Gaitens
132138 " Gov
132308 " Hall, F.
132086 " Harris, E.
132030 " Holmes, F.
132092 " Harris, T.
132292 " Howden, J. F.
132140 " Hurst, C. J.
132110 " Hartman
132068 " Kent, E. H.
132085 " Larocque, D.
132085 " Larocque, W.
132353 " Leslie
132156 " McDowell, T.
132782 " Mason, W.
132158 " Negley
132347 " O’Neill, C. S.
132424 " Overton, J. P. S.
131232 " Peacecock, S.
131120 " Peclis, C.
131213 " Shipp, A.
131317 " Sims, J.
131119 " Stewart
131219 " Stanford, N.
131376 " Thompson, H.
131219 " Whiteford
132312 " Ussher, R. L.
131219 " Tomlinson, R.

No. 2 Platoon

Commander, Lieut. Geo. Eadie.
132065 Sergeant Cottingham

132104 Sergeant Browning, R. G.
132047 Lee, Cdr.
132180 Private Deck, S. E.
132382 " Edgar, G.
132066 " Hill, E.
132180 " Coitton, W. J.
132385 " Leavitt, H.
132083 " Simpson, D.
132249 " Hutchison, W. H.
132398 " Fowler, G.
132445 " Lynch, J.
132357 " Wallace, J.
133385 " Hughes, W.
133367 " Mills, C.
133449 " McKeay, R.
133299 " Kentt, W.
133181 " Clark, J. P.
133023 " Field, H.
132917 " Carter, A. M.
133001 " Lisherson, L.
133244 " Lightfoot, T.
133252 " King, D.
133291 " Bambridge, E.
133267 " Bald, C.
133212 " Bennett, G. W.
133253 " Gemery, D.
133264 " Kennedy, A.
133017 " Shannon, R.
133072 " Corporal Archibald, J.
133241 " Lance Corporal Roberts, R.
133023 " Private Lidston, L.
133296 " Rollings, G.
133328 " Spear, S.
133292 " Hall, G.
133275 Corporal Huxton, R.
133133 " Private Brodie
133240 " Hare, T. D.
133242 " Cuthbert, T. A.
133397 " Bean, N.
133292 " Rogers, C.
133051 " Smith, G.
133035 " Smith, R.
133034 " Beckhard, W. C.
133221 " Walker, A. G.
133249 " Cuthbert, T.
133292 " Hill, J.
133226 " Marriott, J. E.

No. 3 Platoon

Commander, Lieut. F. R. Alford

132099 Sergeant White, W.
132088 Sergeant Smith, C. F.
132136 Corporal Ingham, J. T.
132622 Corporal Knight, R.
132898 Lance Corporal Thomas
132428 Lance Corporal Peace
132022 Private Reid, J. Mc.
132408 Ingham, James
133419 " Racinet, F.
133470 " Pollock, A.
133558 " Leach, J.
133469 " Lawlor, B. C.
133239 " McLean, S.
133237 " Oils, P. R.
133065 " Clarke, S.
133463 " Row, E.
133219 " Wilcox, J.
133275 " Dickes, S.
132806 Mahood, J.
132984 " McGoun, W.
133289 " Smith, F. G.
133243 " McLeelan, A.
133216 " Massie, C. B.
133217 " McNaughton, D. C.
133249 " Mullard, J.
133249 " Mallete, E.
133255 " Preiss, G. A.
133172 " Morrison, R.
133135 " Hendry, W. S.
133188 " Levery, R.
132649 " Raddelet, R. R.
132629 Lance Corporal dawnsend
132422 Private Letham, C.
132431 " Robertson, J.
132607 " O’Connor, J.
132657 " Murray, D.
132390 " Jamieson, R. J.
133277 " Paul, W.
132406 " Robinson, J.
133141 " Milhe, R.
133213 " Smith, J.
133182 " Henney, A.
133436 " Richmond, J.
133877 " Cotter, E.
133303 " Perks, W. A.
133081 " Nicholson, E.
133232 " Pyper, J.
133286 " Scott, C. F.
133061 " Shaw, C.
133379 " Davidson, A.
133478 " McCullum, W.
133988 " Jones, H. H.
133419 " Drummond, R. W.
133065 " Monk, G. B.
133276 " Alger, M.
133263 " Vaughan, J. R.
133094 " Deenan, J.

