

tune in real estate back home, and she was pretty too. She showed me a piece of lace, and, though I didn't know what it was for, I was pretty certain that it wasn't hand made. Even though she said it was. Still, she smiled at me, so I took it, and she soaked me forty francs too, taking all the money, and Mac had to pay up. Mac wanted to stop awhile and see the sights, but I figured the safest place for us was around the trenches, so we started back home to mail our lace. It didn't take me very long, either, and I was a bit worried for a while, for I knew all my uncles and aunts would have to go short, and they might not send me anything next Christmas. But a month or so later along came a letter, saying it was very much appreciated, etc., etc. So I guess it was money well spent after all, even if I didn't know what I bought.

R. G. D.

"LET YOUR MOUSTACHE GROW."

(Sung to the tune of "Never Let the Old Flag Fall.")

You've got to let your moustache grow,
For it's out on the orders, you know.
You mustn't shave your upper lip, you see,
For if you do you'll get F.P.
Some look bad and some look swell,
But the most of us we look like—Well,
The orders say you must obey,
You've got to let your moustache grow.

New member of the Committee: "How often is THE FORTY-NINER published?"

Old Timer: "About as regularly as the 'Calgary Eye-Opener.'"

The old-timers of "D" Company will remember a good story on our old friend Major Willson. It was back in the Edmonton days, and we were doing battalion drill. The Colonel was in fine fettle, and was slamming orders right and left, and a bit too fast for the Major. He missed one, and hearing the Colonel shouting: "Where are you going to, Major Willson?" gave the command, "D Company, form, fours, left." Everyone turned to the right by a tip from the Platoon Commanders. The Colonel then wanted to know why he gave the order "left" when it should have been "right." The old Major, drawing himself up to his full height, saluted, and said: "It's the way I have them trained, sir."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ISSUE IS THE SAME.

All of us remember President Lincoln, of the U.S.A., and I think that I can say that all of us admire him and his work, and those who have made a study of his life may recall the time when certain peace agitators coming to him received the following reply:—"The issue before us is distinct, simple, and inflexible. It is an issue that can only be tried by war and settled by victory. The war will cease on the part of this Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it. We accepted war rather than let the nation perish. With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are on and to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among nations."

Readers of the Magazine may remember an article which appeared, entitled "Mother," and I have been asked to write another small article in the same strain, and in trying to do so I would quote Lincoln as an inspiration to one and all, be their rank what it may. The matter we have in hand must have the co-operation of all ranks to bring it to a successful conclusion, and to achieve that object which at the outset of the war we took as the main issue.

The third Christmas since activities commenced has passed over the heads of the fighting men of all nations, and the issue at stake is still the same and will remain the same until such time as our arms have the supremacy and victory lies at our feet. But before this can happen many are the boys who will make the supreme sacrifice; many are the hearts on the other side that will be torn with grief, and it behoves each one of us, whether in the firing-line or in the lines behind, each doing his bit in his own little detailed way, to make this season as bright and cheerful as possible, to do all in his power to use those gifts that have been given to him in the most acceptable way for the good of all. Remember those at home waiting for any small tidings of our welfare. Don't let this season pass without some small remembrances from those doing their little bit in the war zone.