



Issued by permission of Lieut.-Col. F. W. Fisher.
Officer Commanding 14th Canadians.

Censored according to Regulations.
1st Canadian Division.

Vol. I. PRICE 1d.

JANUARY 1st, 1916.

No. 1.

Managing Editor,
Lieut. Graham L. Dobbin.

Official Proof Reader,
Captain J. C. K. Carson.

French Editor,
Lieut. R. Marion.

Official Recorder,
Pte. Lionel M. White.

All communications to be sent direct to the Managing Editor, Canadian Fire Trench, West of German lines. A Branch Office is contemplated just in rear of German Reserve lines about May 1st, 1916.

German advertisements asking for munitions and food will not be accepted, nor can we publish anything from this source in our "Help Wanted" column.

We will be glad to forward for our readers, packets of munitions for the Huns, if put up in packets suitable to be sent via our 4.7 and 5.3 despatchers.

Such packets to reach our Canadian Artillery Despatch Service not later than 10.00 a.m. each day.

There ain't nuthin' truer in the Bible 'n that sayin' that "them that has, gifs." From "Myrtle."

COPY OF OUR PUBLICATION PERMIT.

Headquarters,
Canadian Infantry Bde.,
December 18th, 1915.
Canadian Division.

The 14th Battalion wish to publish the enclosed paper. Would you kindly give permission. I can find nothing objectionable in it.

R. W. E. LECKIE,
Brigadier-General,
Canadian Inf. Bde.
Infantry Brigade.

The enclosed is "passed by censor." There is nothing objectionable in it.

I wish that all the articles I have to censor were as interesting and amusing as this.

J. H. ELMSLEY, Lt.-Colonel,
General Staff,
Canadian Division.
18th December 1915.

INTRODUCTION.

In making its bow to the 14th Canadian Battalion, Royal Montreal Regiment, the R.M.R. "Growler" wishes to explain the reason of its being and to excuse its shortcomings.

We address our remarks to the 14th Canadians, as it is hardly to be expected that anyone outside our own immediate circle will find any interest in what, owing to circumstances, will necessarily be crude in conception and local in character.

Our reference library consists of the official papers in the Orderly Room, the daily Communique, and a few stray facts and fables stored in the not too brilliant minds of our Editorial Staff.

Of necessity, our humour must be rather blunt to appeal to men spending their days and nights in wet and muddy trenches, dodging shells, and cussing the weather, the Huns, the Quartermaster, the Transport Officer, and anything else that occurs to them.

As the name will suggest, our columns are open to every grouch in the Battalion, and a growl on any subject, whether the grievance be either real or fancied, will be joyfully received and have immediate insertion.

Statements derogatory to the characters of the Adjutant, Transport Officer, or the Quartermaster are especially welcome, and three months' free subscription given where the said statement given proved. Untrue statements regarding the above will also be inserted, in so far as those not involving the Editorial Staff in suits for libel where the punishment would be imprisonment—no fear of a monetary fine will have any weight, as you cannot get blood out of a stone, and we are "Stony."

Having given our reasons and made our excuses, we wish to say that our object will be the moral uplift of the Officers and N.C.O.'s and the mental welfare of the men; and if we can manage to take their minds off the unpleasant surroundings for an hour every two weeks, we will feel that we have achieved our aim.

Should any layman be unfortunate enough to secure a copy, we can only sympathize with him and apologise, as it was not intended that the "Growler" should wander from the family circle.

Half the Editorial Staff was sent to England at the expense of the British Government, and spent several days in the City of Cities,

with Great Britain's Premier, Lord Kitchener, and George Bernard Shaw, so that our readers will be assured of being kept in touch with the most intimate details of the campaign.

Arrangements have been made by the Managing Editor that no drastic move will be made by any of the above, without our readers being informed at the earliest possible moment compatible with the guarding of the Nation's Welfare.

We, on our part, will ever be found ready to lend the weight of our pen in the defence of the Government, and our Naval and Military leaders, from attack, either from without or within.

We beg to say in conclusion that the "Growler" will be non-political, non-sectarian, and non anything else that would annoy any of our readers.

Editor's Note:

As an evidence of the lack of encouragement given to us by both the Huns and the elements, we might mention that, as we penned the above, the Sausages dropped five-twelfths of a dozen assorted coal boxes and whiz-bangs in our Editorial back yard, and we betook ourselves and our staff to the deepest trench we could find, and tonight, having once more taken possession of our dugout, we find, the river being in flood, the floor is twelve inches deep in decidedly icy water, in which our Editorial feet are now resting.

Though our readers may not think so, this is not conducive of fluidity of thought, nor does it lend itself to our physical and mental welfare.

Present Day Methods of Warfare.

Someone has said that "The spirit of the infantry depends greatly on the staunchness of the artillery," but no one ever anticipated a military situation where millions of men are driven to face each other at bare distance of one hundred to four hundred yards apart, sheltered by what protection the scientific use of Mother Earth can afford.

Science has decreed that, for the present, artillery must primarily dominate the situation on a battle ground until, by its overpowering use, it can free the infantry and allow it to be launched upon its task.

It is interesting to analyse the difficulties and obstacles that present themselves to the leader upon whom devolves the task of changing his force from the defensive role to the offensive.

From the tactical objective allotted to him by his superior, he must never remove his gaze.

Between that objective and his own forces, in the present war the first obstacle lies in front of his own advanced trenches.

A wire entanglement of more or less devilish design, either of his own or the enemy's creation, and more often than not, two, the work of both, blocks the way.

Successive lines of deep, narrow trenches, with facilities for frontal, flanking, and enfilade fire held by the hostile infantry, with communicating trenches to the rear, holding strong supports, all dug deeply in, with secret hidden posts holding the deadly machine guns, form the first line of defence which has to be surmounted.

In rear of this first defensive line, which has a depth governed by the natural features of the ground, are posted reserves ready to reinforce, or troops to counter attack should necessity require; and again in rear, in successive positions well hidden from enemy airmen observers, are guns of all natures to fulfil the task of defensive, or offensive, as may be necessary.

First we have the hand and rifle grenade and trench mortar up in the fire trench, and further back the field gun fort immediate support against the attackers, then the light and heavy howitzers to render trench life unbearable to the enemy, and behind all the long range guns of nine and ten inch calibre, making life in farm and village impossible.

One may realize the deliberate procedure to be followed by a Commander who is called upon to order his men to leave their trenches and carry through an assault.

Every item in the enemy's power of defence has to be dealt with; and upon the accuracy of the reconnaissance reports of his airmen much will depend.

A leader called upon to conduct such an operation, would probably call together his subordinates, explain his proposed plan, the day and hour of operation, and allot to each his task, arranging for every conceivable eventuality in view of success, check, or repulse.

The absolute necessity of surprise to the enemy would be impressed upon all.

The proposed artillery preparation would have to be dealt with first, as, to attempt to break down the wire entanglements by hand or by trench bombs would sacrifice the element of surprise, together with many lives.

This task may be allotted to the artillery, whose accuracy of fire can only be attained by previous slow, careful, and deliberate ranging—so slow that the purpose will not be advertised.

In rear of the field guns, at distances suited to their respective ranges, would be batteries of light and heavy howitzers, and, again, further in rear or on the flanks the powerful long range guns of position.

Each artillery brigade commander would be allotted a definite purpose, either to drench the enemy guns with fire or else the enemy trenches in the support or reserve line and thus forestall any attempt to reinforce or counter attack.

The business of the heavy guns would be to engage the hostile ar-

tillery of similar weight and endeavour to silence them.

Preliminary ranging on the targets would be necessary to ensure accuracy, involving independent action and deliberate method, so as to deceive the enemy as to the main purpose intended.

On the attack being launched, the gunners make every conceivable attempt to lighten the task set for the assaulting infantry and to put out of action the dreaded machine guns, which deal such havoc among an attacking force.

Machine guns, properly served, are the terrors of this war, and in the hands of skilful machine gunners, can mow down the attackers in hundreds.

It may easily be seen then, that with our plentiful supply of shells of every description, we are now prepared to meet the enemy on his own ground and go him one better; and, when the opportune moment arrives we will be in a position to smash through his line at our own sweet pleasure.

M U D.

These very appropriate verses were stolen from an interesting book entitled, "With the first Canadian Contingent," which, according to the introduction by Lieut. Mary Plummer, Canadian Field Comforts Commissioner, is "published in aid of the funds of the Canadian Field Comforts Commission," and is intended as a record of the 1st Canadian Contingent and a means of adding to funds of the Commission.

One of the important calls made by the Managing Editor when in England was at Moore Barracks, when he found Miss Plummer and Miss Arnoldi surrounded by a band of willing assistants hard at work bailing up comforts for the troops at the front.

Many of us are sceptical regarding the "Angels at Mons," but regarding the "Angels of Moore Barracks, Shorncliffe," the 1st Cana-

dian Contingent in France is of one mind.

We love them all.
Good luck to them.

Editorial Note: To anyone interested in the Canadian Troops the above-mentioned volume at 3s. is well worth perusal, and in addition the purchaser has the added pleasure of assisting a most worthy cause.

On this thick and chalky loam,
Where'er the eye may roam,
The brutal truth comes home
Of the Mud.

It is said the great God Budd'h,
It "An idol made of Mud,"
You could make a million gods
Of what once was grassy gods,
But is Mud.

The ancient homes of Britons were
of Mud,
And one need not of reflection
chew the cud.
To quickly understand
They took what was next to hand,
As they dotted all the land
With homes of Mud.

In the morn when we arise
There are but the rainy skies
And the Mud.
Nine inches deep it lies,
We are Mud up to our eyes.
In our cakes and in our pies
There is Mud.

Our soldiers like to stroll
In the Mud.
And the horses love to roll
In the Mud.
Our good Canadian shoe
It goes quickly through and
through
Peels the sole and melts the glue
In the Mud.

This ditty I have written
In the Mud,
For wherever I've been
There is Mud.
It has covered every spot,
On my hands there's quite a lot,
When I'm dead, oh, plant me not
In the Mud.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

PO'TRY?

When the sun sits on the eggs,
Sweet Marie.
Then the hen can rest her legs,
Don't you see.
Every wave that strikes the shore,
You can tell's been there before,
With the peanuts we adore,
Sweet Marie.

