

And the friends on this side? Some very true and lasting friendships have been made. When we meet these friends at this season, let us do our best to make them conscious of the fact that the "pal" we are chummy with is more than a pal.

And as a final word, let the message of the greatest of all United States' Presidents be before you, and the outcome of this strife in your keeping.

JUNIUS.

#### THRILLS.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself. I have been very rude. Miss Longtooth told me that, supposing she was a man, she would love to go and fight. She said that it must be too splendid for words in the trenches, that shells falling must be too thrilling, and that the ruined houses must be delightfully picturesque.

Instead of agreeing with her, I replied, "Supposing I was an elephant, I should love to live at the Zoo. Catching buns and taking the children out for a ride must be too thrilling for words."—Captain GEORGE H. GILBEY.

#### IS KIPLING A "FORTY-NINER"?

The company had been asked to furnish some poetry for our Magazine. A few of the boys were reading and writing, and a poker game was in progress. One who read a newspaper announced, "I see that Kipling is writing a poem on poker." It must have been a poetical aspirant, who, scenting a competitor in the ranks, exclaimed from a corner of the barn, "What platoon is Kipling in?"

#### DIFFERENT TO YPRES.

He invariably used a high-explosive vocabulary, and even took the liberty of transcending genius to coin new words. "No," he said, "I don't think Fritz has such a consecrated fire on the Somme as at Ypres. Neither is his garage of fire so intense."

#### HOW IT STARTED.

Not long ago the Crown Prince was having a nice little chat with his father, the Butcher of Potsdam, and apropos of nothing, said: "Father, who started this war?"

"I know," said his father, playfully, "but I won't tell."

"Did cousin George start it?" persisted the youth without a chin.

"No," said father.

"Did cousin Nicholas?"

"No."

"Did Francis-Joseph?"

"No."

"Well, who did then?"

"I'll tell you, son. You remember Teddy Roosevelt came out of Central Africa and called on us several years ago, and I showed him our magnificent army; I showed him our great and glorious navy; I showed him the Zepps, and the submarines, and the gas bags, and Teddy, greatly impressed, slapped me on the back, and said: 'Bill, my boy, you can lick the world,' and I believed him." —"Beck's Weekly."

#### OVERHEARD IN THE FRONT LINE.

After twelve hours' all-night duty: "No more Bully, boys. They are going to give us a ration of gasoline and run us all the time."

Our congratulations to Captain Pinder, of "Ours," on his promotion to the ranks of the Benedicts. We wish him the happiness he well deserves after his good work with the Battalion in France.

THE FORTY-NINER is pleased to acknowledge receipt of a copy of the "Canadian Hospital News," the official organ of the Granville Canadian Special Hospital, Ramsgate, Kent. The battalion has heard much of this hospital through the medium of the wounded who have been so well treated there. THE FORTY-NINER extends the Season's Greetings.

An amusing incident occurred while we were "Resting" at one of our old familiar spots. Ours and D.A.P. base-ball teams were playing for a free supper. Our old friends the "Forty-Twa's" were backing our boys very strenuously with the exception of one fellow, who was apparently a new arrival, and he was yelling D.A.P. He was suddenly missed somewhere about the fifth inning, and after the game asked for our manager, and saluting, said: "I beg your pardon, but I didn't know."