No. 1 Platoon

Commander, Lieut. F. R. Robinson

132114 Sergeant Gee, R.W.
132132 Sergeant McCampty, E. G.
132023 Corporal Gordon, W. H.
132648 Corporal Martin, P.
132601 Lance Corporal Watson, W.
132162 Lance Cpl. Irving, A. McL.
132050 Lance Corporal Forrest, J. J.
132996 Private Dixon, H.
133299 " Podmore, A.
133257 " Preddy, S.
133264 " Redlich, S.
133296 " Russell, A.
133282 " Robinson, W. C.
133292 " Sutherland, E.
133272 " Still, W. P.
133210 " Topgull, W.
133276 " Watson, R.
133282 " Seekings, J.
133262 " Gutteridge, F.
133241 " Stapley, F. C.
133244 " Vine, W.
133208 " Watson, W. J.
133211 " Winters, J. A.
133290 " Ye. dall, A.
133211 " Talit, J. G.
133250 " Norton, E.
133265 " Stevenson, T.
133254 " Pilkington, R. A.
133233 " Thompson, A.
133296 " Dugan, J. B.
133212 " Ogle, W. J.
133024 " MacKenzie, R. A.
133092 " Gordon, A. G.
133001 " Herron, H.
133001 " Shires, W. H.
133076 " Burnett, W.
133253 " Woodgate, H. G.
133256 " Walsh, F. E.
133211 " Wood, D. A.
133203 " Leddelet, G.
133265 " Mullens, B. C.
133216 " Firth, G.
133216 " Martin, W. S.
133347 " Stottard, H. I.
133002 " Fisher, N.
133223 " Dunne, M.
THE RED HACKET

"B" COMPANY

ROLL OF OFFICERS

Captains:
Brown, H. Innes
Watts, I. W.

Lieutenants:
Simpson, R.
Patch, H. H.
Walker, J. J.
Owen, D.
Norsworthy, A. J.
Hutchinson, P. P.
Hobson, L. I.

Private: Dominy, H. 132751
Daly, J. M. 132750
Dakers, H. M. 132570
Davies, F. W. 132921
Davies, S. M. 132656
Derrick, A. 132189
Donald, A. 132655
Donnies, G. 132971
Donimique, A. 134105
Donstait, E. S. 132494
Evans, L. 133251
Elswell, W. 132928
Farrington, B. S. 132741
Fletcher, S. 132700
Ford, G. T. 132108
Frakeston, J. 132871
Fugill, S. C. P. 132726
Fraser, L. 132065
Grant, E. 132257
Grantmyer, W. J. 132794
Grifin, A. W. S. 132378
Garrie, J. 132688
Gourdie, R. 132753
Gowen, S. 132959
Gironx, S. 133068
Hawkwood, W. 132614
Hayes, T. 132928
Haydock, W. 132926
Henderson, R. 132738
Hill, E. H. 132798
Houssame, H. J. 132743
Houston, J. 132716
Hughes, W. G. 132365
Hawkes, J. 132310
Hearn, F. C. 132141
Hutchison, J. 133291
Jonas, R. 132226
Johnston, A. R. 132780
Keenan, R. 132863
Kitching, A. 132965
Keefe, E. 132752
Kynnersley, E. 132922
Kirby, J. B. 132698
Lloyd, J. 133117
Lace, E. 133412
Langhirin, J. 132774
Love, J. 132920
Loby, J. 132941
Langley, W. 133041
Lewis, G. 133070
Lovely, H. E. 133117
LeCrecy, P. 132326
Laathier, E. E. 132270
Lawley, E. 132379
Lewis, H. P. 133070
Matheson, J. 133117
May, C. 132476
McArthur, H. 132565
Marshall, J. B. 132561
Marron, H. 132774
Marshall, W. J. 132775
Mills, J. 132776
Mills, J. W. 132777
Montgomery, R. 132543
Montgat, A. 132415
Morrison, C. 132754
Morrison, B. 132771
Morgan, E. 132737
Mustard, T. R. 132438
Murray, D. 132555
Murray, R. 132818
Marshall, J. 132970
Mees, A. 132976
Mercer, J. 132260
Murphy, J. J. 132561
Murie, C. 133316
Martin, J. 132111
McArthur, W. 132777
McFaul, H. 132776
McLean, M. 132241
McKeehan, A. 132232
McKenzie, A. 133212
Mear, A. 132361
McGranahan, G. 133209

"C" COMPANY

Captains:
Tryon, F. C. H.
Drummond, G. I.

