

### Stop Press News.

Should this catch the eye of "Would Be Suiter" and she replies at once, sending photograph and address, she would undoubtedly be the means of saving the life of Pte. Tony Bell, of this Battalion, who has been much infatuated by her letter, which was just received as we were going to press. Please reply Box 23 c/o Editor, Listening Post.

### The Padre again

The Listening Post hasn't pulled the wire to tell me I am to be strafed for the first one, so here's a New Year's thought. To men under arms-- not in arms-- in the greatest war the world has seen, the best New Years wish is Victory, complete, crushing, and soon.

But every man has two struggles on his hands. We all have our share in the contest of J. B., Sons, & Co., against William of the big bluff. The result of this is in no doubt at all, tho' it may go more rounds than we think. But the Kaiser will have to back down before the Allies, who are in dead earnest, to put him where he belongs.

The second struggle is your own personal scrap with Satan, also of the big bluff. He simply can't stand long against the man who is in dead earnest about religion, and life, and goes to the proper place for his munitions of war. Christ said, "All power is given unto me, and I am with you always, even to the end of the world." So the padre's New Year wish to you is just VICTORY, that you may be bigger, cleaner, and stronger. May the God of Victory guide you and guard you, forever. AMEN



Whether one of the Crown Prince's names is "Thomas"?

Whether the rats have taken to smoking pipes and cigars, as well as cigarettes?

Whether the winter trenches will be finished by the summer of 1918.

Whether L... N... of No. 2 Co., is any relation of L... N... of No.3 Co.?

Whether a second in command of a battalion does more work than a company commander?

What became of the Christmas pudding lost in the Padre's tent?

Please direct all replies to Ptes. Yearwood and Downie, c/o Pte. Gray.

Who is the young Canadian with a profile like the 'Clown Prince, who wandered far into the country in order to buy real "Belgium" lace? And how many colours did the turn when, after struggling with his best French for 15 minutes the "Country Maid" sweetly exclaimed, "Cheese it kid, and dont waste my time."

We always have wondered why (some) people always called the 47th Battalion the best (?) Canadian Overseas Battalion, and now we have learned the reason why. It seems that while in training the boys of the 47th, had a penitentiary on one side of the camp, a lunatic asylum on the other, with the rear amply guarded by a large (we presume this was necessary) hospital. It is plain to see that in order to get in or out of the camp they had to pass under the eye of the Regimental Police; but then there are such things as "spoiled boys".

Who were the two Officers who couldn't wait until morning for their mail?

We wonder, Does the Kaiser REALLY want this country?

Why the Paymaster calls his office "The Sam Hughes Redoubt"?

Why certain people dont want the soldier to get his one comfort "tobacco"?

And how would they like it if their tea was stopped?

When the pack mules will be issued with rubber boots?

When the party who borrowed the Paymasters coal and cutlery is going to bring it back?

If Jones is in training for the ring?

And if a match could be arranged between him and Howe?

What the fellows said who "slept in" and missed the leave train?

If the Paymaster's dog is still absent without leave?

If the man Gray "who bums around all day" has not taken the hint and is now "digging in"?

If it is true that the Canadians are going to Serbia?

What the young ladies of Shornecliffe will do now that Mr. Quinney K. C. has returned to the front?

Should the mule ration party be called the Maconachie Horse?

Who was the batman who boiled his officers Sam Browne belt?

New war dishes now being served in the trenches.

Boiled belts,

Stewed socks,

Pickled puttees.

Who was the officer who said, in speaking to a brother in misery, that, "He would take a feed on the horse".

Who indents for the DOUGH?

The P. M. or the Q. M.?

## THE POETS CORNER

### Reinforcements

We've stood in the mud filled trenches,  
With water up to our hips,  
We've sickened at a hundred new stanches  
And shivered, froze blue to the lips.  
We've sat through the shrieking silence  
That stretches between the shells,  
Wet, woeful, weary waiting through  
An eternity of hells.

Far beneath our sodden footboards the German miners  
They blew us flying heavenwards [mined,  
Shattered, maimed and blind.  
They shelled us sometimes sudden  
And sometimes not a few,  
And we grovelled waiting praying  
As the casualty list grew.

We fled to our own shell ditches  
When the British batteries fired,  
We called them sons of Hanan  
And said they made us tired,  
We watched our bombers bombing  
And bursting premature  
Perhaps a trifle careless  
Their efforts immature.