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A. H. Spence

230 J 2

to Col McBlutcliffe

050
BK 4

THE BRANT WAR-WHOOP

Vol. 1, No. 4 Old Post Office, Brantford, Canada, Thursday, June 5th 1916 10 Cents

OUR MOTTO: "We Carry On"



Pictorial Number

This issue of the Brant War-Whoop features a series of Excellent Photographs, which include group pictures of Officers, Sergeants, and each company and unit in the 125th Battalion. The pictures can be used for framing and will make an invaluable souvenir in the future.

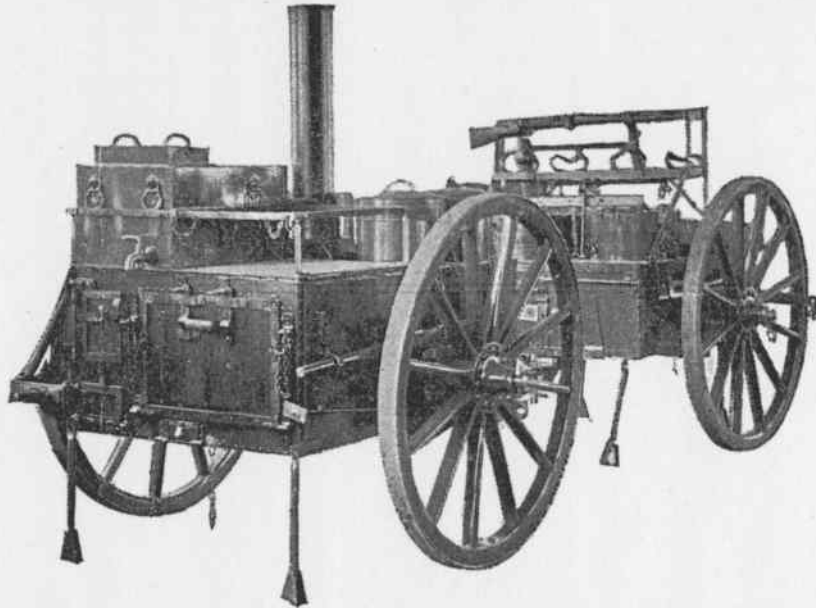


IT IS NOT A QUESTION

Whether we want our soldiers fed the best, and though it may have been so for a time, it is no longer a question how this can best be done.

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**Get that Field Kitchen That Our Soldiers
Want and Need!**

London

McClary's

Canada

1916\$

EDITOR'S NOTE—At very considerable expense, the War-Whoop publishes in this issue group photographs of each company and unit in the Battalion, together with separate pictures of the officers and the sergeants. They have been arranged so that it will be possible to use the illustrations for framing, and consequently should prove of the greatest value in later years. Owing to the added cost of publication, it has been necessary to raise the price of this issue ONLY, to ten cents, but it is felt that in publishing these pictures, The Brant War-Whoop will serve in still greater measure the interests of the 125th.

“BARTRAM’S BRASS BAND BUNK”

Bandsman Chas. Murray, who was forced to have an operation performed on him some time ago, is back in harness again.

Bandsman Flemming, of Boston, Mass., joined the organization recently. “Beans” is a real good fellow and the boys are looking forward to a real Boston Tea Party under his direction.

“Number” said Lc. Corp. Sharman

the other morning. 1-2-3-4. “Beg your pardon,” yelled Bandsman Watts. “Beg nothing, I’m broke,” replied Sherman.

The “Old Top” from Paris paid the boys a visit on Thursday. What on earth did Girdlestone do with the football.

Chas. Murray doesn’t think much of the new set of “TRAYS.”

A number of the boys have pur-

chased a new pair of “Consetena” pants. They intend to use them for playing golf and riding.

“Why don’t you see OATS FOR THE DONKEY” said Fred Willoughby. “Get out,” said Davis.

The Bandmaster has sent away for a score of “A Perfect Day,” which he intends to play at camp with the assistance of the vocal artist, the Quarter Maaster Sargent.



THE BRASS BAND

PHOTOS

To Please Every **SOLDIER** Or His Family

Walker Photo Studio

164 Colborne Street

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. George Bennett
Scouts	Pte. H. R. Fisher
Machine Gun Section	Pte. H. T. Kent
Stretcher-Bearers	Pte. George Humble
Signallers—Headquarters	Pte. C. R. Anderson
Company	Pte. G. H. Jackson
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.	Sergt. Lymburn, Pte. Geo. Day
Base Detail	Lance-Corp. L. Schramm
Lieut. H. B. Preston .. Managing Editor	
Sergt. J. M. Raymond .. Secretary	

MacBride Press, Printers, Brantford, Ont.