Lieutenants:
Coulson, D. R.
Tredwell, K.
No. 9 Platoon.

132112 Sergeant Traylen, H. F.
132113 Sergeant Chatham, F. O.
132073 Corporal Leibrum, G. W.
132371 Jackson, G. H.
132310 Craig, M. K.
132301 Pennington, P. B.
132808 Luc. Cpl. Pullage, G. E.
132897 Reed, W. D.
132903 Barker, R. J.
132799 Private Person, D. L.
132333 Black A.
132303 Burnett, J.
132351 Baker, W.
132988 Brunet, J. H.
132871 Barnes, T.
132800 Brown, W. W.
133206 Barrier, J.
132897 Baker, A.
132350 Delosh, J. A.
132723 Defries, T.
133064 Ellington, H.
133098 Eades, R.
132550 Giles, E. W.
132798 Glass, C. H.
133125 Goddje, W. W.
133239 Green, A.
132902 Harvey, W.
133165 Bisce, J.
133191 Jeffrey, J. T.
132497 Johnson, J.
132122 Keller, F.
133127 Logan, D.
132756 McCracken, D.
132837 McIlroy, T. H.
132947 McLaren, D.
132341 Martin, D.
132356 Maelchian, R.
132609 Maychef, R.
132855 Mousie, G. A.
133104 Logan, A.
132191 Poutenid, W. J.
132109 Pritchard, J. G.
132532 Rogers, G. E.
132817 Royer, W. J.
132351 Gold, X.
132290 Small, A. E.
132365 Shirley, D.
132901 Stanley, A. M.
133154 Logan, A.
132718 Sutton, G. W.
132987 Smith, W. F.
133211 Stephen, J.
133180 Tod, A. J.
132182 Thompson, H.
132797 White, A. E.
132712 Wall, W. S.
133215 Wilson, A. S.

No. 10 Platoon.

132081 C. S. M. McKay, Jas.
132017 C. Q. M. S. Holt, T.

No. 11 Platoon.

132110 Sergeant Denning, R. S.
132218 Private Cunningham, A.
133186 Mackay, A.
132218 Corporal Hutchinson, J. W.
132216 Luc. Cpl. Brown, R. S.
13221 Luc. Cpl. Nicholle, R. S.
132929 Prudhomme, A.
132229 Private Beleher, J.
132216 Brown, G.
133182 Carter, T.
133128 Cole, A.
132258 Devine, V.
133418 Dorman, W.
132417 Smilie, W. A.
132316 Luc. Cpl. McCallum, J.
133196 Private Campbell, N.
132208 Gutteridge, H.
132239 Jacobs, A. E.
132408 Minn, E.
132807 Pankovich, M.
133107 Rankin, D.
132423 Richardson, J.
132845 Turnbull, A.
132393 Youngston, A.
132991 Raine, F.
132830 Snow, F.
132561 Sergeant Austin, J.
132352 Luc. Cpl. Critchell, L.
132197 Blight, W. J.
132350 Nelson, G. D.
132724 Private Cole, R. H.
132203 Henderson, G.
132831 Henderson, J.
132215 Macdonald, R.
132795 Mercer, H. G.
132999 Patrick, S. H.
133095 Rankin, W.
132227 West, A. J.
132386 Carter, F.
132081 Luc. Cpl. Elden, V.
132379 Hamilton, R. J.
132211 O'Brien, P.
132929 Private Clayton, W.
132927 Harrington, F.
132855 T. C. W. H.
132221 McGilp, J.
132315 Molloy, T.
132364 McLellan, D.
132854 Trigg, W.
132852 Turner, W. B.
132901 Burrell, V. B.

No. 12 Platoon.

