

OPEN LETTER.

Fate is unkind, and the work of editing even so small a journal as ours is not all honey. The Censor will not allow certain articles, one is not allowed to mention casualties in any shape or form, and we must bow our heads in silent grief to those of our boys called Home, and names must be left unmentioned. Wounded men we hope to soon welcome in our midst.

Articles have been handed in by the score, and good articles, too, but space is not unlimited, and perforce some will not, in this issue, see the light of day. Writers will not think they are slighted because they are 49ers, and they know that their efforts are appreciated.

In the body of the magazine one will find an article on "Our Sing-Songs." We have had three, and hope to have many more. Those we had we greatly enjoyed. The audiences were large, all things considered, but what was lacking in numbers was made up for in good cheer and general comradeship. All the officers of the staff were present and shedding their "august majesty," which is so necessary on active service, and thoughts donned the service tunic of the "ranker." Each time a programme of from seventeen to twenty-two items was handed to the boys, and all went without a hitch, even to the rum ration afterwards. The artists' names cannot be mentioned owing to lack of space, but one and all are thanked for their excellent efforts.

John L. Ward.

Two Irishmen arranged to fight a duel with pistols. One of them was distinctly stout, and when he saw his lean adversary facing him he raised an objection. "Bedad!" he said, "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me." "Be easy now," replied his second. "I'll soon put that right." Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he drew lines down the stout man's coat, leaving a space between them. "Now," he said, turning to the other man, "fire away, ye spalpeen, and remimber that any hits outside that chalk line don't count."

A PARABLE.

1. In the days of Georgius Rex, when Wilhelm the Butcher ruled the Hun, there lived in the far lands a certain ruler.

2. Now there was born unto him a son, and he gave a great feast unto the people, and there were great rejoicings.

3. Then many prophets and seers came and made obeisance to him. And each spake as he was minded of the excellent gifts which should come to the child, and one said: "Behold how strong a child he is; he will grow in strength, and become a mighty man of war."

4. Another said: "See his beautiful face and well-shaped limbs; he will be called 'Handsome,' and will win laurels at the great games."

5. And the third prophet said: "Verily he will succeed, for he hath a great head, and his thoughts even now teem with wisdom; he will become first among men."

6. And yet another said: "Behold how he weareth his apparel; it setteth well upon him, even unto the tilt of his cap. Yea, all the women speak well of him."

7. And in like manner so spake they all.

8. But a certain wise man lifted up his voice and said: "My brethren, restrain your praises, be not too previous. We have prophesied many things of this child; it is therefore meet that we should train him in the way, so that he may fulfil all these things which ye have spoken concerning him. Neither must anything be lacking. Therefore see ye to it.

9. "Otherwise the lad will become a waster, and both you and he laughing-stocks unto our enemies. And they will stand at the corners of the street and in the marketplace, pointing at him and saying:

10. "Behold the mighty, the handsome man, where is his beautiful face, where are his well-shaped limbs? How, oh! how are the mighty fallen!

11. "See to it, therefore, that he groweth up even as ye hath said, and thus shall he win the good opinion of all and bring great credit unto his tribe."

12. Now the name of this child is "Phaughtynyne."

Selah. Amen.

Pte. SANDILANDS, "C" Company.