A Message From Flanders

"Editorial Comment" has been granted leave of absence for this issue of The War-Whoop. The Pictorial Number holds the centre of the stage.

Just a word in self-defence. Dur-

ing the past fortnight, English mails have brought home to Brantford many letters from boys at the front who received copies of the first issue of this famous publication. The staff of The War-Whoop have been told many times that the paper was certainly appreciated by the lads in the trenches. If such could be said of previous numbers of the 125th news-sheet, it can be said still more of the Pictorial Edition. Let your friends at the front have a chance to see some familiar old faces among the rank and file of the Battalion by sending copies to them.

A letter of appreciation has been received by the editor of The War-Whoop from Pte. J. W. Pinnell, whose brother—a member of No. 2 Platoon—sent a copy of the initial and other numbers of the paper. The letter follows:

To the Editor of The War-Whoop.

Sir: Just a line from an old Brantford boy in Flanders who has had the pleasure of reading your paper, The War-Whoop. It is fine.

We have a lot of papers printed over here as well, but I do not think there are any better than yours.

My brother sent me one and I sincerely hope that he sends them often. A little more news from home makes us feel a whole lot better.

Well I must ring off now, as I can hear the Dinner Bell ringing.

I remain,

Your brother in arms,

PTE. J. W. PINNELL,

"C" Co., 43rd Battn., C.E.F., France.

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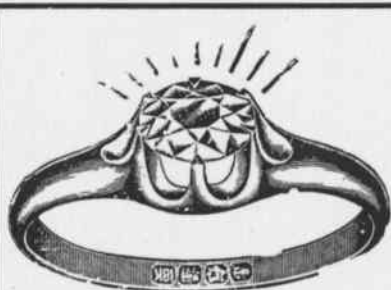
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Battalion News Items

PRESENTATION OF COLORS.

The morning of May 18 witnessed an historic and picturesque event in the career of the 125th Battalion. At Agricultural Park, under somewhat cool climatic conditions, the presentation of the colors, the gift of Mrs. W. F. Cockshutt, took place, the presentation being made by Sir John Hendrie, Lieutenant-governor of Ontario. The Battalion was drawn up in hollow-square formation, and Lieuts. Sheppard and Cognan, the senior subalterns, received the generous gift on behalf of the 125th. Following the presentation and inspection by Col. Hendrie and his aides, the Battalion marched past, each company being greeted with appreciative applause at the hands of

ALL MADE MERRY.

On the following evening, May 19, Lieut.-Col. Cutcliffe, officers, N. C. O.'s and men enjoyed a real frolic at the armories. A dance, under the kindly auspices of the Brant Chapter, I.O.D.E., had been arranged, the hall prettily decorated, and all details excellently arranged for a happy event. Music was supplied by the brass band, under the leadership of Mr. Bartram, and in every respect, the dance was voted a huge success. To the regent and members of the Brant Chapter, the Battalion is deeply indebted, not only for a delightful social evening, but also for the entire receipts of the function, which were turned over to the Battalion.

THE SUMMER CAMP.

Though nothing official has yet been announced, it is now generally accepted that the summer home of the 125th Battalion will be located somewhere in Camp Borden. There, it is announced, the No. 2 district overseas battalions, will be thoroughly trained, obviating the necessity of several added months of training in England, which has been the case with the previous battalions which have left for overseas.

The War-Whoop

IS
 PRINTED

BY
 The
MacBride Press
 Limited

DE TALE

OF DE

BASE

We wish to heartily thank the ladies of the Brant Chapter of the I. O. D. E. for their generous gift to the men of the Base for the part which they took in the recent battalion dance.

Sergt. Sheasby hearing about the big dance at Mohawk Park on the evening of May 24th, sallied forth with bells on for the occasion. On arriving there he was disgusted to find the park looking like a burial ground and after having a very pleasant time while returning home is still thinking nice things about our fair city and its amusement parks.

Martin Donohue took up a collection on May 23. Martin said that the money would be used to buy fireworks for the holiday.

Who caused the argument about the blank file in the formation of fours with eight men?

Investments

\$100 Dominion of Canada War Loan Bonds

Yield about 5¼ per cent.

\$100 Anglo-French War Loan Bonds

Yield about 6 per cent.