132016 Sergeant Haultoskin, C. R. W.
132028 Luc. Cpl. Follows, K. H.
132637 Holmen, R.
132530 McBridge, J.
132531 Henderson, W. E.
132758 Private Armstrong, H. T.
132891 Anderson, R. G.
132901 Private Andrews, J. P.
133055 Adam, J.
132974 Back, R.
132806 Burns, A.
133118 Ball, S.
133270 Brown, J.
133206 Brockington, G.
132286 Condon.
132284 Luc. Cpl. Seddall, C.
132817 McDonald, D. D.
133071 Cooper, H. A.
132260 Eagan, E.
133187 Private Devreer, G.
132596 Diamond, H.
132379 Duff, J.
132842 Ferguson, A.
132645 Gishman, O.
132844 Greenhalgh, H.
133269 Grevey, J.
132870 Hunt, W.
132670 Kepple, A. E.
132612 Kepple, P.
132350 Kearney, H.
132307 Lilly, G. R.
132231 Condon.
133189 McLaggan, A. M.
133298 McKenzie, R.
132757 Markes, A.
132837 Nelson, O.
133280 Oliver, D.
132205 Over, G.
132792 Petrow, J.
132021 Sutchif, A. F.
132869 Simpson, B.
132892 Simpson, M.
133106 Smiley, H. A.
132398 Thompson, G.
132346 Topp, H.
132875 Vincent, R.
132201 Wicks, C. W.
132876 Ward, W.
132322 Wager, X.
132374 Walker, H. F.
132871 Woodhouse, A.
132791 Honnells, R. A.
132399 Fayer, J.

"D" COMPANY

Captains: J. M. Bell.

Lieutenants:
J. A. Riddell, 2nd in Command, "D" Co.

G. S. McLennan
H. S. Pedley
N. McLellan
J. Ross
P. P. Corbett

No. 13 Platoon

Liet. McLennan, G. S.

132064 C. S. M. Vinet, G. R.
132054 Sergeant Cartland
"HAVING A LAUGH"
Reading the Red Hackle. They enjoy it, we hope you will.

"THE CANTEEN"
The Sergt. in the foreground is getting a drink. Perhaps it's not the kind he would prefer, but it has to do.
"Being Innoculated" against disease and "German Pest."

The only way the Editor could possibly "Ring In."
He's the man with the Glass, not the "man with the Bottle."
"THE PIONEERS"

They are the boys that build the supports for the trenches. And may the Lord have mercy on their souls, if the job is a poor one.
No. 15 Platoon

LIEUT. V. W. MCELLAN

13211 Sergeant Austin, F.
132090 Bost, J.
132721 Corporal McCrum, F. A.
132301 L/E Sanders, B.
132274 L/Cpl Blair, H.
132078 Nolan, M.
132570 Williams, A. P.
132302 Patterson, A.
13285 Private Girvan, A.
132828 Hindes, A. G.
132534 Tardiff, E.
132925 Gray, C.
132294 Aldridge, T. W.
13212888
132298 Bracey, C.
132576 Brown, C. A.
132779 Bush, P. J.
132151 Beland, B. Y.
132251 Clifford, A. H.
132296 Craig, W.
132548 Crossley, T.
132501 Craig, W.
132800 Duncan, W.
132163 Private McKee, G. M.
132187 Martin, W.
132388 Morris, D.
132410 McLaren, H.
132348 McGregor, D.
132420 McDonough, A.
132212 Neill, A.
132289 Neil, H. G.
132288 O'Rourke, F.
132304 Patterson.
132286 Staff, J. H.
132249 Treacy, T. H.
132802 Towsley, J. H.
132801 Weller, R. G.
132307 Walker, J. A.
132354 Williams, C.
132702 Whitton, J. F.
132903 Moriaty, D.
132158 Savage, C.
132304 Guiney, B.
132911 Alguire, W.
132802 Towsley, A.

