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THE BRANT WAR-WHOOP

Vol. 1. No. 2

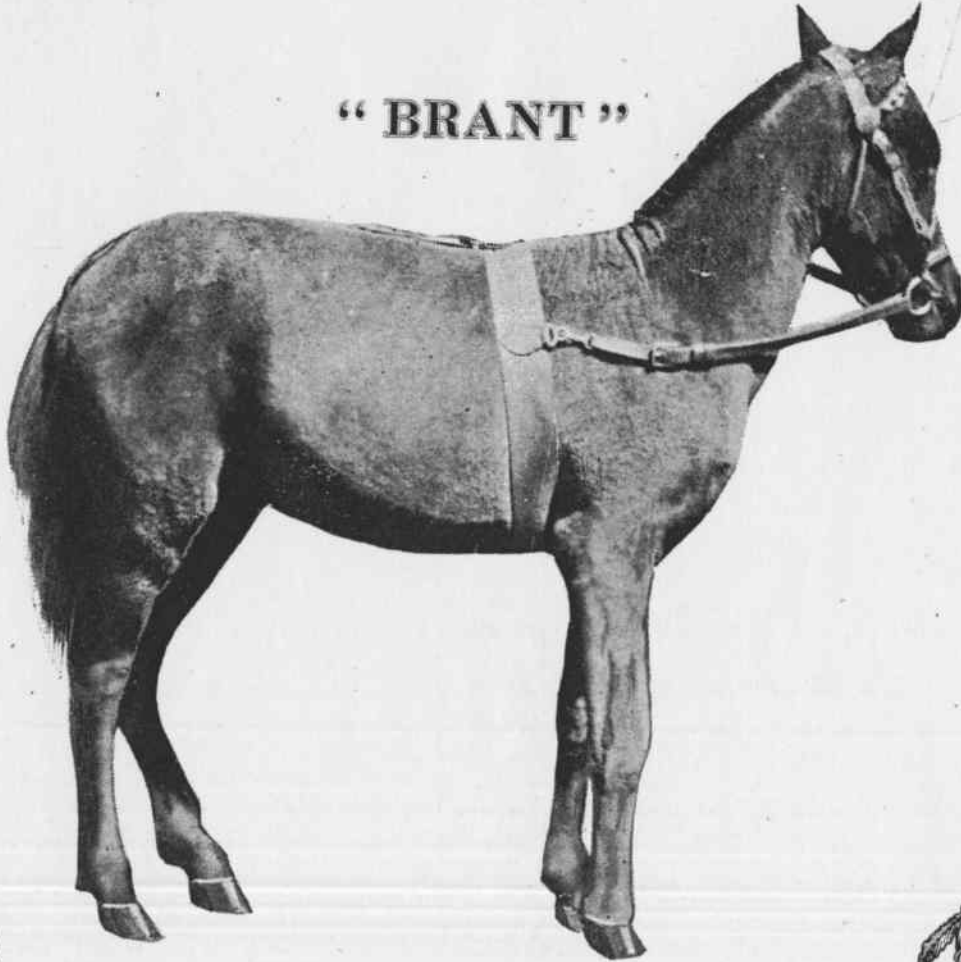
Old Post Office, Brantford, April 29, 1916

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"BRANT"



OUR MASGOT

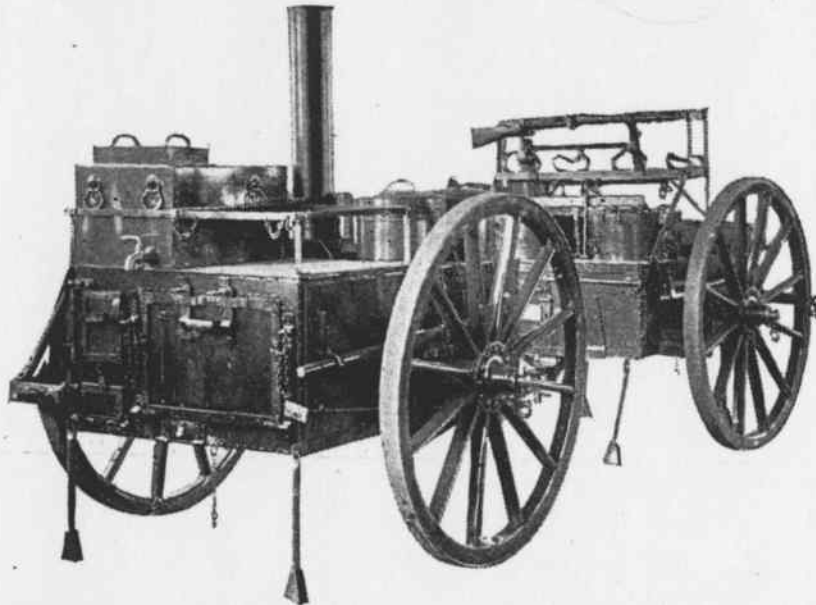


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In addition, it boils 25 gallons of water—gives our boys sterilized drinking water.

It is equipped with so-called "thermos" containers which keep food hot 24 hours in zero weather; this means good hot food under even front trench conditions

EXPEDITION: With troops on the march, the McClary Field Kitchen creates no delays, no lost meals.

Food is cooked as perfectly with the Kitchen en route, as when stationary; when the halt is called, rations are ready to be served immediately.

Breakfast cereals can be prepared at night, placed in the containers, which acting on the "thermos" principle, serve them next morning, hot and deliciously cooked. Meantime the Field Kitchen itself can be kept in operation, preparing the next meals.

Get that Field Kitchen that our
Soldiers Want and Need!

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BATTALION NEWS ITEMS

At the time of going to press the departure of the 84th Battalion is expected. It is with regret that we lose such a fine body of men. On their recent route marches they have carried their full kit of 1916 equipment and have made an excellent showing. Their leaving will detract from the military appearance of the city, their presence having helped considerably with recruiting. During their winter sojourn here their conduct has been exemplary. The officers and men have made many lasting friendships which they will carry with them. The War-Whoop, on behalf of the 125th Battalion, takes this opportunity of wishing the 84th the best of luck and success in its future career.

125TH OFFICERS HOLD FORTH

A happy evening was held on Monday night last when the officers with their wives, mothers or friends gathered at Crompton's Tea Rooms for a few social hours. Tempting refreshments were served and a delightful evening enjoyed by all. The function served as a sort of farewell gathering for the officers, their wives and friends, prior to the impending departure of the 125th Battalion to camp.

HIGHER UP

In December, Sergt. A. Grant MacDonald, "A" Co., was granted his discharge to attend a course of aviation at Newport News, Va. His many friends will be glad to hear that he successfully passed his flying tests and is now a full-fledged pilot. Sergt. MacDonald sailed for England on the 18th April, to join the Imperial Flying Corps. We take this opportunity of wishing him every success in his new line of military life.

FIELD KITCHEN HERE

Our first field kitchen has arrived and adds greatly to the appearance of the Battalion. The kitchen is made by the McClary Manufacturing Co. of London, Ont., the only firm manufacturing field kitchens in Canada. This kitchen at one operation cooks 77 gallons of liquid food or boiled vegetables and roasts meat to serve 250 men. In addition, it boils 25 gallons of water. The so-called "thermos" containers keep food hot for 24 hours. Food is cooked as perfectly en route as when stationary and when a halt is called all is in readiness to be served. Breakfast cereals can be prepared at night and placed in the "thermos" containers and be served hot in the morning. Meantime the kitchen can be used in preparing the next meals.

