

A FEW VERSES

AND A BRIEF HISTORY

OF THE

CANADIANS

On the Somme and Vimy Ridge in the
1914—WORLD WAR—1918

BY

Cpl. A. AUDETTE

22nd Battalion



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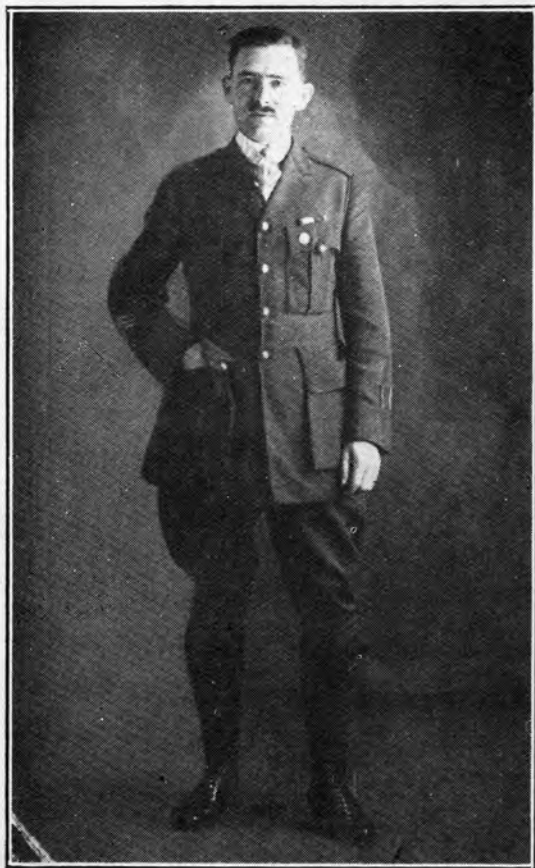
Price 25 Cents

THIS little book of verse is the work of two brothers, H. Audette and A. Audette, both of whom entered active service in the late war in April, 1917, and one of whom lost both legs in the battle of Vimy Ridge, and is still in hospital. They went overseas early in 1915 with the 22nd Battalion, C.E.F. The other brother, H. Audette, served up to the close of the war.

(Signed) F. C. T. O'HARA,
Deputy Minister of Trade and
Commerce.

Kindly appreciate our copy which gives all the principal dates of the war.

Price 25 cents.



H. AUDETTE.

Canada

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THE DYING SOLDIER BOY

Somewhere out in Flanders
There is a lonely spot
That will linger in our memory,
For it cannot be forgot.
A soldier boy is lying,
For that is where he died,
When the battle raged in furry
At the turning of the tide.

The sturdy captain shouted
Along the crowded line,
Which one of you will volunteer
To break the German line?
'Tho' the shells and shrapnel bursting
As they fell upon the ground,
Tore the earth all up like ditches
For miles and miles around.

One brave and young lieutenant stood up
Without a thought of fear,
Tho' the deadly bombs and bullets
Fairly whistled past his ear.
He volunteered to lead the men
On that fatal day's patrol,
To cut the Germans' wires,
Yet death rang through his soul.

Slowly they crept away
For they could scarcely wait
To reach the German trenches—
That place of bitter hate.
They all reached there in safety
And were coming back again
When a mighty crash resounded
Like thunder through the rain.

Alas! That one stray bullet
That pierced the soldier's side
Caused the fatal death wound
And gallantly he died.
Tho' he crept back to safety.
On his tired hands and knees,
While the cruel requiem
Sighed sadly through the breeze.

He lay wounded there and bleeding
As the sun sank in the west,
While he thought of home and mother
And the girl he loved best.
So many, many thoughts
Passed through that soldier's brain,
As he lay alone there dying
On the blood drenched battle plain.

At last his comrades found him,
But they saw the end was near
How tenderly they watched him,
This lad that knew no fear,
And as he lay there suffering
That night before he died.
He said: "Send this message to the girl
Who would have been my bride.

'Dear Mary, I am dying,
We will never meet again,
I was wounded at the battle
As it raged upon the plain.
Think kindly of me sometimes
For I loved you from the start,
Good-bye, my own dear darling,
Farewell, my true sweetheart."

"Is there any other message,"
Was what his comrades said,
"God bless you boys," he whispered,
And the soldier boy fell dead.
A look of Calm serenity
Passed o'er that fair young face,
For he knew he'd done his duty
In that awful shell-wrecked place.

They buried him at midnight,
When the stars were shining bright,
When the moon was softly beaming
Through the shadows of the night.
And now he's sleeping peacefully
Beneath the soft green turf,
With daisies dotted on his grave
Like whitecaps on the surf.

A picture of his sweetheart
Was placed upon his breast
And a look of peace was on his face
As they laid him down to rest.
And if you look more closely
You might find lying there
A memento from his mother
A lock of silver hair.

