

EDITORIAL.

IT is with much pleasure, and just a little pride, that we launch this, the fourth edition of our little paper. This is our first Christmas Number, and has been compiled under conditions of peculiar and ever-increasing difficulty.

At best, the "Trench Echo" is but a small Hand Grenade in the Heavy Artillery of the Journalistic World, and we are satisfied if its contents, mixed with much brave laughter and many a kindly thought, reach the humble objective at which they are aimed.

The terrible ghastliness of War strikes us with special force at a time when all our thoughts should be associated with friendliness, kindness and love for our fellow men. The Christmas spirit quickens the Christian man, and the mockery of the guns strikes like a blow in the face at all our most cherished ideals and aspirations.

It has been a year of hard, incessant fighting, and the gallant record of the Canadians will add a bright chapter to the history of our Empire.

It would seem a fitting time to congratulate the City of Winnipeg Battalion upon its splendid fighting record, a record that stands high in the finest achievements of the Canadian Corps. As the Army Commander quietly declared at a recent inspection: "It has undertaken its every task thoroughly, and has won every objective allotted to it"—no soldier could desire higher praise than this.

But the price, too, has been paid. Many a dear comrade has fallen in battle, and by that "Supreme Gift" has done much to build up the glorious annals of the Fighting 27th.

With pride we salute the memory of our heroic dead!

One of the great truths that the War has impressed upon us is, that happiness is a matter of comparison, and such being the case, have we not a great deal to rejoice over? Fritz—that great influential factor in our mental felicity—is learning his lesson. We know we have him beaten, and what is more to the point he, too, knows it. His victories are nothing but ashes, there is no virtue in them. The Western Front is the right hand of the Allies, and that hand has the Hun by the throat in a grip that will never relax until he realises beyond all misunderstanding that his strivings are vain and impotent.

To us in the fighting line, life resolves itself into simple elements. At home we read of bread and sugar problems, Capital and Labour disputes, food economy

campaigns—and the hundred and one things which disturb the Government and the Press. Here we have but one problem—the pressing back of the enemy to the Rhine, in such a manner as to ensure his remaining there for all time—and it is a problem to which we are addressing all the skill and valour of our beings.

In conclusion we must extend our sincere and heartiest thanks to all those who have most generously contributed articles, sketches and items of interest generally to these pages, and insured the success of our Christmas Number. We ardently hope that an increasing number of contributors will rally round our banner and keep the interest in our little paper well sustained.

Finally. May this be our last Xmas Number.

VIMY RIDGE.

(Dedicated to the City of Winnipeg Battalion).

What chivalry lies sleeping at thy breast!
And gallant lives, high hopes and deeds of might,
Poured out as wine from altars of the west,
Strong prairie sons and proud 'Columbia's best,
Who died for Empire, Liberty and Right,
And so inspired achieved the final height
Of sacrifice upon thy tortured crest!
Their deeds will shine through years undreamed,
to light
The steeper ways of men as yet unborn,
When passions cool—and peace comes with the
morn.

Let spruce and pine that knew the western sun
Stand sentinel where heroes fell, rose-crowned
At last with deathless honors dearly won,
To guard with jealous branch thy holy ground.

S. G. H.