

MOTHER.



It would surprise the average man if he were allowed to get a glimpse of the many, yes very many, letters that are received by the officers of the battalion and not a few by the post corporal, asking if So-and-so has received any letters lately, and, if he has, would it be possible to let the writers know whether all is well, as they have not received a word for so long? Boys, these letters leave room for a great deal of reflection. Who are those who are neglecting this great duty, which is beholden of us all, that of writing a letter home? Mothers, fathers, sisters, and others long and yearn for a word from those they love so well. The folks at home never forget us, so why should we forget them? Mothers more especially look for a weekly note of some sort, just a word to say that all is O.K. Some of our mothers are verging near eternity, some are sick, and more than a few have more than one son at the front. They have all willingly given their all, their dearest and their best, for the cause, and those so given are doing their work nobly, inasmuch as they have offered their all for the King and country. But there are others to whom we owe a far greater debt, a debt that has gradually been piling up since our birth, a debt that can never be repaid; but we can at least do our little bit in an effort to ease their anxiety, to make their none too smooth path a little less thorny.

Somewhere in Canada, somewhere in this great world, that "Mother," our dearest possession, is daily plodding along patiently waiting, hoping with a hope that burns for our return. Daily her milestones of life are running out, and one day that great separation must come when memory only will be left, and times like these will stand out the most clear. What shall we think if we have not done our duty by her in this one little respect? So, boys, don't let the weeks go by without a word to her who has been our all in all. In travail and pain she bore you, and through your life has with a smile borne with your idiosyncrasies; and when the day comes and she is gathered with her own, let that separation be such that she may know that where'er her son wandered she was never forgotten.

JUNIUS.

PROMOTIONS AND TRANSFERS.

PROMOTIONS.

Sergeant Black to be Sergeant-Major, Brigade Grenade School.
 Corpl. Hunter, to be Lance-Sergeant.
 L.-Sergt. Haigh, to be Sergeant.
 Corpl. Haining, to be Lance-Sergeant.
 Corpl. Bain, to be Lance-Sergeant.
 L.-Corpl. Hutton, Corporal.
 L.-Corpl. Dorway R., to be Acting-Sergeant.
 L.-Corpl. Smith H., Corporal.
 Acting-Corpl. Young, Corporal.
 Private Allison, Corporal.
 Sergt. Irvine, Company Quarter-master Sergeant.
 Corpl. Salmon, Sergeant.
 Pte. Cass, T. C., Lance-Corporal.
 Pte. McDonald, M., Lance-Corporal.
 Pte. Matheson, G., Lance-Corporal.
 Act.-Sergt. Gilterson, Sergeant.
 L. Sergt. McConnell, Sergeant.
 Corpl. Band, J., Lance-Sergeant.
 Pt. Young, A. W., Lance-Corporal.
 Pte. Hill, W. J., Lance-Corporal.

TRANSFERS.

Pte. Thompson, W., to the 3rd Brigade Amm. Column.
 Pte. Daykin, E., and Pte. Hill, J., to the Canadian Training Division, England.
 Pte. Sturrock, A., to the 15th Battalion, C.E.F.
 Piper Ritchie, R., and L.-Corpl. Laing, James, to the P.P.C.L.I.
 Pte. Mason, T.H., Pte. Sandilands, S. H., Pte. Coroon, T., Pte. Hackett, T. J., Pte. McMillan, A. G. S., all as Munitions Workers.

Mention must be made of the several officers, who, since the last issue, we see amongst us. The censor saying that names are not allowed, we must perforce be content to leave them unnamed, and wish them every success with the Battalion.

Success lies beyond the double swing doors,
 The lobby is always full;
 Some get through by the door marked
 "Push,"

And some by the door marked "Pull."
 —New York Jury Topics.