

A feature of the Society is that every honour should be given to the wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of those who have fallen on the field of battle, and generally, all relatives and friends, both men and women, of any members of the regiment should become associated with the organisation.

We understand that an organisation committee, consisting of prominent Edmontonians, have the matter well in hand, and we hope soon to hear that their efforts will meet with the encouragement and success that so worthy an object deserves.

SICK PARADE.

The Sick Parade on the day following Christmas Day, or Boxing Day, as it is known among the English, is one of the bright spots in the conduct of the war. The varied complaints are subject only to the limitations of the mental ingenuity of the men. The day before had been one of varied delights, also refreshments, and the natural inclination of the men is to avoid in every way the duties pertaining to their positions.

Can you imagine listening to the wails of the Staff Sergeants, as they parade before the M.O.?

Pay says: "Sir, I have been working overtime lately owing to the many remittances being sent away, and my brain feels as though someone had it in a vice and was hitting it with a trip hammer."

The Pioneer reports that he has been busy digging a dug-out, and thinks that the air must have been foul, as his head feels heavy and he feels dizzy and incapable of lifting his hand.

Can you form an opinion of what ails these men; what particular microbe has attacked them and many others? What is it gives them all the disinclination for work?

People have an idea, if one may judge from the articles in newspapers, that Christmas with the Overseas Force is much like a celebration in a workhouse, when suet pudding has been substituted for plum and their beer ration cut to practically nothing.

No, no, my dear brother, such is not the case. The month before Christmas shows an activity marvellous, and an aptitude for

acquiring things sublime. Every man's efforts are directed to storing up supplies in sufficiently varied form to assure him of a good time, and the efforts of the men are ably seconded by those of the officers, so that on Christmas Day everyone is filled to capacity, and then some.

Looking at it from this view-point, can one be surprised at the size of the Sick Parade the day following? Can one wonder at the varied complaints or the language used in explaining the various causes that lead up to them? Does any Hero walk in, and, addressing the M.O., say: "Sir, I have sinned against all rules of diet and am unfit for duty"?

No, gentle reader, there is no such person on parade. The M.O. and his assistants, plucking aside the veil of excuses and explanations, resort to old-time methods of treatment. No Homœopathic doses are given, but with the curt order, two "number nines," the patient is permitted to depart, taking with him his head and his excuses, and leaving behind him an almost inaudible résumé of his opinion of the M.O., the assistants, and everything connected with them.

So does Sick Parade on Boxing Day pass, and matters gradually resolve themselves into the old routine, with but an occasional reference to "Say, do you remember, etc., etc.," and so life in the battalion once more resumes its even course.

"A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

The story is old, but possibly new to some of our readers. A very young subaltern had been drilling his platoon, composed mostly of old hands. During the afternoon hours, and in the course of the drill, he heard somewhat sarcastic remarks to the effect that "a little child shall lead us." At the conclusion of the parade, before dismissing his platoon, the very young subaltern announced in his mildest tones that there would be a ten-mile route march with full kit that evening at 8 o'clock, and that "a little child would lead them—on horseback."

If the ancient blind poet of Greece, Homer, could return to his native shores any of these days he would get such a shock as would probably return him his sight.