

## SERGEANTS' MESS XMAS DINNER.

A Xmas Dinner was held in the Sergeants' Mess on the evening of the 26th December, and was a great success. The Mess room was suitably decorated for the occasion and reminded one of "home" rather than "active service."

There was a full attendance of Members of the Mess, which was ably presided over by our Sergeant-Major, J. P. McIntosh (W.O.), and all sat down to an excellent feast, which reflected great credit on the Committee in charge of the arrangements (Staff Sergeants Keith and Watts, and Sergeant Shadwell).

The menu provided was of an extensive character and included all the dainties one could wish for, these were put up in first class style by the Chef-Corporal, L. H. Mansell and his band of assistants. Amongst the waiters at table, it would be an injustice to single out anyone in particular for special praise, but mention might be made of Corporal Seear of the Motor Transport, who was most assiduous in his attention to the needs of the party.

During the course of the evening we had the pleasure of the company of our esteemed O.C., Lt.-Colonel E. B. Hardy, and his brother officers. Our O.C. gave us a very stirring address as to the way in which we carried out our duties during the past year, as well as pointing out one or two little things we had neglected to do.

Major J. J. Fraser in a short speech dwelt on facts which tended to show the good feeling which existed between the Officers and Sergeants of this unit.

Captain Fox, our Quartermaster, gave us one or two of his famous "stories," which caused considerable amusement.

The usual Toasts of an occasion of this sort were received and well honoured. A number of songs and speeches were given by the members of the Mess and a very successful evening was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

## EYE-WITNESS.

## CORPORALS' XMAS DINNER.

War had no terror with the Corporals of No. 2 Field Ambulance at the Xmas and New Year's festivities. Jollity and mirth prevailed throughout. On Xmas Eve they sat down to a table filled with luxuries, the party were highly honoured by the presence of our popular O.C., Colonel Hardy, and our genial Quartermaster, Captain Fox. After a hardy tuck in, drinkables were passed around and one and all did credit by them. Our O.C. having proposed the toast of the King and Royal Family, a sing-song and free and easy took place.

The evening passed all too quick and one and all had a great time, the evening broke up with the singing of the National Anthem.

New Year's festivities were on the same lines, and the evening was one of sing-song and speeches. Major Fraser, who kindly graced the table by his presence, amused the boys by his witty speech and his top-notch song. The usual toasts were drunk with musical honours, and great credit is due to those who worked so hard to make both nights such a successful issue. The company dispersed in the early hours of the more happy and bright.

## WHAT WELL-KNOWN MEN DO NOT SAY.

Paymaster.—Don't be afraid to come and see me at any time you need any money.

Sergeant-Major.—Seeing that it is too cold these mornings there will be no need to shave.

Quartermaster-Sergeant.—During these cold nights rum will be issued each night.

Staff-Sergeant.—Who wants a green envelope?

A.D.M.S.—Everything lovely.

Captain L.—Who cares who is senior?

Captain B.—Keep the change.

Padre D.—I am going to R.E. farm.

Hospital M.O.—We are glad to have you, can you stay a month?

The Dentist.—I love my work.

Captain J.—ff.—I have ceased to write.

Captain F.—Take two.

Captain Dix.—Don't be afraid to ask for repairs.

Captain O'H.—French dogs are cheap.

Interp.—You owe nothing to-day.

## Royal Grenadiers to the Women of Canada.

[From a Canadian paper distributed in Toronto.]

In addressing these few remarks exclusively to the women of the country it is to be understood that we have arrived at that period of the struggle where we realise the utter futility of recruiting meetings.

The men who have as yet failed to join the Colours will not be influenced by any eloquence from any platform.

THE REASON: The man we are trying to reach is the man who will never listen and the man who never for a moment considers the remarks as applicable to himself.

AND SO NOW WE APPEAL TO THE WOMEN—THE WOMEN WHO ARE THE MAINSPRING OF ALL MASCULINE ACTION.

In the First Division of the C.E.F. we swept up the young manhood of the country. In the first enthusiasm we secured the cream of the country, in the men who flocked to the Colours taking thought of neither yesterday or tomorrow.

At the second call men were stopping to calculate and hesitate. Since then the hesitation has developed into stagnation. Men who see a desperate winter ahead are joining the Colours and a few others, the remainder are deadwood.

THE REASON: Firstly, the man who prefers to allow others to fight for him, so that he may pursue a comfortable occupation, preserve his youth, be safe from danger, and explain to his friends that he would gladly join the Colours could he obtain a commission—and yet takes no steps towards that end. Second: The man who is influenced by the selfish

Congratulations to the undermentioned Non-Commissioned Officers on their well-deserved promotions:—

Lance-Sergeant E. B. Rogers, to Sergeant  
Corporal W. Parmenter, to Lance-Sergeant.  
Lance-Corporal H. Swann, to Corporal.

maternal appeal either from mother or wife. Third: The man who claims that his business would go to pieces without him, but is satisfied to let others throw away life and youth to sustain that business. Fourth: The others—call them what you may.