A wooden cross now marks the spot
Where his remains were laid
Across the broad Atlantic
'Neath Flander's cedar shade.
Away from home and loved ones
He gave his noble life
To help his King and country
Amid the awful strife.

He is sleeping in his glory
Where he died that dreadful night,
Beneath the dark blue heavens,
By the moonbeams misty light.
Beside the tree he's lying,
Down deep beneath the root,
And for a shroud he's wearing
A blood-stained khaki suit.

The boys will remember
That fatal day's patrol,
When they cut the German wires
And when death rang through their souls.
And another thing they won't forget
Is the friend they loved the best,
As he lay there dying
When the sun had sunk in the west.

A noble cause he died for,
A cause for good and right,
To overthrow the Prussian guards
He tried with all his might
Although at home beyond the sea
He'll never roam again
We know he's glad he answered
The call that came to men.

A BROKEN HEART

In a quiet little village
That stood on yonder hill
I lived for nearly forty years
Until the Germans came to kill.

Many weary hours I spent
With only my baby son,
Thinking of his father
Who had gone to fight the Hun.

Twelve dreary months I've sat alone
Watching the old log burn,
Picturing as the ashes fell,
The day of dad's return.

My boy was only three years old,
He was worth the world of gold to me
Quite a tiny little tot,
Both he and his little cot.

At night when feeling lonely,
The cradle I would rock
Until everything was silent
But the ticking of the clock.

One morning I felt uneasy
My heart was feeling sore
As I took a letter handed
From the postman at the door.

For a moment I was full of thought,
Whatever can this be?
It is not husband's writing
The man so dear to me.

The letter I then opened
And trembled while I read,
"He did his duty nobly,"
My God, I'm told he's dead.

May Heaven bless you, wherever you may lie
It almost drives me mad
To think I've lost my dear beloved
And my baby has lost its dad.

That very night at twelve o'clock
I awoke with awful fright,
With the roaring of the cannon
And their flashes through the night.

Just then someone shouted
And rattled at my door,
"Make hast in there and fly for your life."
And then I heard no more.

In excitement I thundered down the stairs
With my baby on my breast,
A shell came crashing through the roof
And shattered my baby's chest.

Half dressed and heart broken
I ran across the way,
My baby moaned for half an hour
Then quietly passed away.

From across the way I watched the flames
Growing higher and higher,
It made me almost mad with rage
To see my house on fire.

Then, along the road I stumbled
A little to the west
Stood a shell swept little churchyard
And there I laid my babe to rest.

Into this world I am alone,
I know not where to roam,
Husband and baby taken from me
Through the Germans that wrecked my home.

Back to the ruins I went that night,
And searching through the wreck
I found my baby's cot
Which the Germans, they had wrecked.

Turning towards the window
There, lying on the floor,
Was my darlings photograph
In a dozen bits or more.

There is our arm chair
I had for many years,
On which I sat for many a night
And shed so many tears.

There is mother's picture
She left when I was small,
Splintered with a shrapnel,
With its face towards the wall.

Even the little stockings
In pieces, everywhere
And the dainty little slippers
That my baby used to wear.

I cannot stand this trouble,
The strain is far too much,
My heart is almost stopping
As the table here I clutch.

Is there a God in Heaven?
And will he hear me say
Make those cruel Germans answer
For what they've done that day.

Farewell to loving Belgium
I leave this world to-night,
Slay those cruel Germans
And may God defend the right!

THE PRINCIPAL DATES IN THE GREAT WAR

In 1914:—

- Aug. 1—Germany declares war on Russia.
- Aug. 3—Germany declares war on France.
- Aug. 4—Great Britain declares war on Germany.
- Aug. 20—Germans occupy Brussels.
- Aug. 25—Germans burn Lorraine.
- Sept. 5—Great Britain, France and Russia sign an agreement to make separate peace.
- Oct. 14—Allies occupied Ypres.
- Nov. 5—Great Britain declares war on Turkey.
- Nov. 10—German cruiser "Emden" destroyed at Coscos Island by British.
- Dec. 14—Recapture of Belgrade.
- Dec. 24—First German air raid on England.

In 1915:—

- Jan. 24—British Naval Victory in North Sea, off Dogger Bank.
- Feb. 18—German submarine blockade of Great Britain begun.
- Feb. 19—Anglo-French squadrons began attack on Dardanelles.
- Apr. 17—Second battle of Ypres, first German gas.
- Apr. 26—Allies land in Gallipoli.
- May 2—Russia defeated in battle of Dunagee.
- May 7—"Lusitania" sunk by a submarine.
- May 23—Italy declares war on Austria.
- June 2—Italians cross the Isonzo.
- Aug. 4—Germans capture Warsaw.
- Aug. 19—"Arabix" sunk by submarine.
- Aug. 20—Italy declares war on Turkey.
- Oct. 5—Allies land at Salonica.
- Oct. 12—Nurse Cavell shot by Germans at Brussels.
- Oct. 14—Great Britain declares war on Bulgaria.
- Dec. 2—Fall of Monastir and Austro-German Conquest of Serbia complete.

