

From the Summary of Information issued by the Canadian Corps Christmas Eve, 1915:—

The Canadian Front.

The part played by the Canadians is not to be lightly written, nor should it be written by anyone now at the front. It had best be told after the war, when it can be seen in its proper perspective. But when looking back over the past year there are many things and many incidents which will for all time be an undying part of the picture of the fighting on the British front—these, too, will not wholly be in the far perspective, historians will undoubtedly place some of them in the near background.

Since our last Christmas on Salisbury Plain, and ever since our first coming to France last February the one aim of the Canadians has been to be worthy to take their place by the British Divisions in the fighting line. The first attachment for training with two certain famous Divisions which were then near Armentieres will always be amongst our earliest "childhood's recollections," and many of the things then learnt stood by us through the year.

Our first bite of line near Fleurbaix entrusted to us by a watchful parental army, was almost as wet and quite as comfortable, as same we have since experienced. Our delightful days of "rest" in the springtime up near the city on the hill were but just the forerunner of the real time to come at YPRES. Those were days! The story of Ypres in April will always stay in our memories, and Festubert and Givenchy and all the things that were there learned and which now after all these months are helping to "Beat the Bosch."

That the Canadians have held or worked in nearly every part of the British Front from the "Canal" to the Yser is unique and a part of the extraordinary training which the Canadian Divisions have received. Not only the varied experiences and the different kinds of country, but the various subtleties of the opposing enemy's troops have left their marks, and if there has been a measure of success in recent months, much of it can be laid not only to the resourcefulness an initiative which has been brought across from Canada, but also to this summer and winter pastime of fighting up and down through Flanders.

That the Canadian Corps with its various Divisions is now a real fighting unit, hard-bitten after many months at the front, no one, not even the enemy, will deny, but as we sit down to contemplate the past twelve months we must continue to keep in mind the first principles of the British Army and of our own Canadian homes, which were made by hard work energy, and resource.

Canada.

LONDON.—The High Commissioner for Canada in London was informed by cablegram last week from the Hon. W. J. Roche, M.D., Minister of the Interior at Ottawa that:—

Up to the 21st November the Canadian West had received some 1,000,000 dollars for 159,514,675 bushels out of its entire harvest, it is estimated that the total crop of Western Canada will be worth nearly 500,000,000 dollars.

Satisfactory increases in the sale of farm lands are reported by three great trans-continental railway companies. The total number of acres sold is higher than in 1914, and the price per acre is more. Much of the land sold during the year has been immediately under cultivation.

The largely-increased Customs receipts at Toronto for the months ended November is an evidence of an improvement in commercial conditions in Western Canada.

Dun's Review reports that in the leading centres of trade a shows a steady increase, that in Western Canada it is brisk.

Building permits issued in seven cities of Eastern Canada during the month of November show an increase of sixty-five per cent over the same month last year.

The November Financial Statement of the Dominion shows an expanding revenue and a decreased expenditure in the consolidated account. The total revenue to the end of the month was 104,000,000 dollars, as against 90,000,000 dollars for the corresponding period of 1914.

The Canadian Pacific Railway have established a new high record for the first week of December, the figures for the week ended December 7th, having reached 3,046,000 dollars, as compared with 2,900,000 dollars for the corresponding week of 1914.

The yearly output of butter in Alberta has increased by two millions pounds, the quantity produced during the twelve months ended October 31st last having reached 7,400,000 lbs.

Grain inspections at Winnipeg during the week ending December 15th, covered 8,416 cartloads of wheat, 1,830 of oats, 366 of barley, 6 of flax, and of rye.

is the master power that moulds and makes, an is mind and ever more he takes, of thought, and, shaping at he wills, forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills. He thinks in secret and it comes to pass, ment is but his looking glass.

Leonid Andreyev wrote the "Red Laugh," a hideously powerful study of the psychology of war which sent a shudder through readers the world over, and it might therefore be expected that when Andreyev addressed himself to the sorrows of Belgium, he would write one of those visions of naked and quivering horror and agony which have given him his fame. But nothing could be farther from the truth. There is not the slightest attempt to bludgeon the sensibilities of the reader with horror piled on horror. On the contrary, this presentation of the woes of devastated Belgium, though poignantly impressive, is marked throughout by a fine sense of artistic restraint and a singularly serene and hopeful spirit.

The central figure of the play is Emil Grelieu, a great Belgian writer—he has been taken by many to be a study of Maurice Maeterlinck, Grelieu's two sons are fighting against the Germans, and he himself shoulders a rifle and goes into the firing line. One son is killed, the other slightly wounded, and the father himself is seriously injured. To his bedside comes Count Clairmont—a gracious figure evidently modelled on that of King Albert—to ask the great writer whether or not he is favour of them breaking the dams and flooding the land. Grelieu, though he knows how terrible will be the ensuing devastation, gives the word to break the dams and unleash the avenging waters.

The last scene depicts the terrible journey of Grelieu, his wife, and his wounded son to Antwerp by automobile. They are in danger from the advancing flood, and Grelieu's wife, the brave and devoted Jeanne, has broken at last under the terrible strain. She alternates between agonies of despair and the laughter of the insane. But Grelieu's spirit is unconquerable. He soothes and cheers her, and the play closes with this noble expression of his abiding faith in the destinies of his country:

"Pierre is dead, Jeanne. But I swear to you by God, Jeanne!—Belgium will live. Weep, sob you are a mother. I, too, am crying with you. But I swear by God: Belgium will live! God has given me the light to see, and I can see. Songs will resound here, Jeanne! A new spring will come here, the trees will be covered with blossoms—I swear to you, Jeanne, they will be covered with blossoms! And mothers will caress their children, and the sun will shine upon their heads, upon their golden-haired little heads! Jeanne! There will be no more bloodshed. I see a new world, Jeanne! I see my nation: Here it is advancing with palm leaves to meet God who has come to earth again. Weep, Jeanne, you are a mother—God weeps with you. But there will be happy mothers here again. I see a new world, Jeanne, I see a new life!"

And She did—Buzz—How old is that lamp?

Fuzz—Three years.

Buzz—Well, turn it out; it's too young to smoke.

In war it is mere prudence not to underrate the strength of an enemy whom you know, and to over-estimate the strength of the enemy whom you do not know.

Ever hear the story of the wit who said that the makers of the Ford car were going to give a squirrel with each car after this. The idea is to have the squirrel run behind the auto and pick up the nuts.

Captured German Officer (to English Officer in charge of German prisoners), "You fight for money; we fight for honour."

English Officer: "Ah, well! neither of us seems to get what we want, do we?"

Tommy (recounting experiences): "W'en w'd done our shift in the trenches we was sent down t' the base to 'ave a bath—"

Listener (awe-struck): "Barf? Goo' Lor'! Why—wot 'arm 'ad yer done?"

Wanted.—To exchange six tins perfectly good bully beef, tins watertight, for two tins condensed milk.—Apply Editor, "Growler."

For sale.—A grand piano, rosewood, the property of a young lady going to England with turned legs.—Apply to Miss de Leguerre, c/o the "Growler."

Wanted.—A man due for leave in May would exchange with a man going at Christmas. A splendid chance for any man who prefers his leave in warm weather.—Apply X.Y.Z., "Growler" Office.

Lost.—A military reputation somewhere near the Argonne. A reward of four Iron Crosses and a large sum of money will be given. and finder will have the option of dining with the Crown Prince for one week, or of living one month at the Imperial Piggeries.—Apply to German G.H.Q., Berlin.

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