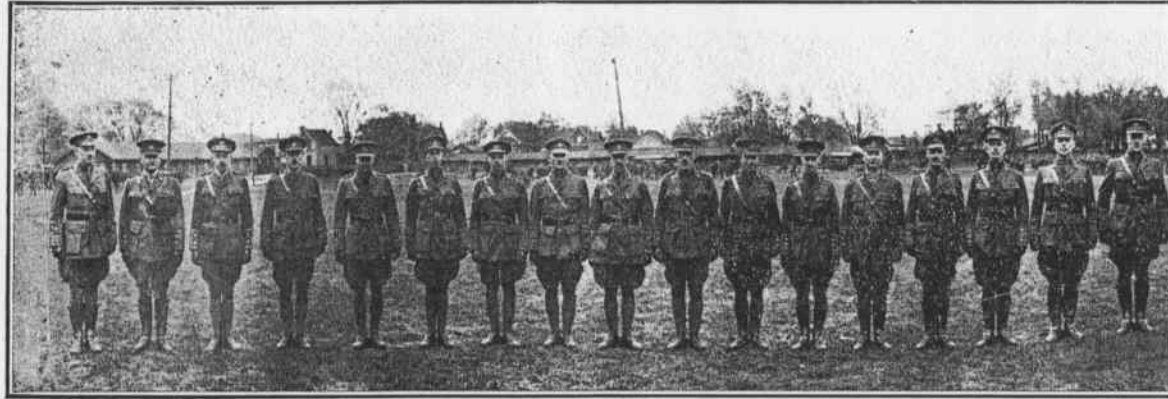
Insurance

See that Your House and Contents are Protected from loss while you are away. We have some interesting figures in Dwelling and Furniture Insurance.

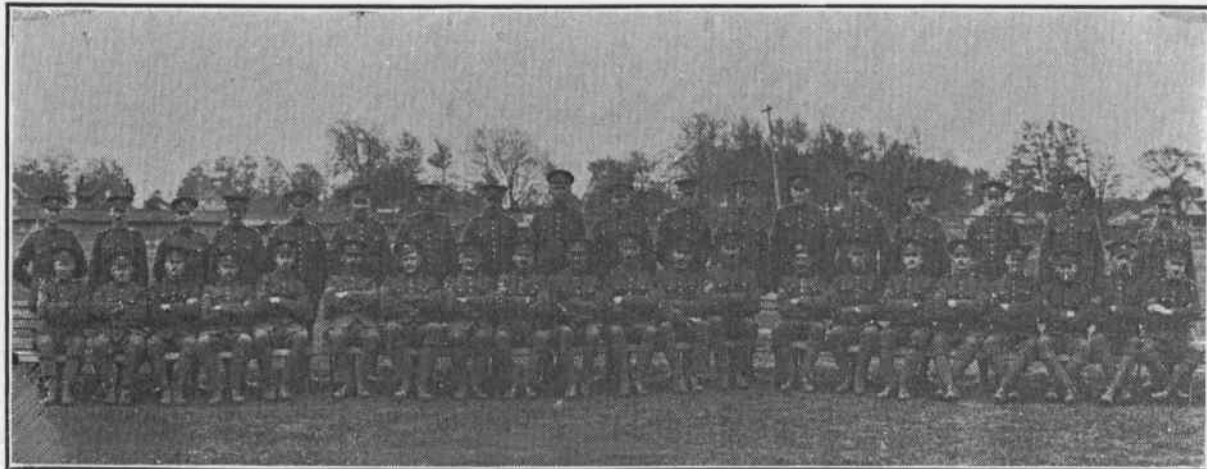
Come in and Talk it Over

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 Temple Building



LIEUT. COL. CUTCLIFF



THE BATTALION'S SERGEANTS

Axe-- The Pioneers

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. Smith: "This book says that married women live longer than single women."

Mr. Smith: "Good Heavens, woman, do try and talk about something pleasant."

Pte. Blank: "Why do you compare my marksmanship with lightning?"

Sergt. Crowley: "Because it never hits in the same place, you boob."



THE PIONEERS

The Pioneers have been busily engaged during the past few weeks in preparing boxes, etc., for the various units, prior to leaving for camp.

Johnny (to his uncle, a professor) — "I say, uncle, the word 'Reviver' spells the same backwards or forwards. Can you think of another that does the same?"

Uncle (looking up from papers angrily): "Tut! Tut!"

Funny Questions about Funny People

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Questions of all kinds are published in this column. Some we can answer and some we can't. Answers from outsiders are at all times welcome. The public are invited to use this column whenever in doubt. Address communications to the EDITOR.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

Sir:—To decide an argument, please tell me, through your valuable paper whether Sergt. Lymburn ever worked for a phonograph company. He seems so full of talk and never seems to run down. Do you think he can really help it, and how? "ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED."

A WALKER TALKER.

Sir:—Is it proper for me to wear slacks and white running shoes of an evening? This will decide many arguments. Also don't you think my voice is handsome? SERGT. CROWLEY.

