

BATTALION FUND.

Since the last issue of THE FORTY-NINER and the last statement of Battalion Fund expenditure we have lost the services of Major C. Y. Weaver, who so ably administered it. A complete statement cannot be rendered at this time owing to the departure of the above-named officer and to the fact that the battalion books are in England. However, a statement given below shows the state of our approximate receipts and expenditure since the last statement. The canteen has been opened once since July 1, and shows a nice balance on hand:—

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure.

RECEIPTS.

June 1, to balance in bank	£416 17 2
	<u>£416 17 2</u>

EXPENDITURE.

G. F. Heasley Co., Ltd. (cap and collar badges)	£15 2 1
A. and N. Co-op. Society (files)	2 14 0
Hicks and Sons (shoulder patches).....	9 19 3
Dixons (hinges, locks, etc.).....	0 7 3
Mrs. W. A. Griesbach (photos, Canterbury Cathedral)	3 10 6
Corporal Ward (P.O. supplies)	0 16 11
Can. War Contingent Association (football kit)	2 5 3
Primus stoves	3 9 6
Entertaining Scots and Irish Guards...	7 1 4
Major R. G. Hardisty	1 5 5
O.C. "B" Company	1 10 5
Benson, Ltd. Bandmaster's bâton).....	5 0 0
Typewriter ribbon	0 5 6
Gale and Polden, Ltd. (parade states)...	4 9 4
Lt.-Col. Griesbach, D.S.O. (loan to Corporal Martin)	4 0 0
Major Hobbins, D.S.O. (loan to Corporal Martin)	2 0 0
St. Clements Press (operation order books)	15 13 6
Gale and Polden, Ltd (record cards)	1 16 6
A. and N. Co-op. Society (balance of account)	0 3 2
Hicks and Sons (shoulder patches)	13 18 5
Gale and Polden (carbon paper)	0 12 0
Loan to Magazine Com.	12 0 0
Gale and Polden, Ltd. (parade states)...	1 10 0
Capt. Carrie, Y.M.C.A. (footballs and uniforms)	5 14 0
Typewriter ribbon	0 3 0
Balance	301 9 10
	<u>£416 17 2</u>

July 31, to balance cash in bank..... £301 9 10

Canteen Fund—

July 31, to balance at credit of Fund Frs1389 45

NO MAN'S LAND.

No Man's Land is an eerie sight
At early dawn in the pale grey light.
Never a house and never a hedge
In No Man's Land from edge to edge.
And never a living soul walked there
To taste the fresh of the morning air.
Only some lumps of rotting clay
That were friends or foemen yesterday.

What are the bounds of No Man's Land?
You can see them clearly on either hand—
A mound of rag-bags grey in the sun,
Or a furrow of brown where the earthworks
run

From the eastern hills to the western sea,
Through field or forest, o'er river and lea;
No man may pass them, but aim you well,
And death rides across on the bullet or shell.

But No Man's Land is a goblin sight
When patrols crawl over at dead o' night;
Boche or British, Belgian or French,
You dice with death when you cross the
trench.

When the "rapid," like fireflies in the dark,
Flits down the parapet spark by spark,
And you drop for cover to keep your head
With your face on the breast of the four
months' dead.

The man who ranges in No Man's Land
Is dogged by the shadows on either hand
When the star shell's flare, as it bursts o'er-
head
Scares the great grey rats that feed on the
dead.

And the bursting bomb or the bayonet snatch
May answer the click of your safety catch,
For the lone patrol, with his life in his hand,
Is hunting for blood in No Man's Land.

—Captain J. K. ADKIN, in the "Spectator."

Why do lovers never walk in single file?—
Don't know; it's two deep for me.

How long will the U.S.A. put up with
the German attitude with regard to its sub-
marine warfare of alternately killing and
booing and billing and cooing!