GOOD NEWS

It is unofficially announced by Major McLean that one day in every two weeks will shortly be set aside for field day. The entire day will be devoted to field sports and games. This announcement will be heartily welcomed by the men as it will give them a good opportunity to play matches which otherwise could not be arranged. It is hoped that every man will brush up in his special line of sports and see that his platoon or unit places teams in as many competitions as possible.

MARCHING COMPETITION

During many of the recent route marches the different companies have tried to show their ability to march. This spirit is a very good one and should be encouraged as a good record for good marching is something to be proud of. The War-Whoop would like

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to offer the suggestion that a competition of the different companies and units be held. Let a certain route, such as Tutela Heights, be chosen and measured and the senior officers be the judges. Start the competitors at intervals and judge their ability according to the march discipline and time. This will allow each company to show their actual ability.

The Soldiers'

Wives and Sweethearts

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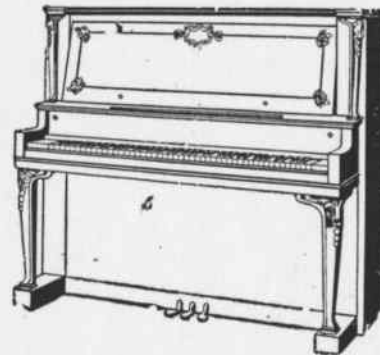
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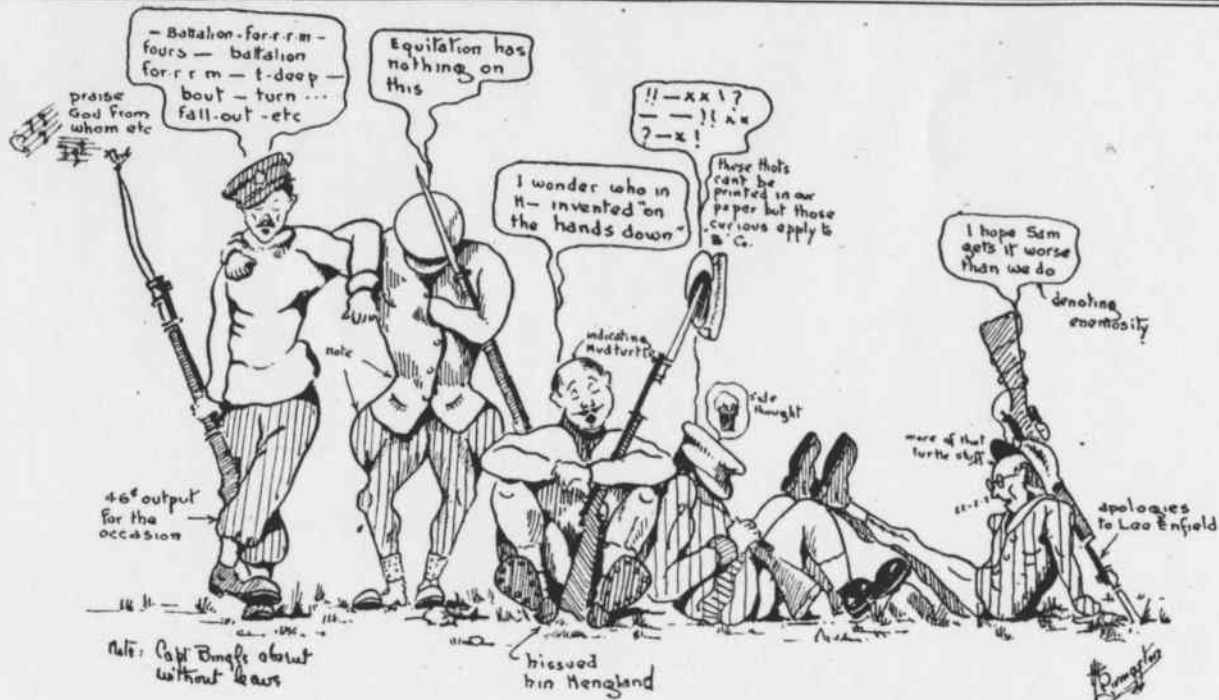
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B.F. AND P.T. NOW IT SHOULD BE DONE

“A” Company’s Musketry Results

The War-Whoop publishes herewith the results of the first two practices which have been fired at the Battalion’s ranges in the old pottery building. Owing to the necessity of economizing space, it has been found impossible to publish more than “A” Company’s results in this issue, but the results of the other companies and units will be printed from time to time. The possible total is 40 points or 20 on each practice. The scores follow:

“A” COMPANY

| Name and Rank | Grouping | Applica- cation |
|------------------------|----------|--------------------|
| No. 1 Platoon | | |
| Pte. Abbott, T. D. | 0 | 11 |
| Pte. Ball H. | 0 | 6 |
| Pte. Bennett, A. | 0 | 3 |
| Pte. Caine, E. | 0 | 8 |
| Pte. Claringbold, T. | 0 | 0 |
| Pte. Donahue, J. | 0 | 18 |
| Pte. Marsh, I. | 0 | 17 |
| Pte. Waterhouse, E. | 0 | 15 |
| Pte. Curley, J. A. | 0 | 15 |
| Pte. Bryden, A. J. | 0 | 16 |
| Pte. Eastman, H. | 0 | 18 |
| Pte. Fisher, G. | 15 | 16 |
| Pte. Harwood, A. | 15 | 19 |
| Pte. Hawke, C. K. | 10 | 13 |
| Pte. Matthews, W. | 0 | 13 |
| Pte. Sage, A. R. | 0 | 12 |
| Pte. Tyrrell, R. | 13 | 15 |
| Pte. VanSomeren, W. E. | 10 | 17 |
| Pte. Wilkinson, G. K. | 0 | 13 |
| Pte. Abbott, W. W. | 0 | 13 |
| Pte. Harris, E. | 20 | 13 |
| Pte. Nixon, H. H. | 15 | 18 |
| Pte. Semple, J. | 20 | 10 |
| Pte. Soderstrom, G. | 15 | 17 |
| Pte. Coyne, T. A. | 15 | 16 |
| Pte. Davenport, J. | 15 | 18 |
| Pte. Donaghy, T. | 15 | 17 |
| Pte. Fox, G. | 15 | 13 |
| Pte. Jubber, G. J. | 0 | 14 |
| Pte. Royle, T. | 0 | 0 |
| Pte. Steen, J. | 10 | 16 |
| Pte. Wilson, A. M. | 20 | 20 |
| No. 2 Platoon | | |
| Pte. Hooper, F. | 0 | 14 |
| Pte. Lamb, A. | 15 | 15 |
| Pte. Lambe, J. R. | 15 | 14 |

| | | |
|----------------------|----|----|
| Pte. Struthers, H. | 20 | 13 |
| Pte. Warner, C. | 15 | 7 |
| Pte. Williams, W. | 20 | 17 |
| Pte. Adiam, R. | 0 | 0 |
| Pte. Charlton, J. | 20 | 15 |
| Pte. Kerr, L. H. | 0 | 15 |
| Pte. King, R. R. | 15 | 19 |
| Pte. Knight, J. | 15 | 19 |
| Pte. Maynard, B. | 15 | 16 |
| Pte. Miller, J. L. | 15 | 18 |
| Pte. Rowland, G. | 20 | 18 |
| Pte. Slattery, T. J. | 15 | 16 |
| Pte. Warren, G. F. | 0 | 13 |
| Pte. Webb, C. E. | 15 | 19 |
| Pte. Bishop, H. | 15 | 13 |
| Pte. Brown, A. | 0 | 10 |
| Pte. Frazer, J. | 15 | 17 |
| Pte. Heath, F. | 15 | 16 |
| Pte. Jones, W. R. | 15 | 12 |
| Pte. Marno, C. J. | 0 | 2 |
| Pte. Pinnell, J. | 15 | 13 |
| Pte. Scanlon, B. | 20 | 19 |
| Pte. Warner, C. | 0 | 0 |
| Pte. Wilson, G. | 15 | 17 |
| Corp. Greenway. | 15 | 16 |
| Pte. Comyn, J. C. | 20 | 17 |
| Pte. Jenkins, F. | 15 | 11 |
| Pte. Kamp, C. | 0 | 13 |
| Pte. Rutherford, G. | 15 | 18 |
| Pte. Scanlon, C. D. | 0 | 5 |
| Pte. Timleck, H. E. | 0 | 0 |
| Pte. White, W. H. | 20 | 18 |
| Pte. Woods, W. B. | 15 | 16 |

