

COMMITTEE HEADQUARTERS

BATTALION NOTES.

We were pleased to receive the December copy of the "Canadian Hospital News," the first issue of their magazine since their move to Buxton. We wish them every success in their new quarters.

Leave is coming at a very satisfactory rate now, and all men returning from Paris report very favourably upon the new Army and Navy Leave Club, where everything is made most comfortable and homelike for the boys.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the Alberta Pacific Elevator Company, Calgary, who forwarded to our Colonel, through Captain Robert Pearson, the sum of £70, to be used in procuring Christmas Comforts for the boys of the Forty-Ninth Battalion.

We are also indebted to Lieut.-Colonel W. C. G. Armstrong, for the sum of £100, to be devoted in the interests of the men of this Battalion. Those who were privileged to see the real enjoyment of the men while celebrating the Christmas season will fully realise the benefits derived from their timely gifts.

A ECQUEDECQUES.

Connaissez-vous. The demoiselle.
At the estaminet,
She sing, she dance, with all the boys,
Mon Dieu! she is très gaie.

She love them all, each one the best,
Mais oui, There's only one.
She rests upon his arm and cry,
"Encore la Gramophone."

She kiss them each, upon both cheek,
It's bonne in la Belle France.
The bugle call—Soldats—A dieu.
She stand and shout, "Bonne chance!"

"Pourquoi si triste? A tear, je vois,"
Peut être, he come some day.
"Non! Non! Mon sergent est parti,
Je suis très désolé."

PADRE.

The old proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," was never better exemplified than in this present war, which is trying to the utmost the energies and powers of the world. A knowledge of what this proverb really means, to realise to the full extent the results of downright hard work and physical and mental tension, and the resuscitating effect of relaxation and recreation on mind and body can only be gained from actual contact, with a knowledge of the men who have and are doing the drudgery and fighting in this war, where mind and body are wrought to their fullest and endurance past belief is demanded alike of officer and man.

To watch a battalion coming out of the line on relief after a tour of duty or action, perhaps pale, haggard, and bedaubed from foot to head, laden with their equipment, you would almost think they would be unfit for any further duty at the front. But look closer, and appearance is not all. Look into those tired eyes which night after night have kept faithful vigil gazing into the blackness of No Man's Land, lighted only by the glare of enemy flares or stabbed by the flash of guns or bursting shell. Look into those faces, work-bespattered with mud, streaked perhaps with sweat and blood, and behind that apparent weariness, deep in those tired eyes, still burn unquenchable fires of determination, which speak the heart and soul of our troops, and only need rebuilding to blaze forth again in all their glow and intensity. And how is this wrought? How is this body of men to be rebuilt that it may be fitted again to face the hell they have come through?

One thing which strikes the stranger on first coming into this battle area is the wonderful organisation apparent everywhere. As the very extremes of the body are fed by the wonderful action of the heart, and everything depends on it, so the very extremes of this fighting machine are fed and kept supplied with unbroken regularity.

Never before in history was there such an organisation of self-sacrifice to carry it into effect. This is more particularly evidenced where the final distribution is made, not merely of guns, ammunition, equipment, and the necessities to carry on this struggle, but men, their rations, their needs, a thousand and one things to be thought of—their letters