

this year will be more effectual than ever before in your history. A year's discipline and trial, a year of great sacrifices, our great Empire moved by this great Christmas wish will be mighty in bringing Christ's peace on earth. May your Christmas be truly happy by the exercise of your noble faith.

W<sup>m</sup> BARTON.

### Society Notes

That rambling old pile known as the "Petit Douve Farm", where the eleventh Prussians have (for the past two months) been rusticated, was the scene of a very fashionable and select "at home" when the tenants "received" a small party of the 7th., Canadian Battalion (1st., British Columbia Regt.) famous "Five Hundred".

The latest military fashions of two nations were in evidence. Altho there was a fair sprinkling of Kbaki, the majority were dressed in prussian grey and blue, (mostly blue). The high fences, (barbed) around the Douve Mansion had led many Canadians to believe that the Douve people were very reserved. In fact it was the presence of these fences that had caused the 7th., Battalion to decline to "call" on our neighbors, refusing to take the risk of having their evening clothes ruined. The approach of winter with long dreary evenings had caused several Canadians to think that stand-off-ness should cease. They approached the Col. on the matter and finally got his consent to allow a small party of Scouts, Wire cutters, Bombers, Infantry and Signallers, chaperoned by Officers, to "call". Two thirty A.M., being such an unconvensional hour, the visiting party were not at all surprised to find themselves very coolly "received". This coolness, however, soon wore off when the bombers gave their hosts a practical demonstration of hand grenades, and bombs, as used in modern warfare. This little entertainmen was very well as received and the "at home" began to look like a splendid success, (for the guests). After inspecting the grounds, dwellings and etc. the 7th., Officers suggested that the party return home, as they show their appreciation of the nights enjoyment, the visiting party insisted on an immediate return visit. This could hardly be arranged at first but after a little persuasion and offers of splendid souvenirs in the shape of "Hall's hand grenades", a party of about twelve accepted the invitation. Before leaving, however, the visiting party decided to give their Hosts a few selections from the latest London Play Houses, the programe being as follows:—

"Maskelynes barbed wire Mysteries" — By 7th., Battalion Scouts.

"To-Night's the Night" and "Now's the Time" from the Duke of Yorks and the Albambra, — 7th., O. C.

"Looking Around" (from Garrick Theatre) and "More", — Chick. Robertson and Bombers Glee Party.

"Stop Thief" (New Theatre) by, — 11th., Prussian Officers.

"Coming thro the Rye" — Sgts. Ashby and Myerstein. 5064 Gerrard" — 7th., Battalion Signallers.

"Push & Go" (Hippodrome) introducing "Shorty Preston and "all star" cast. Screamingly funny farce, Canadians pushing and Prussians going (to England)

Complete 7th., Battalion Glee Club (under direction of Capt. Thomas) introducing the new song "Won't You come over to our Trench?"

(Tune won't you come over to my House?)

Won't you come over to our trench,  
 Won't you come over to stay?  
 We've lots of hard-tack, a gas bomb or two.  
 We live in the the trench o'er the way;  
 We'll sing your old 'ymn of 'ate,  
 And we may put your eye in a sling;  
 Won't you come over to our trench  
 And we'll teach you, "God Save the King."

### The Plaint of the Navies Brigade

Out in the mud in the trenches,  
 From dawn to the end of the day,  
 We figger'd we'd fight  
 All day and all night,  
 But not in this singular way.

Though a pick and shovel are bandy  
 When it comes to a bit of a scrap.  
 We just pack them for miles  
 Over trenches and stiles,  
 Just to alter the face of the map.

Still trenches, of course, are most useful,  
 When you're trying to hide from a shell;  
 But when you've to grovel  
 In the mud with a shovel,  
 You wish the whole outfit to hell.

A sand bag may save some poor soldier,  
 (When trying to sell them they say);  
 But if they had to pack 'em  
 And fill them and stack 'em  
 They'd speak in a different way.

In night time returned from the trenches,  
 To our nice cozey billets of rest,  
 There's an ear-piercing shout:  
 "Hurry up there get out;  
 Working party—you fellows get dressed."

Then you hike back to the trenches,  
 To work till dawn reddens the sky.  
 We curse till we're blue,  
 Fill a sand bag or two  
 And pray that the sapper may die.

They may talk of their regular army  
 Of their stunts on the field and parade  
 But the "Seventh" can claim  
 They're entitled to fame  
 As the pride of the Navy's Brigade.

7<sup>th</sup> Canadians  
 2<sup>nd</sup> Novr.  
 1915  
 Menu  
 7<sup>th</sup> B.C. Regt.

Mors d'oeuvres

Ox-tail Soup

Lobster Salad

Irish Skew

Roast Beef

Fruit Salad

Desert