In 1916:—

- Jan. 8—Allies evacuate Gallipoli.
- Feb. 21—Battle of Verdun begun.
- Mar. 10—Germany declares war on Portugal.

- May 31—Naval battle of Jutland.
- June 2—Third battle of Ypres begun.
- June 5—Lord Kitchener drowned.
- July 1—Battle of the Somme.
- Aug. 27—Roumania enters war on the side of the Allies; Italy declares war on Germany.
- Sept. 15—British capture Courcelette.
- Nov. 18—French capture Monastir.

In 1917:—

- Feb. 3—U. S. A. severs diplomatic relations with Germany.
- Feb. 24—British capture Kuletamara.
- Mar. 11—British capture Badgad.
- Mar. 12—Revolution in Russia; Czar abdicates.
- Apr. 6—U. S. A. declares war on Germany.
- May 4—French gain the Chemin des Dames.
- June 7—British capture Messines ridge.
- June 26—First American troops landed in France.
- June 29—Greece enters war against Germany.
- July 23—Russia retreats in Galicia.
- Aug. 19—Italians begin drive on Isonzo line.
- Sept. 3—Germans capture Riga.
- Oct. 25—Italians driven back from Isonzo line.
- Nov. 9—Italians reach Piave line.
- Nov. 20—Gen. Byng attacks with tanks near Cambria.
- Dec. 9—Jerusalem captured by British.
- Dec. 22—Bolsheviki begins peace negotiations with Central Powers.

In 1918:—

- Jan. 8—Pres. Wilson announces fourteen points.
- Mar. 21—German drive on Somme begun to separate British and French Armies.
- Apr. 5—Japanese, American, French and British marines land at Vladivostok.
- Apr. 4—Gen. Foch appointed Commander-in-Chief of all allied armies.
- Apr. 22—British naval forces raid Zeebrugge and Ostend blocking submarine harbors.
- May. 9—"Vindictive" sunk at Ostend.
- May 27—German drive on the Aisne begun reaching the Marne.

June 6—Americans attack at Chateau Thierry.
 July 1—Americans capture Vaux.
 July 16—Czar Nicholas reported murdered.
 July 18—Foch begins counter offensive below the Marne.
 Aug. 2—French recapture Soissons.
 Aug. 4—Allies cross the Vesle.
 Aug. 15—American troops reach Vladivostok.
 Aug. 25—British smash Hindenburg line.
 Sept. 22—British defeat Turkey; capture Nazereth.
 Sept. 30—Bulgaria surrenders.
 Oct. 1—British take Damascus.
 Oct. 17—Belgians reach Ostend and Bruges, Lille taken, British in Douai.
 Oct. 19—Belgian coast won.
 Oct. 30—French reach Danube; Germany asks Wilson for Armistice.
 Oct. 25—Italy begins counter offensive, driving the Austrians from Piave.
 Oct. 26—Gen. Allenby captures Aleppo.
 Oct. 28—Austria asks for separate peace.
 Oct. 29—Italians drive Austrians out of Piave line.
 Oct. 30—Turkey surrenders and signs Armistice.
 Nov. 2—Americans rout Germans in the Argonne.
 Nov. 3—Austria surrenders and signs Armistice; Serbians re-enter Belgrade.
 Nov. 4—Allied Supreme War Council agrees on terms of Armistice to Germany.
 Nov. 6—Germany breaks with Bolsheviki.
 Nov. 7—Americans enter Sedan.
 Nov. 9—Maubege, Hisson and Mezieres captured by British and French.
 Nov. 11—Canadians capture Mons; Armistice signed.

WHAT WAR COST U. S. A.

It cost \$5,645,000,000 to run the American Army for one year; \$1,386,000,000 for the Navy; \$1,516,000,000 for Civil Government proper; \$862,000,000 for Shipping; \$181,000,000 for pensions. The public debt on June 30th, 1918 was \$12,396,000,000.

NO-MAN'S LAND.

The rain will help—I'm not so thirsty now;
 How cool it falls upon my burning lips!
 Thirst is a frightful thing—I realize now
 It drives men mad, like scores of scourging whips.

The still cool dark is better than the light!
 The sun beats down so fiercely through the day,
 It seems to burn away my very sight—
 And shrivel me to nothing where I lay.

This "No Man's Land" is strange—a neutral ground
 Where friend and foe together come to sleep,
 Indifferent to the shaking hell of sound—
 To shell still searching for more grain to reap.

Kincaid died very well! Before he went
 He smiled a bit and said he hoped we'd won;
 And then he said he saw his home in Kent,
 And then lay staring at the glaring sun.

That German over there was peaceful too,
 He looked a long, long time across their line,
 And then he tried to sing some song he knew,
 And so he passed on without another sign.

Well, this won't do for me—I'd best get back,
 I'm just a little sleepy, I confess,
 But I must be in time, we may attack—
 The lads would miss me too at evening mess.

