



Who is it as a general rule
 Objection has to ridicule
 And lacking humour plays the fool
 The man without friends.

Herewith the 8th issue of "The Listening Post", which will be found greatly enlarged and improved. This has been made possible by the loyalty of our patrons, and this forward step is taken to repay in a measure that loyalty. Our endeavours have been and will continue to be confined chiefly to matter in the lighter vein, in both columns of manuscript and art and we trust that no reader — be he Field Marshal or private — would be so thin skinned as to have his susceptibilities hurt by any of our brilliant articles. If there are any of such we commend him to read the verse at the head of this column.

For the benefit of our many civilian readers at home who do not quite understand the military term that forms the name of this paper, we will endeavour to explain. In the past we have had what was known as "Out Posts" "Out Post Groups" "Mounted Patrols" "Sentries" etc. "Listening Post" in a sense represents all these in trench warfare; it is a sentry post of two or three men, usually armed with rifles and bombs who go out every night into "No Man's Land" between the enemy lines and our own where they stay all night, ever on the alert to recognize any movements of the enemy and to observe his listening post and patrols. As may be surmised by our reader this is very dangerous work; every sense of the men on Listening Post must be keen and alert; for that reason our paper has been named the "Listening Post" ever keen and alert to get all news that will, when presented to the soldier carry his mind away from the nerve racking test of the firing line to the relaxation of fun and frolic. Our title picture shows the lone listening post out somewhere in "No Man's Land", dimly visible to his friends in the light of the grey dawn, as he scans the wire and sand bag line of the enemy in front where death lurks — ever in his mind are vivid thoughts of the two works of the devil — "Barbed wire and Machine Guns" — but then, "faint heart ne'er won fair lady" — we would rather have our readers think of the enemy trenches as a fair Lady for our men have no "Faint Hearts".

The Listening Post is a special paper printed for particular people and is written in the firing line — (as a matter of fact some of our material has been lost through the caprice of a German shell) while it is printed in a little shop well within the zone of shell fire — in fact we have often expressed surprise that the building has been left standing — perhaps our friends (we guess not) the Germans have not yet discovered that this important and influential journal is printed there — how ever we will "carry on".

And now just a word from the firing line to the folks at home. "Chuck the drones and pessimists" (please excuse Canadian Slang) they do more damage than all the German

spies within the borders of our Empire. Also "chuck" the word "conscription" it has a hard rasping sound of servility that we British do not like. Substitute instead the double word "National Service" glorious words! what a privilege to serve our great Empire! What a glory there is in death for our country! Yea good people, it is a privilege to stand shoulder to shoulder with your brother for the defence of your hearth and home — what would you, young man? Do you not see the burning tear stained eyes of wives, mothers and sweethearts who have freely given? Come Sir! Awake from your drowsy dream — slip off your filmy phantom platform of excuses to the solid ground of our Empire where you can stand neath the folds of the Union Jack, your feet firm, heels together, head erect, chest thrown out with a true manly heart beating under the King's Kahki that waits for you.

Lives there a man with soul so small,
 Who never heeds his country's call,
 Who'd serve his nation not at all;
 Stand idly by and watch her fall?

Then hark! hear the call from the trenches
 Echo through the future dim;
 Scourging the slacker, with soul so slim;
 Shame to him? shame shame to him!

The Editor desires to express his regret at the loss of Capt. G. Gibson C.A.M.C. as news Editor. His services to this paper are beyond estimation and his great enthusiasm is reflected in the pages of "The Listening Post". We are glad to be able to announce that Capt. Gibson will continue to contribute articles from time to time that we are sure will be appreciated by every Officer, N.C.O. and man in the Battalion. In L/Cpl. Maylor we have a "chip off the old block" as it were. His contributions under the nom de plume "The Drone" have been read with the greatest interest and pleasure by all readers of the paper. His promotion, therefore, to "News Editor" is well deserved and the continued success of "The Listening Post", which has now almost outgrown its childhood, is assured.

The Editor begs to announce that he has received a copy of "The Maple Leaf" a magazine of the Canadian Expeditionary Force Pay and Record Office.

The magazine is a clever little volume, and is sold at the modest price of 1/-, the proceeds of sale being applied to Canadian Prisoners of War and Field Forces Cigarette and Tobacco (Pay and Record Office) Fund. We are also glad to state that the cigarettes and tobacco supplied by this fund (as shown on page 6 of the magazine) are of a quality worthy of the soldiers whom they are intended for. We regret that the cigarettes and tobacco supplied by well meaning people through much advertised funds are of a quality that our soldiers refuse to use them. Smaller quantities and better qualities should be the guide to those at home who supply our soldiers with this very necessary article of comfort.

We wish our cotemporary of the Pay and Record Office all possible success in its very laudable work.