A QUESTION OF LOVE.

Sir:—The other day when at the Quartermaster stores, I asked the Quartermaster-Sergeant, in a politemanner: "When do you think we will go to camp, Sir"? In a gruff voice he replied: "'Ow the bleetin' 'ell do I know." Mr. Editor, do you think he still loves me, and if not, please advise me how to win his affections. "ANXIOUS."

UNSOLVED.

Sir:—Does the Battalion Sergeant-Major speak Henglish or 'Ebrew? A HIRISHMAN.

A POINTED QUESTION.

Editor:—Please tell me how I can make my moustache wax out at the ends. I twist it every day, but cannot get any results. It looks very foolish at present, and if you can tell me how to remedy this, I shall be truly thankful. C. Q.M.S. BRISCOE.

BASE?

Sir:—Will you please publish a sketch of the musical career of the Battalion Quarter Master Sergeant, and please explain why he has such a harsh gruff voice when speaking, and yet when singing, it is so beautiful? A. WONDERER.

A REAL, GOOD STEW.

Sir:—Will you please print the recipe of a real good stew?
Answer:—Secure one, Archie McCoy. Place in chair and bind hands and legs tightly so there will be no danger of his running away. In the large opening in the face pour one quart bottle of Scotch. Shake well, and to this add one, Pat Powers. Get them stirred up and strain the nerves. Add plenty of beer and six 90 cent flasks. Gin is added in proportion. Set to cool in clinque. FELLOW-SUFFERER.

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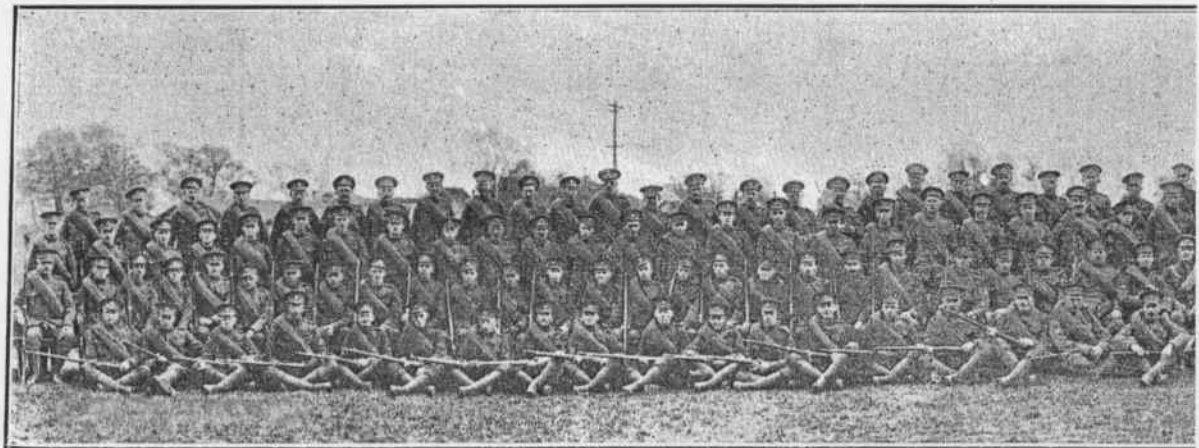
A la Carte Service, 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.
Special Supper, 5 to 7 p.m.

CATERINGS TO PARTIES, DINNERS AND WEDDINGS

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MAJOR SHULTIS



CAPTAIN COCKSHUT

SOME COMPANY---"A"?

Pte. Jim Sumbly had his troubles on Monday while attending the funeral of the late Pte. Deans at Harley. The following conversation took place between Sumbly and a farmer:

"Where is the cemetery from here?"

"Just down the road a piece, right next to Jack Brown's."

"Well, where does Jack Brown live?"

"Just down the road a piece next to the cemetery."

Pte. Fred. Wilson has never told us whether he likes his new life or whether he is sorry for what he has done.

What was Pte. Alf. VanSomeren doing with a pair of lady's white silk gloves in his pocket?

There must be some attraction in Hamilton for the boys of No. 1 Platoon who took the bombing class. They seem so anxious to go again.

Who was the man in "A" Company who went for a ride up Terrace Hill, and trying to be different from everyone else, started riding up a telegraph pole?

Mrs. B.—Gracious, Hubby, your clothes look as though you had slept in them.

Hubby—Well, they're the ones I wore to church last Sunday.

A QUERY.

A Reader has asked the following information of The War-Whoop: "Can you tell me the name of the chicken which Corp. Buskard was chasing through the mud on Terrace Hill recently, and also the name of the lady on Terrace Hill, whom Pte. A. R. Sage does odd jobs for? Does the latter's wife know about it?"