A moment more and then I'll make a start—
 I can't be shirking at a time like this;
 I'll just repeat—I know them all by heart—
 Some words of hers that ended in a kiss.

Why do I seem to feel her tender hand?
 To see her eyes with all their old time light?
 Is she beside me? ah; I understand—
 I think perhaps I'll sleep here through the night.

THE BATTLE OF COURCELETTE.

September 15th, 1916.

This brings to memory the men of the 5th Brigade who were in service at the Somme. And by the people of the whole Dominion, should be remembered with pride, that day which saw the capture of Courcellette, regarded as one of the more important engagements of Canadians in this great war. Cpl. A. Audette, of Montreal a member of the 22nd Batt., took part along with many others. He has since returned to Home, although a little lame, none the worse for his great experience on that day.

He said Canada should be proud of the splendid work of her sons in taking Courcellette. On the morning of the fifteenth little did we think that scores of our boys would be sleeping their last sleep on the shell pit ground that night and many Canadian homes would be saddened. Some will tell you that the taking of Courcellette was a small affair. But let me tell you that when a brigade takes part it is no small action. When being assisted by a couple of Monstrous Tanks we are sure up against the real thing as crossing over thirty hundred yards of ground is no small affair. You are bound to meet with some tough resistance and the gallant 5th brigade met it too. Men were torn to pieces, some were running mad, some were shell shocked, and some were gassed, others were going ahead and doing their best. You can't imagine shell after shell falling and exploding the advancing men. Recalling that day I shall always remember my friend, Captain Silvase, who was with me in the support and who did many brave acts in caring for the wounded, and who was killed September 26th, 1916. He was one of the coolest men I saw that day when we lost seventeen out of the twenty-one.

"WHITE STAR" LINE LOST 10 STEAMERS IN THE WAR.

Ten large steamships, aggregating 180,379 gross tons, were lost by the "White Star" Line during the war. Among them were the "Britannic," 48,158 gross tons, torpedoed in the Aegean Sea in 1916 shortly after her completion, while in the British government service as a hospital ship; the "Oceanic," 17,274 tons; "Justicia," 22,234 tons; "Arabic," 15,801 tons; "Laurentic," 14,892 tons; "Cymric," 13,370 tons; "Afric," 11,999 tons; "Georgic," 10,077 tons; "Cedric," 8,301 tons; "Delphic," 8,278 tons.

Atlantic Transport line Lost 5 ships, totalling 61,665 tons; Red Star Line one ship, the "Southland," 11,899 tons.

STRENGTH OF U. S. A. NAVY.

Personal.....	66,428
Dreadnoughts.....	11
Pre-Dreadnoughts.....	22
Cruisers Armoured.....	10
Cruisers.....	24
Destroyers.....	62
Torpedo Boats.....	13
Submarines.....	47

These for the end of 1916.

709 BOMBING RAIDS IN 13 MONTHS BY BRITISH AIRMEN.

During the 13 months preceding the armistice, 709 bombing raids were made by British aviators over German territory. There were 374 raids on large German towns. 209 on German airdromes established for the defence of military objectives. 52 large towns were bombarded during the period. In all 737 ton of bombs were dropped.

HOW FOUR CANADIAN SOLDIERS CAPTURED 103 GERMANS.

"When the Candle Went Out."

A REMARKABLE incident of the Canadian advance was narrated to a correspondent by a Canadian Corporal.

With three other men he went down into the darkness of a German dug-out of large dimensions. There was a murmur of many voices from the darkness of the far end. Arrived at the bottom of the steps, the flickering candle-light revealed a large, ghostly looking cavern, whose mysterious shadows seemed to stretch away into infinity. Then a murmurous clamour broke out from the far end, and the advancing glimmer of light showed a huddled crowd of Huns, all standing with their hands well over their heads, and explaining that they were very poor men, who wished nobody any harm, least of all the brave Canadian soldiers. And then the candle went out and the subaltern yelled that if any man moved an inch he would bomb them all to glory. The candle was relighted with some difficulty. But it was a ticklish situation. Every one of those Huns were armed though their hands were well up at that moment. In front of the lowest steps four hated Canadians stood in the light of a candle. The subaltern knew that the advance had surged well forward before this so that no immediate help was to be looked for. He had to think quickly and act with confidence, whatever he might feel. He did so. His orderly he sent to act as guard and director of operations at the entrance to the dug-out in the trench. Then in plain and emphatic English he ordered the Huns to advance in threes and pile their arms, warning them that he would bomb the crowd if one of them made a mistake. By three they were all marched up into daylight and by threes the orderly above dispatched them to the rear to our own lines with the simple warning that he was a dead shot.

THE CANDLE WENT OUT.

The Kaiser particularly wanted his Bavarians to meet our troops just once. Well, a hundred of them met four—one badly wounded—in that dug-out and have survived to tell their friends in Germany what they think of the contemptible little army—some day.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER.

