

GREETINGS FROM OUR DIVISIONAL COMMANDER
MAJOR-GENERAL H. E. BURSTALL, C.B., C.M.G., A.D.C.

H. Q. 2nd Canadian Division,

18th Nov., 1917.

To Lt.-Colonel P. J. DALY, C.M.G., D.S.O.,
Commdg. City of Winnipeg Battalion.

I wish you and your gallant Battalion every kind of good luck during 1918.

1917 has been a glorious year for the Division; VIMY RIDGE, HILL 70, and PASSCHENDAELE will remain proud memories for all time.

The Battalion has taken its full share in these victories, and, together with their comrades in the Canadian Corps, has shown what can be accomplished by heroic gallantry combined with good training.

May 1918 prove an equally victorious year for the Battalion who was first into FARBUS!

*H. E. Burstall Major General
Comd'g 2^d Canadian Division*

GAS SHELLS.

Horatio Bottomley, in one of his recent editions, grew very enthusiastic about what he had seen and what he had done at the front. If only our pen could write!!!!

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"Thousands of socks for the front," we read.

Let us hope they will arrive on the feet of many stalwart reinforcements!

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"O Death, where is thy sting?" murmured Bombs, as he gingerly unscrewed a Heine bomb to take out the detonator.

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Whether 'twere nobler in heart to suffer the slings and arrows of the Q.M.'s inconsequent orderings or to part for ever with that extra shirt.

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But the joke is not always on the Quarter-Master, as witness the following. It is customary, when any article of clothing or equipment is lost by a soldier, for his Company Commander to put in a certificate to that effect. Judge of the Q.M.'s astonishment when he one day had the following note handed to him:—

"Owing to the exigencies of the Campaign, the under-mentioned was destroyed. May 3rd, 1917.

W. LINDALL,
Lieut.
O.C. 7 Platoon."

[The gentleman in question has since departed this life for the Trench Mortar Battery.—ED.]

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Here is the usual "rum" jingle:—

Trenches foul with an oozing mud,
That belches and squelches through wooden mats,
Parapets splashed with filth and blood,
The darksome dugouts, chlorine, rats.

Strong though the outrage and bitter the thought
That stings as it springs to the suffering dumb,
All fades in the solace and comfort brought
By the rationing party that carries the rum!

* * *

As the regiment was leaving and the crowd cheering, a recruit asked—

"Who are those people who are cheering?"

"They," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."—*Life*.

* * *

"The horse dœuvres were being served."—*Daily Express*.
Poor old Cavalry!

* * *

A Venetian boy-scout on the Lido
Had sighted a hostile torpedo
So he cried "Don't suppose
You can blow up the Doge
You must just do without him—as we do."
Punch.

* * *

Many people ask us "What will be the outcome of this War?" We will tell them when we get back to dear old Winnipeg. In the meantime the only thing that concerns us is the immediate present, and the hope that the next billets will be a little less godless than the last.

* * *

Never say "Old Top" to the C.O. Nor cheerily invite the Brigadier to have a drink. It isn't done, you know. And yet . . . did you hear the story of the bright young sub. who, standing at the door of his billets one cold and rainy morning thus hailed a wrapped-up brother officer across the street: "Say, old chap, come and have a drink?"

The officer addressed regarded him with an astonished eye, whose light changed subtly with the cheeriness of the thought behind it. "Thanks," he replied quietly; "don't mind if I do." But as he came forward the sub. nearly fainted. It was a full-blown Colonel!

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When we're all dressed up to go over the top,
We look back at our dugouts, and wish we could stop.
Oh, the low humming whine,
Of the five-point nine,
The whiz-bangs, and rum jars, and the funk-compelling mine,
And the gas-shells sickly "plop"! In that unhealthy land, where the nightmares crop,
Put some nice brown crosses, and write up on top,
"They were all fed up and they wanted to stop."