No. 3 Platoon

| | | |
|-----------------------------|----|----|
| Sergt. Gooch, R. | 20 | 20 |
| Sergt. Stanley, H. | 15 | 16 |
| Corp. Briscoe, H. | 15 | 10 |
| Pte. Cutmore, V. | 15 | 14 |
| Pte. Edwards, F. | 20 | 17 |
| Pte. Farris, L. | 0 | 16 |
| Pte. Klodt, G. | 10 | 12 |
| Pte. Knight, W. F. | 15 | 12 |
| Pte. McAllister, T. J. | 20 | 17 |
| Lc. Corp. Montgomery, C. R. | 20 | 15 |
| Pte. Gilmore, C. | 20 | 8 |
| Pte. Henderson, R. | 15 | 18 |
| Pte. Root, O. | 15 | 16 |
| Pte. Todd, G. S. | 10 | 17 |
| Pte. Waddington, H. | 0 | 18 |

| | | |
|------------------------|----|----|
| Pte. Waterhouse, F. | 15 | 13 |
| Sergt. Axworthy, E. G. | 15 | 17 |
| Pte. Balkwill, H. | 15 | 16 |
| Pte. Girdlestone | 0 | 5 |
| Pte. Hunt, F. C. | 0 | 14 |
| Pte. Johnson, W. | 0 | 17 |
| Pte. Mitchell, W. R. | 0 | 8 |
| Pte. Pinney, H. | 20 | 15 |
| Pte. Smith, A. | 15 | 12 |
| Pte. Smith, B. | 0 | 9 |
| Pte. Wright, T. L. | 0 | 13 |
| Pte. Hill, J. | 15 | 13 |
| Pte. Liddell, J. | 10 | 10 |
| Pte. Pite, N. L. | 15 | 16 |
| Pte. Scruton, H. | 0 | 15 |
| Pte. Sheppard, H. | 10 | 14 |
| Pte. Stokes, S. | 10 | 13 |
| Pte. Stokes, H. B. | 15 | 17 |
| Pte. Taylor, H. | 0 | 11 |
| Pte. Taylor, R. | 10 | 16 |
| Pte. Westbrook, R. | 15 | 19 |
| Pte. Walters, J. S. | 0 | 13 |
| Pte. Wilson, W. | 0 | 16 |

No. 4 Platoon

| | | |
|----------------------|----|----|
| Pte. Babcock, W. | 10 | 18 |
| Pte. Churchward, A. | 10 | 14 |
| Pte. Green, H. | 10 | 16 |
| Pte. Pedley, J. | 15 | 19 |
| Pte. Small, J. | 20 | 16 |
| Pte. Woodcock, B. A. | 10 | 17 |
| Pte. Burnham, P. | 0 | 14 |
| Pte. Burley, A. C. | 10 | 12 |
| Pte. Corby, F. | 10 | 16 |
| Pte. Hoffnan, C. | 15 | 14 |
| Pte. Hall, H. | 10 | 16 |
| Pte. Reece, A. | 10 | 17 |
| Pte. Whitfield, J. | 0 | 2 |
| Lc. Corp. Jess, J. | 10 | 12 |
| Pte. Beasley, W. H. | 0 | 6 |
| Pte. Churchward, H. | 0 | 13 |
| Pte. Gunn, W. | 10 | 18 |
| Pte. Hill, J. | 10 | 13 |
| Pte. Jones, P. | 0 | 11 |
| Pte. Pash, W. | 0 | 15 |
| Pte. Ransom, J. | 10 | 19 |
| Pte. Simpson, W. | 15 | 15 |
| Pte. Spain, W. H. | 0 | 11 |
| Pte. Curey, J. | 10 | 16 |
| Pte. Dale, F. | 10 | 17 |
| Pte. Fearman, O. J. | 15 | 17 |
| Pte. McArthur, W. | 15 | 13 |
| Pte. Noss, G. | 10 | 11 |
| Pte. Pearson, W. E. | 0 | 11 |

Patronize the ADVERTISERS Who Patronize Us.

Experiences at the Front Told by Capt. Cockshutt

"C" Company Officer, returned from Flanders, briefly reviews his activities with the "Tenth"

Slightly over a year ago, I reached the firing line for which I had been in training for nearly eight months and I cannot say that it was just what I expected it would be. To be exact, I reached our Regimental Headquarters, (that is, the Q.M. stores and transport,) in Vlamertinghe at noon, April 25, 1915. Two other officers and a small draft of men constituted our party, which had marched about 20 miles from the railroad. With guns booming and shells bursting around us, we got our first news of the boys in the front line and of the fight at St. Julien, where the dear old Tenth Battalion had again won fame.

I was feeling decidedly sad when I heard what had happened to all my comrades-in-arms. We felt that we must do what we could to help those who were left, so we gathered in the stragglers, the tired, the hungry and the nervous; gave them a good feed and a rest in a barn, which had been partly wrecked by shells earlier in the day.

The Baptism of Fire.

At eight o'clock in the evening, we



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started for the firing line with 100 men and a supply of grub and ammunition. We marched up the Wielje—St. Julien road which was packed with troops. This road was shelled almost continuously and took a heavy toll of the troops passing over it. Our little party reached the reserve trenches in safety where we stayed until about four o'clock in the morning. On our way up this road, I met Major T. P. Jones with what remained of a company of the 4th Battalion, Major Guthrie and the remnants of the Tenth Battalion, about 150 men, joined us, and a most eventful night was spent, it being my first in close proximity to the enemy. The flares and bursting shells were awe-inspiring. I imagined I was a great deal nearer the enemy than I really was and I thought that every shell which whizzed by was surely meant for me. However, I was billed to have a warmer time in the near future.

Under Machine Gun Fire.

After seeing that the boys who had just come in from the front had plenty to eat and drink, we all set about putting the trenches in better shape. At six a.m. a staff-officer came over and gave us orders to advance again. The boys were all in but we formed up and proceeded farther forward in broad daylight under heavy fire from the enemy's artillery. We advanced in extended order over the plowed fields and as we came over a rise in the ground we were met with a heavy fire from enemy machine guns which were enfilading us from the left flank—about 900 yards away. Nevertheless, this fire had some effect—in fact, too much to be pleasant, seeing that the man on my right and the second man on my left were hit. We continued our advance for about 100 more yards, then got orders to dig in. My men weren't long getting cover with their entrenching tools, but I had none so was at a loss to know what to do. While I was looking for cover, a whiz-bang hit about ten paces in front of me, and made just the size and kind of cover I needed so I crawled into the hole.

