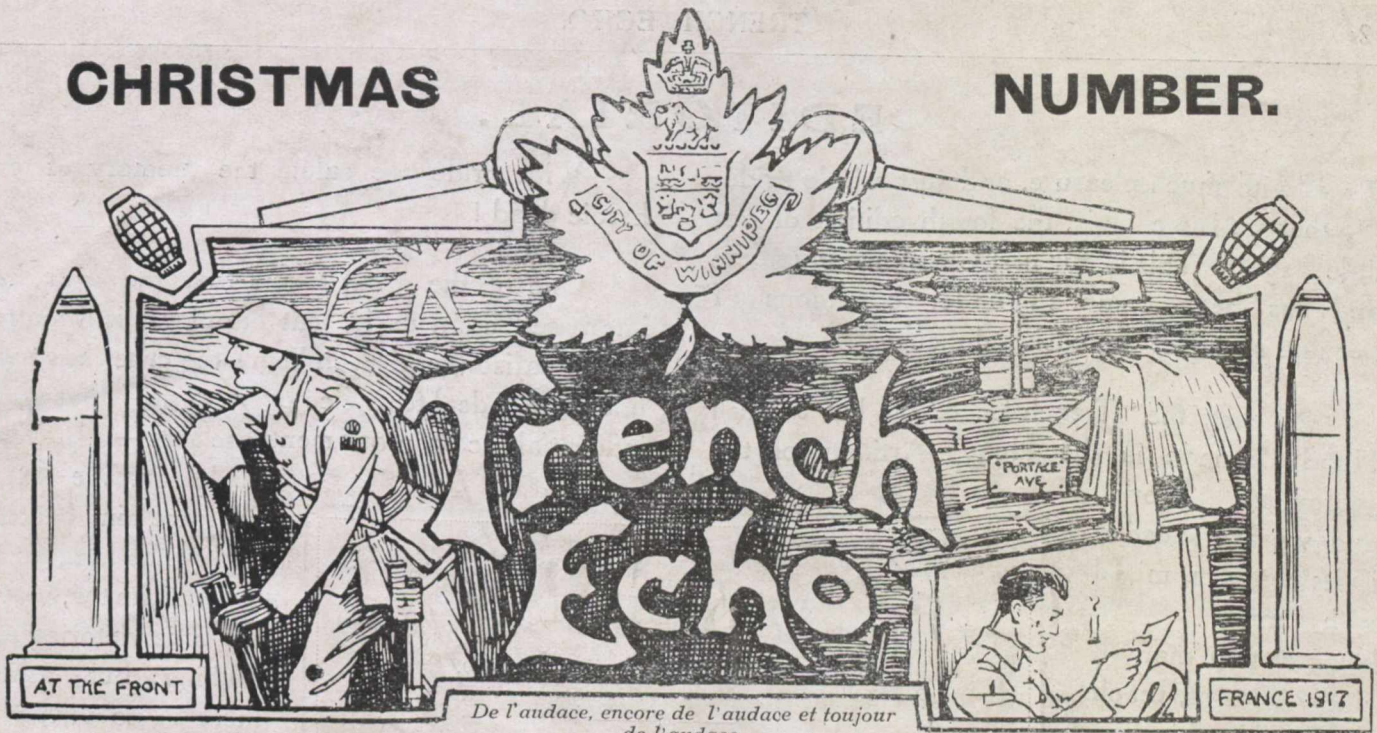


CHRISTMAS

NUMBER.



By courtesy of Lieut.-Col. P. J. DALY, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Editor:—Lieut. S. G. HARRISON.

Published 'every little while' by the City of Winnipeg Battalion.]

[Censored by General Staff.



PLUCKING A FRITZ.

Souvenir hunter to R.F.C. mechanic, dismantling German plane:
"Say, Bill, you keep the wings: just throw us the wishbone."

EDITORIAL.

IT is with much pleasure, and just a little pride, that we launch this, the fourth edition of our little paper. This is our first Christmas Number, and has been compiled under conditions of peculiar and ever-increasing difficulty.

At best, the "Trench Echo" is but a small Hand Grenade in the Heavy Artillery of the Journalistic World, and we are satisfied if its contents, mixed with much brave laughter and many a kindly thought, reach the humble objective at which they are aimed.

