

OUR ABSENT CHUMS.

S.-Sgt. Calder and Sgt. Lovett are both doing fine at "Somewhere-in-the-Mud," and judging from the tone of their letters there is more mud than anything else.

Pte. Clyde Rutherford, or better known as "Canada's Coming Cartoonist," has left us for the land where the Maple Leaf flourishes. He carries with him the best wishes of his many chums here, who trust his experiences gained at Shorncliffe will prove of lasting value in his new life.

Pte. C. Morrison, otherwise "Charles," has gone on command to Ramsgate. May he find the climate warmer there. "Gee!

It's c-c-cold!" was his favourite early morning expression here.

The "Bhoys" of No. 2 Truck Section were all sorry to part with their old pals, Ptes. Gugan and Beattie, who have left to do their bit on the Railroads of Sunny France.

Pte. L. E. Force has left this depot for Brighton. The merry tunes he gave us on his violin will long be remembered.

Pte. J. J. Vos has departed for Shoreham-on-Sea. "Vot is dis," he exclaimed one night when he found a poker tied to his big toe. We trust his slumbers in his new abode will in no way be disturbed by mischievous nocturnal visitors.

HOME FOR TEN DAYS.

Soldiers' Arrival at Victoria Station, "Daily Mail."

Now then, my lads, hats off to Mr.
Forster,
On gladdened hearts this Christmas
leave will fall,
Farewell to "Mars" awhile and "Roll
Call Roster,"
For ten days heed ye not "Reveille Call."

M.P.'s who represent the British Nation,
Received the notice with resounding
cheers,
And every morning at Victoria Station,
Hurrah! for merry smiles and heartfelt
tears.

Mothers embracing sons and babies
their Daddy,
All re-united after months, perhaps,
Let him be Cockney, Taffy, Jock, or
Paddy,
We'll welcome all the bunch, these
husky chaps.

What does it matter if the weather's rot-
ten,
Dreams realised that we at home did
weave,
The bitter cold and fog are clean forgot-
ten,
These are our heroes, warriors home on
leave.

Spectres fade of voyage in cabin stuffy,
When Fathers, Mothers, Sweethearts,
Wives, and Chums,
Are bringing tea and coffee from the
buffet,
The soddened air with glad rejoicings
hums.

They'll cheer the hearts at fireside nook
and corner,
In England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wild
Wales,
Of many a sad, forlorn, and lonely
mourner,
Who prayed for them and Jack in Win-
ter's gales.

What of the mate he left back in the
trenches,
What sort of Christmas, think you this
for him,
Who there with frozen hands his rifle
clenches?
Yes! truly at these thoughts our eyes
grow dim.

And pictures rise of many a lonely grave,
A greater sacrifice than this no man can
give,
Let Christmas bells toll requiems for the
brave,
O'er those that gave their all that
we might live.

Pte. Harold King, C.A.S.C.