

Miscellaneous

Mississaugas

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day was on Jan. 27, and remembered what a warm time Fritz gave us last August on the Crown Prince's birthday?

This story is told about a certain sergeant in A company: He went to the M.O., and before he could recount his ailment the doctor said: "Yes, you've got that awful cold that is going the rounds." "No, Sir," said the N.C.O. when he got a chance to speak, "I've got a sore heel." So they painted the third finger of his left hand with iodine.

Christmas, 1916

(Capt. J. M. Langstaff)

I never thought that strange romantic war
Would shape my life, and plan my destiny,
Though in my childhood's dreams I've seen his car
And grisly steeds flash grimly 'thwart the sky.
Yet now, behold a vaster, mightier strife
Than echoed on the plains of sounding Troy,
Defeats and triumphs, deaths, wounds, laughter, life!
All mingled in a strange, complex alloy.

I view the panorama in a trance
Of awe yet colored with a secret joy,
For I have breathed in epic and romance,
Have lived the dreams that thrilled me as a boy!
How sound the ancient saying is, forsooth!
How weak is Fancy's gloss of Fact's Stern Truth!

Canadian Grenadier Guards

Guards Disappointment

The gallant Guards creep out of the trenches
With all their terrors and stench;
We're dirty and covered with slime,
But on each face under the grime
There's a smile as broad as day.
For now we shall draw a whole month's pay.
But a thunderbolt falls—
The Paymaster's gone on pass.

Now back we go to face the foe.
Our visions of feeds, we fear
Are gone; no wine, not even a beer.
In darkness we go, not a match or a candle;
We have only the Hun and his gas, for—
The Paymaster's gone on pass.
—N. D. Tatton, C company.

Trench Mortar Mixtures

Extract from a letter written by Zippo:

"On Christmas Day, Miller, the brave guy that I have told you so much about, and I were shooting crap with some boobs in the front line trenches. A shell came over and killed one of them. Miller and I wanted to keep on rolling the bones, but all the others, with the exception of one named Butler, were too scared, so we had to quit."

"Why did you volunteer for the Trench Mortar Battery?" said the O.C. to the re-inforcement from the Koot-enay battalion.

"Oh, I thought that it would be a pretty good job, staying back here mixing concrete," confessed the new one.

Are we going to be here for the winter,
Sticking round here all the time,
When we should have Old Fritzie
Chased right over the Rhine?
But in the mud we haven't much chance,
And we're better off than the Kilties without pants;
So we'll settle down for the winter
And order our rubber boots now.

Canadian Engineers

We of the Canadian Engineers, although officially divisional troops, wish to express our appreciation of being included as "honorary members" at least of the brigade with which we have worked ever since our arrival in France. Whether it be called "The Iron Brigade," or whether it rejoices in a nickname applied to a very prominent item on many a French-Canadian's bill-of-fare, matters not to us. The fact remains that the brigade has made an enviable reputation for itself, and we, who have done what we could to create and uphold its reputation, are glad to have the opportunity of being officially represented in the pages of its official organ.

It has been suggested that we might contribute short articles on "Working Parties We Have Met," "Another Night's Labor Lost," or some kindred subject, about which we hear so much in these busy days. However, for various reasons we shall have to refrain just at this juncture, but may take the matter up later on if we can secure the services of the eminent war-artist, Price Pinfeather, some of whose work we hope to feature in these columns in the near future.