The terrible ghastliness of War strikes us with special force at a time when all our thoughts should be associated with friendliness, kindness and love for our fellow men. The Christmas spirit quickens the Christian man, and the mockery of the guns strikes like a blow in the face at all our most cherished ideals and aspirations.

It has been a year of hard, incessant fighting, and the gallant record of the Canadians will add a bright chapter to the history of our Empire.

It would seem a fitting time to congratulate the City of Winnipeg Battalion upon its splendid fighting record, a record that stands high in the finest achievements of the Canadian Corps. As the Army Commander quietly declared at a recent inspection: "It has undertaken its every task thoroughly, and has won every objective allotted to it"—no soldier could desire higher praise than this.

But the price, too, has been paid. Many a dear comrade has fallen in battle, and by that "Supreme Gift" has done much to build up the glorious annals of the Fighting 27th.

With pride we salute the memory of our heroic dead!

One of the great truths that the War has impressed upon us is, that happiness is a matter of comparison, and such being the case, have we not a great deal to rejoice over? Fritz—that great influential factor in our mental felicity—is learning his lesson. We know we have him beaten, and what is more to the point he, too, knows it. His victories are nothing but ashes, there is no virtue in them. The Western Front is the right hand of the Allies, and that hand has the Hun by the throat in a grip that will never relax until he realises beyond all misunderstanding that his strivings are vain and impotent.

To us in the fighting line, life resolves itself into simple elements. At home we read of bread and sugar problems, Capital and Labour disputes, food economy

campaigns—and the hundred and one things which disturb the Government and the Press. Here we have but one problem—the pressing back of the enemy to the Rhine, in such a manner as to ensure his remaining there for all time—and it is a problem to which we are addressing all the skill and valour of our beings.

In conclusion we must extend our sincere and heartiest thanks to all those who have most generously contributed articles, sketches and items of interest generally to these pages, and insured the success of our Christmas Number. We ardently hope that an increasing number of contributors will rally round our banner and keep the interest in our little paper well sustained.

Finally. May this be our last Xmas Number.

VIMY RIDGE.

(Dedicated to the City of Winnipeg Battalion).

What chivalry lies sleeping at thy breast!
And gallant lives, high hopes and deeds of might,
Poured out as wine from altars of the west,
Strong prairie sons and proud 'Columbia's best,
Who died for Empire, Liberty and Right,
And so inspired achieved the final height
Of sacrifice upon thy tortured crest!
Their deeds will shine through years undreamed,
to light
The steeper ways of men as yet unborn,
When passions cool—and peace comes with the
morn.

Let spruce and pine that knew the western sun
Stand sentinel where heroes fell, rose-crowned
At last with deathless honors dearly won,
To guard with jealous branch thy holy ground.

S. G. H.

GREETINGS FROM OUR DIVISIONAL COMMANDER
MAJOR-GENERAL H. E. BURSTALL, C.B., C.M.G., A.D.C.

H. Q. 2nd Canadian Division,

18th Nov., 1917.

To Lt.-Colonel P. J. DALY, C.M.G., D.S.O.,
Commdg. City of Winnipeg Battalion.

I wish you and your gallant Battalion every kind of good luck during 1918.

1917 has been a glorious year for the Division; VIMY RIDGE, HILL 70, and PASSCHENDAELE will remain proud memories for all time.

The Battalion has taken its full share in these victories, and, together with their comrades in the Canadian Corps, has shown what can be accomplished by heroic gallantry combined with good training.

May 1918 prove an equally victorious year for the Battalion who was first into FARBUS!

*H. E. Burstall Major General
Comd'g 2^d Canadian Division*

GAS SHELLS.

Horatio Bottomley, in one of his recent editions, grew very enthusiastic about what he had seen and what he had done at the front. If only our pen could write!!!!

* * *

"Thousands of socks for the front," we read.

Let us hope they will arrive on the feet of many stalwart reinforcements!

* * *

"O Death, where is thy sting?" murmured Bombs, as he gingerly unscrewed a Heine bomb to take out the detonator.

* * *

Whether 'twere nobler in heart to suffer the slings and arrows of the Q.M.'s inconsequent orderings or to part for ever with that extra shirt.