No. 16 Platoon

LIEUT. J. M. MORPHEY

132064 C. Q. M. S. Morgan, J.
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The Red Hackle

132600 Bugler Cassedine, A. W.
132605 Bugler Brown, David
132609 Echo Wayne, H.
132607 Private Soppe, H. M.
132604 Band-Sgt. Whally, A.
132608 Private Smith, P. C.
132603 " Morris, C. E.
132602 " Cooke, Wm. G.
132605 Corporal Azh, J.
132601 Lnc. Cpl. Johnston, S.
132607 Corporal Pearse, R.
132606 Sergeant Gladwell, A.
132606 Private Ashford, F. R. T.
132602 Sergeant McCallum, H.
132614 Corporal Cummings, E. G.
132614 Private Stevenson, D. M.
132617 Piper Gemmel, W. H.
132619 Sergeant Mackie, H. G.
132617 Piper Rankin, J.
132612 Piper Paton, W.
132612 Piper Rankin, J.
132613 Piper Inglis, J.
132610 Private Campbell, J.
132611 Lnc. Cpl. Smith, G. H. G.
132618 Private MacLure, M. B.
132614 Piper Oliphant, J.
132613 Drummer Berry, J.
132610 Private Spenser, E. W.
132615 " MacIntyre, A. E.
132613 " Goody, W. E.
132610 " Cridland, B. E.
132616 " Arthur, P.
132616 " Reid, J.
132616 Corporal Elsdon, H. M.
132619 Corporal Reid, H. T.
132617 " Peakes, J. H.
132619 " Brennan, A.
132613 " Peakes, J.
132620 " Thompson, O. F.
132621 Lnc. Cpl. Margorijanks, B.
132622 Private Miller, G.
132624 Private Stewart, T.
132625 " Westwood, W. E.
132628 " McLean, H.
132628 " Lawton, H. G.
132626 " Brown, J.
132625 " Price, T. D.
132628 " Smyth, H. N.
132621 " Garner, H. N.
132620 " Milburn, G.
132623 " Scott, J.
132619 " Carpenah, W. J. M.
132642 " White, W.
132623 " Jarvis, J. P.
132625 " MacEwan, J.
132618 " Ginn, Chas.
132651 " Cole, J.
132652 " Miller, F.
132653 " Stewart, A.
132658 " Egerton, R. P.
132660 " Baber, E. F.
132664 " McDonald, J.
132687 Lnc. Cpl. Prosser, F. V.
132691 Private Hare, A. MCL
132620 " Fields, A.
132622 " Brown, H.
132624 " Parson, A.
132624 " Scott, J.
132632 " Richmond, J. W.
132637 " Tewer, W.
132636 " Turner, G. T.
132640 " MacEwan, W. N.
132641 " Innes, R.
132642 " Taylor, Geo. W.
132444 " MacEwan, E. D.
132685 Bandsman Rennie, G.
132686 Private Powe, P.
132674 " Harvey, F.
132684 Lnc. Cpl. Kiernan, D.
132513 Private Locke, J. S.
132518 " Paton, W.
132523 " Yeadon, W. J.
132531 " Mitchell, G. O.

The Young Recruit.

He is but a laddie yet,
With his happy boyish face,
And he wears his khaki garments
With a slender boyish grace.
Did you see his brave glencarry?
Did you hear his manly foot?
He's a soldier in the making:
We admire your young recruit.

The little gifts we give him,
May they cheer his merry heart.
To the honour of his country,
He is playing well his part.
He is learning very quickly
How to march and how to shoot.
He's a soldier in the making:
We admire your young recruit.

He is but a laddie yet,
With glad youth upon his face;
But we miss his merry presence,
And home's a different place.
Since he left us with a hand-clasp,
O, may our prayers bear fruit!
God send his holy angels
To protect your young recruit.

J. R. I.

Seventy-Nine Years Old and Still Anxious to Fight for His Country.

Private — a veteran of the Indian wars, offers services to the Canadian contingents, gray-haired, with the loss of one eye, he is still desirous of doing his bit.

Our Recruiting Officer was approached by — a few weeks ago and asked whether it was possible to join the 73rd. When informed that his age might possibly stand in his way, he drew himself up, threw out his chest and replied: "For 40 years I fought under the King's colours; for 40 years I have been a soldier; I am still hale and hearty, and now when the crisis which demands the services of every man is at hand, you hesitate to accept me. Why, mon, mon, I can do my bit like the rest of them — ay, and better!"

That's the spirit that counts — the English spirit.

Lance-Corporal Crozier wanted to know why we mention the fact that he goes to Notre Dame de Grace, while we refrain from writing anything about our own frequent visits to Westmount. Well, it is just like this — you know — er—oh! — dash it all — we go to Westmount for the same reason that he goes to Notre Dame de Grace!

The Red Hackle is edited by Lance-Corp. H. King, of the 73rd Battalion, R.H.C. C.E.F.
Regimental Jewellery

We have recently cut special dies for the Crests of the following Canadian Regiments—

- Grenadier Guards
- Canadian Field Artillery
- 73rd Highlanders
- Canadian Army Service Corps
- 3rd Victoria Rifles
- 65th Carabiniers
- Canadian Army Medical Corps
- McGill Overseas Corps

These Crests can be made up as Fobs, Stick Pins, Handy Pins or Buttons, and are most appropriate as gifts to Military Friends.