"Somewhere in France."

Zero 7,000 pip erma. Be ready when barrage opens.

EATS, ETC.

Lewis gun cocktail just for a starter

Cheer oh m'lads!

Hors-d'oeuvres pip-squeaked on toast

Rum jar sauce

Mill's Bomb Soup (passed by Censor).

Adjutant's Dressing.

ANTI-GAS RELISHES

Tomatoes, Cabbage (picked to the ears)

Celery, Nuns, Alley Cakes

Shell Dressing, Mowatt Pickles

(He'd get 'em anyhow)

Casualty Joints (marked for duty by the M. O.)

Prime ribs de youthful oxen.

Imported by Pringle & Co., Inc.

Five Point Nine Spuds—au pip

Beaucoup Legumes

(Swedish for "have another Bob")

Creamed and boiled pomme de terre

Barbed Wire Peas

Harrison Sweets (Trocadero Flavor)

Ammonia Capsule Merangue

(detonated with lemons)

Fruits, Nuts, Smokes, Bombs, Toothpick

Libation: Coffee Noir, Tea the same way

Wines, Water, Porter drawn from the wood.

More Water, Liquors, etc.

THE BATTLE OF COURCELETTE

'Twas the fifteenth day of September, and the day was
fine and clear
And the village was quite peaceful as we drew quickly
near;
First came the Twenty-second A Co., then B of Twenty
Five;
And we opened up a fire and not many were left alive,
The Fritzies who were holding that town of Cource-
lette
Were soon killed off and what were left we treated to
bayonet.
And when our company got relief after fighting there
all day
There were few of those poor Fritzies left for them to
scare away.
And went forward with our machine guns for we knew
no turning back
For Canadians don't lose trenches nor let Fritzies hold
them long;
For we always got the best of them by using our Mill's
Bomb.
Back in the town of Albert we rested there a while,
Pride of our great victory was certain from our smile
For once before at Ypres we bravely stood the test
And once again we conquered and knew we'd done our
best;
On the twenty-seventh we got word to go back into
the fray
And we knew we'd have victory, and again we'd win
the day.
And as we neared the town again, the shot and shell
did fly,
We pushed our way through shouting, "We'll win or
else we'll die."
At eleven in the evening we started from Pozieres
Hill,
"Forward" was the orders and those we had to fill.
We advanced right up that morning to the very jaws
of hell;
And hundreds of our infantry and officers with them
fell.
We dug in our machine guns with our entrenching
tools,
And getting into action we made the Fritzies run like
fools.
We got into their trenches safe, got in there to stay.
We were all eager for the fight and snapped the Huns
all day;
We took nine hundred prisoners and marched them
back to town.
For we had our barbed wire big enough to hold 10,000
down.
So we got back that little town for which we dearly
paid;

And it took the Allied Boys, also the Fifth Brigade
And hundreds of boys were buried beneath the soil of
France.
But like the rest of our brave boys went there to take
their chance.

Composed by—

Cpl. A. Audette, 22nd Batt.

INDIAN ARMY HAD 1,161,789 RECRUITS.

Army at outbreak of war was 239,561. During war
1,161,789 were recruited, of whom 575,747 were com-
batants. Men sent overseas were 953,374; 33,031 were
killed or missing, or died of wounds; 59,296 were wounded;
9,092 were taken prisoners. The most of the casualties
were suffered in Mesopotamia.

BRITISH ARMY LOSSES DURING WAR.

The total amount in killed on all fronts was 658,665.
Of these 37,386 were officers, 620,829 rank and file. Bri-
tish casualties including all the theatres of activities
were 3,049,991. Of this number, officers killed, wounded
or missing were 142,634, and the British wounded in the
war was 2,032,122; the missing including prisoners, were
359,145; of the wounded, 92,644 were officers, 1,930,478
were men. Of the missing and prisoners, 12,094 were
officers, 347,051 were men. The figures given include
troops from India and the Dominions. In Egypt the
losses were 58,030; 15,892 were killed or died of wounds
10,008 officers, 14,704 men; wounded, 380,733 (2,311
officers, 35,762 men); the missing and prisoners were 3,888
(183 officers, 3,705 men). Losses on the Mesopotamia
campaigns were nearly 100,000. The total was 97,579.
The fatalities were 31,109 (1,340 officers, 29,769 men);
wounded totalled 51,115 (2,429 officers, 48,686 men).
Missing and prisoners were 15,335 (566 officers, 14,789
men). The total casualties were 2,719,652 (32,769 officers

killed and died of wounds or other causes and 526,843 men the wounded were 1,833,345 (83,142 officers and 1,750,203 men). Missing and prisoners were 326,695 (10,846 officers, 315,849 men).

In Italy the British losses were 6,738. Of these 86 officers and 941 men killed, 334 officers, 4,612 men were wounded, 765 missing (38 officers, 727 men).

