

inconsiderable number of recruits to the colours.

With the end of the volume, we say "Good-bye" to the three great epochs of our training, Toronto, Sandling, Flanders. In our next issue we will welcome in Volume No. 2.

#### Battalion Notes.

The congratulations of the whole Battalion will be extended to Lt.-Col. McPhee, our late paymaster, on his appointment to the command of the 2nd Simcoe Foresters. It was characteristic of the Colonel that he tramped up from Battalion Headquarters on a dreary wet night to the front line, to say "Good-bye!" to the "boys" before he went. Our best wishes to him and to his battalion!

Upon Capt. McLaughlin the mantle of Midas has fallen, and he handles the crisp and crackling five-spots like a regular Scotsman.

Friends of Captain Tom Flannigan, in the Battalion, will be pleased to hear of his appointment of Director of Physical Training to the Canadian Overseas Troops.

The Gifts from the War Contingent Association, etc., roll in with clockwork regularity. The socks, mufflers, balaclavas and cholera-belts come in useful these cold nights in the front line, and are highly appreciated.

The Huntsville contingent thank the Ladies' Patriotic Committee for their gifts of comforts.

"Got your iron-rations?"

Artists in the Battalion are invited to roll up and lend us their aid. Some of them are pretty good at drawing the enemy's fire—we'll provide the paper.

It has been suggested to us that we make a "Grouser's Number" of the *Gazette*. We would dearly like to do so, but being young and susceptible to extraneous influences we fear that such a thing would demoralise us.

Besides, "It ain't a bad old war!"

The Battalion on our left were considerably amused the other night. After the relief had been accomplished Fritz noted the change of attitude which had become "less

hostile." Taking advantage of a long period of inactivity one big-eyed squarehead popped up behind the parapet and shouted:

"Say, British, are you der Gorblimeys or der Gordems."

We have inserted in our present number a few photographs, all bearing on our training in Toronto and England. We would like to make this a feature of all future *Gazettes* and invite members of the Battalion in possession of prints to send them along.

After all, we used to be the "Photographer's Own," didn't we?

Promotion is a ladder upon which many prefer to climb from an airship.



SIX-FOUR AND FOUR-SIX.

The O.C. commanding No. 16 Platoon's jam announces that anyone partaking of jam more than three times a day will be severely dealt with. This, we understand, is a real Tickler.

Don't wait for pull—be a self-starter.

Oh, to have some winter now that spring is here. Approximate temperature by our weather expert, Christmas Day, — 93° Fahr., March 9th, 25° Fahr. We may therefore expect a cheerful warmth of about 153° below zero sometime in June.

"We're winnin' the war—easy!"

#### Humor

(or an imitation of it).

Corporal (reading letter from home): "Your battalion is pretty well off; I don't see any casualties in the papers this week."

Cynic: "Well, we'll take out a couple of men to-morrow and shoot 'em. Got to keep our end up somehow."

Private Canuck: "Say, 'eres a photo in this 'ere paper of 'a group of cheerful Canadian soldiers.'"

Grouser: "Where was it took?"

Private Canuck: "In Vancouver, B.C."

Grouser (bitterly): "No wonder the blighters are cheerful."

The C.O. met the surgeon one morning, and the latter, knowing his superior's strong weakness for H<sub>2</sub>O diluted with Scotch, propounded the following conundrum:—

"Say, Colonel, can you tell me this, 'How are you like a Zeppelin?'"

The C.O. pondered long and silently.

"Demme if I know, Major, what's the answer?"

"Why, the more you consume, the lighter you get."

This was very good, and bubbling over with humor, the commanding officer sprung it on the mess after dinner.

"Gentlemen, just heard a demgood conundrum 'smorning, here it is, 'How am I like a Zeppelin?'"

Mr. de Bridoon, the junior subaltern screwed his monocle up, and gazing blankly at the Colonel, said:

"Beg pawdon, sir?"

"How am I, Mr. de Bridoon, like a Zeppelin?"

"Why, I s'pose, sir, because you are so full of hot air!"

#### My First Visit to the Trenches.

By H.M.N.

With chattering teeth and shaking limbs I drag myself

Unto that maze of cloven earth they call the trench.

The others forward march, I tend to lag, myself,

Then saying "au revoir!" to all the world, I wrench

Myself away from it, and with one last long gaze

At that fair scene I leave behind, I take the leap: