

CANADIANS PASS THIRD CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

Indomitable Spirit of Dominion Troops Reflected in "The Listening Post"

(By W. A. Willison, Staff Correspondent of the Canadian Press.)
Somewhere in France, December 12: "For the third time Christmas finds the Canadians under arms in the trenches of Flanders. What they have hoped for, written for—and in their thousands died for—has not yet in sight; but the spirit that carried the original Canadian Division through the second battle of Ypres is still marching with the Canadian troops through all the mud and slime and hell of the modern battlefield, and will march with them to the only goal that is worth striving for—their return to their homes in Canada."

"And to our own folks whose dearest wish was that we should be with them at this festive season, the Christmas message, 'A Merry Christmas and a glad New Year' from the bottom of our hearts. A Merry Christmas in the real and true sense of the word—not the abolition of the old customs in the absence of loved ones, but the whole-hearted enjoyment of all that is worth while. Life is short and this old world too small for misery and long faces—look on the brighter side of life and keep in training at smiling for those who are ever ready to welcome us back. And if in the midst of all you pause with sober faces and solemnly drink to those who have paid the utmost price, remember that they too—those happy, cheery lads cut down on the very threshold of life—would wish you to be such. Such is the message which constitutes the only editorial in the Christmas Number of 'The Listening Post' that famous chronicle of the Battalion of the Division. Read it well, Canada for the heart of not only a regiment but a nation's army is in it."

And here is another message from the Brigadier of this famous Brigade who writes "from every member of the Brigade to anxious hearts at home, to assure them they have our constant love and devotion, our daily thoughts, and our wishes for a Merry and Happy Christmas. Keep the Home Fires burning. Keep our places in your hearts and in our homes fresh and fragrant, for though long years and long leagues separate us, our love and loyalty know no space of time nor distance."

The letter from Brigadier-General C.M.G., D. S.O., continues with a message to the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of his Brigade, a message which ends:—"It is three years, over since the Canadian Contingent sailed away from Canada, and they now march silently over the roads and lanes of France and Flanders because their thoughts are of Homes and Loved Ones far away. They know that Fathers, Mothers Wives, Children and Sweethearts are also thinking of them and working for them."

"Happy Canada which possesses such well-loved Homes. Fortunate Country with such loving Fathers and Mothers, such faithful Wives, such devoted Children, such ardent and affectionate Sweethearts! So long as Canada possesses such as these, her sons will be ready to go to the ends of the world to fight for them, to die for them, and they will love them forever."

There is more in the General's letter. It deals with the record of the Brigade and what is not said in the letter is said in eight solid pages which follow it—eight pages devoted to the Honour List of the Brigade.

So ends the seriousness and "The Listening Post" is again the careless, happy journal of the firing line. Profusely illustrated with cartoons, filled with stories and jokes, it is a publication to do honor even to such a battalion as that which produces it. It is impossible in the space to give more than an indication of the rest of its Christmas contents. There are, for instance, the following additions—illustrated—to Webster's Dictionary:

"A Private—Known as a 'Tommy.' Lives on Bully and Macdonald. Goes out in all weathers; does all the work and most of the grousing. Can drink a little, swear a lot, and can parlez-vous enough to get a cognac out of hours."

"Lance-Corporal—Commonly known as 'Lance-o-Jack.' Sports a good leg on each arm, and is as important (in his own estimation) as a General who has just pulled off a successful attack. Swells up all over for about a week after getting his stripes, and during that time makes the 'Tommys' sit up and take notice."

"Corporal—Wears two stripes on each arm. His fund of knowledge enables him to push most of his work on to the newly-made Lance-o-Jack. Always picks out the best pieces of bacon in his section's rations for himself."

"Sergeant—Three stripes. Never does anything he can get out of. His main object in life seems to lie in the direction of his platoon's rum tin. They are giving separate rations to the rest of their platoons, so that the junior N.C.O.'s will not learn all the old soldier tricks before they get their third stripes."

"An so they run on. The Co. Q.M.S. 'lives' in the Transport Lines and juggles with his company's rations." The Co. Sergeant-Major "looks over the comforts for the troops and removes therefrom any articles of value or liable to have injurious effect on the constitution of the Tommys. The Regt. Sergt-Major is "known as the Terror of the Battalion. When he opens his mouth the whole world trembles."

"Lieutenant—Two stars and one ring. Commonly known as the 'Sub.' Does most of the work in the Battalion. Is abused by all senior N.C.O.'s, W.O.'s, and Senior Officers. Draws his pay for the benefit of his platoon."