Halt—Stand Easy: "You come to me." Ask No. 1 Platoon.

"How do you sell your limburger cheese?"

"Oh, I don't know, Ma'am—I guess we've just got used to it."

Shopkeeper—"Yes, I want a good useful lad to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

Applicant—"And what becomes of me when the door slams?"

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We can supply you with anything in

Band Instruments

Violins, Mandolins

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TURRUBLE MYSTERY !!

Jessie Jimmie has fallen by the wayside. Nick Carter admits the task is too great for him. As a last resort, two mysterious epistles have been brought into the office of The War Whoop, with the request that the assistance of the battalion be secured to find a solution. The question is, WHO WROTE THE LETTERS? Solutions will be awarded according to their merit by the Machine Gun officer and the Second in Command of "A" Company, to whom the letters were sent. The letters follow.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Dear Tom:

Your loving letter of recent date received. I was so glad to hear from you.

I have longed so much for the day when you will be at camp and near me once again. I saw your people at Grimsby a few days ago, and they are so proud of you, as I am, Tom, dear.

I hope you are being true to me, Tom, for I never think of looking at any other boy. I will hope to see you every night when you come to camp, and you won't be afraid of father like you were before, will you dear? He won't hurt you.

Well, good-bye for just a few days until camp opens and then you will be with me once again.

Yours lovingly,
MARGARET.

Clifton House,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

Dear Charlie:

When are you coming down to Niagara? I do hope that your battalion comes here, for I am longing to see you again. I have arranged to get a job here in a swell restaurant. I was down at Hagersville the other night and met one of the 125th—Woodyette—I think his name was. Was a very nice fellow, but a little forward, I thought.

Now, Charlie, let me know when you are coming and I will keep the very first evening open for you only. I nearly forgot to tell you that I met an old friend of mine the other day—Percy Shultis. I met him years ago at Toronto Island.

He had a handsome chap with him. Peter James was his name. Do you

know them? The James boy had awfully pretty blue eyes.

Your own,

EDITH.

P.S.—I met another man of the 125th—Mr. Saego, but he was like an old Woman. Charlie, ask my old pal, Hugh Livingston, if he remembers that moonlight night on Mohawk Lake two years ago.

E. D.

An Irish soldier had lost his left eye in action, but was allowed to remain in the service on consenting to have a glass eye in its place. Being a typical "absent-minded beggar," he appeared in parade one day minus his "lamp."

"Nolan," said the officer, "you are not properly dressed. Why is your artificial eye not in its proper place?"

"Sure, Sir," replied Nolan, "I left it in my box to keep an eye on my kit while I'm on parade."

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" COMPANY



"C" COMPANY

Dope from the Doctor's Dubs



"Form fours—now do it smartly please, or you will get me into trouble." Who's guilty?

Poor old Red Head has been suffering from a fat jaw lately. Consequently things have been rather quiet the last few days.

Some of the boys thought they were real ball players 'till one day the M. O. came out with us and showed some real stuff.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at the residence of one Pte. Hardusty of the Kilties (134th), May 22. The password for the evening was "Soot and talcum." It was given in honor of Sergt. Moss and bashful Frank seemed more at ease as the evening grew older being seen entertaining a sweet maid on half of the arm chair. His violin as usual was unwell and consequently he could not perform. Altogether we had a good time in spite of the



THE STRETCHER-BEARERS

jealousy arising from the fact that the ladies petted and powdered Bert most of the time. As powder seemed Bert's weakness we will see that he does not pine for the same at camp, as we intend to look after him.

Allotted--- To "B" or not to "B"



During the one fine day that "B" Company were allotted at the Mohawk Ranges, a snappy, scientific game of softball was staged between Platoons 5 and 8. The main feature of this event was the lack of knowledge of the game on the part of Captains James and Wallace and Lieut. Smith. Lieut. Stratford was simply awful, and had it not been for the splendid handling of the game by the Musketry Officer, who acted as umpire, the whole thing would have been a fizzle.

During the route march on Saturday last, "B" Company walked the feet off "A" Company, Platoons 5 and 8, finding themselves in front of No. 3 Platoon on one occasion. What about it, Major?

FOR SALE—A benzine buggy, or will exchange for anything useful, such as a pair of puttees. Apply Lieut. Smith.

Capt. Wallace is enjoying his duties as Battalion Auditor. If anyone has any work along this line he would like done, please bring it in.

Sergt. Crowley offers to shoot anyone in the Battalion for two bits. (With or without a rifle?)

