

with. And now winter adds its share to the trials the troops have to undergo. There is much grim truth in what a recently appointed lieutenant promoted from the ranks, said to me when discussing conditions at the Front: "This plagued trench warfare is simply mud, monotony and murder." That epitomises our life exactly. No wonder when the shell fire becomes almost unbearable and one's nerves are frazzled out, the Canadian feels it would be a genuine relief for "our blokes to go over" using the graphic expression of his British confrere for the order to advance to the attack. Through it all the boys from the Dominion are patiently and steadily doing their share in safeguarding what is known to be a very important sector of the Allies front.

A BUSY DEPARTMENT

During the period of the long winter months Quarter-Master Captain B. W. Browne's department takes on additional activity—as besides keeping the battalion provided daily with foodstuffs and clothing, many additional articles of wearing apparel and trench appliances have to be handled during this season. Every morning limbers are dispatched to the divisional headquarters stores of the Ordnance Department with indents for clothing, etc., and as the same are filled and brought back to regimental stores they are as rapidly distributed to the ranks.

"Yes, it is our busiest period," said Q.M.-Sergeant G. S. Skinner as he invited me into a barn in the farm billets, extemporized as a store room. "All these goods are for winter wear," and he pointed out bale after bale and immense packing cases filled with the requirements for the troops. In brief, each man has drawn a new woollen undershirt, a flannel "greyback," cardigan jacket, a leather-lined jerkin or short fur coat and a pair of heavy gloves. These are in addition to his tunic, raincape and long overcoat. There was also an issue of trousers in lieu of the kilt, for winter wear. Then there are the very necessary trench supplies including rubber hip-boots with waders inside; special braziers for heating the

dug-out, besides hand pumps and bailers for keeping the trenches from flooding. Sixty sacks of coal and wood have daily to be included in the rations for the fighters in the trenches. From this it will be seen that the Canadian Tommy is warmly clothed to withstand the rigours of the campaign and every aid possible to ameliorate the trying climatic conditions in the trenches is provided.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON

Christmas was spent in the trenches

Deleted by Censor.



A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM THE FRONT.

From Brig.-Gen. R. G. Edwards Leckie, C.M.G., and officers of the Staff of the 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade, "Somewhere in France."

It was altogether a quiet day, not a shot being fired on our particular front, and our thoughts were for the most part with the dear ones at home. Happily the New Year's festivities found us in these huts back in reserve, and then the boys made merry. Every company and every section had its dinner during those five memorable days out. How the efficient post office staff worked to handle our mail thousands of parcels and letters came to the battalion, and there was no end of good eats and gifts for every one. Through the kindness of the Paymaster, Capt. S. R. Heakes, there was a plentiful supply of turkey, to go along with our plum puddings and it is worth telling how this popular officer secured the birds. To

each man going to England on leave just previous to the holidays he gave a certain sum of money and asked him to bring back a good fat turkey. In this way he accumulated a stock and made it possible for each man to have, a bountiful helping. The many friends of the regiment remembered us handsomely with gifts of smokes, food and comforts during the holiday period. Those who return to the land of the Maple—après la guerre will certainly carry happy memories of the closing days of the old and the advent of the new year on the battle field of Flanders. May next Christmas be spent at home in peace, our work out here honorably and successfully accomplished, is the 1916 wish of every Canadian Tommy, including yours fraternally,

P. F. G.

AT SHORNCLIFFE (?)

One of his friends watched a Canadian officer one night as he showed his men how to fold their clothes, how to spread their bedding, and how to wrap themselves in their blankets; and finally, when the officer was taking leave, the friend said to him.

"I say! You've forgotten something."

"What have I forgotten?"

"You haven't heard them say their prayers and kissed 'em all good-night."

HAPPY ENDING WANTED

A charming, auburn-haired nurse tells the story. She bent over the bed of one badly wounded man and asked him if he would like anything to read. The soldier fixed a humorous eye on her and said, "Miss, can you get me a nice novel? I would like one about a golden-haired girl and a wounded soldier, with a happy ending." After this the pretty nurse looks down contemptuously on civilian compliments.

Sergt. Tommy Gallon, of No. 1 Coy., one of the most popular non-coms, in the battalion, has left for Shorncliffe Camp to take a course of training for a commission.