When you want a pair of boots,
Sweet Marie,
But the Q.M. has his "doots,"
Sweet Marie,
Why just say "You're lookin' fine,
Will you take a glass of wine,"
You'll get new boots every time,
Sweet Marie.

When your turn comes round for
leave,
Sweet Marie,
And they try you to deceive,
Sweet Marie,
Why, just say that you're not well,
And you feel like raisin' hell,—
You'll leave an' you'll feel swell,
Sweet Marie.

When your dugout's full of damp,
Sweet Marie,
An' your stomach's full of cramp,
Sweet Marie,
Oh! just yell for "Chlorydene"—
It's the best you ever seen,
An' then on your tummy lean,
Sweet Marie.

When the rum is on the shelf,
Sweet Marie,
That's the time to help yourself,
Don't you see,
If the Q.M.'s not around,
You can skip without a sound,
And you never will be found,
Sweet Marie,

If you want a little mon,
Sweet Marie,
Just to give the men some fun,
Don't you see,
Why the Second-in-Command,
Will just give it out of hand,
With a rare sweet smile so bland,
Sweet Marie.

If you want your "Cooker's" moved,
Sweet Marie,
And the need of it is proved,
Sweet Marie,
Why just go to "Jim" and say,
Will you please move them to-day?
He will move them right away,
Sweet Marie.

If you get it in the head,
Sweet Marie,
And they find that you're not dead,
Sweet Marie,
They will rush you to the "Doc.,"
And if you haven't died from shock,
He will surely save your "block,"
Sweet Marie.

OUR MEDICAL OFFICER.

I say, sir, what is this swelling
on the back of my neck?
I don't quite know—it's nothing
serious but you'd better keep your
eye on it.

Recruiting Officer: "And now, my
lad, just one more question: are you
prepared to die for your country?"
Recruit: "No, I ain't! That ain't
wot I'm jining for. I want to make
a few of them German blokes die for
theirs!"

Little Miss Tuffet,
Sat in a buffet,
Putting some cocktails away.
The rector soon spied her,
And sat down to chide her —
And stayed there the rest of the
day.

Commanding Officer (enthusiasti-
cally, after sham battle): You'll
make a great soldier. I tell you my
staff, as well as the ladies, were
thrilled when the enemy made that
surprise attack on your trench, and
you only, of all the "rookies," did
not run.

Rookie: Thanks, sir, but you see,
I—er—I was right in the middle of
changing my pants, sir.

A man can always lead a woman—
where she wants to go.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of corn,
Make the festive whiskey,
And the morning horn.
Little whiskey cocktails,
Humble though they be,
Fill the nose with redness,
And the penitentiaree.

Here's to pints an' quarts an'
glasses,
Here's to the man who loves two
lasses;
May he never laugh an' grow fat,
Who wears two faces under one hat.

"You say your husband's jealousy
is altogether unfounded?"
"Certainly I do; he suspects the
wrong man."

"Do you believe in platonic
love?"
"Yes; in certain cases."
"What do you mean?"
"Well, between husband and wife,
for instance."

A woman's conscience is as elas-
tic as her garter; but not so useful.

Go straight—dishonesty is always
discovered, lies are always detected,
—sneaks are always unmasked.

Thought in the mind hath made us,
what we are,
By thought was wrought and
built. If a man's mind
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on
him as comes
The wheel the ox behind. . . .
If one endure,
In purity of thought, joy follows
him,
As his own shadow—sure.

COURTESY.

How sweet and gracious, even in
common speech, is that fine sense
which men call courtesy. Whole-
some as air, and genial as the light,
welcome in every clime as breath
of flowers. It transforms Aliens into
trusting friends, and gives its owner
passport round the world.

Slightly inebriated party to Salva-
tion Army lass who is leading the
band: "'Shay, miss, d'you save
girls?"

"Oh, yes, we do, we do."
"Well, will ye save me one fer
Friday night?"

"Me brother played a good joke
on wan uf thim chauffer fellers."

"Sure, what did he do to him?"

"The artful divil—he had a stick
uv dynamite in his pocket whin wan
uv thim ran over him."

Grit makes the man,
The want of it, the chump.
The men who win
Lay hold, hang on, and hump.

Make few promises, but, once
made, keep your pledges at any
cost.

No woman can resist grasping a
nettle to see if it stings.

John: "The French have gained
400 metres from the enemy."

Auntie: "How splendid—that
should put a stop to those dreadful
gas attacks."

FASHIONS.

Oh, she loved her love in his blue
serge suit,
And his "three-and-six" straw
hat;
While she hobbled around in her
slit tight skirt—
She couldn't sit down in that!
But, oh, dear me, how the fashions
change!

Her skin takes three yards more,
For she found she must walk a
khaki walk,
When "Willie" went to war!

Now she loves her love in flowing
skirts,
And he in his khaki smart;
While little god Cupid winks his eye—
And shoots another dart.
For, oh, dear me, how the fashions
change!

Her six-inch stride's no more;
For she wanted to walk by her
warrior's side,
When "Willie" went to war!

TO MAGAZINE EDITORS.

Fine girls upon your covers strut,
In bathing suits and curls,
But don't you think you ought to put
More covers on your girls?

Mr. Tim Healy once said: "Patri-
otism is an indefinable 'something'
for which all true men are ready to
die."

The dear woman had been put in
communication with her late de-
parted husband through the medium
of the spirit world, and the follow-
ing conversation took place: "Are
you happy, John?"

"Oh! Very happy, Mary."
"Are you happier than when you
were on earth with me, John?"
"Oh! yes, Mary; much happier."
"Why, where are you?"
"I'm in hell, Mary."

WILLIE'S LITTLE JOKE.

Little Willie: "Oh, Mumma,
there's a man in the kitchen kissing
the cook."

Mother (rushes towards kitchen).
Little Willie: "April fool. It's
only Fa—ther—it's only Fa—ther."

A GOOD MAXIM.

Never bite off more than you can
chew.

Three qualifications to make
good. (1) Concentration, (2)
Originality, (3) Continuity.

1870—1914.

A COMPARISON WHICH MAKES THE ARCH HUN SICK.

During a two years' trip through the Far East in 1903-1905, the writer was brought in contact with hundreds of British and German officials and Naval and Military officers, and brought home to Canada the fixed impression that war with Germany within ten years of the latter date was inevitable.

The Britishers were certain of it, and the Germans were drinking toasts to "The Day."

A careful following of events showed the absolute certainty of war just as soon as the Germans felt they were again "ready to the last button on the last tunic" as in 1870, and that the moment was opportune.

It was the accession of William II of Prussia in 1888, the dismissal of the Imperial Chancellor Bismarck and the marvellous and, to a certain extent, unnatural growth commercially of the German Empire, which made war at some time with Great Britain absolutely inevitable; and to the statesmanship and ability of the public men of Great Britain who steered the ship of state during the last fifteen years is due the fact that when war was thrust upon us in 1914 it found us not only as well prepared as it is possible for a people such as ourselves to be but hand and glove with our Allies of France, Russia and Italy, two of the first two of whom we were bound by the Anglo-French agreement of 1904 and the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907.

For the last fifteen years the Germans have tried, unsuccessfully, to force Great Britain to be the aggressor, and in 1905 and again in 1911, Great Britain stood by France and prevented war.

While the ostensible cause of the present World Conflict was the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his Duchess at Sarajevo, Bosnia, on June 28, 1914, everyone realizes that this was a mere pretext and that the responsibility for the assassination might more justly have been placed in Vienna than in Belgrade, and that the entire affair

leading up to the present world crisis was handled from Berlin.

Having sown the wind, Germany cannot now complain when she reaps the whirlwind.

Under William I who was a veteran of the wars with Napoleon, and Von Moltke the older, who was a great soldier, Germany had become a European power but, the Arch-Hun, William II, immediately on coming to the throne, threw over the strong man, Bismarck, and began to dream of world power, which will be the cause of the downfall of the German Nation.

With a population of 67,000,000, a strong navy and an immense well-equipped army, the Kaiser imagined himself an all-powerful and superior being who could dictate to the world, one who could make and break treaties and forswear his word of honour at a moment's notice—alas for his awakening from his pipe dream.

Having decided to make war on France and Russia and having failed to coax Great Britain to remain neutral, the Arch-Hun proceeded to annihilate brave little Belgium, who stood in the way of the War Lord's plan to smash France quickly and then to rush his forces to meet the slow mobilising Russia.

He met the first of a series of surprises at Liege, where the little band of 40,000 Belgians held up 120,000 of his best troops and killed them by thousands; and next he bucked up against the "Contemptible little army" of the British Expeditionary Force which gave him such a severe lesson during the heart-breaking days of the retreat of the Allies through Mons on to the Marne and the Seine.

This is where the Prussians missed the cool head of the veteran William I and the genius of the older Moltke, and suffered for the lack of them.

Owing to the magnificent showing made by the gallant men who composed the 120,000 of the first British Expeditionary Force, it may be interesting to glance at its composition.

The whole British Expeditionary Force as organised in 1914 consisted of six divisions, one cavalry division and one (or two) unallotted cavalry brigades, with additional troops styled "Army troops" at the disposal of the higher commanders, beside the line

of communication troops, both for administration and for the defence of the line.

The "Army troops" included squadrons of the Royal Flying Corps, with their attendant motors and stores

Taken all in all, the organization and equipment of this force was on a more elaborate scale than that of continental units of corresponding strength.

This and the high professional character of the force, coupled with the magnificent bravery of the troops, account for the splendid work done from the day it took the field, and especially during the trying days of the retreat through Mons, back to the Marne and the Seine, when by their accurate shooting, coolness under fire and pluck and vim in the trenches, the British Tommy made a name for himself which will go down to history.

IS THERE ROOM OR REASON FOR PESSIMISM.

When one looks over the results attained during the past sixteen months, one realizes that things have gone very well indeed considering our initial handicap of unpreparedness, to tackle an enemy who has spent forty odd years in getting ready for his world conquest.

Poor old "Tirp" is locked up in his Canal, and the barnacles must be pretty thick on him by this, to say nothing of the fact that he must be weighted down below the Plimsol mark with "Iron Crosses."

