

## SPORTS (Continued).

## BASEBALL.

WHEN "B" Company discovered it had a baseball team at the Battalion sports, they immediately issued a challenge to the world! "A" Company, believing that they were the real world's champs, at once said "come on." "B" Company "came on," and when they walked off they were still boasting, for the score-board read 14 to 10 in their favour. "A" Company supporters, for lack of good excuses, attributed their loss to the consistent support given to the winners by the O.C. and the Second-in-Command.

"B" Company, not content with these honours, became rather cocky, and it was up to "C" Company to take them in hand. They did. The score was something like 17 to 7, but it is understood the scorers became tired of their work when they saw how things were going. This victory was secured by "C" Company's uncovering some dark horses, and then they had the enthusiastic support of "A" Company, who in this manner managed to recuperate their depleted fortunes!

## BATTALION SPORTS.

ON June 14th the Battalion sports were held, including track events, as well as baseball and football tournaments. Perhaps the most interesting item on the programme was the veterans' race, in which Captain Taunton, the Quartermaster, distinguished himself by winning a hard race from Sergt. Smart, the Post-Sergeant. It was suggested by one of the onlookers who envied the speed of the Q.M. that the latter saw visions of adding the pile of shirts belonging to the contestants, which were piled behind the finishing line, to his stock.

Another feature was the horseback-riding competition, the riders providing plenty of amusement by reversing their positions and using the horses' tails for reins. "D" Company's quartette carried off the honours in the horseback wrestling; "B" Company walked off with the baseball honours, and the football trophy was captured by the Details team.

Lieut. Abbie Coe endeavoured to show some of his old speed and managed to get away with the Officers' 100 yards.

Following the completion of the sports, Brigadier-General Ketchen, C.M.G., presented the prizes to the winners.

The Brigade sports were held on June 16th, and the City of Winnipeg Battalion horseback team was successful in securing the wrestling championship. This team was captained by Lieut. D. G. Cameron, and included Corpl. Henderson, Corpl. Wesley, and Pte. Dudgeon. K. C. C.

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Who was the runner with a rum jar in his hand, swearing and stumbling across muddy no-man's-land, who met his pal and offered him a drink with a very cheery greeting—I don't think?

\* \* \*

Can't a more appropriate name be found for Rest Camp? Its present one is a delusion and a snare.

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Who was the genius who was responsible for sending up the solidified soup ration during the last show, at a time when all water bottles were empty and every throat like a lime-kiln?

## The Canadian.

The look with which you sped him, standing there  
Amidst the golden fields,  
Sustained him, builded round his soul when sorely tried  
An armour of protecting memories and pride.  
No craven thought he yields  
When death screams doomful through the air.  
If he should fall, remember always this—he gives  
With loyal zeal and steadfast faith  
The ardent blood of youth, clear-eyed, undismayed, the best  
That's born of England; by England given the yearning West.  
Remember, too, the radiance of his gift—  
Brave thoughts, dear dreams of love that bridge the rift  
Of immortality.  
He lives. Know that he lives while all he died for lives.  
In the passionless peace of the prairie,  
Midst fields of flowering grain—  
When the meadow-lark sings his requiem,  
Your soldier will breathe again.

S. G. H.

## "The Price."

O Peace, how may we win thy sovereign reign—  
Where find thy solace from surcease of pain?  
In that far-flung and quivering hell—the Line?  
But how shall warm, wet sword and flaming brand  
Make plans of men bear qualities divine,  
To serve the scheme of things by Nature planned?  
What offering must we make, thou'll not deride?  
. . . . And came the Voice o'er tortured land and sea:  
"Smoke-wreathed, the ruins of the Prussian pride  
Shall drip in crimson sacrifice to me!"

## OBITUARY.

It is with keen regret that we announce the death of MAJOR STINSON, M.C., who was killed in action but a short time before our going to press. He had been with the Battalion a long time, and his loss is a personal grief to all Officers and Men.

## L'ENVOI.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME,  
Here are hearty greetings from "the boys" in the trenches, with their love and good wishes for a happy Christmas and a grand and unprecedented New Year. That 1918 will go down to all time as the year of victory for the Allies we do not for a moment doubt. The doom of the Hun is sealed. Already the hand-writing has appeared on the wall. Prussian militarism is reeling under a smashing blow, and the whole infamous structure is tottering on its foundations; and well the Despot of Europe and his satellites know it. It only remains for us to keep hammering away until this ruthless and barbaric power is entirely overthrown, and the Hun driven back within his gates. May this be sooner than even the optimists among us dream of!

Well, dear people, as "the Festival of the Home" draws near, our hearts turn with a deeper and more persistent longing to be back among you all, to see the dear familiar faces, to hear the happy laughter of the little ones, to sit in our old corners by the fire—to be Home. Never before have we appreciated so thoroughly all that this simple little word implies as after these years of trench life and the gruesome experiences of modern warfare, its remorselessness, its destructiveness, its sheer and revolting cruelty. Surely, after passing through this fiery ordeal and assimilating its lessons, we shall return to you better and more tolerant men—men cast in a bigger mould, built on a nobler scale; for no one can go through the crucible of war and remain just the same. Life's horizons are enlarged, a loftier vision is attained, the great Verities stand out clear-cut and distinct, and rightly it will be our constant endeavour to promulgate those great Ideals for which we have been ready to give our lives. Thus should we all become better patriots, better citizens, better husbands, fathers, brothers.

You, too, at Home have undergone a period of growth and development, for to you has the lot of weary watching and endless waiting fallen; and this quiescent or negative side of war is to most natures the hardest of all to bear. So when we return to the dear Dominion—that land of Romance and infinite possibilities whose sheer magic allures and compels—we shall find awaiting us the bigger mate for the bigger man: surely a fitting omen for the dawn of that Golden Age which will be fully heralded by a great and victorious peace! God bless you all.