

From Sir George Perley, Canadian High Commissioner in London, the following acknowledgment was received:—

Dear Sir,—The copy of the sixth edition of *The Twentieth Gazette* which you and your fellow editors have been good enough to send me, has duly come to hand, and I have perused it with much interest.

Wishing you all the compliments of the season.

I am,

Yours very truly,

GEORGE H. PERLEY.

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It is rather late in the day to acknowledge Christmas Gifts from friends of the regiment, but unfortunately those noted below arrived too late for insertion in our Christmas number.

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The Scout Section thank Mrs. Corrigan for her very kind gift of socks, tobacco, etc.

Bandmaster Moore, on behalf of the Band, thanks Miss McNab, of Toronto, and the Toronto Musical Association for their Christmas boxes.

The Haileybury boys acknowledge with thanks the very excellent presents sent them by the Haileybury Women's Patriotic League. To this must be coupled the Haileybury Presbyterian Church.

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We draw the attention of our readers to the following, and would ask all regimental papers of the Canadian Army Corps to give it publicity.

“Harry Pryke Loveday is supposed to be with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and his father inquires for him through the medium of this paper. On August 23rd, 1915, a letter was received from him saying he was in England and under orders for the Front; since then nothing further has been heard of him.”

Any news of this soldier may be sent to the editors of the *Twentieth Gazette*, who will forward it to his father.

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We congratulate Captain Foster upon his quick recovery from the Blighty received on Christmas Eve.

* * *

Why did that man prevaricate to the officer when, limping up the communication trench, he was asked the matter and replied that he had a sore foot? There is no shame in having a boil at the southern extremity of one's vertebrae.

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A complaint has just been sent in regarding the slippery trench-mats in “B” Company's line. Can it be that Number 5 Platoon chews tobacco?

* * *

A sergeant of the Machine Gun Section woke up his officer one damp, dreary, dismal, Flandery night—or at

least the signaller did; and called him to the 'phone. The distance was fifty yards, up to the umbellicus in mud, and the following interesting took place:—

“Hullo . . . No!”

Now, who's the shell-head?

* * *

We understand that the Belgium Afforestation scheme is to be inaugurated immediately after next pay-day. The scarcity of trees coupled with the growth of the chain-gang have caused an alarming state of affairs in the Orderly Room.

* * *

Even the tender-hearted Orderly-room Sergeant is forgetting the company-conduct sheets these days.

* * *

Wig-wag of the Iddy-Umpy crush writes:—

During our last tour of duty in the trenches it was noticed that there was a considerable amount of catt-awailing going on through the 'phone.

Can somebody give a reason for it? Was it because the cat had got kittens, or was the cat expressing its desire to be returned to its old home?

* * *

The verb “To Flop.” Past Tense. I flopped; thou floppedist; he flopped—why Gol-dinger, we all flopped when the wood-pecker started in to flicker.

Our Contemporaries.

It is with great pleasure that we extend the hand of welcome to a new-comer into the ranks of Trench Journals. We have just received copy No. 1 of Vol. No. 1 of *The Growler*, dated 1st January, 1916. This is edited by three officers, and is the organ of the 14th Canadians. The issue under notice contains much witty and interesting original matter while the rest of the closely printed 12 pages contains news items, extracts, etc.

It is an exceedingly good pennyworth; though how it is done at the price, your Editors cannot imagine.

A noticeable feature is a French page dealing with “les aventures de l'ordonnance Tapoire.” From an amusing “Introduction” we cull the following:—“Statements derogatory to the characters of the Adjutant, Transport Officer, or the Quartermaster are especially welcome, and three months' free subscriptions given where the said statement can be proved. Untrue statements regarding the above will also be inserted, in so far as those not involving the Editorial Staff in suits for libel where the punishment would be imprisonment—no fear of a monetary fine will have any weight, as you cannot get blood out of a stone, and we are ‘stony.’”

As Others See Us.

The Editors, in an outburst of professional pride, sent complimentary copies of the Christmas number to various newspapers in England and Canada.

To say that we were tickled to death with what they said about us is to put it mildly.

The *Daily Chronicle* declares that it is a breezy publication which reflects much credit on its editors, and extracts half a column of our “Expected Brigade Orders.”

The *Daily Sketch*, after having said lots of nice things about us, winds up with this magnificent peroration: “May its editors and staff flourish and may laurels crown the ‘Twinkling Twentieth.’”

The *Edinburgh Evening News* says that the *Gazette* maintains its high standard of humor which characterised our former issues.

The *Canada Journal* suggests that since the authorities of the British Museum are making a record of newspapers, the *Twentieth Gazette* should be placed in its ancient archives.

The *Leeds Evening News*, the *News of the World*, and others too numerous to mention, pay us highly flattering compliments.

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And still the Battalion wonders why we have grown more dignified of late.

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We had thought that outside our own immediate circles the *Twentieth Gazette* was unknown to the world, that we were still gazing longingly towards the topmost round of the ladder, yet we have been bombarded with requests, from outside, for copies.

We would gladly supply them, and can only do so in our own time, so that if the ladies and gentlemen who ask us to send them the *Gazette* will stand at ease for a short while, we will forward them with pleasure.

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A reader in Belfast has asked us to publish a continued story. We are grateful for the suggestion, and, while thanking our reader for the very kind letter, would reply that we are carrying-on a serial story every month. It is the same old yarn when we try to collect our pennies for back numbers.

Our Strafe Column.

By the Strafer-in-Chief.

Humors of the Great War.

A Staff Officer, with the mud of Flanders still upon his clothes, stepped out of the train at Victoria yesterday. — *Daily Paper*.

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Many thanks to the *Weekly Telegraph* for having widened the publicity of our “Wiper's” Limerick in the Christmas Number! We certainly think, however, that it was bad form to reproduce it without acknowledgment.