A Tedious Wait.

I now discovered that my party of 75 had lost connection with the remainder of the Battalion and try as we might we were not able to re-establish it. What remained of the 8th Battalion rested on our right, so I placed myself and my men under Col. Lipsett's command. Lying in the open and exposed to the enemy, I thought night would never come. The day seemed as



Capt. A. Cockshutt

Who has already received his baptism of fire in this war.

six do ordinarily. One could hardly move without being fired at by a sniper. The enemy shelled us all day and succeeded in burning down a farm building on our right flank.

When darkness fell, I set out to find the balance of the Battalion. In my wanderings, I stumbled and fell into a shell crater, about 6 feet deep. As I crawled up the other side, I found a Tommy who had no more use for his rifle or entrenching tool, so I helped myself and went on. Just as dawn broke, I found the regiment and succeeded in getting the rations to the men before the snipers got busy.

Met General French.

A few days later at Locon, we had taken refuge from a thunder-storm in a barn. While resting there, I noticed a lot of people running out of the yard towards the road. I got up to see what was happening and there I saw an elderly officer, wearing rows of ribbon and sitting on a beautiful horse. He signalled to me to come to him. He asked me numerous questions about myself and Battalion, and after shaking hands with me and a fellow officer who had joined me, rode away. I turned to my friend and said, "Who was that?" "You awful ass," he explained, "That was General French and the young fellow on the far side of him was the Prince of Wales."

After this, we went into the Battle of Festubert, where the Tenth again made a record for itself, and later on into Givenchy, the quietest place of the lot, where I got hit.

"BRANT" OUR MASCOT

The Battalion is extremely proud of its tiny mascot. The little pony was the gift of Mr. Morgan Harris, Reeve of Brant Township. It was christened "Brant" because of the Brant Battalion and now leads the parades of the 125th. The pony is only a year and a half old and stands just 36 inches high. Although small he is sturdy and takes a great interest in route marches, doing especially well in the recent 14 mile hike to Paris. By means of a subscription list amongst the men, the pony has been outfitted with a neat little bridle and blanket. Numerous other gifts such as hay and oats has been generously donated by Brantford merchants. Sergt. Bennett of the Pioneer Corps, takes great pleasure in looking after "Brant's" welfare and keeping, and has been very successful in teaching it tricks. The cut on the front-piece was taken recently and is a striking likeness. The only fear entertained is that when the Battalion gets to camp, the pony may get extra hungry and eat up the filling of the officer's mattresses. The Battalion feels deeply indebted to Mr. Harris, for his generous gift.

Zephyrs From Base Detail

Sergt. Sheasby is taking a course in musketry at Toronto.

Lieut. Hamilton is taking a course in chest-bone-raising and spine straightening, commonly known as physical torture.

Pte Coleman would like to get furlough to work on a farm where they don't want any help.

Martin Donahue has the sympathy of his comrades. After getting all fussed up and trousers nicely creased, that pretty girl did not show up at Paris. Better luck next time, Martin.

"Red" Sowers is not as sour as he looks, but he will need a lot of sweetening before he can make a mash in Paris.

Ptes. Morris and Hainer are going back to the farm for a while to plant turnips so the boys of the Base will have plenty of jam next fall.

Corp. O'Heron, while trying to salvage some of the pop, was accused of trying to steal a case. It was a bad case for him since it happened to be empty.

Pte. Schram met with a hearty reception from his country cousins at Paris. They were all "Queerin'" about him. They hadn't seen him since last (tater diggin') time.

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Patronize the ADVERTISERS Who Patronize Us.

THE BRANT WAR-WHOOP

Our Motto: "We Carry On"

Published Semi-Monthly by the 125th O. S. Battalion, C. E. F.

THE STAFF:

| | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| Pioneers | Sergt. Geo. Bennett |
| Scouts | Pte. H. R. Fisher |
| Machine Gun Section | Pte. Wm. Wood |
| Stretcher Bearers | Pte. Geo. Humble |
| Signallers—Headquarters | Pte. C. R. Anderson |
| Company | Pte. W. Cook |
| Brass Band | Bandsman C. Todd |
| Bugle Band | Drummer A. T. Baker |
| "A" Co. | Pte. A. Vansomeren, Pte. A. Churchward |
| "B" Co. | C. S. M. Withers, Pte. A. M. Spence |
| "C" Co. | Sergt. W. Wallace, Corp. P. Brydges, (Paris) |
| "D" Co. | Pte. Geo. Day |
| Base Detail | Corp. O'Heron |
| Lieut. H. B. Preston | Managing Editor |
| Lieut. D. Hamilton | Treasurer |
| Sergt. J. M. Raymond | Secretary |

Hurley Printing Co., Ltd., Printers, Brantford, Ont.

Brantford, Ontario, April 29th, 1916

Editorial

THE WAR-WHOOP'S RECEPTION

The cloud of mystery which at one time enshrouded the name 'War-Whoop', in its relation to the Brant Battalion, has rapidly vanished into the past. Two weeks ago, the 125th semi-monthly newspaper was a quantity known but to few. In a single day, its reputation, in Brantford at least, became widespread. Probably in a large measure through curiosity and undoubtedly also on account of the public interest in the Brant Battalion, the first issue of The War-Whoop sold like the proverbial 'hot-cakes.'

On the parade ground, groups of soldiers could be seen drinking in the type, while on more than one occasion, an overly-enthusiastic private in the rear rank, was caught taking a side-long glance at The War-Whoop, trusting to those on either side of him to guide him aright during the intricacies of squad or platoon drill. One officer came into the cell known as The War-Whoop's headquarters, and lodged a complaint. He stated that it was his intention to have the publication of The War-Whoop stopped immediately. "For the past half-hour," he said, "I have been sitting in my office, neglecting my work and doing nothing but read The War-Whoop. I look out of my window and I see the Pioneers with their feet up on the table, also laughing over the sheet. Next to me, several officers and N. C. O.'s of "A" Company are chuckling away over the same thing. In fact," he concluded, "the whole Battalion's going to pieces."

To those who were responsible for the first publication of the paper, these facts were most gratifying. Many complimentary remarks concerning The War-Whoop were overheard on the streets and several congratulatory letters have been received from officers and others from outside points. Not the least tangible evidence of the popularity of The War-Whoop was the fact that from the original

order of 1500 copies, which was placed with the printers, the number had to be increased to 2000, and later to 2500 before the demand could be adequately met.

For all these indirect tokens of appreciation, The Brant War-Whoop is modestly grateful.

THE SUMMER CAMP

While no definite announcement has yet been made officially, it is now known that the 125th Brant Battalion will not be stationed in Brantford during the coming summer. Whither we go remains to be seen. One thing sure, wherever the Battalion goes, thither also will go The War-Whoop. From a strictly personal standpoint, the vast majority of both officers and men would greatly prefer to remain in the Telephone City as long as possible, it being felt that once the Battalion departs from Brantford, it may be a long time away. On the other hand, military needs are of prime importance at this time, and if those who should know, decide that it is best from a military standpoint that the Battalion should undergo its summer training elsewhere, the question requires no more consideration locally.

A STERN TASK

The impending departure from Brantford will tear the chords of many hearts, both of men in the Battalion and of their friends and loved ones whom they must leave, at least, temporarily. What the future may have in store is vague, and to many it may seem probable that war's ravages may have ceased before the season of training for the 125th has passed. Whatever the coming months may have in store, the Battalion must continue its labor, daily preparing to take its place in the firing line and do its part in making the sacrifices of those who have preceded us worth while.