In East African campaign the losses were 178,225. Of these 9,104 were killed or died comprising 380 officers, 8,724 men; 7,754 were wounded, comprising 478 officers, 7,276 men; the missing and prisoners were 967, comprising 35 officers, 929 men.

In other theatres the casualties were 3,297. Of this number 133 officers, 690 men were killed; 142 officers and 1,373 men were wounded; 51 officers and 908 men were missing or prisoners. There were 19,000 deaths from various causes among the troops not forming any part of the expeditionary forces.

HINT TO GUESTS.

Walking out dress will be worn, minus caps, box respirators, etc.

Don't tip the waiters—they might break the glasses.

Barrack damages will be charged for any dishes broken. The M. O. will attend to any broken heads.

Entrenching tool handles are not to be used as tooth-picks—address on the "Nutritive Value of Canned Beans for Canadian Troops." After his experience in Norman Trench, much interest will be evinced in Lieut.———address on "Cylindrical Stick vs. Mill's Bomb's.

A vote will be taken upon "Bully Beef" as opposed to "Canned Chicken" as emergency rations. O. C. "A" Co., for your information please. Tomatoes M. I. K. (more in kitchen).

Officers expecting to go on leave soon are advised to consult Lieut.———, who is understood to be writing a book on "London's High Spots."

Ten minutes will be allotted to Lieut.——— for a talk on. "Why our Aeroplanes Don't Fall Down."

Parades August 28th, 1917. The 8.30 parade is cancelled and there will be none until August 28th, 1917, B. S. 999. Ha-ha-ha.

THE BATTLE OF COURCELETTE.

The Second Division had not long to wait for action after reaching the Somme. The four Canadian divisions were given the line in front of Courcellette on the afternoon of September 15th, 1916. An eastern Ontario Battalion (the censor has not yet given us the number) was given a sugar refinery in the outskirts of Courcellette as an objective for attack. They carried it with such facility that the divisional commander decided it was a good time to gather in the village. The 5th Brigade was in reserve two miles behind the line. At noon nothing was further from thought of officers and men than a sustained charge in the open against the enemy. But unexpectedly the opportunity came and every man was ready. The plan was the entire brigade to advance a mile behind the sugar refinery, penetrate the village as far as possible and hold on. Counting on the French plan in attack, were the 22nd Battalion placed in front for the attack on the right half of the village; the 25th Battalion on the left. The 26th followed closely on the heels of the 22nd, and for this reason, it was pointed out, suffered more heavily from the shell fire of the enemy. The 24th Battalion was given a similar position in supporting the 25th. It was a day of record breaking. It was said afterwards that the G. O. C. on the Somme declared that the Second Canadian Division that day had accomplished more than any other division since the offensive was launched two and a half months before. The 5th Brigade was said to have been the first British Brigade since Mons to advance in the open under heavy shell fire, and obtain all their objective—a record which of course has been broken again and again since that time. As for the 26th they made a new record of capturing more prisoners that day than their

entire strength in action. With wild cries and irresistible dash the 22nd Battallion, after crossing the mile, swept with artillery and rifle fire, met the German defenders hand to hand and broke through line after line of trenches. They were not to be withstood and dashed madly through the streets leaving many isolated parties of Germans' strongly fortified posts in the rear. Right through the village went the sons of the habitant, and not until they had reached concrete trenches far in the rear were they halted. Close behind came the men of the 26th. It was their duty to clear the cellars and take the last desperate Huns from the dug-outs. It was desperate work, for those places were strongly fortified and some of the enemy fought to the last. Six hundred prisoners were gathered in.

Cpl. A. Audette.

BOYS IN KHAKI

Old England's call is sounding
 Across the deep blue sea.
 Atlantic's waves resounding
 Echo that call to me.
 And every true Canadian
 With loyal hearts respond
 And shoulders bravely each his gun
 And uniform he dons.

Boys in Khaki tis for you we proudly cheer;
 For you're fighting for the homes you hold so dear,
 There somewhere in France for all that's right you stand,
 Doing, daring, dying for the land for which we stand.

2
 A fond farewell so quickly o'er
 A parting sigh and tear
 Our soldier boy has gone to war
 Without a thought of fear,
 A tall, courageous lad is he
 So big, so bold, so brave,
 Who goes to war right willingly
 His country's rights to save.

CHORUS

3
 On the battlefields in Germany
 On plains in sunny France
 Bright visions of his land so free
 And of its honor dance,
 And with these thoughts to cheer him
 He fights on as he sees
 His dear old flag is near him
 A-flying in the breeze.

CHORUS

4
 But look, the standard bearer
 Has fallen from a ball!
 Our soldier rushes nearer
 Saves bearer, flag and all.
 And midst the war of cannon
 He holds the flag on high
 And shouts to those around him
 We'll win or else we'll die.

CHORUS

ALLIES WAR LOSSES A FRENCH CONTRAST IN SACRIFICES ENGLAND'S PERCENTAGE.

