

A LITTLE CELEBRATION.

ON September 17th, the battalion celebrated the second anniversary of its arrival in France by a banquet given under the generous shelter of the beeches at —. It was a jolly spread and particularly appealing to those who had known the unforgivable repetition of Mulligan in the line.

In the after-glow, as we benevolently regarded each other through the circling fumes of cigar smoke, it felt good to be alive and one of so happy a gathering. Colonel Daly, in his quiet and direct way, spoke simply of the battalion's past, his pride in its achievements and his great hopes and faith in its future conduct in the winding up of the War. There was a fine pride in his eyes as he spoke, and his words carried a certain vibrant conviction. During the remainder of the evening his personality was never more happily expressed nor felt than in his untiring efforts to give every one a good time.

In replying to the toast to the guests, Major Steele spoke feelingly of his association with the battalion. Although the spirit of the battalion was felt and shared by all, there were all too few present of the originals, and those whose intimacy with the battalion had been long and vital. Still, those few were men to be proud of. They were soldiers tried and proved in the furnace heat of battle; men of strong deeds, of quick thought and action, keenly alive to the urgency of the moment, yet withal they retained their boyishness and simplicity of bearing. The Adjutant, Major Taunton, had, by his unfailing courtesy and consideration to all ranks, won a regard that was sincere and lasting; and, acknowledging Major Riley, he spoke of that gallant officer's long influence in the far-flung fame of the City of Winnipeg Battalion. One saw in it the result of a splendid foresight. The key to the battalion's many successes was that which is the essential element in any undertaking—a thorough preparation, a fine determination, the will to win and a firm belief in ultimate victory. When the "Silent Toast" was drunk more than one eye turned in quiet acknowledgement to Captain Combe, of the Chinese Battalion, who is a brother of our late brother officer, Lieut. Robert Combe, V.C.

As to the subsequent proceedings Truth is inclined to hide her face in modesty. Suffice it to say that the French woods rang with "the shouts and laughter of our humour." Who will ever forget the gentle grace of our impromptu two steps, or the refreshing abandon with which we danced the Highland fling. But the waltz was very popular that night, and though the absence of "lady friends" was sadly deprecated, we managed very well. By the way, we congratulate our O.C. on his waltzing. To see him and Colonel Homer Dixon stepping a lively measure was a sight for the gods.

Though we Gaby-glided and fox-trotted far into the night, our amusements were not entirely confined to this form of revelry. For instance, Mr. Abbey Coo's imitation of a circus manager spiling to an apathetic audience was so realistic as to leave us in some doubt as to the real nature of his business before the War. Then the wonderful performance at the piano by dear Petrie. He left rather too much to the imagination, but on the whole displayed remarkable ability for one so young.

Mr. Darling—known to fame as "Raspinorious Bill"—refreshed our memories with the exploits of one "Gunga Din." He also refreshed—but no, I must not digress too much. I merely want to say that when he got to that touching but emphatic line "But of all the drinks I've drunk—" his face took on a look of reminiscent delight, and he almost forgot poor old Gunga Din.

Not for nothing has Major Stinson been referred to as a Gatling Gun. Let the party flag for a minute and his electric energy at once came into play. But there came a time when even his fire grew dim and the Unquenchable Dorey took the lead in a jolly little rag that put an end to the evening.

But when "O Canada" was played all recklessness fell from the tone and every eye saw but a vision of its own, and a minute later, with every man standing straight and steady as the most exacting Commander could desire, the band played "God Save the King."



KING SOLOMON: "You're a cute little thing. Where do you live?"
 "I'm one of your Majesty's wives."
 "I thought your face looked familiar"—Life.