We have grabbed the dam near the whole German Colonial Empire, with a few insignificant exceptions; and our splendid navy has swept the German Naval and mercantile flag off the race of the ocean.

We have put his fleet in quod, met his submarine attack and beaten him at his own game.

We knocked the attempted invasion of Egypt into a cocked hat and helped to save Paris.

Mainly by our own exertions, but assisted by the French and Belgians, we stopped the advance on Calais and inflicted upon the Germans a loss of several hundreds of thousands.

By our help at Antwerp we assisted to extricate the Belgian Army, and finally we have raised an enormous voluntary army, large enough to turn the scale between the European forces in our favour; and, lastly, the way we turned ourselves into a factory and munition store for ourselves and our Allies, reads like a fairy tale.

The Dardanelles was a tough proposition but, when we have finished up the Germans to our satisfaction and the full facts are known, may it not be shown that relief of the pressure in Egypt and Mesopotamia and against the Russians in the Caucasus was well worth the price paid for this operation; and again we have not failed in the Dardanelles yet by a dam sight:

In spite of losses, our navy is stronger to-day than it was when we began. Our armies are increasing in numbers and efficiency day by day, while the German Navy seems to have pulled the hole in after it, and his armies are decreasing both numerically and in morale as time goes on.

Our munition factories can now, not only supply our daily needs, but is laying up a surplus of perfect shells, whereas the Germans are not only facing a shortage but the quality of 5 per cent. of their shells show the falling off in both material and workmanship.

So taking it all, big and large, have we much to reproach ourselves with, and have we not a great deal upon which to congratulate ourselves up to the present, and are we not daily gaining the upper hand in a way that, while not evident to the onlooker is plainly evident to those in the firing line? We are!

A good watchword—"Anticipation."

Determination is a better asset than a rich father.

Health, Honesty, and Courage are the only needed capital for success.

Loyalty, will power, and reliability counterbalance lack of learning and affluence.

Health is far more essential than capital.

BISHOP OF LONDON'S PROTEST.

Speaking yesterday at Knightsbridge, the Bishop of London said: "I must resent in the strongest way those reports, started by people who sit comfortably at home, about the conduct that goes on at the Headquarters of the British Army. I had the honour of being a guest at the Headquarters for eight days before I went to the base, and I can only say there is not a fragment of truth of any kind in the reports. I came upon a body of high-minded British soldiers, up early in the morning and working late at night, with one idea in their minds, and that is to finish the war victoriously for our country.

"During the whole time I was there I never saw one lady, except a poor little Frenchwoman, who brought me a most inadequate bath, which almost destroyed the sympathy between the allied countries, because I splashed water over the room, rather to the annoyance of the Frenchwoman."

"CRITICS."

Oh, ye little faith, ye armchair critics, ye pestiferous Lord St. D's and Ramsay McD's and other D's get ye hence.

Why is it that men of the above ilk hear some scandal discussed at a pink tea and must needs rush by taxi to the House of Lords, the Commons, or some public place, if a house top is not procurable at the moment, and, without any investigation for fear some one might "Beat them to it," blackguard and defame the public men who are giving the best that is in them to the service of their country, or the General Staff of the Army, who are not only giving their best according to their lights, but who are giving and ever ready to give their lives for the welfare of the Nation.

We on the firing line know how few and far between are women visitors at the front, and that those who do get there are on some errand of mercy or in some necessary official capacity—would to God we could see more of them.

The knowledge that we are fighting for their honour, freedom, and lives makes no sacrifice of ours too great, but it riles us to hear some old woman in trousers at home in his comfortable environment get out in public, and, speaking of that whereof he knows not, throw mud at the men who are facing the enemy to such good purpose.

Even had these pernicious lies a semblance of truth, would a prize fighter, battling for his fortune and future welfare, stop in the crisis of the fight to ask if his trainer lived peacefully at home with three mistresses or passed a strenuous married life with only one wife.

Away with these petty, back-biting meddlars. The Huns are weakening, but yef to be beaten to their knees—get out and do it.

TRENCH COOKERY TO FOOL THE "DOC" AND THE Q.M.

BY
IAMA SCILLYASS.

MOCK CHICKEN SOUP—Take a piece of white paper and a lead pencil and draw from memory the outline of a hen. Then carefully remove the feathers. Pour one gallon of boiling water into a saucepan and sprinkle a pinch of salt on the hen's tail. Now let it simmer. If the soup has a blonde appearance, stir it with a lead pencil which will make it more of a brunette. Let it boil two hours. Then coax the hen away from the saucepan and serve the soup hot, with a glass of ice water on the side.

BEEF TEA—Take the white of an egg and beat it without mercy. When it is insensible, put it in the teapot and add enough boiling water to drown it. Let it drown about twenty minutes. Then lead the yoke of the egg over to the tea pot and push it in. Season it with a small pinch of tobacco and let it simmer. Serve hot and always remember to put a piece of lemon in the finger bowl.

MOCK BEEF STEAK—Carefully remove the laces from one shoe and put them away, because they can be used for shoestring potatoes as soon as potatoes get scarce. Beat the shoe with a hammer for ten minutes until its tongue stops wagging and it gets black and blue in the face. Then put in the frying pan and stir gently. When it begins to sizzle add the yoke of an egg and season with parsley. Imitation parsley can be made with a pair of scissors from green wallpaper found in some of the ruined farms. If there is no green wall paper in the house, speak to the J.M. about it and he will have the rest of the house removed. Let it simmer. In two hours try it with a fork. If it breaks the fork, it is not done. Let it simmer. If you wish to smother it with onions, now is your chance, because after cooking so long it is almost helpless. Serve it hot with a hatchet on the side. If more than four men mess together, use both shoes.

IRISH STEW—Remove the jacket and waistcoat from a potato and put it in a saucepan. Add three quarts of boiling water. Get a map of Ireland and hang it on the wall directly in front of the saucepan. This will furnish the local colour for the stew. Let it boil two hours. When the potato begins to moult, it is a sign the stew is getting done. Walk easy so as not

to frighten it. Add a pinch of rhubarb and serve hot with lettuce dressing.

MOCK PORK PIE—Peel the bark carefully away from the hindquarters of a spruce tree and remove the tender loin. Chop it up fine and place in a saucepan. Add boiling water and let simmer two hours. Season with a pinch of salt and if not satisfactory add a pinch of pepper. Put the bark in the coffee-grinder and turn handle rapidly to the left. Add boiling water and serve with milk and sugar. The Mock Pork Pie is now done. Serve with lion-aise dressing and tomato catsup. After eating, take four pepsin tablets and send for the M.O.

IMITATION APPLE FRITTERS—First catch your fritter. Be sure it is a young fritter. The way to tell the age of a fritter is to count its teeth. Remove the shell and add a pitcher of apple sauce. Place in a saucepan and tease it with a pinch of baking soda. Let it simmer two hours, serve hot and smile rapidly while eating. Laughter always aids digestion.

OX-TAIL CHOW CHOW—To make Ox-Tail Chow Chow without an ox is one of the best jokes in the world on the appetite. Remove the pin feathers from a young onion and chop it up fine, add water, stir gently and add more water. Always boil the water before adding. Let it sizzle. Now remove the skum and serve hot with watercress on the side.

MOCK GIBLETS—Get two rubber neck clams and after stuffing with chestnuts fry them over a slow fire. Let them sizzle. Now remove the necks from the clams and add baking soda. Take the juice of a lemon and scatter it at the clams. Serve hot with Douve water on the side.

IMITATION PRUNE PIE—Take a dozen knot noles and peel them carefully. Remove the shells and add a cup of sugar. Stir quickly and put in a hot oven. Bake gently for six hours and add a little Jamaica ginger. Serve cold with tea, and talk fast while eating them.

BREAKFAST BACON—Take a hat full of pine shavings and remove the interior. Add a little sherry wine and sweeten to taste. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and other cosmetics, and let them sizzle. Now turn them over with a spoon and serve hot off the griddle.

SARATOGA CHIPS—The same as the Breakfast Bacon only you don't remove the interior from the pine shavings. Just take them as Nature made them and add a little Castor Oil. Serve cold with shredded onions on the side.

MOCK BAKED BEANS—Take as many buttons as the men can afford and remove the thread. Add pure water from outside the parapet, put in a saucepan and stir gently until you bust your buttons. Add a little flour to colour them, and let them sizzle. Serve with tomato catsup or molasses.

OATMEAL PUDDING—Take the sawdust carefully from a freshly-caught board. Remove the husks. Add water and let it sizzle. Stir gently two hours, and then rest awhile. Pour gently into a saucepan and saturate it with sugar, salt, and other spices. Serve without splashing, and add a little cold water painted white to look like milk.

HAMBURGER STEAK—Always be sure to get a fresh Hamburger. Nothing will make a man try to dodge a working party quicker than an over-ripe Hamburger. They should always be picked at the full of the moon. To tell the age of a Hamburger, look at its teeth. One row of teeth for every year, and the limit is seven rows. Now remove the wishbone and slice carefully. Add Worcestershire Sauce. Add a pinch of potato salad and stir gently. Serve hot and eat fast with the eyes closed tight.

APPLE DUMPLING—Take a large sheet of blotting paper and remove the ink. Ink is a non-conductor and discolours the palate. Borrow an apple from your mate and tie it up in the blotting paper. The blotting paper will absorb the flavour from the apple in about three minutes. Now give the apple back and say "Much obliged, thank you." Cut the blotting paper into thin slices, and add water. Stir gently until it boils over, and then unhook it.

IMITATION ROAST TURKEY—Find a copy of a Thanksgiving Day newspaper and select the fattest turkey illustrated. With a few kind words, coax the turkey away from the newspaper in the direction of the cook-house. (This dish can only be made when there is a trench cook-house with a door on it.) Care must be taken that the turkey does not escape into the trenches of the unit on your right or over the parapet into the German lines, because the turkey is a very nervous animal. Once in the cookhouse, lock the door and prepare the stuffing. The best stuffing for a turkey is chestnuts, which you can get from the joke pages of the penny papers. Now remove the wishbone carelessly and make a wish. Then coax the turkey over to the fire and push it in. Let it sizzle four hours, and serve hot with a few odours from the support trench on the side.