Appended is a paragraph from The Dead Horse Corner Gazette, the newspaper of the Fourth Battalion, which has served for many months in Flanders, and with which many Brantford soldiers went into action never to return:

"Peace on earth—Goodwill to men." What a mockery in terms—under prevailing conditions. Let those who are of an eligible age and yet seek the security of England and of Canada speak of peace on earth. Let those who have no knowledge of German barbarism dilate on "Goodwill to men." Ours is the sterner task. The spilling of the blood of comrades may have embittered our hearts, but it has also clarified our vision and brought home to us our responsibilities. We in the field cannot (even if we desired) rid ourselves of that responsibility. Nor can we shift the burden onto other shoulders. Before Ypres we were here to fight for what we deemed to be the right; now we shall exact heavy toll for each life that has been taken, and for every drop of Canadian blood that has been spilled in France or Flanders. IT IS OUR QUARREL NOW."

In this sterner task, the 125th Brant Battalion goes forward to share the burden.

Patronize the ADVERTISERS Who Patronize Us.

Secret Session Held By Subs

"Order," shrieked the chief gasob, as he implored the assembled brethren-in-rebellion to maintain silence. "Cease this vain rabble," he continued, "or the secret conclave of the Platoon Commanders or Anti-Staff Association will be detected."

Within the short space of 20 minutes, sufficient quietness had been maintained to allow the business of the meeting to be continued.

"Call the roll, Mr. Secretary," roared Chairman Woodyatt and in due course, Gas-Vent Wallace, announced that two of the faithful were missing. "When last seen, Your Dishonor, two of our brethren, Platoon Commanders Andrews and Smith, were being led astray, the broad path of Destruction, having taken them Paris-wards, where they were espied parading with fair damsels.

"Shame," cried the President, as he called for the next order of business.

Lieut. Grob moved that the account of \$75.81 for two tons of hair restorer be paid out of the stolen funds, while Brother Seago introduced a resolution suggesting that the Canteen accounts be audited some night when lights could not be procured. Both proposals met with unanimous favor.

After a prolonged and heated discussion, President Woodyatt was forced to vacate the throne, it being established against him that he had failed to shirk his work one morning when there was excellent opportunity.

Lieut. Livingston reported from the Intelligence Committee that he had espied one of the company commanders, a Major in rank, wearing slacks on parade. Cries of jealous anger rent the air "Gentlemen, I demand attention," shouted P. C. Verity as he jumped to his feet, "I have a grievous complaint to make," he continued. "During the past week, on no less than two occasions I have had the C. O., Major McLean and Major Newman trying to dictate to me in connection with my work. This must cease." "Hear, Hear," cried the assembled brethren, and a strong resolution, expressing the indignant disapproval of the association was quickly passed amid cheers.

A letter was then read by the Secretary from Capt. Bingle, who wanted an investigation into a statement made by Captain Lavell that he once drank 'Five Bottles of Ginger Ale at one Go.' Ptes. Courtneage, McCoy and Powers were appointed to make the necessary inquiries, the first-named gentleman to act as chairman.

At this juncture, the president exhorted the brothers to stand at attention, while the association's 'Deathbed Vows' were repeated as follows:

"Water, water, everywhere,
And nothing else to drink."

The clerk was called and each of the platoon commanders gave orders for cigars, ginger ale or other things, according to their liking, 'other things' being chiefly in demand.

Two hours elapsed in happy revelry before the new chairman, Lient. Stratford, was in condition to resume the business of the gathering.

G. V. Wallace then reported that a letter from Toronto, signed by Capt. Jordan, Capt. James, Lieutenants Livingston, Sheppard and Bunnell, all of whom are taking special courses in the Queen City, had been received. The fellow-shirkers made a beseeching request for financial assistance, it being alleged that the 'Cost of High Living' was abnormal. A collection was taken up and the sum of a \$1.33 and a button forwarded by cheque with the association's best wishes for continued indolence.

The business of the meeting concluded, a short service of song and praise, led by Lieut. Brown was enjoyed by all, the rebels joining lustily in the singing. Before adjourning for breakfast, the chairman grasped the opportunity to commend the exemplary behavior of the platoon commanders during the short business session, reminding them once again of their lasting vows of secrecy and faithfulness to one another and the Battalion.



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RAW RECRUITS'

Syllabus for week, commencing April 31—"B" Company will spend the entire week at marching exercises. "A" Company need not parade this week, the company being considered efficient in marching. "C" and "D" Companies, which march in rear of the Battalion, will devote the time to doubling exercises.

"Them men as is detailed for them duties does nothink else—they do—they don't." B. S. M.

The Battalion is not yet up to strength. Neither is the coffee, which is served in the canteen.

Old Busy-Body to farmer lad busily engaged in milking a cow—"How is it you are not at the front, young man?"

"'Cause there ain't no milk at that end, mum."

Pte. Courtage, "C" Company, carefully rolled up his military equipment a few days ago and brought it into the quartermaster stores, telling the Q. M. that he told him he would resign on the 15th. Nobody home.

Inspecting Officer to Corp. Storey, "D" Company—"You did not brush your tunic this morning. I see several long hairs on it."

Corp. Storey—"Sir, I have been doing arm-drill."

Sergeant Major Withers to armorer sergeant—"Will you let me have some gun-cotton, sergeant. I want to clean my rifle."

THE HAND TO HOLD By The Musketry Officer

If I might hold that hand again,
Clasped lovingly in mine.
I'd little care what others sought—
That hand I held lang syne.
That hand—so warm it was and soft,
Soft—ne'er was so soft a thing.
Ah, me. I'll hold it ne'er again,
Ace, ten, knave, queen and king.

STYLE THAT ATTRACTS

Snappy Young Men's
Clothing, in the very
latest, up to the minute
models.



Do not miss seeing them.

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ANDREW McFARLANE

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R U D E R E M A R K S

TOWNSEND

Young Sub. (To coquette)—If you don't answer me one way or the other—yes or no—I'll hang myself at your garden gate.

Coquette—You mustn't do that. Father doesn't like young men hanging about the place.

Sergeant of the Guard (Cynically)—Come to join, eh? For the separation allowance I suppose?

Applicant—Yes, Sir. I want the separation and she wants the allowance.

“Did you see my sun-burst last night?” inquired the pompous Mrs. Newrich of her poorer neighbor.

“No, I didn't,” said her neighbor caustically; “but I certainly thought he would if he ate another bite.”

Sergeant-Major Shaw—“Halt, You can't go in there, you can't.”

Pte. H. Waddington—Why not, Sir?

B. S. M.—Because it's the Colonel's room, it is.

Pte. Waddington—Then what are they doing with 'Private' on the door?

Young Sub in the Near East—The Turks are as thick as peas. What shall we do?

Superior Officer—Shell them, you idiot, shell them.

Major Shultis to Pte. C. McFarland, appearing in “A” Company orderly room—“McFarland, you are charged with being absent without leave for 24 hours. Have you anything to say for yourself?”

Pte. McFarland—“Sir, I was in Galt and while running to catch my train, the Salvation Army started to play 'God Save the King.' I had to stand to attention and consequently missed my train.”

The case was dismissed.

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PROPRIETORS

148---148¹/₂ COLBORNE STREET

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Sent by the Signallers

The signallers had a good practice on lights last Thursday night, Terrace Hill, the Hospital, Strawberry Hill and the Y.M.C.A. being used as stations.