* * *

But the joke is not always on the Quarter-Master, as witness the following. It is customary, when any article of clothing or equipment is lost by a soldier, for his Company Commander to put in a certificate to that effect. Judge of the Q.M.'s astonishment when he one day had the following note handed to him:—

"Owing to the exigencies of the Campaign, the under-mentioned was destroyed. May 3rd, 1917.

W. LINDALL,
Lieut.
O.C. 7 Platoon."

[The gentleman in question has since departed this life for the Trench Mortar Battery.—ED.]

* * *

Here is the usual "rum" jingle:—

Trenches foul with an oozing mud,
That belches and squelches through wooden mats,
Parapets splashed with filth and blood,
The darksome dugouts, chlorine, rats.

Strong though the outrage and bitter the thought
That stings as it springs to the suffering dumb,
All fades in the solace and comfort brought
By the rationing party that carries the rum!

* * *

As the regiment was leaving and the crowd cheering, a recruit asked—

"Who are those people who are cheering?"

"They," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."—*Life*.

* * *

"The horse dœuvres were being served."—*Daily Express*.
Poor old Cavalry!

* * *

A Venetian boy-scout on the Lido
Had sighted a hostile torpedo
So he cried "Don't suppose
You can blow up the Doge
You must just do without him—as we do."
Punch.

* * *

Many people ask us "What will be the outcome of this War?" We will tell them when we get back to dear old Winnipeg. In the meantime the only thing that concerns us is the immediate present, and the hope that the next billets will be a little less godless than the last.

* * *

Never say "Old Top" to the C.O. Nor cheerily invite the Brigadier to have a drink. It isn't done, you know. And yet . . . did you hear the story of the bright young sub. who, standing at the door of his billets one cold and rainy morning thus hailed a wrapped-up brother officer across the street: "Say, old chap, come and have a drink?"

The officer addressed regarded him with an astonished eye, whose light changed subtly with the cheeriness of the thought behind it. "Thanks," he replied quietly; "don't mind if I do." But as he came forward the sub. nearly fainted. It was a full-blown Colonel!

* * *

When we're all dressed up to go over the top,
We look back at our dugouts, and wish we could stop.
Oh, the low humming whine,
Of the five-point nine,
The whiz-bangs, and rum jars, and the funk-compelling mine,
And the gas-shells sickly "plop"!
In that unhealthy land, where the nightmares crop,
Put some nice brown crosses, and write up on top,
"They were all fed up and they wanted to stop."

GAS SHELLS (Continued).

General inspecting infantry troops at the front :

"And what are you, my man?"

"I'm a sergeant, sir."

"Yes, yes, but what kind of a sergeant?"

Sergeant (rattled): "I'm a squadron sergeant, sir."

"That's right, you are a squadron sergeant. That's all I wanted to know. Very good!"

* * *

He: "My only brother was killed thirty years ago out in India, he was killed by a bison. Do you know what a bison is?"

She: "'Ere, don't be silly. I wish I'd as many shillings as I've made puddings in 'em."—*Tatler*.

* * *

Women are formally warned by the Ministry of Munitions against using T.N.T. as a means of acquiring auburn hair. Any important object striking the head—a chimney pot or a bomb from an enemy aeroplane—would be almost certain to cause an explosion, with possible injury to the scalp.—*Punch*.

* * *

A British officer was talking to three Canadian officers, two of whom were colonels, but the third was a humble sub. The Britisher unconsciously addressed him also as "colonel." His mistake was pointed out to him, whereupon he expressed great surprise. "Really," he said, "why, I thought every officer who came from Canada was a colonel."

* * *

Four conscientious objectors at Newhaven have complained that their food often contains sandy substances. It seems a pity that the authorities cannot find some better way of getting a little grit into these poor fellows.—*Punch*.

* * *

War was not forced on the Kaiser, but peace will be.

Wall Street Journal.

* * *

Rutland has been extending an enthusiastic welcome home to two more of her heroes who have been overseas—Sergt. Smith and Pte. Jones. Sergt. Smith spent ten months in army pay office work in England, while Pte. Jones was engaged in

forestry work in Northumberland, England. Both have been forced to return home owing to rheumatism.

Rutland Courier (Canada).

* * *

Pierre Soulaire, in *Le Figaro*, has an article welcoming Canadian soldiers on leave in Paris, and says:—

"In the mornings they march sedately along the boulevards: in the afternoon they are on the café terraces acclaiming one another with the cordiality peculiar to men who are always facing risks of death.