Members of the Battalion will be interested to know that the musketry instructors who examined the papers of the recent N.C.O.'s musketry examination are now considered out of danger. Some of the candidates would be well-advised to obtain and study Musketry Regulations, Part 1. "Be ye therefore prepared for my coming."

A fussy little woman with gold-rimmed glasses and a thoughtful brow got into a tram and took the only unoccupied seat. The man next her evidently had been drinking, and for a while she contented herself with merely sniffing contemptuously at her neighbor, but finally she called up the conductor.

"Conductor," she demanded indignantly, "do you permit drunken persons to ride upon this tram?"

"No, ma'am," replied the official in a confidential whisper. "But don't say a word and stay where you are, ma'am. If you hadn't told me I'd never have noticed you."

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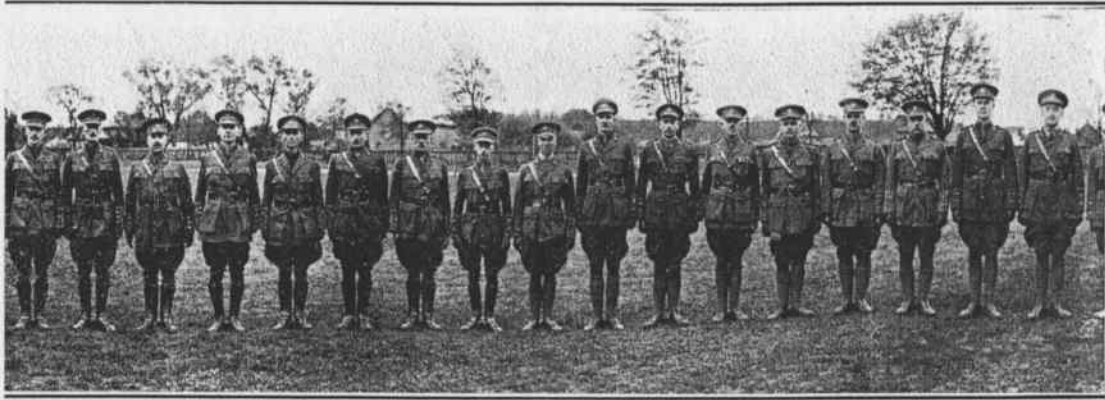
Exponents of Physical Culture

PAULINE FREDERICK in

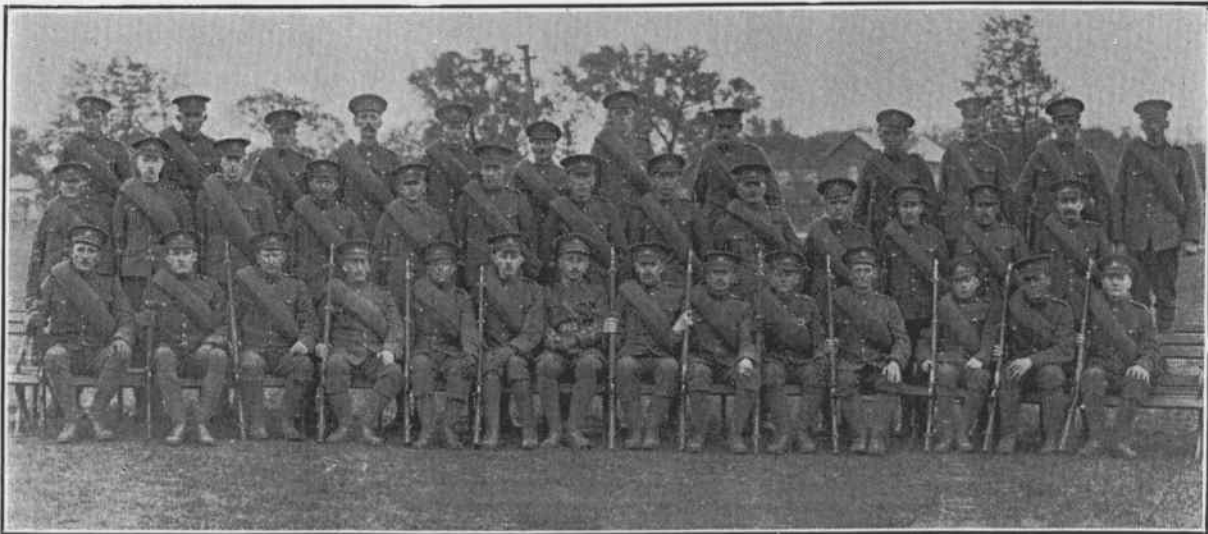
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THE MACHINE GUNNERS

Sheppard's Savage "Colts"

Well! Our long-looked-for machine guns are here and they are of the "Savage-Lewis" type. We are all glad to see them as it makes our work that much more interesting, and we are hard at it now morning, noon and night, digging in to make up for lost time.