Who broke their flag sticks on the march to Paris?

Peanuckle donated a baseball and bat to the Signal Corps and says more will be forthcoming when these wear out. The boys appreciate the gift very much.

The 215th have appropriated the Signallers' baseball diamond on the southeast corner of the Market for parade purposes.

The Signal corps kept open a line of communication between the Battalion and Headquarters during the route march to Paris on Thursday last, the following stations being used: Headquarters, Crompton's Store, Overhead Bridge, Toll Gate, Three Mile Post, Smith's Farm, Brick School, Stoney Ridge, and Paris. Pte. Fish had a clue which interfered with his vision somewhat. Pte. Kingdon evidently has not been weaned yet, according to the number of empty milk bottles found around his station. We are at a loss to know why Pte. Cook tried to be on three stations at once and finally wound up at Three Mile Post. Pte. Angus got peeved trying to read, write and send at the same time but never the less did first class work. Lieut. Thorburn had some joy-ride trying to keep all the stations in good working order.

Sergeant Coale says Crompton's have a beautiful Grill Room.

MACHINE GUN SHOTS

The M. G. S. held its first social evening on Thursday, April 13. After enjoying a splendid program at the Brant theatre, we adjourned to the Tea Pot Inn. Our guests of honor were: Major McLean, B. S. M. Shaw and Armorer Sergt. Stanley. After partaking of the excellent repast prepared by Mine Host Crumback, the following program was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Interesting and instructive speeches by Major McLean and B. S. M. Shaw; vocal solos by Major McLean, Sergt Unsworth, Ptes. Wood and Tingwell; violin selections by Ptes. Davidson and Kent; instrumental solos by Sergt. Stanley. Several selections on the graphonola were contributed by Pte Angus. Lieut. Sheppard, Sergt. Unsworth and Corp. McFarlane gave short talks on the harmony and good behaviour of the Section. Sergt. Unsworth acted as chairman.

Having explained that the time for falling in after the call had sounded was about 20 seconds, Sergt. Unsworth endeavored to have the Section on the job in record time, and commanded in haste, "Alright men, fall in—20 cents."

Pte. Wood, in charge of the M. G. S. the other day for physical drill, surprised the men with the command, "Left foot on shoulder place, forward."

Those malicious and evil-minded persons, who insist on calling the M. G. S., the 'Suicide Club' must bear in mind the fact that the members have all joined at their own risk. A name recently handed out to the Section, and which seems to stick, is the 'Sunshine Club.' Watch the fellows at any rate and you will see that it is quite appropriate.

PICKED UP BY THE SCOUTS

On a recent route march to Paris, who was the officer who used trained scouts as connecting files and rashly put out an advanced guard without a screen of scouts.

We love our corporal but we hear there is a scarcity of farm-help this year. Corp. V. R. Smith. Au Revoir.

WANTED—Bright intelligent men under 16 to join the Scouts. Stripes guaranteed after five weeks without difficulty. For-r-r-r-m Fou-r-r-r-s.

FOR SALE—One Scout corporal. Cheap. Very useful on farm, etc. Name your own price. Apply Scout Officer.

It is rumored that Sergt. Crowley is to lead the Battalion choir.

Latest Despatch From the Rear.

London, England—It is reported officially that the Germans have taken Cascaria, near the Dutch frontier, and have rushed to the dykes. The British War Office admits the Germans have taken Cascaria, but doubts their ability to hold it.

LATER—The Germans are evacuating all along the front and the strain on their rear is tremendous.

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All metal construction—

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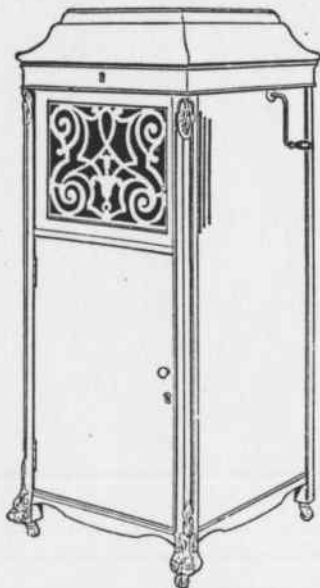
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Battalion Orders

By
Lt. Col. "Pat" Powers,
O. C. "The Clink"

PARADE—4 a.m. Battalion will parade with bare feet and helmets, when they will proceed to Lorne Bridge and dive into the River Grand. Anyone found wandering at the bottom looking for promotion will receive his discharge on coming to the surface. All submarines found must be handed in at the Quartermaster's Store.

DRESS PARADE—7.22 a.m. Camel parade before proceeding to Egypt. All humps must be properly polished and chins shaved. N. C. O.'s will be supplied with goats.

ROUTE MARCH—There will be a route march as far as RUSSIA, headed by the band, which will play the great march entitled "Here we suffer grief and pain." In case of frost-bite being prevalent in the ranks, every man will be provided with a box of Sunstroke Ointment and Crutches.

SPECIAL TRAINING. There will be a night attack on the nearest saloon. A fatigue party will be told off to get the empties away.

SICK—All men with corns will parade at the Quartermaster's for sand-paper.

DRAFTS—The following orders must be read to all men who are about to proceed to the front:

1. No man is allowed to interfere with the enemy's shells when in flight, as they are liable to cause him unnecessary pain. Any man found carrying his emergency rations in his water bottle, or smoking with his respirator on will be handed over to the military police and discharged.

2. A complaint has been made about the men eating the grass off the parapets. This practise must cease at once as it is not put there for food.

LECTURES—Lieutenant Pick has been picked by the War Office to lecture upon how to make round holes with square shovels.

LEAVE—Leave will be granted annually for the purpose of having a bath and change of clothing.

PROMOTION—The O. C. is pleased to make the following promotions: Pte. H. Waddington to be Temporary Private Unpaid.

(Sgd) PAT POWERS,
"O. C. The Clink."

SPORTS

The Battalion Athletic Committee is getting along well with the sports organizations. The registration of the whole Battalion has been completed. Each man has expressed his preference for one or more sports. One copy of this record will go to Capt. Flannigan at District H. Q. and one will remain here. The Soccer, Baseball, Cricket and other committees will find the list invaluable on reaching camp.

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Goes



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in Khaki



Every Afternoon
and Evening



SEE

"THE JUGGERNAUT"
Mon., Tues., Wed.
May 1st, 2nd, 3rd.



Boost the 3 Popular Brants :
**THE WAR-WHOOP, BATTALION AND
THEATRE**

ACTIVITIES OF "A" COMPANY

No. 1 platoon put it all over No. 6 in football. No doubt they did their best but in future we would like more of a game.

Sergt. Stanley's shoes are certainly clean—in front. Both he and Major Shultis are the best of soldiers, they never look behind.

"A" Co. can walk! After giving "B" Co. half a mile start they caught up to them in two miles.

We don't like to call Sergt. Crowley a fore-flusher, but he calls himself the champion walker of the Battalion, and as far as can be learned he has not yet walked against anybody. Two men have challenged him; he did not take any notice of one, and with a little help, money tried to bluff the other.

No. 2 Platoon would like Mr. Andrews to enlighten them as to whether he

knew the young lady in the Ford, before or not.

Did you notice Mr. Verity's eyes brighten when he saw the young lady with the bull-dog in front of the Tea Pot Inn?