Henry Birks & Sons
LIMITED
PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL
MACHINE GUN SECTION NOTES

By "Cam."

In introducing ourselves to the readers of The Red Hackle, we are hopeful that we shall not be misunderstood.

We of the M. G. S. realize that the nature of our work makes of us a little family apart, but it is not our intention to consider ourselves as being separated from the battalion in any way.

Originally we were attached to various Companies, and these Companies still hold a large place in our hearts as is evident by the fact that each man is constantly boosting the Company from which he was transferred.

In this little corner so kindly given to us, we shall try to refrain from talking "shop" and make ourselves as entertaining as possible. Any personal remarks we may make at times with regard to the Signalling Section must be overlooked, for, to use a paradox, we have been "friendly enemies for some time."

Two of our members have already introduced marching songs to the battalion, "The Boys of the 73rd" and "It's a Lie." In view of the fact that on route marches the Signalling Section is in the lead and as they appear to be "running away" with the idea that they are "some speed artists," we have commenced to write them a marching song to be set to the tune of the Dead March.

We have an unofficial member who accompanies us on marches whenever possible, and we are justly proud of him. We feel certain that he does not wish us to announce his name to the Battalion, so we shall not do so. However, we wish everyone to understand that he does not pay us more than a dollar and ten cents a day, and he deducts the ten "bones" for uniform just the same. We felt highly flattered when he said that the boys of the M. G. S. were the most musical bunch in the battalion, until we heard that his favorite song was Lauder's "Wee Deoch-an Doris."

As the battalion marched through the Jewish part of the city we noticed a large sign printed in Yiddish characters. We asked Private Inglis if he could read it. "I canna read it," said Jimmy, "but if I had my fiddle I could play it."

The following masterpiece has been composed specially for the readers of The Red Hackle. It is one of those short but brilliant poems which have made British literature famous the world over. It is the beautiful simplicity of the poem which appear to the thinking mind, and on that account the superficial reader may miss much of the true charm and gracefulness of rhythm in this work of art.

We are overpowered by mighty and tumultuous emotions when we devour this priceless gem, and the pity is that it is anonymous. One thing we know, it was written at Goodwin's corner, and was inspired by a meeting of Salvationists. Without further comment we present:

"The Salvation Lass." (A very touching poem.)

She touched me with her winning smile.
She touched me with her pleading;
She touched me with her simple style
Of prayer, and Bible reading.

With grief I thought I'd holler;
Then at the "farewell offering."
She touched me half a dollar.

2 Macs. Handy Store
960 Notre Dame West

Branch. 930 St. James---Near Barracks

First aid to the Thirsty!  

Best aid to social cheer!

**DRINK**

Gurd's **DRINKS**

"They Satisfy"

"Gurd's" Ginger Ale—
The Basic Beverage upon the reputation of which the "House of Gurd" has been built to such large proportions.

"Gurd's" Caledonia Water—
A Table Water which literally sparkles itself into favor wherever excellence in table waters is appreciated.

"Gurd's" Dry Ginger Ale—
The Selectest Social Success of the most select Social Seasons. A maximum of selectness at a minimum of cost.

"Gurd's" Apple Nectar—
A popular family drink.

"Gurd's" Cherry Phosphate—
A favorite everywhere.

All "Gurd's" Drinks are noted for their purity, sparkle and refreshing delightsomeness generally.

**Your Grocer Keeps Them!**

3 Gold, 3 Silver, 5 Bronze Medals and 20 Diplomas at the Dominion, Provincial, Central Canada, Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London, Eng.; the World's Columbian, Chicago; Paris, France, and other Exhibitions.

**CHARLES GURD & Co., Limited**

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALERS.
To The People Of Montreal

The men of all ranks now use this periodical as a means of thanking them for their kindness and courtesies. We undoubtedly shall be on our way soon, and the memory of your, actions toward making it possible for us to have a pleasant time will always be with us. We particularly wish to thank the ladies of Montreal, the officers’ wives, and those interested, for their continuous work in our behalf and for the courtesies they have extended. We also would like to include in this, our thanks to the various churches and institutions which so notably contributed toward our comfort.

