

the fact that we are human, possessing man's primal passions, we can neither forgive nor forget. The time has gone by when such expressions carried weight—to offer or even tolerate them to-day demonstrates a weakness which is inconsistent as well as harmful to our cause. "Peace on earth" can never be truly amplified until such time as the bar sinister to the world's peace has been completely swept away; and 'goodwill to men' will remain a mockery while the spirit of militarism rides rampant.

Let us put to ourselves this query: Do we miss from our ranks to-day any comrades, or brothers, who were with us a year ago? The question is answered in less time than it can be put! Some are prisoners in an enemy country, others are maimed for life, and many have "gone West." A mental retrospect brings back vividly the faces of men and boys we loved, admired, and were proud to stand with on the battlefield in the supreme test of manhood.

With Ypres still a poignant memory, can we afford or even dare to forget the record of the past year? Hatred breeds hatred, and while British blood runs in our veins we cannot but hope for the day that will bring us closer to a final reckoning with the fiends who with poisoned gas murdered our brothers and comrades at Ypres and elsewhere. In Service's words we would say:—

Pay us.
Long and heavy is the score."

And we are less than men, and unworthy the name of comrades, if we forget our indebtedness—to ourselves and to the dead!

"Peace on earth . . . Goodwill to men." What a mockery in terms—under prevailing conditions! Let those who are of an eligible age and yet seek the security of England or of Canada speak of peace on earth! Let those who have no knowledge of German barbarism dilate on "goodwill to men!" Ours is the sterner task. The spilling of the blood of comrades may have embittered our hearts, but it has also clarified our vision and brought home to us our responsibilities. We in the field cannot (even if we desired) rid ourselves of that responsibility. Nor can we shift the burden on to other shoulders. Before Ypres we were here to fight for what we deemed to be the right; now we shall exact heavy toll for each life that has been taken, and for every drop of Canadian blood that has been spilt in France or Flanders. *It is our own quarrel now.*

"Save us from our Friends."

Let not any man who has never slept out on a cold December night try to stop the issue of rum to the troops this winter. It is little enough they get, a couple of mouthfuls each perhaps, but what warmth and cheer there is in that little drop, taken when the man, tired after his night's work, lays himself down to sleep, wrapped in his overcoat, on the frost-bitten ground.—"A Subaltern," in *The Times*.

THERE is only one fault to be found with the foregoing extract from *The Times*—it is put far too mildly. We are urged to make a comment on the Canadian soldiers' rum issue by the fact that the daily "tot" has recently been cut down from 14 gallons to 12 gallons per battalion, the latter comprising approximately 1,050 men; and by the fact that an anti-rum manifesto, signed by 65,000 women, was

Re Mailing the "Gazette."

Readers who wish to mail the *Gazette* to Britain or Canada will find that the best plan is to use one of the square envelopes that can be obtained in any store where picture postcards are sold. Fold the *Gazette* twice and it will be found to fit these envelopes perfectly. By adopting this method the *Gazette* will reach your friends in a clean condition.

The *Gazette* can be obtained at the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Infantry Brigade, Y.M.C.A.'s, and is also on sale at the Soldiers' Institute, Baillieu.

recently submitted to the Ministry of Militia by the Canadian Women's Christian Temperance Union. These two occurrences may have been purely coincidental—or they may not. Sufficient to us soldiers to know that, presumably on account of certain pressure by parties in Canada, our rum ration, never more than two tablespoonfuls, has been considerably curtailed.

Now, whether our friends at home know it or not, anything in the nature of an army ration is issued as food and as a NECESSITY. Before an issue of rations of any kind is decided upon, the nutritive value of such rations is discussed at length by a board appointed for that purpose, its *personnel* being men specially qualified to adjudicate upon such subjects. After this Board has decided upon the inclusion in the army list of a certain ration, the latter becomes a matter upon which the commanders of units, with the assistance of regimental medical officers, are best able to judge and speak.

As a sort of "makeshift" for the reduction of the rum ration, it is proposed that (as was the case last winter) pea-soup should be issued bi-weekly, viz., on Sundays and Thursdays. What happened to the pea-soup issue last winter? It was issued as a "dry ration," and in most cases it was THROWN OVER THE PARAPET. For it must be remembered that in the trenches, generally speaking, there is no provision for cooking pea-soup on such an extensive scale as would be necessary if the men are to get the full benefits of the food. Perhaps our friends in Canada will learn with surprise that it is frequently impossible to light fires in the front trenches; to do so is often to endanger the safety of an entire platoon.

But what can our friends who have never been in France or Flanders know of prevailing conditions? Secure in the possession of healthy homes, with all the little conveniences that spell comfort, what can they be expected to know of trenches where the mud reaches the armpits, of dug-outs that are often shelters only in name, and of similar discomforts? What do they know of the physical strain of days and nights of alternate watch and toil, of hours spent on guard, or the solitude and danger of "listening posts?" And, not knowing these things, how is it possible for them to speak with conviction of the physical needs of the men who have elected to endure such discomforts at the risk of their lives. And, incidentally, we are asked to believe that these home-made "reforms" have been designed for our material comfort and well-being!

Apparently, the idea prevalent in Canada is that, like the wine served *ad libitum* to the Austrian troops, rum is kept perpetually on tap, and that all one has to do is to go over and help oneself. The commanding officers and doctors should be best able to judge the physical needs of the men; and it seems to us to savor of impertinence for outsiders to dictate, by suggestion or other means, the extent or nature of the stimulants to be served to the Canadian troops on active service.

Oh, will no one save us from our friends?

December Parcel Mail.

ANY decision regarding the delivery, &c., of mail by the British postal authorities is of vital interest to Canadians at the Front. Statistics go to prove that the average Canadian is a prolific letter-writer—much more so, indeed, than his Imperial brother,