"Towards evening their voices are heard in refrains in music halls. They show their boxing tendencies; they amuse themselves in their own way, sometimes a little noisily and even a trifle embarrassingly.

"Amuse yourselves, Canadians. Cry if you like it. Paris is indulgent to braves who sacrifice themselves to an ideal. She admires you, particularly you who have been under no conscription, who have voluntarily thrown yourselves into this hell created by the ferocious Boches, because you love justice, England and France."

* * *

After a week in the putrid mud of the front line trenches, a "flying pig" settled all Pte. Brown's personal anxieties by alighting immediately behind him, and so he passed on to that place which, owing to a variety of circumstances, no one has been able fitly to describe. As he became sentient of his new surroundings, he sighed with relief and not a little surprise, for his life had not been exactly immaculate. "Heaven!" he gasped, "so I made it after all"; and though a jeering voice told him he had made a mistake, that he was in hell, he smiled serenely: "I'm satisfied!" he said.

* * *

On page 7 there are sketches of four officers. There were five originally, the fifth being of the Adjutant, Major Taunton. It was necessary that the paper passed through his hands before going to press—and he censored that fifth sketch. Why, Major?

Whiz-bangs and Shrapnel.

Overheard in the hospital:—

"May I see Pte. St. Jacques, please?"

"Why, yes, are you a relation of his?"

"Sure I am; I'm his landlady."

* * *

Stand to, fifteen! Fourteen is coming over!

* * *

Why is "D" Coy. the most go-ahead Coy. in the Battalion?

Because all the others are B A C kward.

* * *

"My son," said Mrs. Murphy, "has been given the Military Medal."

"And mine," replied Mrs. Funnyface, proudly, "says he's been up for a D.C.M."

* * *

Oh, Canada! Canada!

* * *

Motto for Billets: Look before you sleep.

* * *

Not many bullets find their billets—thank goodness!

* * *

Bill: "What is a camel-flage, Ted?"

Ted: "A blinkin' hallucination."

* * *

"Why is the Kaiser like Holland?" someone asks, and back comes the giddy reply: "Because he is low lying and damned on all sides!"

"It's a bon War!" cried the C.O. as he marched in from the front line the other day with a captured M.G. over his shoulder.

* * *

"In the case of David Saunders, his papers showed that he has served from January 16th, 1914, to August 26th, 1914."

Evening Standard.

And we understand that he has not so much as received a long service medal!

* * *

Overheard in the mess:—

"Have you any decorations, old thing?"

"Well-er—I am expecting to put up some C II's."

Questions we are Asked.

Who is the N.C.O. who received a parcel from the little blonde at Estree Couchez?

* * *

Why was Pte. Tange so eager to get back to C— I'A—?

* * *

What is the connection between Passchendaele and passionate—and why lissom and starry-eyed damsels were expected to be found there by some of our fighting men?

* * *

Who was the major who thought Berlin was the objective during a recent engagement?

* * *

Who was the man who, after coming off a certain ridge last month, all covered with mud and sweat, was told that he would be recommended for the M.M., and replied that he would a d—— sight sooner have a tin of Maconachie?

* * *

Who was the sergeant from Alberta who had his "pants" pulled off by the mud at a certain place in Flanders a month ago?

* * *

Who was the officer who went toddling down the La Basse Road with a bag of bombs on his back, gaily singing "Where am dat baboon who stole my love away?"

* * *

Why was No. 16 Platoon called the R.A. Platoon?

* * *

When will the war end?

* * *

If our best girls in Canada are as disconsolate as they say they are?

* * *

What St. Jacques means by "Beggan me eye, the ship's sunk!"

* * *

Who wants us to lose the blooming wa-wer?

* * *

Who is the N.C.O. who went over the top last month with a walking stick in his hand? Evidently he was looking for a Blighty, someone suggests.

A Letter from BRIG.-GENERAL H. D. B. KETCHEN, C.M.G. Commanding the 6th Canadian Brigade.

21/11/17.