A TABLE of the relative losses of the Allies in the war, according to which France, with population of 38,762,000, mobilized men, representing 20 per cent. of the population, and her losses killed numbered 1,308,000, or 3.37 per cent. of the population.

England mobilized 5,704,000 men, or 12.6 per cent. of the population and her losses were 660,000, or 1.5 per cent. of the population. The British colonies included in these figures.

* * *

Italy mobilized 5,250,000 men, or 15.1 per cent. of the population, and lost 460,000, or 13.2 per cent.

* * *

The U. S. A. mobilized 3,800,000 men, or 4.1 per cent. of the population, and her losses, 122,000, represents a percentage of .013 per cent.

* * *

British Naval losses in the war, were 254, including 64 Destroyers and 54 Submarines.

THE ALLIED BOYS IN FRANCE.

On the road to Tipperary
There's a place that's vacant still,
There's a rifle lying silent,
There's a uniform to fill.
True, at home they'll hate to lose you,
But the march will soon begin
On the road to Tipperary
With the army to Berlin.

In the Morris chairs of Clubland,
Are you content to stay
While the others guard your honor
While the Germans boast "the day?"
For your King and country need you
And we want to count you in
On the road to Tipperary
With the army to Berlin.

When from Mons they fought each footstep,
When with pain their lips were dumb
'Twas the hope which held their trenches
Never doubting you would come.
Through the frozen hell of winter
'Midst the shrapnel's racking din,
They have waited never fearing
You would join them to Berlin.

On the road to Tipperary
There's a crimson debt to pay;
There's a land of awful darkness
Patient faces, tired and grey,
Sobbing women, ruined girlhood
Strew the train of Kultured Sin,
Can't you hear the call for vengeance;
Can't you join them to Berlin?

On the road to Tipperary
Sleep the boys whose day is done;
Don't you hear the voices calling,
To complete their work begun?
There are ghostly fingers beck-ning
There are victories yet to win
On the road to Tipperary
With the army to Berlin.

On the road to Tipperary
When the boys come home at last,
Won't you wish that you had listened
'Ere Old England's call had passed;
But the gate of manhood's open
You, your part, can still begin,
On the road to Tipperary
With the army to Berlin.

OUR OLD BOYS

Have years made a change in the old home town in
woodlands, in meadows, or lane?
Will our long treasured love and memory unfold
When we look on the old scenes again?
And sigh when we see where the axe played a part on
the trees where the birds sang gay,
Where lovers oft strayed 'neath their green shady
boughs, or in childhood had gathered in play.
Will the old bells ring us welcome, will they sound as
of yore in our ears.
And bring to us fond recollections of love and of
laughter and tears.
True friends may embrace one another—to each other
their secrets may tell,
That has slumbered untold for many a year safe down
in the heart's deep well.
Where cold, cruel words may have drifted apart two
hearts ever warm and true,
Will he look for a clasp of that once white hand or
long their old love to renew.
And to linger a while on the old, old bridge above
where the swift waters flow,
And tell her again the sweet fairy tales that he whis-
pered to her long ago.
There are those who have gone from our old home
town, that dropped as the leaves might fall,
And rest undisturbed on the hillside now that have
answered their last roll call,
While o'er where they slumber the stars look down
and mourn with the dewy rose,
The shamrock, the thistle and maple leaf, all weep
while our heroes repose.
Oh could we all gather once more in that home our
shelter from storms and rain.
Could we hear a dear mother's low sweet lullaby, could
we rest in her arms again.

MY DEAD HERO

What care I for summer now, when no more our foot-
steps stray,
Where the dew-drops kiss the wild flowers and the
rippling waters play.
I will tell to my friends, the swallows, that are twit-
tering o'er my head,
That far, far away in Flanders, my own, my love, lies
dead.

For the swallows knew he loved me—they heard him
tell me so,
As through the vine-clad lattice, they whispered soft
and low;
They saw our last embraces and heard my promise shy,
They saw our last fond kisses and heard his last good-
bye.

Had I wings of angels, how quickly would I fly
O'er valleys low, and streams and sea, o'er hills and
mountains high,
And there beside the wooden cross I'd take my long
farewell,
I'd kneel and kiss the ground whereon my hero fought
and fell.

THE PRINCESS PATS

While the band sent forth sweet music at the sound
of the coming train
That was bringing in our Princess Pats, returning
home again,
High rose the cheers of welcome, while I stood there
sad and alone,
For I could not cheer for those gallant boys and mine
not coming home.

I sadly looked in each one's face as they went march-
ing by:
It was so hard, to smother back a heartfelt lonely cry:
While the glad hearts all around me never heard a
sigh or moan:
I could not cheer for the famous Pats and mine not
coming home.

His comrades left him sleeping while all seasons come
and go
Where the lark soars high while singing and the Flan-
ders poppies grow;
But I'm sure they will forgive me when they read my
little poem,
For I could not cheer for the Princess Pats and mine
not coming home.