MOCK CELERY—Take an old whisk broom and remove the handle. If the handle is made of wood, keep it, because it can be turned into breakfast food the first time you see a saw-mill. Now remove the wire from the whisk broom and sprinkle it with baking soda. Serve cold with a pinch of salt on the north-eastern end.

The above dishes make a welcome change from the menu served out by the Q.M., and help to keep the trenches from being choked up with bully beef tins.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THOMAS.

In Summer we suffered from dust an' from flies,
The flies in our rations, the dust in our eyes,

An' some of our fellows they drooped in the 'eat,
But the Bosch, oh, the Bosch, was perspirin' a treat!

There were times when we longed for a tankard o' beer,
Bein' sick o' warm water—our tippie out 'ere,

But our tongues might be furry an' throats like a flue,
Yet it's nothin' to wot the fat Bosches went through.

Now Winter is 'ere with the wet an' the cold,
An' our rifles an' kit are a sight to be'old,

An' in trenches that's flooded we tumble and splosh,
"Wot cheer?" we remarks "It's the same for the Bosch."

If we're standin' in two foot o' water, you see,
Quite likely the Bosches are standing in three;

An' though the keen frost may be ticklin' our toes,
'Oo doubts that the Bosches' 'ole bodies is froze?

Are we sleepy or sick or 'arf dead for a meal?

Just think of 'ow underfed Bosches must feel!
Are we badly in need of a shave an' a wash?

Consider the 'orrible state o' the Bosch!

So 'ere's our philosophy simple an' plain:

Wotever we 'ates in the bloomin' campaign,
'Tis balm to our souls, as we grumble an' cuss,

To feel that the Bosches are 'atin' it wuss.

THE CONVERSATION BOOK.

I 'ave a conversation book: I brought it out from 'ome,
It tells the French for knife an' fork an' likewise brush an' comb;
It learns you ow to ast the time, the names of all the stars,
An' 'ow to order hoysters an' 'ow to buy cigars.

But there ain't no shops to shop in, there ain't no grand hotels,
When you spend your days in dugouts doin' 'olesale trade in shells,
It's nice to know the proper talk for theatres an' such—

But when it comes to talkin', why, it doesn't 'elp you much.

There's all them friendly kind o' things you'd naturally say,
When you meet a feller casual-like an pass the time o' day—

Them little things as breaks the ice an' kind o' clears the air,
Which, when you turn the phrase book up, why, them things isn't there!

I met a chap the other day a-roostin' in a trench,
'E didn't know a word of ours nor me a word o' French;

An' 'ow it was we managed, well I cannot understand,
But I never used the phrase book, though I 'ad it in my 'and.

I winked at 'im to start with; 'e grinned from ear to ear;
An' 'e says "Tipperary" an' I says "Soovener";

'E 'ad my only Woodbine I 'ad 'is thin cigar,
Which set the ball a-rollin', an' so—well, there you are!

I showed 'im next my wife an' kids, 'e up an showed me 'is,
Them funny little Frenchy kids with 'air all in a frizz;

"Annette," 'e says, "Louise," 'e says, an' 'is tears begun to fall;
We was comrades when we parted, but we'd 'ardly spoke at all.

'E'd 'ave kissed me if I'd let 'im, we 'ad never met before,
An' I've never seen the beggar since, for that's the way o' war;

An' though we scarcely spoke a word, I wonder just the same
If 'e'll ever see them kids of 'is... I never ast 'is name!

A WAR WEDDING.

He had two fine eyes as black as sloes,
A skin like a girl's of white and rose,
As well as a perfect Grecian nose,
Rather less than a year ago.

His tie and handkerchief matched his socks
(Which were lavender silk with purple clocks).

And it gave him several painful shocks
When the maid of his choice said "No."

He was scorched and scarred by a bursting shell,
That wrecked the trench into which it fell,
And spoilt the shape of his nose, as well

As the sight of the starboard eye;

But at a war wedding yesterday
(The groom in khaki, the bride in grey),

When asked would she "honour" and "love" and "obey"?

"I will," was that maid's reply.

A wounded soldier, writing from hospital said, "Dear Mother,—Please label my fruit cake 'socks' if you want it to get to me."

An optimist is a cross-eyed man who is thankful that he isn't bow-legged as well.

"Is all this about the Trojan War?" asked the student.

"It is," replied the professor.

"Well, somebody was a wonder to get all that past the Censor."

A SOLDIER FIRST.

It does a man's heart good to hear of the way the Prince of Wales butts into the bad spots on the firing line and what a stew the officers must be in who have the job of keeping an eye on him.

One day a shell took the wheel off his car and killed his chauffeur, and his narrow escapes from shell fire and snipers are too numerous for the peace of mind of his companions.

What a pleasant contrast from the German Clown Prince.

When one hears of him through the neutral press it is usually a report which either he or his "Pa" would have paid a good price to keep out of print.

Another case of "Evil Companion corrupting good manners," although so far, we never met a German with any manners at all.

IF G.H.Q. STAFF OFFICERS WERE NEEDED?

It is rather amusing to hear the wise Criticisms of Staff Organisations and officers by these dear old women M.P.'s and such like—Men who know about as much regarding the person and duties of a Staff as the Kaiser does of the temper of the British Nation.

A case of "Fools rushing in where Angels fear to tread" which would be amusing were it not spread broadcast by our enemies through neutral nations was the speer of criticism of Lord St. D—who has been explaining and apologising ever since, and whom Lord Derby dismissed with the caustic remark that "no gentleman would have said it."

At this part of the front we cannot understand how it could be possible that a shortage of good Staff officers exists when we ourselves could lay our hands at a moments notice on 34 well trained, intelligent, war tried, energetic, meritorious, hard-working ambitious officers, fit to fill the most important positions on any staff in the World. (The establishment of the 14th Battn. is really 36 officers but, we are two short at the moment of writing?)

Paddy had been told by his neighbour not to get any meat for Christmas as they were going to kill their pig and would send him a ham.

On Christmas Eve Paddy duly sent his son over for the ham, but the boy returned empty handed.

"We can't get the ham, father, "And moight I ask whoy not?"

"They're not going to kill the pig Its getting better."

AT THE BATTLE OF NISH.

A buttermilk drinking Bulgarian, Planned to live till an octogenarian.

At the battle of Nish,
A bullet came—whish!

—He left a young widow named Sairy Ann.

A clergyman twice refused to marry a couple who came before him, because on both occasions the bridegroom was intoxicated. The tyer of the knot said to the bride: "I cannot understand why you come to church with a man who is to be your husband in a state like this."

"I cannot help, it, sir. He won't come when he's sober."

When the train stopped at the little Southern Station, the tourist from the North sauntered out and gazed curiously at a lean animal with scraggy bristles, which was rubbing itself against a scrub oak. "What do you call that?" he asked curiously of a native.

"Razorback hawg, suh."

"What is he doing to himself against that tree?"

"He's stropping hisself, suh, just stropping hisself."

Mademoiselle Gaby Desleys, the French dancer, is an exceedingly slender young person, and for purposes of better demonstrating her art she wears, when on the stage, exceedingly slender clothes. A man from the interior, who had seen the lady came forth to tell about her.

"What does she look like?" asked a friend.

"Well," said the visitor, "if she'd shut one eye she'd look like a needle!"

A girl named plain Mary at her birth dropped the "r" when she grew up and became May. As she began to shine in society she changed the "y" to an "e," and signed her letters "Mae." About a year ago she was married, and now she has dropped the "e" and is just plain "Ma."

Old Lady (to nephew on leave from the front): "Good-bye, my dear boy, and try to find time to send a post-card to let me know you are safely back in the trenches."

LE CAPITAINE ET L'ORDONNANCE.

Quand le Capitaine Mapomme obtint son congé de quinze jours pour aller faire une cure d'eau à Boulogne-sur-Mer, il fit appeler son ordonnance. Tapoire et lui tint ce langage: "Tapoire, le Colonel m'accorde un congé de 15 jours, comme le temps me fait défaut pour faire mes adieux à tous mes collègues, vous allez prendre douze de mes cartes de visite au bas desquelles vous ajouterez P.P.C. ce qui signifie. Pour prendre congé: Vous avez compris mon cochon!" Oui mon Capitaine assura Tapoire tout fier de passer des fonctions de vulgaires tire-bottes à la position plus distinguée de secrétaire particulier."

La cure finie, le Capitaine Mapomme, retapé à neuf, rose comme une nourrice de vingt ans, dit sa rentrée au bataillon. De nouveau il manda Tapoire et lui dit: Mon vieux, à l'occasion de mon retour, tu vas prendre 12 de mes cartes de visite au bas desquelles tu ajouteras que je suis rentré des eaux, tu en expédieras (au double) à mes collègues." Pour en avoir plus vite finie, Tapoire résolu de réduire le communiqué à sa plus simple expression, comme il l'avait fait au départ du Capitaine.

Au lieu d'écrire au bas de chaque carte "Monsieur est rentré des eaux" il y grava les premières lettres de chaque mot de sa plus belle écriture. Le lendemain matin le Capitaine Mapomme reçut un petit message du colonel l'apprenant qu'il était mis sous arrêt pour 15 jours.

Mapomme fit une sale tête et se la creusa en vain pour trouver les motifs de sa disgrâce. Dans le courant de l'après-midi second message venant du Major et lui informant qu'il était sous arrêt pour quinze jours. Mapomme devint inquiet, le soir ou "Mess" il arriva la main tendue au Lieutenant Tabouche, celui-ci lui tourna le dos. Le Capitaine Capoute auprès duquel il renouvela sa tentative, sortit une carte de sa poche et lui dit: Mon cher Mapomme jusqu'à présent je vous croyais un gentleman je vois à présent que vous n'êtes qu'un vulgaire polisson, et un par-

fait chameau ajouta le lieutenant Mousquet! Un malapris et un grossier personnage, ajoute le Capitaine Labone. Mapomme en resta baba. Il s'empara de la carte que lui tendait son collègue Capoute et y lut:

R. MAPOMME,
Capitaine au 14m. Bttm.
M.E.R.D.E.

Mapomme ne fit qu'un bond jusqu'à sa hutte et trouva son ordonnance en train de frotter ses bottes, et lui administra un magistral coup de pied où le dos change de nom et lui cria à pleine bouche: Andouville, crétin, bougre de saucisson à pattes, degradingolant de boches, qu'est-ce que signifie cette carte? Tapoire lut et se, souven-

ant il assura son Capitaine, Vous m'avez chargé de prévenir vos amis que vous étiez revenue des eaux, alors à votre retour j'ai fait comme à votre départ j'ai mis au bas de chaque carte les premières lettres de chaque mot composant la phrase Monsieur est rentré des eaux, M.E.R.D.E. ne veut pas dire autre chose mon Capitaine.

