

Roll of Honour

KILLED IN ACTION

Private C. L. Pitts.
Private H. J. Bacon.

DIED OF WOUNDS

Sergeant J. W. McKay.
Sergeant W. H. Baskett.
Private J. Collins.
Private A. E. Lawton.

WOUNDED IN ACTION

Sergeant J. W. Cook.
Corporal W. J. Johnston.
Private R. M. Chester.
Private J. Dalton.
Private S. M. Godfrey.
Private W. M. Leishman.
Private S. Smith.
Private T. E. Seale.
Acting-Sergeant C. J. Venn.
Private H. N. Bethune.
Private J. B. Mair.
Private S. N. Hillen.
Private A. Hyde.
Private J. A. Moore.
Private C. H. Archibald.
Private R. Thomas.
Private L. F. Allingham.

Xmas—Noel—Kerstdag

Yuletide is fast approaching.

What so rare in Flanders as a Christmassy day? And yet, such a day—when all the world seems in tune—such a rara avis inspires this article.

A bright cheerful day—frosty and clear—a sprinkling of snow, pure and white, on red-tiled roofs and on the green leaves of the tall poplars, which like sentinels guard the Flemish roads. A tang in the air that makes for comradeship, good cheer, pleasant greetings, which renders spontaneous a hearty Merry Xmas—reminiscent of yule-log fires, roast turkey, plum pudding, Xmas trees, presents given and received, pendant mistletoe, and the ruby-red holly berries nestling in their green leaves.

The crash of a 12in. Howitzer, the staccato of a machine gun, the sharp snapping of rifles, the purring of an aeroplane speeding high and almost invisible in the blue vault, the huge bulk of a captive balloon swaying in the breeze directly above our headquarters, the immense motor trucks rumbling over the pavé, the khaki clad columns swinging with rhythmic step down to the trenches—now whistling, now singing—bring us to the sharp realisation that this is Belgium, that this is war, and the thought that Xmas 1915 will not be a real Xmas—a Canadian Xmas for the Canadian Expeditionary Overseas Force. For there is a Canadian Xmas as there is an English Xmas, as there is a Flemish Kerstdag.

Xmas in Canada.

There if ever, there if anywhere Xmas is Xmas—Noel is Noel.

There if anywhere, nature is most lavish in showering upon us those of her gifts, without which Xmas would not be Xmas for Canadians. She covers the ground with a soft mantle of snow, the trees, the housetops, the bushes, have each their decorations. The air is scintillating

with frost particles, the ground iron-hard frozen, the rivers tight-locked in the grip of winter.

Music of sleigh bells, the jingle of harness, the song of steel runners gliding over frozen roads, the ring of skates, sharp and clear, cheery voices, the harmonious pealing of church bells, the crunch of snow underfoot, all combine with the spirit of goodwill to make a Canadian Xmas.

From Atlantic to Pacific our Lady of the Snows is ready for the great Feast of the Nativity.

From Prince Edward Island to Vancouver, from the Great Lakes to the North Pole, the spirit of Xmas is in the air, the spirit of peace and goodwill.

Xmas in England, 1914.

Salisbury Plain at Xmastide was the abomination of desolation. Rain, with more rain, steady downpouring, till all was wet, inside, outside, the earth, the air, the sky. Traffic of countless motors, wagons and horses. The passage of numberless troops had turned the historic plain into a bog, a never-ceasing churning mass of sticky fluid mud thro' which at intervals ran rivers of yellow clay and chalk—formerly roads—emptying in turn into great sluggish arteries of liquid slime.

And in the midst of this sea of mud the flower of Canada's soldiery, our Canadian braves, strove to celebrate Xmas.

In Memory

of our Comrades of the first Canadian Division who fell at Ypres, April 22nd, 1915, while blocking the German rush to Calais

*What reck you whether your resting place
Be decked with the golden lilies of France
Or amidst the vine-clad hills of the Rhine.
The principles for which you fought are eternal.*

SIR S. HUGHES.

Wading, struggling thro' the treacherous sticky mud they scoured the plains for green branches of fir and pine, and with these and treasured bits of bunting gave to the drab hutments a semblance of festivity.

They did their best, officers and men inspired by thoughts of Xmas at home and aided by hampers of good things from Canada, by music of mouth organ and concertina, by songs of the homeland, did their best to forget—at least on Xmas Day—the dreary waste, the clammy damp of Salisbury Plains.

But that was impossible, each newcomer brought with him several cubic feet of mud, the rain beat a dismal tattoo on the iron-roofed huts. Xmas—a Canadian Xmas—well perhaps Xmas 1915 would be spent in Canada, and that would be a real Xmas, an appreciated Xmas.

Xmas in Flanders, 1915.

The "paysaus" tell me that winter in Belgium means sleet, rain, mud, mist, day in and day out, that the sun but rarely shows his glowing cheerful disc from November till March.

Since we have already experienced several weeks of this Flemish winter our imagination may without difficulty depict Xmas Day, Kerstdag, in the Canadian sector.

The earth and sky merging into a sombre, misty, desolate background, the pavé with its

coating of greasy mud, the pedestrian bespattered with mud from head to feet by passing motors.

Away from the paved roads a quagmire, drains, ditches, trenches, dugouts, all water-logged.

Ruined churches, heaps of stone and brick and twisted iron, piles of rubbish once extensive farmhouses, here and there a little cemetery each with its complement of wooden crosses, marking the graves of our Canadian heroes, graves decorated with a crucifix, a statue, a kindly thought of true comrades.

In barns, in huts, in shelters, in the trenches, Xmas Day.

Already the preparations are in full swing. Good things are coming from far off Canada, by boat, by train, to our Canadian fathers, brothers and sons, cheering words and wishes and gifts. The spirit of Xmas is here in Flanders and Xmas Day will be Xmas Day. Hardships, yes, difficulties of course. Some must spend Xmas in the mud and water of the trenches, some in the shelters, but wherever they are "Merry Xmas" will be the pass-word, and it will be as merry a Xmas as can be—as on the plains of Salisbury—Xmas will be Xmas in spite of rain and fog, in memory of past Xmas in Canada, in anticipation of Xmas in Canada in the year 1916.

"To be or not to be," that is the question, whether we shall be at war a year hence or whether peace is soon to come? Victory of course, will be ours some day, but when? We like to picture Xmas 1916 in Canada as "the" Xmas of our dreams, when we shall be there in body as well as in spirit and enjoy to the full the glories of that Xmas in Canada, which we have learned to appreciate, which we shall the more enjoy when there is "Peace on Earth to men of goodwill," and just peace in our hearts which surpasseth all understanding.

ANON.

Honours and Rewards

D.S.O.

Captain T. H. McKillip

DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL

Private F. Turner.

MEDAL OF ST. GEORGE, 3rd CLASS (RUSSIA)

Private F. Turner.

MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES

Lieut.-Colonel D. W. McPherson.

Major E. B. Hardy.

Captain J. I. Fraser.

Captain P. G. Brown.

Captain T. H. McKillip.

Sergeant J. W. McKay (decd.).

Private R. M. Chester.

Private J. Dalton.

Private C. J. E. Farr.

Private W. M. Leishman.

Private J. G. Youldon.