

CHRISTMAS CHEER AT THE MEN'S MESS

To the gay prattle of children, the strong rending of shells from the kernel, the cheery rip of the orange peel and the aromatic odour of Corporal Vaughan's breath the troops did themselves real proud on Christmas day. The proud fathers sported their progeny, resplendent in multi coloured ribbon, which although not matching the colour of the gravy, lent none the less an added touch of gaiety to the harmonious assembly. O tempora o mores! my genial spirits, some of us caught ourselves saying "please" and an orderly was overheard requesting a

member of "A" Coy to "do have some more nuts".

Everybody had a wonderful time of course and the dining room looked, for once in a way, as though everybody was there to enjoy themselves. After the proceedings proper an orange swiping and raisin rustling competition took place but owing to the general excellence of the contestants no prizes were awarded.

Now follows, for the benefit of those unfortunates who were home for Christmas, a copy of our menu. Space does not permit us to give the wine list in full, but those of us who drifted in towards even have no doubt as to the quality.

MENU

DEJEUNER

GRUAU, à la Caledonia
 FLOCONS DE BLE D'INDE, with a jigger of MILK SAUCISSE, décolletée
 et OEUF'S FOUETTES, à la Wilhelm's Guards
 PAIN DE GUERRE truqué
 BEURRE NATUREL, sans Oléo

DINER

DINDE ROTIE, damned good!
 SAUCE AUX ATACAS, piquante
 CHOU BOUILLI, sans odeur
 POMMES DE TERRE à la crème,
 Vive le Roi d'Irlande!

FRUITS, du Nord et du Sud

THE, sans Dansant

PAIN et BEURRE, à la Ruhleben
 PLUM PUDDING, Brandy Sauce,
 —Memories of Britain's Home-fires
 NOIX et RAISINS, à la Skirmish

SOUPER

BOEUF ROTI FROID, SAUCE H. P.
 —à la Boyaux Bien —à la K.R.O.
 TARTES A LA FRICASSEE, avec Raisins
 à la santé du Roi!
 PAIN et BEURRE, GATEAUX,
 —graissé bien mince —à la manière de ma grand'mère
 THE, FRUITS
 —et ensuite le Maréchal!

**SHOES AND SHIPS
 AND SEALING WAX**

This week, my somewhat jaded readers, our Base Coy holds forth to the multitude and it naturally becomes us to search among their stuff for material suitable to the peculiarities of this column.

To our astonishment, the prize poet of the Company, who is tall enough to hitch his wagon to the stars, presented us with something bad enough to claim our column as its home. How oh Lord are the mighty fallen! Listen to this profound thought and guess the brand he swears by!

"There in that room at sixty five
 There you will see a great fat boy
 And in the mornings as he lays in bed

Almost too tired to be fed.
 When the dinner time comes and
 the bugle welcome sounds
 He glances through the glass
 He is out with a "hurry up boys,"
 "Or you will be the last." "

Exhibit "B" is a gem from the pen of a sergeant who shall be nameless, as we are a loyal lot over there and try to preserve the dignity of rank both in our poetry and on pay nights. Bear with me therefore and lend a sympathetic ear to the alleged swan song of a submarine marine.

God gave us a beautiful place to live

When he put us all on the earth
 He gave us a joys and our sorrows
 He gave us our gladness and mirth
 He gave us the beautiful spring-time

Of which the poet raves
 But did he ever intend that we
 Should descend to the garden.
 Beneath the wave.

Im a submarine under the see
 What a beautiful place to be.
 The oceans hed with corals abound
 The waves have a melodious sound
 And as I look thru the windows
 As the fish go floating by
 Its a beautiful place to live in
 But a Hell of a place to die.

Spr. Wheeler on receipt of a parcel containing Sox and Marmalade composed some very commendable lines. As we know his girl very well we have sent his appreciation on to her as in such a cold blooded journal as this we can not give too much prominence to the secret yearnings of the woe-ful balladists who now and again cross our path. Were I single and had a girl, dear Wheeler, and she sent me sox, I should take it that I was being accused of having cold feet. Therefore would I hie me to her wigwam, club the old man and borrow the registrar's fees from my best friend. The marmalade would no doubt come in handy the following morning.

Finally, boys, a plea for original verse. There comes to our desk—joint ownership of seven—some real fine stuff, the only fault being that the Literary Digest, Life, Christian Herald and other comie papers have got in ahead of us. If it's punk we will print it and should it be a shade worse than that, why, it receives our honourable mention in this the dwelling place of light.

WALRUS.

**MAJOR MILNE AT THE
 NEXT WHIST DRIVE**

The streets Christmas eve were in a very bad state, were they not? Sergeant Major Barr and myself were down town that night, and we found it almost impossible to walk home, especially Barr. I was no so bad, but Barr found it very slippery walking. I'm telling you this for fear my friend may be misjudged and it wouldna be fair to judge a man's condition by his walk that night.

Next on the Programme will be a song.

"Just a wee Deoch an Doris".
 —By Scotty Graham.

Fred. Lake

13 Ralph St., OTTAWA.

**Whips,
 Lanyards,
 Polish,
 Mirrors,**

Guaranteed Goods.

On Sale in Canteen and everywhere.

The

**H. FORTIER COMPANY,
 LIMITED.**

67 St. Paul Street, East,
 MONTREAL, P.Q.

**Wholesale
 Tobacconists.**

Canteen
 Requirements
 Supplied.

*With
 Compliments of
 Lymburner,
 Limited,*

360 St. Paul St. East,
 Montreal.

**The Hughes
 Owens Co. Ltd.,**

MONTREAL, OTTAWA,
 TORONTO, WINNIPEG,

**Blue Print, Drawing,
 Tracing Papers & Cloths.**

EVERYTHING FOR THE
 DRAWING OFFICE.