"Captain—Three stars and two rings. Usually commands a company, but sees that the 'subs' do all the work necessary to run it. On the march rides a horse, doesn't carry a pack, but sees that everybody else carries one."

"Medical Officers—Rank as Captains. Are necessary occasionally to cure ebels, set bones, and listen to the varied stories of men who want to ride on the ambulance wagons."

"Major—Always has some pet hobby—sometimes salvaging, sometimes digging. Is blamed for everything that goes wrong."

"Lieut-Colonel—Crown, star and three rings. Is the whole cheese around a battalion. Dishes out P.P. No. 1 without winking an eyelid. Is reported to be endowed with supernatural powers which cause the men's knees to knock together when he speaks to them."

There are further "Kronicles of Ypres" in "The Listening Post" where it is written that "on the first day of the fifth month there came to the fields where our O.C.'s band were hiding, many hirlings of Our Lady who had but recently left. Our Mother's Country that they too might fight the King's enemies in place of those that had perished. Said hirlings did decide the hire-hire of the O.C.'s band for hiding in havens deep in the bowels of the earth. But as they strutted about in the open, Fritz, 'of a sudden did shoot off many cannon balls, so that some amongst them were slain and in much fear from the spot, they fled not this kind of fighting."

"And then did the hirlings of our O.C.'s band come from their holes in the ground and did select from the kits of the departed ones many articles both of equipment and of apparel and robes in which to sleep, for they were in sore need to replace their losses in the battle."

But this is enough. The Listening Post is full of good things. For instance, here are a few kind words on the subject of Poker-Parties:—"An odd poem or so—many yards of a more or less decorous nature—and the man in the trenches and that may or may not give thought to the gravely minded at home."

Courier Daily:
Pattern Service

Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. State size.

LADY'S WAIST.
By Anabel Worthington.



Trim and businesslike is this practical shirt waist, No. S.543. It just escapes being tailor made because of its Quaker collar and pointed cuffs. The back extends over the shoulders and the fronts are gathered to the edges to give the effect of a shallow yoke. The sleeves are set in without fullness and they are gathered into deep cuffs having flaring front-overs. The large collar is sure to be becoming, and a soft silk tie adds just the right touch.

The lady's waist pattern, No. S.543, is cut in six sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch or 24 yards of 36 inch material.

SIDE TALKS
By Ruth Hester Cameron

THE INCOMPLETE LETTER WRITER.
Do you ever have a correspondent who writes to you willingly, but who apparently draws the line at answering your letters?

I have such a one among my personal letter friends.

She writes chatty, interesting letters. She tells me the sort of things I like to hear of. She occasionally drops a word of description that is truly inspired. You doubtless know Browning's classification of writers. "Some may say they so have seen, some what 'twas they saw, the best impart the gift of seeing to the rest,"—well, this correspondent of mine occasionally climbs into that third class. An yet she isn't an entirely satisfactory correspondent because she will not answer my letters.

Some have sometimes asked a question three or four times without being able to get any answer. Sometimes I even have to employ "Caps" before I can focus her attention upon it.

She Has Mislead My Letter.
I know pretty well why this is. I have had occasion once or twice to refer her to something in a previous letter, and each time she assures me "she has somehow mislead my letter." Aside from the slight to my vanity, this is really not the way to conduct a correspondence any more. Her letters are not for us to be carried on when one does not list-

en to what the other party says. It is possible to have a brilliant monologue under such conditions but not a conversation.

A Poor Stick of a Letter
Of course a letter should not be merely a categorical reply to questions one's correspondent has asked or things he has said. That would surely be a poor stick of a letter. But it should answer any definite questions and touch on any subjects discussed, as well as communicate its writer's news or thoughts or observations.

Her Plan of Action
I know a woman who writes a letter twice a week to her mother. And not a short letter either, she fills several pages and fills them interestingly though her life is not exciting. Her plan of action is this. When she receives her mother's letter she puts it in the dictionary on her writing desk, then when she hears a bit of news or anything comes up that she thinks could be worked into an interesting anecdote (she is past mistaking her mother's letter for a heading down on the envelope) she writes it will not forget. When she sits down to write she re-reads her mother's letter and looks over the jottings on the envelope. Do you wonder that her letters are one of the brightest spots in that shut-in mother's life?

FIVE MINUTE CURE IF STOMACH IS BAD

When "Pape's Diapepsin" reaches stomach all Indigestion, Gas and Sourness disappears.

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you must have it with drastic drugs. Pape's Diapepsin is not for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its military cure in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—set a large fifty-cent case from any drug store and then, if you should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat leads to lead, ferment, and sour and forms a mass of head-aches, dizziness and nausea; eruptions of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin is in contact with the stomach all such distresses vanish. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.