It is obvious that Capt. Bingle's "snappy salute" was causing too much exertion. We notice that he has purchased a long peak cap to facilitate the operation.

Perhaps the next time Bryden wants Ice Cream, he will buy it. At no time is a slap on the face from a healthy girl, a pleasant experience.

One of the officers taking physical training was walking behind the colonel with a rifle and fixed bayonet. A dashing lad from the 215th asked a friend in the 125th. "Do you always send a guard out with you colonel?"

Sergt. Ray Gooch—"You are marching at attention, not a move."

Sergt. to Recruit—"Has the colonel come yet?"

Recruit—"No, sir."

(In ten minutes)—"Has the colonel arrived yet?"

Recruit—"No, sir."

(Again)—"Have you seen the colonel?"

Recruit—"No, sir."

(In 30 seconds) Colonel—"Why don't you salute?"

Recruit—"Who are you?"

Colonel—"I'm the colonel."

Recruit—"Oh! you're the colonel are you? You are going to get Hell, you are. The sergeant has been looking all over for you."

Perhaps the next time we are on a route march some of the fellows will walk home rather than risk guard duty.

"B" COMPANY'S BULLETS

The early demise of Lieut. Woodyatt, Chief Physical Torturer, is hopefully looked for by Lieut. Sam S.

Which platoon in "B" Company has been named the Base Detail and Why?

Capt. James looks very fit after his course of P. T. & B. F. May the writer suggest that the treatment in "Pete's" case be continued until the Battalion goes overseas.

The first issue of The War-Whoop contained the announcement "Card Games and How to Play Them"—By the Musketry Officer. This officer earnestly wishes it to be understood that he is quite innocent of the charge, knowing nothing of such things as a 'full-house,' or 'Four of a kind,' (never having held such a hand.)

Why is the M. G. Officer continually

muttering "Gott Strafe Sweden and Woodyatt."

Who is the man in "B" Company, who, when asked by the Quartermaster, the size of his shirt, replied that it was size seven. Is this a man or a pull-through, and how did he come up to the M. O.'s requirements?

Said the waiter to a noisy card party in a hotel room: "I've been sent to ask you to make less noise, gentlemen. The gentleman in the next room says he can't read.

"Tell him," was the reply of the host, "that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Why, I could read when I was five years old."

Paddy Dolan bought a watch from the local dealer with a guaranty to keep it in order for twelve months. About

six months later, Paddy took it back because it had stopped.

"You seem to have had an accident with it," said the jeweller.

"A small one sure enough, sir. About two months ago, I was feeding the pig and it dropped into the trough."

"But you should have brought it before," said the jeweller.

"Sure," replied Paddy, "I brought it as soon as I could. We only killed the pig yesterday."

The Mayor of Paris gave us the freedom of the town but it certainly looked funny to see us escorted out by the Chief of Police.

Who is the man in Paris who requires a cap size 8? We are very sorry that we cannot oblige him as the quarter master stores have not started to issue wash-tubs yet.

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ATTENTION! 125th

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PRICE THE LOWEST!*

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BRASS BAND BUNK

The many friends of Drummer Charles Murray of the Brass Band will be pleased to learn that he is progressing as well as can be expected after the operation which he was forced to undergo a fortnight ago. We all hope Charlie will have a speedy recovery.

Who was the member of the Band who left two pounds of butter in a certain "PUB" last pay night?

Bandmaster William Sherman will be home on Saturday after taking a three weeks physical drill course in Toronto.

The Band played at St. George and Scotland recently and the ladies of both places prepared excellent spragds for the boys.

While on the march to Paris Bandsman Watts dropped one of his "TRAYS."

Bandsman Charles Dixon of the cornet section was recently transferred to the 215th Battalion to take charge of the Bugle Band. We all wish Charlie the best of luck with his band.

There seems to be no word in regard to the rest of the new instruments for the Band.

Who stole the soft stuff? "Not me" said Big Jack, and "Me, neither," yelled Fisher.

While at Paris and Scotland the Band took up a collection for our mascot, "Brant" and secured enough money to keep the pony supplied with oats until we leave for camp.

PIONEER PIN PRICKS

A very interesting and instructive lecture was given by our genial Battalion Sergeant Major in the 38th Sergeants' Mess on the 'Duties of all Ranks, etc.,' in a battalion, and by the attendance and interest that all the N. C. O.'s took in the lecture, great benefit was surely derived therefrom, with the exception of one N. C. O. who was sitting behind the speaker, who broke the rule and had 42 winks. It was not from the effects of the physical torture because he had not yet partaken of that luxury. Another thing was very noticeable. Several of the boys wanted to interrupt and cross-examine the lecturer, but our B. S. M. stuck to his guns in real good style, and proved himself right up to the standard.

The lecture by Capt. Bingle, on the 'Powers of Punishment of a Company Commander' was greatly enjoyed by the N. C. O.'s. He certainly knew what he was talking about and above all, he knew the best and only way to make them interested, and put them in good shape at the start.

I have seen men make their physical drill an agony and do some contortionist stunts with rifles, etc., but you should have seen the agony of the men who received the following message by semaphore: 'Of all the pull-throughs, I ever pulled through, I never pulled a pull-through through which pulled through like this pull-through pulled through.'

BUGLE BAND BREEZERS

Casualty List.

Sergt. Mellor—Shrapnel wounds in right foot.

Bugler Hogan—Gunshot wound in right hand.

Drummer Payan—Bullet wound in the nose.

Another marriage is reported in the bugle band. Drummer R. Allen has taken unto himself one of the long-haired chums as a life-partner. The band wishes Reg., and his wife the best of luck.

Blinking is getting to be quite the rage in the band. One member has got the habit down to a science.

The 15th was pay-day. Monday, the 17th, saw several of the band on the carpet—insubordination, of course, being the trouble.

Bugler Williams has been transferred to Paris. He will no doubt be more at home there. Some of the other buglers are jealous of him.

The snare drummer from Paris was here during the week for a little practice. Since he has gone back quite a number of the girls have been enquiring for him. Some guy.

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For Ladies and Gents

All kinds of

HATS CLEANED

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POLISH

15c per tin

155 Colborne Street

"C" Company Chatter

Owing to the absence of our regular correspondent, Sergt. Wallace, who is in Toronto taking a course in physical torture, Sergt Gilbert is endeavouring to contribute a few bits of news, but anyone reading them will no doubt conclude that as a newspaper reporter he is a dismal failure. However needs must when the devil in the shape of our worthy editor drives.

No. 11 Platoon is very busy organizing its baseball and soccer clubs, and believe us, we are yoiny to have some aygregation. Any platoon wishing to be slaughtered at either of these pas-times can be accommodated by naming

the time and place.

Anyone wishing to join the Tug-of-way team, apply to Scotty Mayes, Captain and Adjutant.

Our old friends, Pte Corner and Pte. Bauleomb are on the warpath in the fistic line. Step up, you white hopes.

So our old comrade-in-arms, "Weary" wanted to resign, eh! Too bad. But owing to the present activity of the Huns, he was persuaded to reconsider his decision.

Talk goes a long way, but when it comes to one Paris man stopping the whole Battalion from getting into town, why that's a horse of another color.

PITHY POINTS FROM PARIS

The Mayor, Council and citizens of the town of Paris wish to express their admiration of the exemplary manner in which the men of the Battalion conducted themselves during their short stay; and for the beautiful and stirring music with which they were given so plentiful a feast. It was a revelation.

