

In these days of heavy mail and heavier express one would do well to reflect upon the stupendous task of Pte. Woodcock, the Battalion Postmaster-General. The fact that we received our letters and parcels right into the first line, when the trenches were full of water and mud, was due entirely to conscientious and untiring devotion to duty of our Regimental Postman.

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KIND THOUGHTS FROM HOME.

The Editors had the temerity to write to several ladies and gentlemen, all famous in their respective walks in life, asking for a Christmas message to our Battalion.

We are glad to submit the replies which we have received.

All our correspondents, as our readers are aware, are very busy people. They are all carrying on their usual peace-time activities and the additional work placed upon their shoulders by the war is greater than we can realise.

In the name of the Battalion we thank them one and all for their kindly messages and contributions. Finally we wish them A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. Good luck to them!

The Bishop of London, by his Chaplain, Mr. Guy Vernon Smith, writes:

"I shall never forget the great gathering of Canadians which I addressed last Easter at the Front. Since then those men have won eternal honour. May the men of the 20th Battalion continue to follow in their glorious footsteps. I wish you all a Christmas in which God will give to every man a message of true Christmas peace and joy. Those you love across the seas, though they miss you at this Christmas, are proud when they think of you fighting the Empire's Battles in the greatest and noblest cause which was ever entrusted to men."

Mr. Hesketh Pearson, writing for *Sir George Alexander*, from St. James's Theatre, says:

"Sir George Alexander asks me to send you the enclosed contribution to your Christmas number. He wishes you and the *Gazette* all good luck, and he would be very interested to see a copy of this issue when it is published."

Sir George sends us the following inspiring message:

"You ask me for a Christmas message to the Canadians. Alas! the Christmas of 1915 will hardly be a happy one for those at home. But we in England are at least happy in this: that never before in our history has the heart of the mother-country been so drawn towards her brave and loyal children overseas. Perhaps for the first time in the wonderful story of our Empire it is no mere figure of speech to say that we are all one: united in the best sense, not alone by the ties of blood and the bond of a common speech, but by something still more sacred—a community of spirit inspired by self-sacrifice.

Doubtless the real greatness of our Empire was not realised or appreciated at its full worth before this war. Every Britisher is unquestionably proud of his birthright when he sees so much of the map coloured red, but never in the past can we have thoroughly grasped the significance of our heritage.

This comprehension of the true and full meaning of Imperialism has widened our spiritual horizon and enriched our minds with all the emphasis and vision of a renaissance. A Canadian regiment passing through the streets of London has vitalised geography for us.

Perhaps Shakespeare, with his wonderful catholicity of outlook and broad human sympathies, has done more than anyone in the past to cement that kinship of which I have spoken, and I can find no better words than his to bear my greeting:

"So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you."

His Worship the Mayor of Folkestone, *Mr. Stephen Penfold*, writes the following breezy letter:

"To the men of the 20th Battalion Canadians,

My dear 'Boys,'

It is with great pleasure that I comply with the request of your Editors to write a few words of Christmas Greeting in your Magazine. With all my heart and in the name of the old town I represent, I wish you a Happy Christmas and triumphant New Year. I assure you that all our hearts on Christmas Day will be with our brave boys in the trenches and our prayers will be for their safe return. As I often told you I have many ties with Canada and it is a great pleasure to me that I have been able to welcome the splendid Canadian Contingents at Folkestone. I hope ere very long to have the pleasure of seeing you marching through London to celebrate a great and lasting Peace, headed by my friend General Steele, whom we all know and appreciate here. The more we see of him the better we like him, and I think that can be said, too, of all the Canadian troops stationed at Shorncliffe.

Hoping that before long we shall be welcoming you home again and wishing you all the very best of luck.

Very faithfully yours."

And now *place aux dames!*

In a charming letter written from the Adelphi Theatre, a letter which will go into the archives of the *Gazette* as one of the most cherished of our possessions, *Miss Phyllis Dare* sends us a welcome "Hamper of Hopes."

"If my wishes can help you,
I send you them *all*,
With a Hamper of Hopes by the very next train;
If my thoughts really cheer you,
The task is so small
That I'll think *all the time* till you come home again."

We are exceedingly sorry that we have not received a message from *Miss Christabel Pankhurst*. Nevertheless, we beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the *Britannia*, with which is incorporated *The Suffragette*, the Official Organ of the Women's Social and Political Union. We shall be glad to lend our copy to any reader who may be interested. It contains, amongst other matter, a forceful comment on the general situation "at home."

We are indebted to Miss Grace Roe, who kindly supplied us with the copy referred to.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who needs no introduction to our readers, in a letter which speaks for itself, writes:

"Gentlemen,

Your letter of no date (which is bad editing) has duly come to hand. In the first place, permit me to express my personal sympathy with you over the difficulties which attend the running of a paper at the Front; and in the second, to say how sorry I am that I have nothing by me which would be of any use for the *Twentieth Gazette*. If I had, I would send it along at once. I can only wish you success in your labours, and to all your readers, Good Luck,

Yours fraternally (as an Editor)."

Our only comment is, we fear, in the form of a misquotation:

"Be to our virtues ever kind,
And to our sins a little blind."

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, the well-known Editor of *John Bull*, writing from Manchester, which place he was doubtless visiting in the interests of his recruiting campaign, sends this message:

"My dear Sirs,

I have been travelling about the country very much lately, and your letter has only just reached me—otherwise I should have been happy to have sent a special message to all your friends. Let me, however, now do so verbally.

With every good wish for your early and triumphant return,

Yours faithfully."

We have received from Mr. R. Chute the following delightful "pot-pourri" entitled "Utter Nonsense" from the pen of the inimitable *George Robey*. We thank Mr. Robey from the bottom of our editorial hearts for his contribution and message. Mr. Robey kindly enclosed a new photograph of himself which we hope to print in our next edition, together with his autograph. Mr. Chute also kindly sends every good wish to the Battalion at Christmas time.

SOME UTTER NONSENSE.

By George Robey.

"Boys—I'd like to talk sense to you, on the solemn occasion called Christmas Day: but—Et's a wise man that knows his own limitations: though, if you're chuckling, perhaps I don't mean what you mean!

Anyhow, don't let's argue about it. Arguments are so rude—when I'm