ANGLO-AMERICAN UNITY
By Courier Leased Wire.
London, Jan. 15—(via Reuter's Ottawa Agency)—Sir Edward Kemp, writing to 'The Pall Mall Gazette,' says that whatever may be the outcome of the war in other respects, one thing is plain, viz. that there will be unity and accord between Great Britain, United States and Canada. "As their interests are so intermingled, it is not surprising that they should prove to be the same. There is no doubt that Canada and the United States are anxious to reach terms of intimate relationship," said Sir Edward, "and moreover, in my opinion they must co-operate for defensive purposes."

FRENCH OFFICIAL
By Courier Leased Wire.
Paris, Jan. 15—Violent artillery fighting on the Verdun front is reported in to-day's official communication. "On the right bank of the Meuse (Verdun front) there were violent artillery actions late in the night in the sector between Haumont and Courcy," it follows.

In Alsace French patrols brought back prisoners.

Good Night Stories

BOBBY'S TRIP TO THE UNDERGROUND MILL.
One day last summer Bobby awoke very early and went out into the garden before breakfast—to hunt earth worms, for mamma had promised Bobby that he might go fishing. He turned over a stone. Several little worms quickly wiggled back into their doorways. One big fellow not so swift as his friends was somewhat startled to find Bobby's hand closed over his body. He wiggled and squirmed and poked his head up between Bobby's fingers.

"Please don't squeeze me so tight!" he begged.

Bobby's fingers opened, and Mr. Worm fell back into the soft dirt.

"Well, what are you staring at?" laughed the worm, for Bobby's eyes had become very large and round.

"I never knew worms could talk!" exclaimed Bobby in surprise, stooping over to get a better view of this strange worm.

"That's just it. You don't give us worms credit for having any sense and feelings. Now, what in the world did you want to catch me for?" he asked.

"I was going to fish with you," answered Bobby.

"Wouldn't that be lovely!" exclaimed Mr. Worm sarcastically. "I've never had the pleasure of angling from a hook, but I don't think I care to, no more than you should, I have more important work to do."

"Work!" laughed Bobby. "Why, what work can a little fellow like you do? I'd like to know."

"Well, that's all you know about it!" Mr. Worm exclaimed. "It shows very plainly you've never seen our underground mills, have you? Now, if you promise not to catch my work-mates, I'll take you with me, as it's time that I was busy with my work."

Mr. Worm wiggled toward a big stone and started under.

"I promise—but say, I can't get under that stone, I'm too big," cried Bobby, for the stone hardly reached his shoe top.

"Of course!" laughed Mr. Worm, squirming out backwards. "I'll take care of that."

The Bobby heard him repeating some very strange words to himself which Bobby felt sure must be worm language. Anyway, before Bobby could get his breath he began to grow smaller and smaller, and finally followed Mr. Worm under the stone that now towered above his head like a mountain.

They went down a long tunnel into the ground. Hundreds of tiny tunnels opened out in every direction. Little worms wiggled in and out of them, pushing the dirt as they went.

"These are my workmates," said Mr. Worm. "If it wasn't for us nothing would grow in this dirt. We keep pushing back and forth loosening and stirring up the soil all day long, trying to enrich the soil, so your mamma's vegetables will grow—yet you think we're good for nothing but to catch fish with."

"Well, I never knew you were good for anything else. But from now on I'll never harm another one of your comrades," promised Bobby, as Mr. Worm led him out above ground once more.

"I'm sure you'll keep your word," replied Mr. Worm. "But say, please tell your mamma to larve her coffee grounds out here where we can get them, for we certainly do love them." Then Mr. Worm, wiggled under the stone.

Bobby ran into the house for the coffee pot, but when he returned to the garden he couldn't find the stone. Mr. Worm had wiggled under, for the place was filled with stones, and they all looked alike.

"I don't see why folks don't bite on breadcrumbs," sighed Bobby, as he emptied the coffee grounds upon the earth and went back into the house.

