

With Compliments of The Editor - P.W. Llewellyn

THE Dead Horse Corner Gazette

Christmas Number.

A Monthly Trench Journal
of Breezy Comment. . .

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EDITORIAL

The "Gazette."

MANY nice things have been said of our initial number, and the hearty reception of that issue has convinced us that there is a demand for such a journal as ours. We have aimed to make it of general interest—a mixture of seriousness, gaiety, and gossip, such as will appeal to all ranks. The first number circulated widely amongst the members of the First Contingent, in spite of handicaps which need not be enlarged upon here. The members of the editorial staff have their trench duties to attend to, and that, of course, precludes any chance of "booming" the *Gazette* outside the ranks of our own battalions. Nevertheless, with the numerous handicaps which had to be faced, the first number was a success, financially and (we are repeatedly assured) otherwise. We have, therefore, to thank all our subscribers for making such a complete success possible, but at the same time we would point out the necessity of still further co-operation on the part of friends in the various platoons if every company of the battalion is to be represented in "the news." Do not hesitate to send along your "copy"; we will "brush it up" for you if you have not the time or inclination to do so.

Speaking of the many congratulatory messages which have reached us, the following kindly note from Brigadier-General Mercer, C.B., commanding the

First Brigade, will serve as an example: "Your newspaper is a credit to the staff and an honour to the battalion."

But of all the compliments paid us, none, we feel, was more genuine (or more highly appreciated by Editor and staff) than that of Lieut. E. R. Warburton, of "A" Company of the 4th Battalion. Mr. Warburton was (with other officers) seriously wounded by a shell. On his way to battalion head-

Peace on Earth.

WE are rapidly approaching the season of the year which, among the civilised peoples of the earth, was formerly set aside as a festival of peace and goodwill. Instead of peace, we find ourselves embroiled in a world-war which has no precedent in history. A considerable portion of Europe, as well as more distant lands, is overrun with warring hordes. Man's hand is lifted against his brother man, and impulses of savagery have been permitted to find expression in the desolation of entire countries, and the ravishing of countless women and children. Europe has been transformed into a vast slaughter-house—a shambles running over with the blood of millions of our fellow-creatures. Innocent children in our English coast towns have been slaughtered that the Prussian War Lord might find excuse for the erection of "monuments of victory"; heroines like Nurse Cavell have been murdered in cold blood; hundreds of women have been driven insane by the excesses of the German soldiery; and thousands of Serbs are to-day dead, or slowly dying from starvation—all this because of the craving for world-power by the nominal head of a supposedly Christian nation!

How can we muse on these things and pretend for one moment that we bear to the peoples now at war with us even a semblance of goodwill? Because of

The Old, Old Wish

(REVISED VERSION).

We wish all our readers, as merry a Christmas as is possible under the present circumstances,

The Editor & Staff.

quarters, after having his wounds dressed, he buttonholed the Editor and offered his hearty congratulations on the appearance of the *Gazette*. Could any compliment greater than that be paid or desired? The news recently received to the effect that Mr. Warburton had succumbed to his injuries cast quite a gloom over the Battalion, which loses one of the leading figures in what we