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**Wishing all our Readers, both AT HOME and IN THE FIELD,
A Happy Christmas and a Joyous New Year.**

EDITORIAL.

SALVE.

We must apologise to our kind readers for the long period which elapsed between the publication of our third and this our fourth issue of N.Y.D. However, we trust that they will favour us with their generous indulgence on account of the varied work which we have been performing.

In this message we would speak of the season which has again come around, that of Christmas, the time when the newly-born Saviour brought into the world His message of Peace and Good Will. The realisation of this seems somewhat distant just now, still we all hope, we all work, and we all pray, that it may not be so far off as appearances would indicate. The Army has been fighting wonderfully under most trying conditions, losses there have been, losses there must be, but the spirit permeating the whole remains undaunted and unimpaired. In view of the important gains, there is great reason for being optimistic, the glorious end may come sooner than we all expect.

Something else also has frequently come to our notice, which is most inspiring. Those who have most reason to feel sad over the present war, those often who have lost their nearest and dearest, are the ones who make the sacrifice most nobly. Mothers who have lost their sons, although their hearts are breaking, accept in silence the trial with which Providence has visited them, and thank Heaven that the Cause was so worthy. Oh! these wonderful mothers, are they not an example to us all, an impetus to do what is noblest and best, to endure uncomplainingly the hardships of battle. Then the ones at home, fathers and mothers and the rest, they all think of us, but we also think of them, our absence in the Field has not in any way diminished our affection, rather has it been strengthened, purified in the crucibles of conflict, so to speak. And when we return, if we be so fortunate, we will do so with a heart full of love and gratitude, appreciating to a greater extent the solace and comfort of family life.

But we ramble, already the few lines have become quite many. We extend heartiest greetings to all our friends, may Christmas be to them a joyous one, in the satisfaction of duty well-done, and may the New Year be a happy one, in the prospect of 1917 realizing a permanent and abiding Peace.

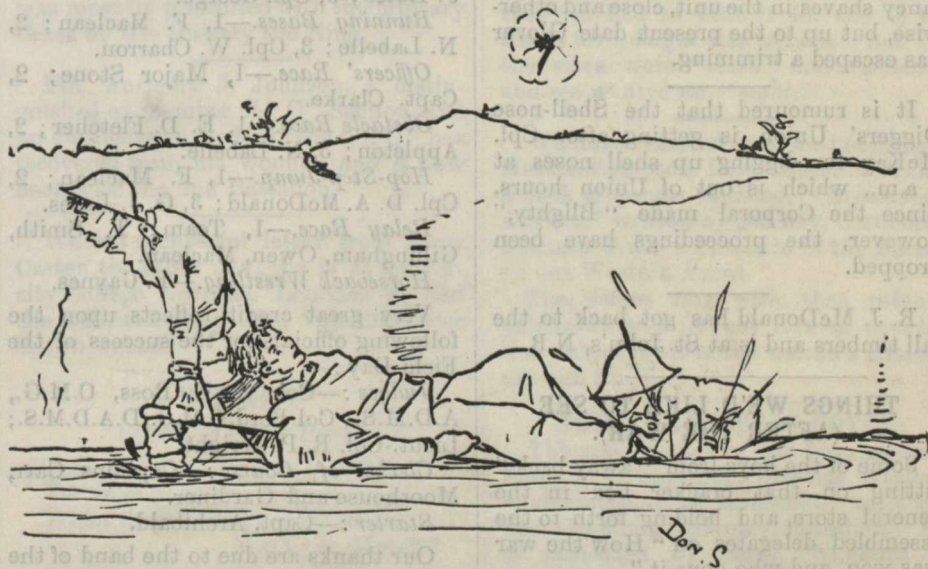
CENTURION.

AMPOULES.

Know the latest cure for homesickness? Walk along the railway track and kid yourself you're counting the ties on the good old C.P.R. once more. It's great!!!

The chaps who tinkers with bombs about which he knows nothing, is first cousin to the gink who used to rock the boat in piping times of peace.

A recruiting officer in Montreal is boosting Valcartier as the "Greatest summer resort in Canada." If he came out our way looking for summer resor-ters for that delectable neighbourhood, he'd do a big business. It would be a sight for sore eyes alright to have another look at the Jacques Cartier river, and surrounding scenery.



Wounded Man (to Stretcher Bearer, who has fallen into a shell hole).—

"Say, feller, what do you think this is, a blinkin' swimming race?"

Drawn for "N.Y.D."

by Pte. Don STUART.

If the Q.M. asks you who ate your emergency rations, don't say "rats"! He might think you're disrespectful. Be on the safe side and blame it on the mice.

Cheer oh! If the Germans are still strafing. Shell holes are handy for putting garbage in anyway, and the market price of noses is anything from 2 sous up to a dollar.

CUBIST RIDDLES.

- Q. What did the batman say when he was put on digging fatigue?
- A. I'm *infra dig* :
- Q. Why can't the Germans straighten their line?
- A. Because they have a poor ruler.