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1917.

(Specially written for "N.Y.D." by Major F. G. SCOTT, Senior Divisional Chaplain.)

A month-and-a-half of the new year has gone by and events are moving now very rapidly. America, with her vast resources of men and money, appears to be on the verge of declaring war with Germany and Austria; Spain and some other of the neutrals seem likely to follow suit. We hope they will. The more this war becomes a struggle between the whole world and Germany, or as we might say between humanity and inhumanity, the better. No greater guarantee for the future peace of the world could there be than the fact that the great nations of the civilised world were once united in punishing for its cruelty and wrong-doing a power, that having first wilfully begun a war, in the end, through the desperation of defeat, condescended to the employment of methods which were contrary to all principles of international law.

Somewhere no doubt in the calendar of 1917 lies the day which will date for all time the doom of Pan-Germanism. We at the Front can leave the year's secrets on "the knees of the Gods." For us out here there lies the plain straight path of duty. With intenser zeal, with stronger determination, with more cheerful resolution, we must take up the task that lies at hand—and do it. No hopes, however well founded, of the approaching collapse of the Central Empires, must cause us to relax for one moment our resolve to crush the power of the enemy by the force of arms.

War is a hateful, unchristian, loathsome, and above all a silly thing, but when war has been begun it can be only ended by war. Unto the end then we press, each man in his place, each man doing his bit, each man committing himself and the great Cause for which we are fighting into the hands of the Eternal Father, who now looks down in sorrow upon the discord in his human family.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who has not acknowledged all his Christmas gifts?

Who loads the Soup Kitchen when it moves?

Has "Our Freddie" quit giving lessons on "gum-sucking?" Ask Trixie.

Who suggested altering "Bill?" Some envious person, certainly.

Who wants this war to stop?"

TOMMY'S FRENCH.

The Tommies are able to carry on long and humorous conversations with the French people here—humorous to both sides, and more so to the onlooker. I overheard the following bargaining the other day over a small wooden pail:—

"Combien pour votre pail, missus," said Tommy.

"Six sous, m'sieur," replied the dame.

"Awa an' chase yersel'," was the answer.

"Je donnez-vous tuppence pour il."

"Non, m'sieur, six sous."

"Aye, but ye'll no get six sous. Je donnez-vous tuppence, na poo."

"Eh bien, m'sieur, two pennies, quatre sous."

"Right ye are, auld yin. Voici yer quatre sous."

By "SCOTTY," D.H.Q.



"I hope the blinkin' anti-aircraft don't open up on me now."

Drawn for "N.Y.D."

by Sgt. A. McKEE.