Rippling Rhymes

In times of peace I am so mild they say I'm harmless as a child. It gives me sore to wait a fly or make a flag or chigger die. I hate all forms of fuss and strife, all quarrels which disfigure life, and I would walk nine miles I swear, before I'd figure in a row. And only all the men I know were killed the same three years ago. We sat around the sunset tree and talked of scraps across the sea, as folks will talk of things that hap on some far corner of the map, of some wild tumult of array on Saturn or the Milky Way. While foreign joints were being hurt, we moralised upon the sin of kicking up so-nursed a din, and told how glad we were because our grand old eagle sheathed its claws, and sat as calmly on its perch as some white dove upon a church. But since that eagle quit its dream, and jarred the nation with its scream, we gather in the Blue Front store, and talk of war forevermore. Oh, how we'd make our sabbath whiz, if not bunged up with rheumatism! Oh, how we'd ray the Prussian hides, but for the stitches in our sides! It's rather funny is it not, that we old boys should talk such rot, and just to wallow in our crimes—but that's the spirit of the times.

VANCOUVER BEAT HUDS.
By Courier Leased Wire.
Vancouver, Jan. 15—Vancouver tied up the Pacific coast hockey race and made it a three cornered affair by outgunning the Portland Buds at the Arena last night by the score of 4 to 1. Not many games since the beginning of professional hockey on the coast have been more bitterly contested. The two teams fought hard from beginning to end and there was little to choose between them. The score was a matter of goalkeeping. Lehman had one of the best nights and spared everything that came his way.

DR. DEVAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all female complaints. 25 a box, or three for 50, at drug stores. Mailed freely address on receipt of price. This is Dr. Devan's address, 1070 St. Catherine, Montreal.

PHOSPHONOL FOR MEN Restores Vigor, Strength and Vitality. For Nervous and Brain Injuries. "Grey matter" is restored. Will build you up. 25 a box, or two for 50. Mailed freely on receipt of price. This is Dr. Devan's address, 1070 St. Catherine, Montreal.

A Woman's Problem

How to Feel Well During Middle Life Told by Three Women Who Learned from Experience.

The Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Read these letters:—

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I started the Change of Life five years ago. I always had a headache and backache with bearing down pains and I would have heat flashes very bad at times with dizzy spells and nervous feelings. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel like a new person and am in better health and no more troubled with the aches and pains I had before I took your wonderful remedy. I recommend it to my friends for I cannot praise it enough."—Mrs. MARGARET GRASSMAN, 759 N. Ringgold St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Beverly, Mass.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for nervousness and dyspepsia when I was going through the Change of Life. I found it very helpful and I have always spoken of it to other women who suffer as I did and they have had them try it and they also have received good results from it."—Mrs. GEORGE A. DENBAR, 17 Roundy St., Beverly, Mass.

Erie, Pa.—"I was in poor health when the Change of Life started with me and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, or I think I should not have got over it as easy as I did. Even now if I do not feel good I take the Compound and it restores me in a short time. I will praise your remedies to every woman for it may help them as it has me."—Mrs. E. KISSLING, 931 East 24th St., Erie, Pa.

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving woman's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

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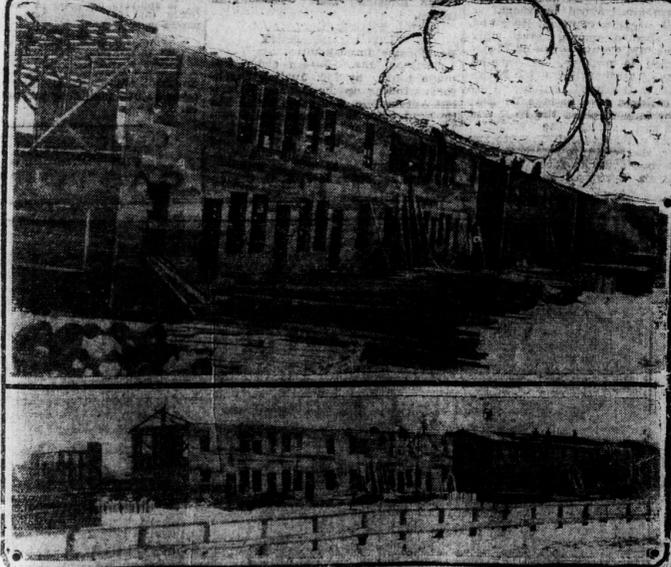
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JOHN A. HOULDING

PRES. ESSEX COUNTY BAR.
Windsor, Jan. 15.—At the annual meeting of the Essex County Bar Society J. H. Rodd, K.C., Crown Attorney for the county, was unanimously elected president for the coming year.



STRICKEN HALIFAX ALREADY BEGINNING TO RISE FROM ITS ASHES
The picture shows apartment houses being built in the Exhibition grounds which will house eight families each. On the South Common 10 blocks of ten-family apart will be electrically lit. Forty-four more are to be built. Forty of these are to be built as speedily as possible. Allments on the military recreation grounds.

X THEATRE
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AM FARNUM
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