Le soir au "Mess" quand le Capitaine Mapomme conta histoire à ses collègues, celui si en rirent de bon coeur et le Colonel s'attacha de suite Tapoire comme ordonnance.

Dans notre prochain numéro, nous continuerons les aventures de l'ordonnance Tapoire.

She knew it—"Do you believe that there is really something which can invariably tell when a man is lying?"

"I know it."

"Ah, perhaps you have seen one of the instruments?"

"Seen one?" I married one."

The Fun Eliminated—"Why do ye look so sorrowful, Dennis?" asked one man of another.

"I just hear-d wan man call another a liar, and the man that was called a liar said the other man would have to apologize, or there would be a fight."

"And why should that make you look so sad?"

"The other man apologised."

The 14th were in Divisional Reserve for Christmas, having come out of trenches Christmas eve, and in spite of mud and rain, spent a fairly pleasant time.

For the first time in many moons the officers got together and had a Christmas dinner in the farmhouse.

The evening was enlivened by a great deal of unexpected talent, and the M.G.O. favoured us with sixty-three songs, sixty-two of them being the same song, while Bunty's description of the night before and the day of his purchase of all the wooden legs for sale between Trafalgar Square and the Savoy brought tears to the eyes of those who have reached the lachrymose stage, while the balance had a stitch in the side from laughter.

The following menu was disposed of amid the fun and frolic of fellowship of a jolly Mess.

MENU.
HORS D'ŒUVRE.
à la Maitre de paie.

SOUPE.
Tomatoes (sans poils).
Vol au vent de Homard. à la Morane.

ROTI.
Veau en négligé (comme Buck).

LEGUMES.
Salsify en Crème (je ne sais pas).
Petits pois shrapnel (comme il faut).
Patates (comme on dit au Canada).

DESSERT.
Plum Pudding (à l'Anglaise).
Damwell whipped sauce (à la Kaiser).

PATISSERIES. CONFITURE.
sucrées comme les jolies filles françaises.

RAISINS. PRUNES.
Sans Knuts, comme chez nous.
Cafe noir et fort suivi de Liqueurs.

GOD SAVE THE KING.
Any Lorrie, pour nous rendre chez nous.

LA MARSEILLAISE.

Allons, enfans de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous de la tyrannie,
L'Etendart sanglant est levé!
L'Etendart sanglant est levé!
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusques dans vos bras,
Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes!
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!

Marchez, Marchez, qu'un sang impur,
Abreuve nos sillons!
Marchons, Marchons, qu'un sang impur,
Abreuve nos sillons!

Amour sacré de la Patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs!
Liberté, Liberté! chérie.
Combats avec tes défenseurs,
Combat avec tes défenseurs,
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire,
Accoure à te mâles accens,
Que tes ennemis expirans.
Voient ta triomphe et notre gloire.
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!

Marchez, Marchez, qu'un sang impur,
Abreuve nos sillons!
Marchons, Marchons, qu'un sang impur,
Abreuve nos sillons!

Alas! poor Germany. You are for ever humiliated; for generations you will belong to a lower order of morality; you will be watched and suspected as only those are to whom truth and honour are unknown and immaterial; you will be shuddered at, hated, and shunned by all honest men and women who love humanity.

The new Irish melody, "Michael Cassidy, V.C.," by the composer of "Sister Susie has made a great hit."

That they have a humanly humorous appeal is evident by the following verse from it:—

Who was it went to Kitchener and said, "My lord, I hear We're short of ammunition, so I've struck a big idea; On every shell we fire at them let's put a bit of chain, Then when we've killed the dirty dogs we'll pull it back again?"

Chorus.

Cassidy, Private Michael Cassidy, He's of Irish nationalitee, He's the bhoys of wonderful audacity— Private Michael Cassidy (bang), V.C.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

By Gertrude Ford.

She said, "When I shall love in truth All gifts of mine my Love shall share:

Beauty shall bloom for him, and youth, As a red rose to crown his hair!"

He came; but waves of war rose grim, Between him and the gifts she gave.

Their sum and substance yielded him But a white rose to crown his grave.

Yet, bride and nurse! you found a way To stand beside him at the goal: Your Red Cross showed, on that red day,

A rose of heaven to crown his scull!

Everyone wants to keep their joys to themselves and share their sorrows with other people.

It is not the best men but the best liars that men lend to and women give to.

RUNNING WATER.

"For the River is running a brimmin', And there's half a Squadron swimmin', 'Crorst the ford o' Tabul River in the dark."

I.—Yesterday.

There's a cheerful spot in Flanders Where the River Douve meanders. And one's cheek is gently fanned as The wayward bullet goes; And 'tis there my dug-out's standing,

Its strength with comfort banding, And we call it "Perry's Landing" Where the River Douve still flows.

Where the River Douve is flowing, For there's still a trickle showing, Though where on earth it's going 'Tis only Fritz that knows, For it flows straight through our trenches

Where the timid nostril blanches, From the mingled myriad stenches Where the River Douve yet flows.

II.—To-day.

There's a dreary dump in Flanders, Where the river still meanders, And the sodden trenches stand as Reminders of our woes, For the rain has filled the river, And the soaking sentres shiver While the wilting dug-outs quiver Where the River Douve still flows.

Where the River Douve is flowing, And the River Douve is growing To a size beyond all knowing (You can swim, I suppose?), If the tide should rise much higher It will swamp our cheery fire With a slimy oozing mire Where the River Douve yet flows.

III.—To-morrow.

There's a dismal swamp in Flanders Where the "Douve" no more "meanders"

But rushes on as grand as The torrent from the snows. All the traverses are fading, And the Hun is enflaming Us poor drowned rats who're wading

Where the River Douve now flows.

Where the River Douve is flowing We have every cause for knowing, That e'en now our dug-out's going Down to where the sea wind blows, And its sole remaining traces Are some muddy rain swept spaces Where the River Douve now races For the River Douve has "rose."

A kind-hearted lady was proceeding along the main thoroughfare when her feelings were roused by the heartrending sobs, howls, and boos of a little urchin.

The lady approached a girl somewhat older than the boy, who was standing by lecturing and promising the urchin the terrible times that would transpire when she "got 'im 'ome."

But surely something must be hurting the poor little chap," remonstrated the lady, "or he wouldn't go on like that."

"Garn," replied the girl, "'e ain't hurt. It's 'is rotten temperament. I ain't never seed anybody like 'im for looking on the dark side of things, 'e's a reg'lar pessimist."

Mind is the master power that moulds and makes, And man is mind and ever more he takes

The tool of thought and, shaping what he wills, Brings forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills

He thinks in secret and it comes to pass, Environment is but his looking glass.

GERMAN MORALITY.

(From the Montreal Standard.)

In view of the claim so frequently made that Germany leads the world, these figures dealing with Germany morality are noteworthy. When we compare the statistics of crime in Germany as given by the Imperial Statistics Office, Berlin, with the figures of the same crimes in Great Britain as supplied by the Home Office, we are faced by a remarkable contrast. The following table has been carefully compiled to show the average annual convictions for crimes recorded in ten years in Germany and Great Britain. The German population may be taken as 67,000,000; the British as 48,000,000:—

	German.	British.
Malicious and felonious wounding	172,153	1,262
Murder	350	97
Rape	9,381	216
Malicious damage to property	25,757	358
Illegitimate births	178,115	37,041
Divorce petitions	20,340	965

These figures have been reduced to a common basis for ten millions population and give the following proportions:

	German.	British.
Malicious and felonious wounding	25,694	263
Murder	51	20
Rape	1,400	40
Malicious damage to property	381	74
Illegitimate births	26,584	772
Divorce petitions	3,036	201

GOT HIM.

He (as the team goes by): "Look! There goes Ruggles, the half-back. He'll soon be our best man."

She: "Oh Jack! This is so sudden!"

CUPID UP-TO-DATE.

"Engaged to four girls at once!" exclaimed the horrified uncle. "How do you explain such shameless conduct?"

"I don't know," said the graceful nephew. "Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun."

Longshot: "Do you consider horseshoes an emblem of luck?"

Placer: "Yes, when they are on the winning horse."

WHERE THE SPIES' NOTES WERE FOUND.

WRITTEN IN INDELIBLE INK ON WOMAN'S BACK.

On the Swiss-Austrian frontier the regulations are very strict.

The women passengers are always more closely examined than the men. The other day they caught one with her arm in a sling—a fractured limb set in plaster!

Despite her tears and supplications they removed the plaster and brought to light an arm sound as a bell all bandaged with documents of military information.

Another woman was found to have notes written on her back in indelible ink.

FROM THE LOVE-LETTERS OF ELSIE JANIS.

To be jealous is human, to admit it fatal, and to show it is vulgar."

"Half our lives are spent in getting a thing, and the other half in tiring of it."

"There are three kinds of love—respectful love, companionable love, and passionate love. They marry on any one of them, but I want all three."—Love Letters of an Actress, by Elsie Janis.

THE NAVY THAT JACK BUILT

This is the Navy that Jack built. These are the boys who made such a noise round the Navy that Wilhelm built.

This Navy he reared has stuck in the beard of von Tirpitz who cleared, who has hidden the Navy that Wilhelm built.

And Fisher was the man who devised the plan which proved such a shocker and to Davy's locker sent the less discreet of the timid Fleet, all part of the Navy that Wilhelm built.