## AND NOW MY APPEAL TO WOMEN.

You entertain these wretched apologies in your homes. You accept their donations, their theatre tickets, their flowers, their cars. You go with them to see the troops parade. You foully wrong their manhood by encouraging them to perform their parlour tricks while Europe is burning up. While Canada is in imminent danger of suffering the same, were it not for the millions who are cheerfully enduring the horrors and privations of bloody warfare for the millions who stay at home watching the war pictures, and drinking tea.

Bar them out, you women, refuse their invitations, scorn their attention. For the love of Heaven, if they won't be men, then you be women. Tell them to come in uniform, no matter how soiled or misfitting, bar out the able-bodied man who has no obligations, show that you despise him. Tell him to join the Colours, while he can do so with honour. And the day is not far off when he will have to go. The Old Mother has issued the last call to her sons.

Make your son, your husband, your lover, your brother, join now, while he yet retains the remnants of honour. Compulsory training is in the offing. Get the apologist, the weakling, the mother's pet, into the service. Weed out all, and we will find out who are the cowards. Analyse your friends you women, refuse their attention, and tell them why. Make them wake up.

## THE KING CALLS—GOD BLESS HIM.

Join the Royal Grenadiers, Overseas Battalion, 123rd C.E.F.

## Here and There

*Little bursts of laughter, little shafts of wit—  
If it's jokes you're after, these are simply "it."*

Who said that N. 2 F.A. hasn't any talent?

What about a certain Major that we have who says that "It is nice to get up in the morning," to practice singing? "Some" phrase, eh!

Who is the man who washed himself with a shaving brush?

Said a certain Staff-Sergeant in charge of dressing station. "How many units did you say, Sir? 10,000?"

How did our master cook escape from the Germans? In the first place, how did he get up so near to their lines?

## Heard in the Dental Parlour.

"What's your trouble?"

"Toothache!"

"Let's look. Say, I will have to pull it out."

"I don't want it pulled out."

"You don't, eh! Good morning. Next please."

Who is the cook who strained the tea instead of the potatoes? They say his name is—well, never mind.

Say, there was some "dust-raising" when our advanced dressing station was shelled. Of course, we didn't all have time to take cover in shell holes.

Who gets the V.C. for saving the rum jar when the above-mentioned took place?

Have you heard yet of the "shining lights" in A. section?

Medical Orderly from the —th Battalion: "Have you any Iodine ampoules?"

N.C.O. in charge of Hospital: "Yes, ample."

I am sorry to say the N.C.O. still lives.

*If the sergeants steal your rum, never mind,*

*And he puts you on the bum, never mind,*

*He's entitled to a tot, but takes the blessed lot,*

*And he doesn't care a jot, never mind.*

Has our new Sergeant-Major wet his stripes yet? He's Scotch, too, you know.

Can anyone tell us what "S.R.D." on the rum jar stands for? One man remarked that it stood for "soldiers' rum diluted."

It is about time we cut out the remarks about rum in the "Splint Record." Of course, there will be more issues of the "Splint Record" than issues of rum.

Who is our senior compounder now?

Who is it who insisted in getting up all the time at the Sergeants' New Year Dinner to "say a few words." And every time he opened his mouth he put his foot in it?

We have a "budding" Bud Fisher in our unit. What price the comic section in this issue? Instead of calling them the Gold Dust Twins he ought to call them the "Busy B's."

Who was the brilliant mind that suggested that if the Sergeants put their heads together we might have a first-class wooden floor for the cookhouse?

Who was the aspiring individual who hoped to fill the Padre's pants?

## Heard in the Dental Clinic.

Patient (whose mouth was sadly in need of a tooth brush): "What kind of powder would you recommend me to use?"

Dental Sergeant (with thorough knowledge of high explosives): "Gunpowder."

Medical Officer: "What is the result, orderly, when a patient's temperature goes down as far as it can?"

Orderly: "Why—er—he gets cold feet."

## Heard in a Certain Orderly Room.

"He ought to drop dead for the awful lies he's telling," said the prisoner excitedly, listening to the N.C.O.'s version of the case.

"Don't say that," admonished the Colonel.

"He ought," repeated the prisoner.

"Don't say that again!" warned the Colonel.

"Well, I won't; but he ought!"

If the Scotchman who is responsible for the most unearthly sounds being heard around the Postal Department when practising on his fife would not make a better job of it with the bagpipes?