The section was glad to hear of the promotion of Sergt. McFarlane and Corp. Wood. They are the pick of the section for the work and are very popular with all the fellows and here's hoping they make good. It is also interesting to note that all our N.C.O.'s are coming out of the ranks of the section.

What's in a name? Maybe not much, but it is more than likely that the good "Sheppard" will always take good care of his "Lambs."

Some of the lance-corporals have got away with these sayings: "'Ipps firms," "'Eels raise," "Keep the 'ollow part of the 'and on the 'ip bone," "Rightwheelquickmarchleft-righturn as you were, come 'ere, where the 'ell are you going," etc.

It isn't every platoon or unit that can boast of a mascot, but you ought to see our "Mayer." It keeps us all busy keeping him out of mischief. He gets feeling his oats at times. In fact, he really seems quite "muleish."



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2 Rings in One

CALL IN AND SEE US

Picked Up From The "C"

No. 11 Platoon had a theatre party on Friday, June 2, followed by a cracking good spread at the Royal Cafe. The guests of honor were Major McLean, Capt. Emmons and Mr. Grobb. Lieut.-Col. Cutcliffe was unfortunately unable to attend. There was quite a sprinkling of men from No. 12 Platoon. Privates Corner and Burton favored the gathering with solos. Lance Corporal Kemp was also present, and while his Scotch songs were greatly appreciated by all, his stick, which had the B.S.M.'s beaten a mile, was the talk of the evening. It was a veritable "Bantam Extinguisher" and rumor has it that it was picked up from a "light" cruiser.

Major McLean spoke in glowing terms of the accomplishments of No. 11 at the ranges, they having at one time headed the lists in musketry. Mr. Grobb spoke with pride of the way in which No. 11 was progressing—thanks largely to his early training of the platoon. He also told us something which perhaps should not be divulged here as it is a military secret, but should it pass the censor, it would surely interest all. Mr. Grobb told us that Major McLean informed him confidentially on Friday evening that we should be going to camp for sure, by the middle of July but he was not quite certain as to which July was meant.

Mr. Wallace then spoke of the doings of THE platoon. He said that as the boys 'saw and heard' him quite a bit, he would not say very much. What was the meaning of the smiling and whispering at this juncture. Can any of the boys explain? Perhaps Ptes. R. Mayes and Armstrong can enlighten us.

Patronize the ADVERTISERS Who Patronize Us.

As It Is Written

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT is:
Thou shalt challenge all persons approaching thee.

THE SECOND COMMANDMENT is:
Thou shalt not send any likeness of any airship in the heavens above or any postcard of the earth beneath, or any drawings of the submarines in the water beneath the earth, for I, the Censor, am a jealous Censor, visiting the iniquities of the offenders with three months C. B. and showing mercy unto thousands who keep my commandments by letting their letters go free.

THE THIRD COMMANDMENT is:
Thou shalt not use any profane language, except under extraordinary circumstances, such as seeing your comrade shot or getting petrol in your tea.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT is:
Remember the soldier's work consists of seven days. Six days shalt thou work and do all thy labor and on the seventh day do all the odd jobs.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT is:
Honor thy King and Country. Shoot straight that thy days may be long upon the land that the enemy giveth thee. Keep your rifle well oiled.



THE BATTALION BUGLERS

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT is:
Thou shalt not kill—TIME.

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT is:
Thou shalt not adulterate thy mess tin by using it for a shaving mug.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT is:
Thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's kit.

THE NINTH COMMANDMENT is:
Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy officer, of whatever race or color he may be, but preserve a discreet silence as to his comings in and goings out.

THE TENTH COMMANDMENT is:
Thou shalt not covet thy sergeant's post, nor thy corporal's, nor thy staff-major's, but by dint of perseverance rise to the high position of field marshal.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT is:
Thou shalt love thy comrades of whatever race or color they may be, but thou shalt hate the Germans as thou dost hate.

"HELL"
THE TWELFTH COMMANDMENT is:
Thou shalt obey thy superior officer's commands upon all occasions except when thy wishes are to do otherwise.

Don't Take A Chance

In the matter of selecting your wearing apparel this summer. Conditions are such that it is mighty hard thing to buy fast color fabrics and the market is flooded with inferior substitutes.

To be sure of fast color, all-wool cloths, thoroughly shrunk and Tailored to permanently keep their shape, buy a Twentieth Century Brand Suit, Tailor Made in stock sizes, all models, or to your measure.