And our Navy is out and ready to rout, to send below with a staggering blow any German cruiser which attempts to show its ugly face to an honoured race, and to deal a smash that will tend to crash, and make them squeal and sigh for Kiel and spill the gravy of the coward Navy that Wilhelm built.

And Jack is the man who's ready to ram with an ugly jam the first "U" boat that threatens to float on the face of the sea, outside the moat of the Kiel Canal it will get such a biff that will render it stiff, and unable to lurk or even to shirk the sign of a cruiser, a real British bruiser, whose guns will smash and make such a hash of the German boats that floats on the sea that Jack rules.

R.I.P. And this is the the Navy that Wilhelm built.

INTERN THEM!

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN
ON PEACE CRANKS.

Peace cranks were denounced by Father Bernard Vaughan in a Christmas sermon at St. Mary's, Commercial Road, E.

"The crank who dares to suggest our coming to terms of the enemy's choosing," he said, "should be interned as the most dangerous spy in our midst."

"The Overman with whom the Allies are at grips once posed as England's friend 'of goodwill.' He wanted peace till he was ready for war. He has proved himself to be a traitor to his royal mother's native land.

"Where there is no goodwill there can be no peace. The only peace the Christian Englishman can dream of to-day is the peace of goodwill which will dawn only with the day of victory over the Superman, with his worship of force, his morality of the jungle, and his Hymn of Hate.

"War is a cruel evil, but if we want for Europe a peace which is not to be far crueller than any war, we must be resolved never to cry, 'Hold, enough!' until we can dictate to the enemy terms of peace giving glory to God in the Highest and to men of goodwill on earth, the assurance of righteous rest and lasting harmony."

QUOTATIONS AND MOTTOS FOR
THIS MONTH.

"Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom."—Carlyle.

"For the structure that we rise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."
— Longfellow.

"Most men work for the present, a few for the future. The wise work for both—for the future in the present, and for the present in the future."— Guesses at Truth.

"In the family, as in the State, the best source of wealth is economy."— Cicero.

"We are helpers, fellow-creatures, of the right against the wrong."

"Respectability is all very well for folk who can have it for ready money; but to be obliged to run into debt for it—it's enough to break the heart of an angel."— Jerrold.

"Owe no man anything." "Where there's debt there's danger." "Avoid the three D's—Debt, Dirt, and the Devil."— Old Sayings.

"The sober comfort, all the peace that springs
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter,
wife or friend,
The almost sacred joys of Home depend.

MORE MASCOTS FOR OUR
HEROES.

Tortoises for the Trenches.
These delightful pets possess the unique advantage of carrying their own bomb-proof shelters always with them. Regimental crests stamped on their backs at a small extra charge. Each tortoise is supplied with a small pair of scissors tied round its neck by a piece of ribbon. Primarily intended for the trimming of the pet's toe nails, these scissors will be found most useful for other purposes.

Our Special Line in Chameleons.

These fascinating little reptiles are well known to possess the valuable military attribute of assuming the colour of their surroundings. Every chameleon is supplied, at a small extra charge, with a box of paints and two camel's-hair brushes. This is for use should the little pet fail to keep pace with the change of environment during an extra rapid advance (or retirement).

Our Tamed Hippopotami.

In wet weather these placid brutes are well contented to recline for hours in the trenches with their backs showing slightly above the water level. Dry accommodation for a whole platoon on the back of a single specimen.

Recruiting Sergeant: "And can you ride a horse, my lad?"

Candidate (from the country): "Blimey, no! But I can ride one of yer London 'buses!"

Waiter: "What do you think of our steaks?"

Customer: "Too small for their age."

Keep your body sound, read good books; choose some one subject and gather all the data you can find in relating to it.

Be sure that not one day passes which has not added to your knowledge of the work you are engaged in. Put all your heart and attention into your task.

The new recruiting song, "We are coming, Sister Edith," is written by Mr. G. D. Goman, and dedicated to the immortal memory of Miss Edith Cavell." One of the verses is as follows:—

"We are coming, Sister Edith,
Loud thy blood calls to the sky—
We are thirsting to avenge thee,
We will conquer, or we'll die;
Gone's the hour when laggards falter,
Martyr's blood makes souls arise,
And thy name in all our homelands
Like a holy slogan cries."

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow

In Flanders fields.

WAR LESSONS FROM
NAPOLEON.

All great events hang on a hair.
The able man profits by everything
and neglects nothing that may give
him one chance the more of success.
The less competent man, by despising
some single precaution, often loses
everything.

ON VERGE OF COLLAPSE VON
BISSING WILL BE RELIEVED OF
OFFICE.

Special to "The Standard."
Amsterdam, December 4th.—Ad-
vices received by Dutch news-
papers state the reports in Brus-
sels that General von Bissing, the
German Governor, will retire from
that post in January have been con-
firmed. They intimate that von Bis-
sing is on the verge of complete col-
lapse owing to ill-health and over-
work.—"Montreal Standard."

A SMILE.

A symbol of a sunny soul,
Of kindly thoughts and decent
deeds,
Of patient striving for a goal,
Of courage that this old world
needs.

A mark that hides not greed nor
hate,
Behind which lurks no selfish
guilt,
Nor anger at the ways of Fate,
Such is the thing we call a smile.
—"Montreal Standard."

THE OTHER BESSIE.

"I wouldn't drink out of that cup," said little Johnnie to the immaculate young visitor. "That's Bessie's cup, and she's very particular who drinks out of it."

"Ah," said the young man gallantly, as he drunk the cup dry. "I feel honoured to drink out of Bessie's cup! Bessie is your elder sister, isn't she?"

"Oh, no," replied the small boy, "Bessie is my dog, and she's very particular who uses that cup."—"Montreal Standard."

REGIMENTAL ENTERTAINMENT
AND SPORTS COMMITTEE.

President, Major G. McCombe.
Secretary, Lieut. G. L. Dobbin.
Treasurer, Capt. J. C. K. Carson.
Committee:

Major Powell, Capt. Scrimger,
V.C., Lieut. Pearce, Lieut. Howe,
Lieut. Draper, Lieut. McCraig.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.

To those at home in Canada or in the Motherland—A Happy New Year—May the rift in the clouds which even now gives us a glimpse of the silver lining, gradually widen until with a mighty sweep we press forward to crush the enemy and wrest from him for all time his power to trample the laws of humanity, national honour, and decency under foot.

WAR'S TOLL OF THE PEERAGE.

NEARLY 100 TITLES LOSE
THEIR HEIRS.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

The extent to which the peerage has voluntarily surrendered the lives of its sons to the service of the Empire is strikingly illustrated in the pages of the new "Debrett."

A roll of honour of more than 800 names of those who have been killed or have died of wounds fills twelve pages, and an analysis of the list shows that it contains:—

1 member of the Royal Family.
6 peers,
16 baronets.
6 knights.
7 M.P.'s.
164 Companions.
95 sons of peers.
82 sons of baronets.
84 sons of knights

The cruel way in which fate has hit some families is shown by the list. Thus, Lord Penrhyn has lost his eldest son and two half-brothers, Lord Desborough has lost two sons, as have also Sir George Dashwood, Sir Henry E. St. L. Clarke, and Sir Lulham Pound, while Sir Archibald Lucas-Tooth has lost two brothers, and two successive heirs to the earldom of Loudoun have been killed.

We do not deem ourselves AI,
We have no past: we have no dash;
Nor hope, when launched against the Hun,
To raise a more than moderate splash.

But yesterday we said farewell
To plough; to pit; to dock; to mill.
For glory? Drop it! Why? Oh, well—
To have a slap at Kaiser Bill.

Indigestion is the failure to adjust a square meal to a round stomach.

THE CROWN OF EMPIRE.

(By our own Canon).

O England of our Fathers and Eng-
land of our Sons,
Along the dark horizon line the day-
dawn glory runs,
For Empire has been ours of old and
Empire ours shall be,—
His grip is on the world to-day
Whose grip is on the sea.
O England of our Fathers and Eng-
land of our Sons,
Above the roar of battling hosts the
thunder of the guns,
A Mother's voice was calling us, we
heard it oversea,
The Blood which Thou did'st give
us is the blood we spill for Thee.
O England of our Fathers and Eng-
land of our Sons,
Along the dark horizon line the day-
dawn glory runs,
For golden Peace is drawing near,
her paths are on the sea,—
He grips the hearts of all mankind
who stands for Liberty.
FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.
Canadian Division. France.
December, 1915.

KHAKI WINS.

Daisy Delaine was blue-eyed and
petite,
A popular music-hall star,
Who danced every night in dia-
phanous frocks
And drove every day in her car.
The young men of fashion adored
her en masse,
Extolling the glint of her eye,
Their sweethearts and wives mur-
mured:
"Fast little minx."
And copied her gowns on the sly.
Marmaduke gave her a collar of
pearls
And rubies of fabulous size;
The Earl of Shanhai gave her
turquoises fit
To rival the blue in her eyes.
The Honourable Bertie gave ear-
rings of gold—
She flaunted their gifts every night,
But always resisted the pleadings
of love
Till Captain McNab hove in sight.
Captain McNab was good-looking
but poor,
With hardly a shilling to spare,
But Daisy succumbed to the lure
of his kilts,
And loved his all-conquering air.
So now she has banished her jewel-
ery and gems,
And wears without fear of reproach
A single brass button he cut from
his coat,
Made up in the form of a brooch.

The Deceiver—Family Physician
—I am afraid, Mrs. Gaybird, your
husband cannot last much longer.
The trouble, with your husband,
madam, is that he has overdrawn
his account at the bank of vitality.
Mrs. Gaybird—I felt sure he was
deceiving me about something. Doc-
tor, I give you my word, I never
knew he had any account there.

I was going through my own kit
the other day, and it struck me that
a summary of its contents might
be of value—to young officers.

It will be noticed that nothing is
included which is not absolutely
necessary. This should be the
key-note of every young officer's
field kit. (No article on this topic
is quite complete unless it includes
the above remark.)

