THE LISTENING POST.



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EDITORIAL.

918 and the "LISTENING POST," with the Battalion that created it, still appearing on the fields of Flanders.

What the new year will give us is not known, but what we hope and believe is, that it will give an end to the German occupation of France and Belgium; reparation (if money and material can repay) for the sufferings undergone by innocent civilians during the long months of German oppression; peace, with the knowledge that it is a peace with honour; and, as the summer gives place to winter, a return to the old homes—to the wide sweeps of the rolling prairies and the eternal snows of the mighty Rockies, then on through to where the warm waters of the Pacific welcome us back to the scenes of the old life.

To the men of British Columbia, and to all our comrades from the Atlantic to the Pacific serving in the Canadian Corps, our wish for 1918 is that you may march on from success to success, driving before you, as you have done so many times before, the battered remnants of Kultur, and at the end of it all a safe return to your homes in dear old Canada.

Our New Policy.

With this number the "LISTENING POST" is compelled to adopt a new policy.

For over two years we have managed, in spite of increasing difficulties, to get out our usual issues in France by French printers. For the past three months we have endeavoured—but in vain—to get a French printer to handle this issue, and have been compelled finally to make arrangements for its publication in England.

An issue of 24 pages about every two months is the most that we can hope for in the future, and if the present paper shortage should get worse this will probably have to be curtailed. This scarcity of paper and its consequent exorbitant price, coupled with the very high costs of printing and the fact that we do not publish advertisements, makes it necessary to fix the price of these issues at One Franc.

Ingratitude.

R. GEORGE GOODCHILD, the author of "Umpteen Yarns," a recently published slim volume of anecdotes "collected from somewhere in France," seems to us to be wanting somewhat in courtesy. We make no complaint that he has drawn on some of the old issues of the "LISTENING POST" for some of his best stories, even though in so doing he has not seen fit to honour us with the usual acknowledgment. But it seems to us singularly ungracious that he should go out of his way to inform the public in his preface that : "The Colonial has a quick appreciation of a good joke, but he is utterly unable to create a humorous situation. All his anecdotes are local, and have not the broad humour that enjoys a wide appeal. Ninety per cent. of his anecdotes are utterly unintelligible to the average Englishman, and the few successful ones have the effect of being conscious." Maybe; but the point of this sapient reflection is that most all the best stories retailed in "Umpteen Yarns" are of "Colonial" invention. To attempt to bite the hand that feeds you is to be ill-tempered and ungrateful. Mr. George Goodchild does not quite live up to his name.

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