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Mellor's Water? Melons

Our softball team have been expecting replies to our challenge. Platoons or units please take notice. Bugler Mulligan is captain.

The bugle calls are not played as smartly as they will be when the boys get more confident but they are still played a great deal smarter than some platoons can fall in.

Bugler Creasser, not being satisfied with losing nine dollars and his bugle mouth-piece, had to lose the band-room door key. Now, Willie, does that door key fit your boarding house door key?

Brantford has always had a good bugle band and the citizens can rest assured that the 125th bugle band will carry honors wherever it goes.

D — "D" Coy.

"D" Company will soon be represented at the front by Pte. S. Meadowcroft, who left us to join the 4th Divisional Ammunition Sub Park.

Young lady to Pte. Ford of No. 13 Platoon at the dance: "Show me your wrist watch, kid?" Exit young lady and also the wrist watch.

Pte. W. Mason, alias the Australian bush whacker, claims the title of chief cook of D. Co. "Gol blimme," says he, "I worked on a barge for three years as a dish wash."

Pte. Marlatt had better be provided with a towel the next time he happens to be on the carpet.

Pte. Allen of Brant Theatre fame, and Co'y Sergt.-Major Miller will wrestle for the company championship shortly.

No. 15 Platoon held a very enjoyable evening on May 25 in the form of a theatre party and supper. Meeting at eight o'clock, all proceeded to the Brant theatre where the program was enjoyed to the fullest extent. Later at the Tea Pot Inn they did full justice to a hearty feed, after which an impromptu program was thoroughly enjoyed.

Sergt. Lymburn, acting as chairman, called the party to order and toasts to the King, the Battalion, the Company and the Platoon were proposed and heartily responded to. Songs were sung by the following: Corp. Elliott, Sergt. Lymburn, Ptes. Harding and Macconnichie. Ad-

resses were made by Lieut. Slemin and C. S. M. Miller. At an early hour in the morning the party broke up, and all expressed their feelings by three cheers for the King.

The members of our Company were greatly interested in a lavish display of disputatious oratory given by Corp., the Rev. Albert E. Elliott, and Lance Corp. Brigadier-General Grayham (Wheat) Cessford Peters during the dinner hour at the ranges. The extensiveness of their vocabularies was positively appalling. During this period the audience composed mostly of guileless nonsophisticated minds sat spellbound under the outpourings of the torrential eloquence.

P. S.—"Our" vocabulary not being extensive we had to use the dictionary.

"What would the Methodist Conference think if they knew I was selling tickets for our dance, and moreover what would they think if they knew that I was at the dance, and still more what WOULD they SAY if they SAW me dancing to those rag time melodies?"

(Signed) CORP. REV. _____

And by the way I must confess that the "Corp." sure could step around.

Pte. Dawson (?) was heard complaining about the C. B. he received and was explaining it in the following way: "You know that every man loses his name when he joins the army and is given a number to replace it. For instance, my number is 399 and as you know there are a

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good many things in the army that you never did before and never want to do again. For instance I have got to go to church and the other Sunday while at service the chaplain called out No. 399—"Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?" and I'll be d— if I didn't get five days for giving him a civil answer."

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Signallers' "Toc"

"Scotty" Angus and McDougal found some girl-guides in Paris who could read Morse life fun, but as the boys were not chaperoned the guides left them alone, although they said that they preferred a "chaperone" to a chaperone any time.

Lt. Thorburn and Sergt. Pocock have gained considerable knowledge and put their patience to a test, in the Paris Library. The knowledge was gained by reading every magazine and paper in the place during their tedious stay. The information received that the librarian did not quit work until 10 o'clock, and then she had another engagement.



HEADQUARTERS SIGNALLERS

Scent by the Scouts

A new genius has come to light in the section in the person of Scout Rand. Naturalist Pte. Eccles thinks he is some footballer and Ireland is a champion fisherman (to hear him tell it), but nobody has anything on Rand for bird-nesting.

Lc.-Corp. Latermoule, who evidently intends to transfer to the transport, was practicing on an antique plug recently, when the animal got obstroculous (which being translated means Slabberogoolious) and pitched him out on his dome.

The Scout Section has been blessed by the addition of the celebrated Sergt. Lee, after all the units in existence have been clamouring for his services. Besides possessing a beautiful figure, Sergt. Lee speaks three languages fluently: English, Hindustane, and Profane, and it seems that he will make a valuable asset.

Our champion Lady-Kill-r, Scout Wingham, has taken a job in the farm for a few weeks where material is abundant. Having become overburdened with funds, Wingham has had a nice new uniform made to measure, and when he returns he is sure to leave a trail of broken hearts. (Sobs upon sobs.)

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