Table of Contents.

	cwts.lbs.ozs.
One bottle of Eau de Co- logne (empty) ...	2
One spare flask, empty (usually) (say) ...	4
One pair wire cutters (for nuts) ...	2 0
Three blankets ...	12 0
One air-pillow (bust) ...	2
Belt, Browne, Sam, 1...	10
Six bottles malted milk tablets (presented by Aunt Hester. I never can remember to give them away) ...	3 0
"Platoon Drill in a Breath" ...	8
Some more books ...	10 0
One pair Excruciator marching boots (I wear the type supplied by ordnance) ...	3 0
Spare jacket, spare bricches, spare put- tees, slacks (say) ...	12 0
One pair brogues ...	2 0
Mess tin ...	1 0
Woollens (presented by friends at home) (say)	40 0
Camp bed ...	7 0
Revolver and ammuni- tion (it might be dan- gerous if I carried it about) ...	5 0
Periscopes (presented)	10 0
Etceteras (about) ...	4 30 7
Grand total	34 8

Some of the uninitiated may feel
tempted to ask how this total is
arrived at. Mathematically con-
sidered, it may be open to dispute.
But by treating it strategically I
reach the result quite easily. I
simply get on the right side of the
quartermaster.

TRENCH MUD.

When you've sprayed me with a
syringe, rubbed my features
till they twinge,
And you've scraped my plastered
figure rather slimmer,
When you've trained me down to
weight, cleared my hair of real
estate,
And you've soaked me in a bath,
and let me simmer;
When I've ceased to live the lot of
a walking garden plot,
And I look more like a soldier than
a comminated blot,
You will recognise, by scrubbing,
the remains of Private Stubbin,
Who was once the smartest cub in
Aldershot.

OUR SUPERIORITY IN SHELLS.

Because we are making life for the
Germans on the Western Front a hell
on earth these days and getting in
return about one shell for every ten
sent by our gunners, must not tend
to lessen our vigilance and prepared-
ness.

We must not forget that the beaten
dog, driven to despair, sometimes
turns to snarl and bite, and if you
are not watching him like a cat, you
may get a nasty rip in your puttees
before you can drive your bayonet
through his throat.

One of the faults of the Britisher
is that, being a decent thinking
sportsman, he is not always looking
for cunning and trickery; but he must
remember that this War is not like
our old wars with the French, when
we were fighting a Nation known the
world over for the chivalry and gal-
lantry of their men.

The only good German is a dead
one, and our job is to make as many
good ones as possible, before we
give him his final lesson next Spring.
Eternal vigilance is the price of
liberty, and don't waste your ammu-
nition or relax your watchfulness—
remember the seven virgins who ran
out of candles at the inopportune
moment.

The fact that, if the Germans got
into our trenches, we could counter
and put him out inside a few hours,
would not justify us in ever letting
him get to our front parapet.

Handle him without gloves—after
he gets his lesson will be time
enough to teach him decent living
and thinking. When a mad dog
comes slaving down the street,
tearing women and children, one
does not pat him on the back and say
"Good doggie, don't do that"—one
kills him first and then sees that his
pups don't starve.

"Soldiers," said Napoleon, over
a hundred years ago, "every private
in the ranks of my armies has a
field marshal's baton in his knap-
sack." And the career of more than
one of those soldiers proved the
truth of his assertion. Major-Gen.
Hughes might to-day repeat that
proclamation and in proof of its
validity point to the 3rd Victoria
Rifles of Canada.

Brigadier-General Wilson, G.O.C.,
4th Division, was himself once a ser-
geant in the Victoria Rifles, and is
still an honorary member of the ser-
geants' Mess an honor to which no
man can lay claim until he has had
five years' service as a sergeant.
The officer at present in command
of the regiment, Major F. M.
McRobie, was twenty-five years
ago, a private in the ranks. Ex-
O.C.'s Colonels Sir Chas. Peers
Davidson, John Crawford, Hartland
MacDougall, E. E. Busted, W. W.
Burland, F. A. de L. Gascoigne, Geo.
R. Starke, and F. W. Fisher, all of
them rose from the ranks. You will
have to go a long way in this and
above all in European countries,
before you meet so strikingly demo-
cratic a record.

A CARD OF THANKS.

To "Orion," of the "London Daily
Express," the Editor sends greet-
ings and thanks for many donations
of baseball and cricket sets, tuck
boxes and games. Good luck to
him and his good work on behalf of
"Jack and Tommy."

To the Editor, R.M.R. "Growler."
Dear Sir,—Can you tell me how to
apply for a place in the Quartermas-
ter's Department?

I have been in the trenches ten
months, and the Doctor says all I
need is a few months with good food,
comfortable sleeping quarters,
plenty of sleep, and very light work
to make a new man of me.

Thanking you in anticipation,
Yours truly,

CHILLY FEET.

DESCRIBING THE ANECDOTE

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?"
asked the teacher.

"A short, funny tale," answered
the little fellow.

"Quite right," said the teacher.
"And now, Johnny, you may write
on the blackboard a sentence con-
taining the word."

Johnny hesitated a moment, and
then wrote: "A rabbit has four legs
and one anecdote."

NO RETREATING.

A returned war correspondent
was talking about the spirit of the
French.

"The gay, hardy French spirit
was illustrated," he said, "by a
dialogue I heard in a front trench
line."

"The seat of my trousers is
out," said a poilu. "I'm quite un-
presentable."

"Oh," said another poilu, "that
makes no difference among friends,
and certainly the Boches will never
see it."

ANOTHER FORD STORY.

Having collected a quantity of old
iron, and wishing to realise some
cash in these hard times, a Scots-
man sent it to the nearest em-
porium. Imagine his surprise when
he received the following note in
reply: "Dear Sir, your Ford car to
hand. We have seldom seen a
worse smash, but will do our best
to put the car into order as soon as
we can."

HER GRIEF.

Fred: "My dear Dora, let this
thought console you for your lover's
death. Remember that other and
better men than he have gone the
same way."

Bereaved One: "They haven't all
gone, have they?"

THE AUSTRALIAN.

("The bravest thing God ever made."—A British Officer's opinion).
The skies that arched his land were blue,

His bush-born winds were warm and sweet,
And yet from earliest hours he knew

The tides of victory and defeat;
From fierce floods thundering at his birth,

From red droughts ravaging while he played,
He learned to fear no foes on earth—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

The bugles of the Motherland
To call him and his lean brown band
To shape Imperial destiny;
He went, by youth's grave purpose willed,

The goal unknown, the cost unweighed,
The promise of his blood fulfilled—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

iWe know—it is our deathless pride!

The splendour of his first fierce blow;

How, reckless, glorious, undenied,
He stormed those steel-lined cliffs we know!

And none who saw him scale the height

Behind his reeking bayonet-blade
Would rob him of his title-right—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

Bravest, where half a world of men
Are brave beyond all earth's rewards,

So stoutly none shall charge again
Till the last breaking of the swords;

Wounded or hale, won home from war,

Or yonder by the Lone Pine laid,
Give him his due for evermore—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

W.H.O.

WHEN WE LEAVE THE TRENCHES.

When we get through the enemy's line of cleavage in Northern France, our army will be committed at once to an endless campaign of village fighting. The whole country is as flat as a prairie, and every yard is under cultivation. There is a group of cottages at every cross-road. When our new army sweeps forward, each one of these buildings will be tenaciously held by the Bosches, and must be captured house by house, room by room, and used as a base for a further rush. How is this to be done? A cottage cannot be emptied by firing a Lee Enfield at the back door; a score of Germans in a fortified back parlour cannot be exterminated by the thrust of the bayonet. The answer to the conundrum is bombs.

PEACE BY VICTORY ONLY.

TEXT OF ALLIES' FIGHTING AGREEMENT.

The following declaration, by which Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and Russia engage not to conclude peace separately during the present war, has been received from the Foreign Office:—

The Italian Government having decided to accede to the declaration between the British, French, and Russian Governments, signed at London on September 5, 1914, which declaration was acceded to by the Japanese Government on October 19, 1915, the undersigned, duly authorised thereto by their respective Governments, hereby declare as follows:—

The British, French, Italian, Japanese, and Russian Governments, mutually engage not to conclude peace separately during the present war.

The five Governments agree that when terms of peace come to be discussed, no one of the Allies will demand conditions of peace without the previous agreement of each of the other Allies.

In faith whereof the undersigned have signed this declaration and have affixed thereto their seals.

Done at London, in quintuplicate, this 30th day of November, 1915.

(L.S.) E. Grey.

(L.S.) Paul Cambon.

(L.S.) Russia.

(L.S.) Italy.

(L.S.) Japan.

ONE MAID.

A maid there was in our town
Whose modesty was rare;
Of autumn leaves she'd never speak
Because their limbs were bare;
When night its sable shadow threw
She'd tumble in a swoon
If curtain did not side from view
The man up in the moon.
A plumber caused her death one day,
For so the story goes—
By asking in a careless way
To let him see her hose.

She ordered a cross for her departed hubby, writing the marble cutter as follows:—"Please put on the Cross 'Rest in Peace' and, if there is room on the other side, 'I will meet you in Heaven.'"

On visiting the grave she was horrified to find the Cross erected with the following inscription on it—
Rest in Peace, and if there is room on the other side, I will meet you in Heaven.

"THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE" IN LOVE.

"But, 'er? Oh, strike me pink! She is a peach!
The sweetest in the barrer! Spare me days,
I can't describe that cliner's wimm'n' ways.
The way she torks! 'Er lips! 'Er eyes! 'Er hair! . . .
Oh, gimme air!"

MISSED THE START.

How long has it been raining?" asked the passenger as he alighted at Belgium.

"Don't know," said the canuck
"I've only been here 11 months."

Suggested that the Germans paint jokes all over their submarines so the English can't see them.—"Wall Street Journal."

Co-operation—"What you must do, son, is to lay the foundation for a solid business success."

"That's my idea, dad. Now, first of all, I require sound financial backing."

"I get you, son. I'll provide carfare until you land a job."

In the giant statue of Von Tirpitz which will shortly disfigure Wilhelmshaven, the eyes are described as gazing into space far away over the distant seas. About as far, for instance, as St. Helena.