Just before the rations were handed out by the ladies, an old gent noticed Lieut. Thorburn looking up somewhere and signalling. A small boy asked what the officer was doing and the old gent after silently nibbling his proboscis for a few minutes, said very reverently. "My boy, that 'ere officer is saying grace for the whole lot at once."

I have a sad story to relate—I am told that our good captain (God bless him) became so deeply immersed in thought, regarding the prospective and retrospective etc., after a certain meeting of officers, that he did, without malice aforethought, unwittingly purloin the dome protector of a brother-in-arms. Being the first offence and taking into consideration his previous exemplary conduct, he was allowed to depart, after giving his solemn pledge to be more careful in the future.

Brother comrades, whilst kneeling at bedside, before blowing the candle out, I would exhort you to mingle with your supplications a short prayer for Pte R. Branthorpe, better known as the Paris Gramophone. We all know his failing, also that he has eyebrows like shrimps legs, and other drawbacks, therefore, it came as a decided shock to me to hear the report that he is contemplating destruction by the usual route; having been captivated by a dusky squaw, during his perigrinations

around the Reserve. So, brethren, if you've never prayed before, start now.

"Now then men" cried the gallant Captain, "fight like heroes until your ammunition is done, then run for your lives, I'm a little lame so I'll start now."

The Paris boys together with the Maple Leaf Girls, had quite a nice time one evening, the Captain heading the dance called the Saskatoon Snake or Circle, or something of that sort. In his usual and gallant dashing manner, Lieut. Orr also distinguished himself and won the hearts of everybody present, (especially those of a legal age to marry). The others chiefly distinguished themselves by their weird and unwieldy gymnastics, which closely resembled the movements of a badly wounded hippopotamus.

125th Battalion O. Paris 1.

How the mighty have fallen from their high estate. Fresh from their great victory over the 84th, and with the dew still sparkling upon their laurels, the doughty warriors of the Battalion from Brantford, swooped down in large numbers upon the diminutive and insignificant looking detachment stationed here,—and it was very evident from their haughty glances and pointed remarks, that death was to come swift, sure, and sudden. It did. Ask the members of the Battalion Football Team how it felt. Some of them died very hard, not seeming to realize that the inevitable must prevail. Hence, their mortification and humiliation was of an excessive character,—and their remarks were of the usual complimentary nature regarding the referee, who by the way is a gentleman.

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Just before the football match, an elderly lady, evidently short-sighted, was heard to audibly utter, as a young footballer passed on the other side: "No wonder Ethel couldn't find them." (Meaning the snow white knickers). I was informed afterwards that they belonged to a younger brother.

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FULL LINE OF LIGHT SUMMER SHIRTS

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"D" COMPANY DIDDINGS

No. 14 Platoon supper at the Tea Pot Inn last week proved a great success. After a splendid supper, supplied by Host Crumback, speeches, songs and victrolia selections were the order, those contributing being Lieut. Slemia, Ptes. Smith, Hughes, Healey, Lambert, Hewilt, Johnson. Lieut. Roy Brown proved an efficient chairman.

All bands go the same way, Bugle Band, Brass Band, Mouth Organ Band, via the Pop Waggon, "D" Co. following immediately at the rear.

Lieut. Brown appeared on parade with a raincoat that looked more like a war map.

Private Dawson after demolishing a dozen sandwiches at Paris, and another four on the road home arrived safely on the Market Square with one optic closed and his tongue hanging out as graceful as ever.

We hear that Sergt. Lymburn is using up quite a lot of powder at the Exhibition Camp.

Who are the two Bantams in "D" Co. who are always chewing the rag?

If the rear platoon of "D" Co. can steal a march like they can pop they really will be some use to the army.

To and fro marched Pte. Marcham on sentry go, before the gate by the clink. A gentleman about as broad as he was long, approached the sentry and addressed him as follows:

"I say, my man, can I go through there?"

Marcham paused in his thoughts to gaze at the ponderous figure of his questioner. Then he replied "Well, I don't exactly know, sir, but a cartload of hay managed to get through this morning."

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—Separation Allowance. Anyone finding the same return to the 125th Battalion as we can do nicely with it.

No. 15 Platoon challenges any platoon in the Battalion at running, or, pardon me, doubling or forming fours. We have specialized in these two stunts up the present. Our motto is "Bomb or Run."

Was it a new place for the men of No. 13 Platoon to wear their puttees when they were paraded to Quarter Master stores for the second issue of boots? They were told by Corp. Storey to take the puttee off their left foot.

SWABS FROM STRETCHER - BEARERS

Who is the young man who smoked a cigarette at the banquet the other night? Would his mother be "Cross" if she heard about it?

What penalty should be inflicted upon a man who promised to play a solo, and when the time came, steps on his fiddle and breaks it? To be very "Frank" about it, we think someone should step on him. Others think he might overcome his bashfulness with a nerve tonic.

On April 14, the Section held a most enjoyable banquet at the Tea Pot Inn. Capt. Hanna presided and after an excellent chicken supper, a splendid program was put on. The guests were:

Majors McLean and Newman, Captains Emmons and Jordan and B. S. M. Shaw. Our only regret was that the Colonel was unable to be present.

Who is the man who discovered the new method of resuscitation of the drowning.—viz:—Artificial desperation.

Who dares insinuate that Capt. Lavell led the charge on the "pop" wagon coming home from Paris? This may or may not be true, but he WAS observed with a pop bottle to his lips, sharing the spoils.

Ernie must have a new girl on his staff, and judging from the smokes he has now-a-days, she hangs out at the cigar works. Who said she was "Fair?"

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A. C. HOWARTH : Proprietor

The Brants Spent Big Day in Paris

Thursday, April 20, 1916, was a big day in the short history of the 125th Battalion, C.E.F. Despite very threatening weather and with roads heavily rain-soaked, the "Brants" light-heartedly and with the greatest enthusiasm started out shortly after ten o'clock in the morning for the neighboring town of Paris. Each man had his great-coat or rain-coat rolled and carried over his shoulder in approved military fashion, and the spectacle presented by the Battalion as it started on its long hike over greasy roads to Paris was one not soon to be forgotten by Brantfordites.

Shortly after leaving the city, "A" Company was instructed to throw out an advanced guard, which operated very satisfactorily, communication being kept up from front to rear by means of the Signallers and the Scouts.

Within two miles of their destination, the Battalion encountered Capt. Patterson and the Paris contingent of the Battalion, which had taken up a position of defense along the roadside, and after a few moments of reconnaissance and friendly combat, the forces were united and proceeded on the balance of their trek.

Just outside the town limits, Mayor Patterson, of Paris, greeted the soldiers who were still feeling fit and game. Arriving in Paris, the Battalion was formed up in column of double-sections, and a march past was made down the main street, the popular chief magistrate of the town taking the salute.

Proceeding thence to the fair-grounds, the event of the day transpired. The ladies of Patriotic Paris again lived up to their reputation, and a spread, "some spread," was there. There were five thousand loaves and two fishes; there were pies without numbers; there were sandwiches in abundance. Coffee, donated by Geo. Foster and Sons, was also served under the direction of the Quartermaster, and great was the satisfaction of all.

For two hours, the men were given their freedom to knock about the streets, seeing the sights of the berg. There were some sights. Some of the lads picked up some.

After a short march through the town the trip home-ward was commenced. "B" Company took the lead as an advanced guard, "C" Company bringing up the rear-guard in the formation of a rear-guard.

The Battalion reached the city shortly before six o'clock, the men having experienced a great outing, and having unconsciously benefited themselves from a military standpoint.

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