THE BATTLE OF VIMY RIDGE

It was on an Easter Monday, when Vimy Ridge was stormed,
And the day was dark and dreary, but everyone was warned;
And the Huns they were so frightened, were waiting and forlorned;
Our big guns they were playing upon the German's trenches torn.
When Fritz began retaliating, but they did not start in time,
And before mid-day, well, I might say, we broke right through their lines.
Now as I relate my story, I will tell you from the start,
It was up to the Allies, and each one did his part;
The French had tried to take the Ridge, about some two years ago,
But were forced to make a quick retreat, and thousands of them mowed;
The Imperials they were served the same, as we Canadians know,
But when we took the reins in hand, we kept them on the go.
It was about five o'clock in the morning when we left our front line trench,
And covered with mud from head to foot, and to our skins were drenched;
But the rain and the mud we did not mind, for we had our tot of rum,
And we knew when we got to Fritz's line we sure would have some fun;
Our brigade machine guns opened up, and the bombers they begun;
And it was not long before we saw the German on the run.
It was not far from our front line, and all was in its bloom,
When all at once a shell burst by and I thought I met my doom;
But it happened mighty lucky, and to my heart's content,

When a piece came whizzing by me and through my leg it went;
I did not know for the moment that surely I was hit,
Just then I begun a stumbling and fell as in a fit.
Up came the stretcher bearer and said, "Lad, are you hit?"
And I said to him, "well, can't you see, I cannot walk a bit."
He said, "You'll have to stay there and be as patient as can be,
For there are thousands lying round you just waiting here for me."
I laid there for five hours suffering from the pain,
And the shells were bursting round me and it started then to rain.
Just then six husky Germans as I had chance to spy
Were coming with their hands up, "Merci, kamerad," was their cry;
I beckoned them to come my way, as I thought I'll get a hand.
Just then a forty-ninth chap came up, and could talk the allemande,
And he led us to our trenches and safely did we land.
Now as I conclude my story about that memorable day,
I want you all, my readers, respect to a Ridge man pay,
For know a man was there that day has nobly done his share,
And on his return to home, give him a hearty welcome there;
I think I said just quite enough about that dreadful place,
It will never die throughout history the battle of Vimy Ridge.

HOW THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH.

Men of the Twenty-first
Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
Wanting our sleep and our food
After a day and a night—
God, shall we ever forget?
Beaten and broke in the fight,
But sticking it—sticking it yet
Trying to hold the line,
Fainting and spent and done;
Always the thud and the whine,
Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone worn to the bone,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!
Never a word of cheer!
Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,
With the dull dead plain in our rear,
Always the whine of the shell,
Always the roar of its burst,
Always the tortures of hell,
As waiting and wincing we cursed
Our luck and the guns and the Boche,
When our corporal shouted, "Stand to!"
And I heard someone cry, "Clear the front for
the Guards."
And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,
But Lord, if you'd heard the cheers,
Irish and Welsh and Scot,
Coldstream and Grenadiers.
Two brigades, if you please,
Dressing as straight as a hem,
We—We were down on our knees,
Praying for us and for them
Praying with outstretched hand,
Lord, I could speak for a week,
But how could you understand?
How could your cheeks be wet,
Such feelin's don't come to you,
But when can me or my mates forget,
When the Guards came through!?

"Five yards left extend!"
It passed from rank to rank,
Line after line with never a bend,
And a touch of the London swank.
A trifle of swank and dash,
Cool as a home parade,
Twinkle and glitter and flash,
Flinching never a shade,
With the shrapnel right in their face,
Doing their Hyde Park stunt,
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
Arms at the trail, eyes front
Man, it was great to see!
Man, it was fine to do!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty wherever I be,
How the Guards came through.

THERE'S A LETTER FROM YOUR MOTHER

(An incident of the signal corps related to us)
He was on the line in Flanders, doing service with a
flag,
He was telephone and wireless with that little bit of
rag,
At the farthest point from safety he was standing at
his post,
Picking up the information that his captain needed
most,
When a flash behind the trenches caught his ever
watchful eye,
And he stood and read the message that was dancing
through the sky.
He wondered what was coming from his fellow signal
man,
Wondered what would be the order as the lettering
began,
He had done his trick of duty, he had been there
through the day,
He was tired and he was hungry, and he wished to get
away,
But he read the rapid waving; 'twas the news he'd
wanted most;
"There's a letter from your mother waiting for you at
the post."
Over miles of dreary trenches, over friendly gun and
foe
Came each cheerful, flashing letter of the news he
wished to know.
Through the heat and hate of battle and the smoke-
filled atmosphere,
Came his little touch of kindness and this simple note
of cheer.
Not a stern command of duty, but a word of which to
boast;
"There's a letter from your mother waiting for you at
the post."
"There's a letter from your mother!"
Can't you picture now the joy
That went dancing through the shell-fire to that
lonely signal-boy?



In memory of our Boys who fought and fell in
defence of their Country.

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