THE PATRIOTIC RAG PICKERS.

A new method of raising money for the soldiers’ funds was inaugurated in the city of Westmount by the Soldiers’ Wives Patriotic League. Their idea is to have all the housewives clean their cellars and all the children go rag picking, and have it compressed into bales and sold, the money to go to the boys at the front.

A new way to get rid of the Hun pest—One dose of Seventy-thirdaritis.

THINGS WE SHOULD NOT DO IN THE TRENCHES:

When you come across a Hun with a rifle levelled at your chest, do not stop and argue. Take his rifle away and make him sing “Rule Britannia.”

Do not take more than one trench a day single-handed—give the other fellows a chance.

Do not use hair tonic or perfumes of any kind in the trenches. The scent may give your position away.

Do not eat more than three soft-boiled eggs and four slices of toast for breakfast. You may spoil your appetite for lunch; and particularly bear this in mind: do not, under any circumstances hog a parcel from home. Pass it around to the rest of the boys and refrain from helping yourself until you are positive that they have all they want—in fact, if there is anything left, save it for to-morrow; they may need it then.

Do not use the funnel on the end of your pull-through for a polishing cloth for your boots. You may need it to clean your rifle with. In fact, to be safe, do not do anything but shoot.

************************************************

* For gold the merchant plows the main; *
* The farmer plows the man- or; *
* But glory is the soldier’s prize *
* The soldier’s wealth is honor.

From Robbie Burns’

"Return of the Soldier"

ON THE QUIET—Sh!

Sergeant R. W. Gee of “A” Company is wearing the Sunny Jim smile these days, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the words of endearment he hears every evening are aplenty. Sh! sh! It’s a secret, but Lance Corporal Peattie of the Orderly Room told us that Sergeant Gee is contemplating matrimony. —“It’s all right, old man. Lots of men of Montreal have done the same.”

Private S. T. Slater did not want it generally known, “You know it’s like this,” he said, “I like a girl and she likes me and, well, some of these days I am going to ask her to marry me; but you will keep it quiet, won’t you?” We promised we would.

The last four days our Capt. Brown had a very bashful Private hanging around his Company Office door, Private Lovesay, whose face resembled in color that of a ripe tomato, tried to screw up courage enough to ask the Captain’s permission to get married. He finally managed it on the fourth day, and is now walking around emitting sighs of relief every ten minutes. Nothing like courage, Lovey, old top—nothing like it!

A New Cure for Rheumatism?

It is not often that a Scotchman is given the best of, but to the Army Dental Corps must be given the credit of “putting one over” on McCracken of “B” Company.

When our M. O., after examining Mac, told him that he probably was suffering from a slight attack of muscular rheumatism, and that he was perfectly fit to go on parade, Mac misunderstood him and thought he said “fit for dental parade,” and so fell in with the rest of the dental patients.

An hour later McCracken was noticed standing in the corner, softly moaning to himself, a vacant stare in his eyes, and holding his jaws. When asked what had occurred, he stopped counting stars long enough to swear a blue streak, and inquired if a new cure for rheumatism was to have eight teeth extracted!
For men—
who are used
to a close shave

—who count it a necessity, and for it daily sacrifice much precious time—the Gillette Safety Razor is a friend indeed.

Its strokes are so free and velvet-smooth that at first you can scarcely realize how clean a job it is making. With it you can finish shaving while you would be getting an ordinary razor stropped, or waiting for the call of "Next!"

A turn of the handle adjusts the Gillette for the lightest shave on a tender skin or the closest work on a heavy beard. It is always adaptable to the moment's need, and always ready—no stropping or honing. Wherever there is soap and water, it will shave you with safety, comfort and despatch. Don't go on wasting time and missing comfort—get a

Gillette Safety Razor

"Bulldog", "Aristocrat" and Standard Sets $5.00—
Pocket Editions $5. to $6.—Combination Sets $6.50 up.
At Drug, Jewelry and Hardware Stores everywhere.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory—
Gillette Bldg., Montreal.
To The Mothers, Wives And Sweethearts

We are secure in the knowledge that we are doing what you expect us to do. We are proud of the fact that we are able to combat with the merciless Hun. Our country needed us and we responded. We hope you, too, feel as proud of us as we feel of ourselves. We ask you not to worry, but to bear in mind that we went willingly and cheerfully.