

NEWS ON GOING TO PRESS.

There has been formed at Headquarters a concert party who call themselves "The 49 Headquarters Concert Party." The president of this party is Major Weaver, and the object is to go to each company once every two weeks, if possible, and there give a concert. The party is always prepared to put on a fourteen-item programme, which will include the band, various song and instrumental pieces, mandoline solos, and recitations. But it is not so much the purpose to provide the whole programme from Headquarters, but that the company visited should be called upon to supply talent themselves, and we think that at any moment a very good time can be had, and that the monotony of the daily life can be thus very much relieved. Two concerts have already been arranged and carried to a successful end, and by the time this little journal sees the light we feel certain that others will have taken place, not only at the companies, but at the Hospital adjacent.

A football match has been arranged against our old opponents, the 42nd, to take place on November 29 on the Convent ground; other matches are also proposed, and will in the course of the next week or so be played. We will publish the results in our next.

Who said dug-outs? If you don't believe it, why, just come down to the band or the transport section, and see for yourself. Dirt has been flying in all directions, sacks have been stolen, boxes purloined, rafters made from any old thing handy, bricks have been fetched from bombarded towns, rum-jars with the bottom knocked out take the place of windows, doors are just holes in the atmosphere, stoves are knocked together from wire and tin boxes; one dug-out even sports one with a shaker bottom, but it shakes so much that the stove has to be riveted to the wall. Whole streets appear, the houses are named, and it is rumoured that the residents have applied for a rural mail route. (Nothing doing.—Editor.) Electric lights are expected; water contracts are already let; and no doubt that this battalion will leave a little town of its own, with inhabitants complete, after the war. There are barber shops, estaminets, telephone offices, taxi stands, curio stores, and, in fact, anything that is wanted in the line of merchandise can be obtained simply by the asking. You may

have to wait, but if you wait long enough you will be sure to get it.

There is a school on the other side of the road, where one may send their children, and there they will be instructed by the most learned lieutenant professors obtainable. We expect to have the church built in the course of the next few years, and then the little town will be complete, and we shall name the burg "Billyville," and the opening ceremonies will take place at a date to be published later.

Soon after arrival on foreign shores the Rev. Captain Buckland was attached to this battalion as Chaplain, and from the very start was "one of the men," and the men everywhere one went had a good word to say of him, and we are sorry that illness has deprived the battalion of this officer. We hope that his sickness may be short, and that soon we shall see him with us again.

Our dear "Mother," Mrs. Padgett Gibbons, still writes and cheers our boys, sends them papers, small parcels, and little tit-bits that make up for such a lot in our life out here. The Editor received a letter from one of the boys in hospital, who told him that Mrs. Gibbons had been to see him on several occasions. He said she was kindness personified, and that his every little want was attended to. So, boys, if we get a blighty, we shall have a ministering angel to attend to us. May God bless her kind old heart!

We have received the following letter from the keeper of our Mascot, and publish it, thinking that it would be of interest to the members of this battalion:—

To the Editor of THE FORTY-NINER.

Dear Sir,—You may be interested to know that I have had word of the battalion Mascot. In a letter dated London, November 11, there was news to the effect that "Lestock" is still in office as our representative at the Zoo, Regent's Park. He, like "Ours," is becoming more popular every day (the men with the Engineers, and the mascot with the British public). The keeper states that he has grown tremendously, and is a mascot that any regiment would be proud of. He takes him for a walk every day, and causes great attraction. At some future date I hope to receive his photograph, which will be forwarded to you for the benefit of your readers, so that they may be acquainted of his progress from time to time.—I remain, yours truly,

ALLER MASON, "D" Company.