Who has succeeded Field-Marshal Sir John French in the supreme command of our army in France. Sir Douglas Haig was one of the best-known men in the British Army even before he covered himself with distinction by the masterly way in which he saved the situation at the Aisne. It was Douglas Haig who commanded the First Corps of our army at that very bloody three weeks' battle, and it was because he got his little lot, into the right position that we were able to hang on by our eyelids as we did, and finally win by a short head. Sir Douglas was, in his day, a front-rank polo-player and was in that fine 7th Hussar team that everyone found so bad to stop a many years ago.

The inscription of a New England tombstone reads as follows:—
Here lies Mary Ann at rest;
With her head on Abraham's breast;
It's all very well for Mary Ann,
But it's mighty tough on Abraham.

It was a slippery day, and Paddy being a "bit the worse," had come a cropper. A minister passing stopped and said, "Ah, Paddy, sinners stand in slippery places."
"So oi see, yer riv-rance," said Pat, "but bedad oi cant."

The Editor, "Growler."

Dear Sir,—Could you tell me if the smell of rum is bad for the health?

When there is a short issue of rum, as I am junior private, my share is to smell the cork, and I was afraid that smelling the cork so often might be bad for me.

Yours truly,
No.....Private.....

Maybe some of our readers can inform the inquirer regarding the effects of the smell of rum—we ourselves always swallow our rum so quickly that the smell has never reached us.

The Editor.

When I'm up before the O.C. an' he asks if I will take me punishment from him, can I say how much I'll take?

Last time he giv' me more than I wanted.

No.....Private.....

For Sale.—One perfectly sound, physically, German Prince, slightly warped mentally and morally. Would sell cheap or exchange for a corresponding weight in cheese or four unused British shells. Apply to Bethmann-Hollweg, Reichstag, Berlin.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Could you tell me if our Battalion uses armour piercing bullets in the Machine Gun?

And oblige,
Enquiring Foot Slogger.

Editor. No, we use the regulation .303.—You seem to have mixed the M.G.O.'s name up with the ammunition.

Reciprocation—He—There goes the honestest girl in the world.

She—How's that?

He—She won't even take a kiss without returning it.—"California Pelican."

Tommy (to his prisoner), "Do you understand English?"

German: "I a leedle understand."

Tommy: "Well, then, blimey! you try an' 'op it, and you won't 'alf bloom'n' well cop it!"

Expected—Traveller—Isn't this train pretty late?

Station Master—Yes, she is a bit behind, mister, but w're expectin' her every hour now.

Touched—"I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that \$50 easy chair for your den."
"I was touched before she gave it."

Matrimonial.—German woman, young, refined and romantic, would like to meet Canadian; object marriage. She has German estate and large income. Her present German husband could attend to the farm.—Apply Hausfrau, c/o "Growler."

From the Summary of Information issued by the Canadian Corps Christmas Eve, 1915:—

The Canadian Front.

The part played by the Canadians is not to be lightly written, nor should it be written by anyone now at the front. It had best be told after the war, when it can be seen in its proper perspective. But when looking back over the past year there are many things and many incidents which will for all time be an undying part of the picture of the fighting on the British front—these, too, will not wholly be in the far perspective, historians will undoubtedly place some of them in the near background.

Since our last Christmas on Salisbury Plain, and ever since our first coming to France last February the one aim of the Canadians has been to be worthy to take their place by the British Divisions in the fighting line. The first attachment for training with two certain famous Divisions which were then near Armentieres will always be amongst our earliest "childhood's recollections," and many of the things then learnt stood by us through the year.

Our first bite of line near Fleurbaix entrusted to us by a watchful parental army, was almost as wet and quite as comfortable, as same we have since experienced. Our delightful days of "rest" in the springtime up near the city on the hill were but just the forerunner of the real time to come at YPRES. Those were days! The story of Ypres in April will always stay in our memories, and Festubert and Givenchy and all the things that were there learned and which now after all these months are helping to "Beat the Bosch."

That the Canadians have held or worked in nearly every part of the British Front from the "Canal" to the Yser is unique and a part of the extraordinary training which the Canadian Divisions have received. Not only the varied experiences and the different kinds of country, but the various subtleties of the opposing enemy's troops have left their marks, and if there has been a measure of success in recent months, much of it can be laid not only to the resourcefulness an initiative which has been brought across from Canada, but also to this summer and winter pastime of fighting up and down through Flanders.

That the Canadian Corps with its various Divisions is now a real fighting unit, hard-bitten after many months at the front, no one, not even the enemy, will deny, but as we sit down to contemplate the past twelve months we must continue to keep in mind the first principles of the British Army and of our own Canadian homes, which were made by hard work energy, and resource.

Canada.

LONDON.—The High Commissioner for Canada in London was informed by cablegram last week from the Hon. W. J. Roche, M.D., Minister of the Interior at Ottawa that:—

Up to the 21st November the Canadian West had received some 1,000,000 dollars for 159,514,675 bushels out of its entire harvest, it is estimated that the total crop of Western Canada will be worth nearly 500,000,000 dollars.

Satisfactory increases in the sale of farm lands are reported by three great trans-continental railway companies. The total number of acres sold is higher than in 1914, and the price per acre is more. Much of the land sold during the year has been immediately under cultivation.

The largely-increased Customs receipts at Toronto for the months ended November is an evidence of an improvement in commercial conditions in Western Canada.

Dun's Review reports that in the leading centres of trade a shows a steady increase, that in Western Canada it is brisk.

Building permits issued in seven cities of Eastern Canada during the month of November show an increase of sixty-five per cent over the same month last year.

The November Financial Statement of the Dominion shows an expanding revenue and a decreased expenditure in the consolidated account. The total revenue to the end of the month was 104,000,000 dollars, as against 90,000,000 dollars for the corresponding period of 1914.

The Canadian Pacific Railway have established a new high record for the first week of December, the figures for the week ended December 7th, having reached 3,046,000 dollars, as compared with 2,900,000 dollars for the corresponding week of 1914.

The yearly output of butter in Alberta has increased by two millions pounds, the quantity produced during the twelve months ended October 31st last having reached 7,400,000 lbs.

Grain inspections at Winnipeg during the week ending December 15th, covered 8,416 cartloads of wheat, 1,830 of oats, 366 of barley, 6 of flax, and of rye.

is the master power that moulds and makes, man is mind and ever more he takes, of thought, and, shaping at he wills, forth a thousand joys, a thousand ills. He thinks in secret and it comes to pass, ment is but his looking glass.

Leonid Andreyev wrote the "Red Laugh," a hideously powerful study of the psychology of war which sent a shudder through readers the world over, and it might therefore be expected that when Andreyev addressed himself to the sorrows of Belgium, he would write one of those visions of naked and quivering horror and agony which have given him his fame. But nothing could be farther from the truth. There is not the slightest attempt to bludgeon the sensibilities of the reader with horror piled on horror. On the contrary, this presentation of the woes of devastated Belgium, though poignantly impressive, is marked throughout by a fine sense of artistic restraint and a singularly serene and hopeful spirit.

The central figure of the play is Emil Grelieu, a great Belgian writer—he has been taken by many to be a study of Maurice Maeterlinck, Grelieu's two sons are fighting against the Germans, and he himself shoulders a rifle and goes into the firing line. One son is killed, the other slightly wounded, and the father himself is seriously injured. To his bedside comes Count Clairmont—a gracious figure evidently modelled on that of King Albert—to ask the great writer whether or not he is favour of them breaking the dams and flooding the land. Grelieu, though he knows how terrible will be the ensuing devastation, gives the word to break the dams and unleash the avenging waters.

The last scene depicts the terrible journey of Grelieu, his wife, and his wounded son to Antwerp by automobile. They are in danger from the advancing flood, and Grelieu's wife, the brave and devoted Jeanne, has broken at last under the terrible strain. She alternates between agonies of despair and the laughter of the insane. But Grelieu's spirit is unconquerable. He soothes and cheers her, and the play closes with this noble expression of his abiding faith in the destinies of his country:

"Pierre is dead, Jeanne. But I swear to you by God, Jeanne!—Belgium will live. Weep, sob you are a mother. I, too, am crying with you. But I swear by God: Belgium will live! God has given me the light to see, and I can see. Songs will resound here, Jeanne! A new spring will come here, the trees will be covered with blossoms—I swear to you, Jeanne, they will be covered with blossoms! And mothers will caress their children, and the sun will shine upon their heads, upon their golden-haired little heads! Jeanne! There will be no more bloodshed. I see a new world, Jeanne! I see my nation: Here it is advancing with palm leaves to meet God who has come to earth again. Weep, Jeanne, you are a mother—God weeps with you. But there will be happy mothers here again. I see a new world, Jeanne, I see a new life!"

And She did—Buzz—How old is that lamp?

Fuzz—Three years.

Buzz—Well, turn it out; it's too young to smoke.

In war it is mere prudence not to underrate the strength of an enemy whom you know, and to over-estimate the strength of the enemy whom you do not know.

Ever hear the story of the wit who said that the makers of the Ford car were going to give a squirrel with each car after this. The idea is to have the squirrel run behind the auto and pick up the nuts.

Captured German Officer (to English Officer in charge of German prisoners), "You fight for money; we fight for honour."

English Officer: "Ah, well! neither of us seems to get what we want, do we?"

Tommy (recounting experiences): "W'en w'd done our shift in the trenches we was sent down t' the base to 'ave a bath—"

Listener (awe-struck): "Barf? Goo' Lor'! Why—wot 'arm 'ad yer done?"

Wanted.—To exchange six tins perfectly good bully beef, tins watertight, for two tins condensed milk.—Apply Editor, "Growler."

For sale.—A grand piano, rosewood, the property of a young lady going to England with turned legs.—Apply to Miss de Leguerre, c/o the "Growler."

Wanted.—A man due for leave in May would exchange with a man going at Christmas. A splendid chance for any man who prefers his leave in warm weather.—Apply X.Y.Z., "Growler" Office.

Lost.—A military reputation somewhere near the Argonne. A reward of four Iron Crosses and a large sum of money will be given. and finder will have the option of dining with the Crown Prince for one week, or of living one month at the Imperial Piggeries.—Apply to German G.H.Q., Berlin.

Printed by F. J. Parsons, Ltd., The Bayle, Folkestone, Kent, England, and Published by Lieut. G. L. Dobbin, 14th Canadians, Headquarters, Canadian Infantry Brigade, B.E.F.