My dear Daly,

It is a great pleasure for me to have a chance of writing a few words for inclusion in the Christmas issue of the 'TRENCH ECHO.' When I look back to the days in November, 1914, at the time I mobilized the City of Winnipeg Battalion and paraded it for the first time in the GRANITE RINK in WINNIPEG, and follow the Battalion's existence through its training in ENGLAND, its record at ST. ELOI, the SOMME, VIMY RIDGE and FARBUS, then at the ACHEVILLE-FRESNOY engagement, HILL 70 and last, but not least, at PASSCHENDAELE, it seems to me that few Battalions can show such a uniformly successful record. It has been achieved by the keen spirit, high discipline and desire by all ranks to make the battalion 'second to none.'

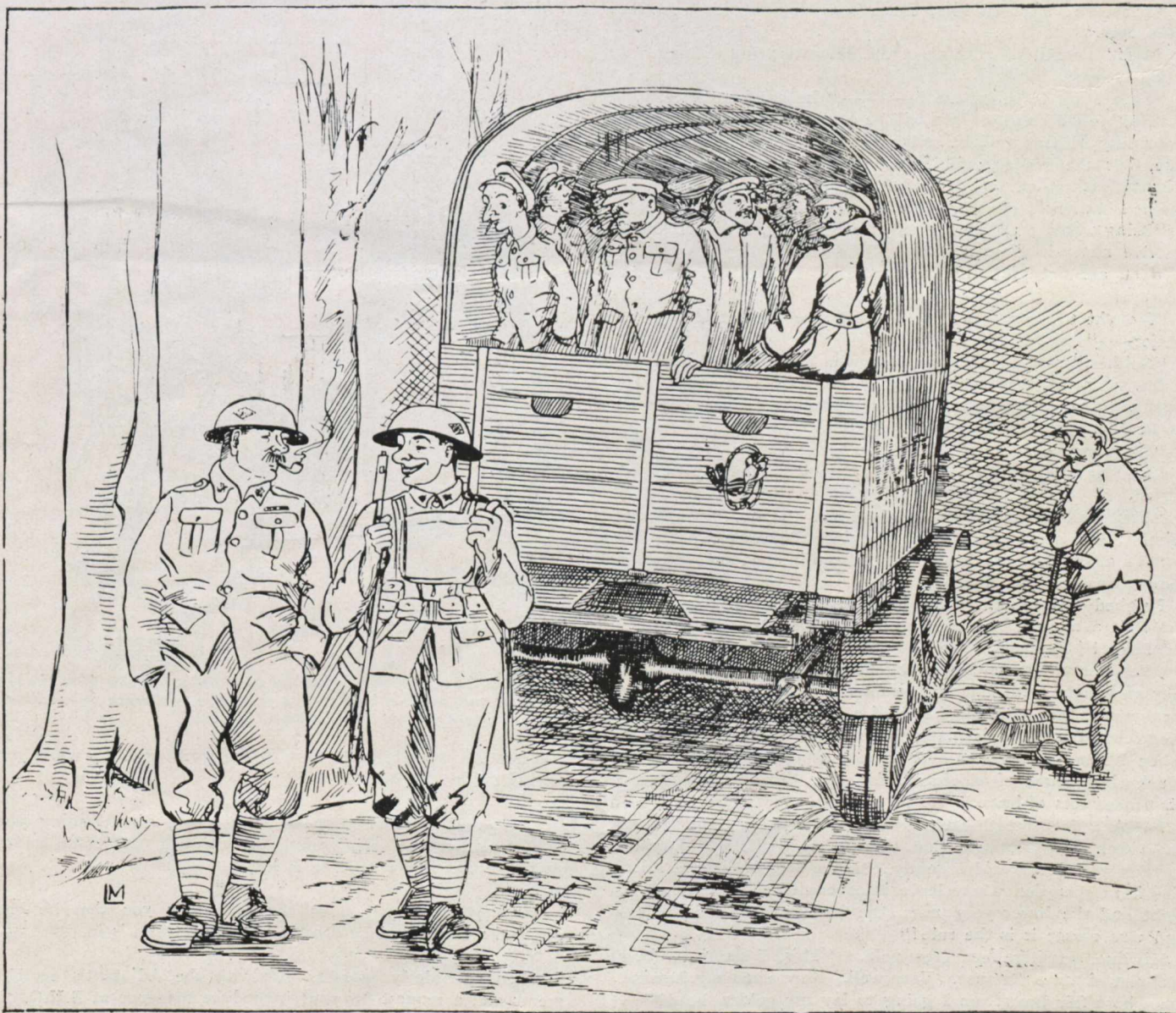
In wishing you, your Officers and men, the best of luck and success in the coming year from myself and Staff, I am sure I am joined in so doing by all ranks of the other Battalions in the Brigade who have also nobly done their share in attaining such a successful record.

Once again, good luck to the 'Old Battalion.'

Yours sincerely,

H. D. Ketchen

Lieut-Col. P. J. DALY, C.M.G., D.S.O.



JACK, to his pal: "There goes a blinkin' A.S.C. squad on a route march!"

THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

I HAD fully intended to write a really thrilling War-story, but, alas, my hero proved intractable. I found him lying in bed, smoking and drinking black coffee.

"Look here," I remonstrated, "this is disgraceful! Two o'clock and you still in bed. It isn't done you know."

"Oh, yes, it is," he returned lazily, "by heroes—out of a job. This is where you left me after my last adventure, you will remember."

I thought for a moment, then:

"I believe it is," I admitted weakly.

"Well—whose fault is it? Have a cigarette, they were given to me by the Sultan of Gorgonzola."

I took a cigarette and through the delicate smoke of it regarded him deliberately.

"All good heroes should be at the front you know," I began tentatively, but failed to see that flash of ardent enthusiasm that I had a right to expect. Instead, he seemed a little sulky.

"It isn't the shattering shell and the blasphemous bomb that I mind," he said; "they cannot hurt me—the Hero—but think of the glucose mud, and the Maconachie rations. What of my epicurean tastes, my faultless manner—my immaculate clothes —."

"You will forget all those things," I assured him, "when you get into the thick of it, and your aristocratic blue blood boils as you gallantly lead your section into the very heart of the Prussian defences, waving aloft the torn remnants of the Union Jack and crying, with your last heroic breath: 'God Save the King!'"

At last I had roused him, enthusiasm shone in his beautiful blue eyes.

"Also" I continued, "think of the decoration you will win."

He beamed.

"Then I am to be on the S——," he cried ecstatically.

"No," said I sternly, "you will be a soldier of the line, doing your duty without thought or hope of reward. For instance, no one, but the reader, will know of how you rescued Major Shantrevert as he lay dying of Neurasthenia on the blood-stained battlefield of Shorncliffe."

"Being who I am," he suggested confidently, I will of course receive meteoric promotion."

"You are not to be in the Australian Forces," I reminded him.

"I ought to start as a Lieutenant-Colonel—or, at least, as a Major——"

"Neither," said I, cuttingly, "are you to be a Canadian."

But to my amazement he leapt up in great excitement. He wished to be a Canadian and, by the Maple Leaf! he intended to be one.

"Oh, very well," I agreed, "if you insist."

"And naturally I shall be in their crack regiment," he persisted.

"You shall be in the best regiment of the line," I assured him. "How about the City of Winnipeg Battalion?"

"It's a bet" he cried joyously. "I'll go in that regiment as a lance-private if you like."

I sighed with relief. "Very good—that's settled. Now——"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. "What about my leave?"

"Leave?" I echoed.

"Yes, leave" (somewhat impatiently). "If I am to play tag day and night with Charon, combine the aquatic agility of a dusky mud-hen with the heart of a lion and the brains of a Napoleon, the strain is going to be great—greater, even, than when I hung up my toes over the icy precipice in the Alps to pluck that bunch of Edelweiss for dear Gwendoline. Yes, I shall need lots of leave."

I took a deep breath and turned away that I might not see the bitter disappointment that I knew my words would bring.

"You will find," said I gently, "that a sort of inverse selection is in operation where leave is concerned. The harder you fight and the lower your rank, the less leave you will get—and *vice versa*; it is the rule!"

His fine, sensitive face grew pale. "This, I see, is to be a real test of my endurance. Very well. Now about my heroine. On whose fair breast am I going to lay my golden head?"

"It is time you got dressed," I replied, evasively. "Don't forget that I wish you to enlist to-day."

"Who is to be my heroine?" he repeated.

"The Colonel's frown," I told him, "will replace the lady's smile."

But he turned his steel-blue eyes upon me with a fierce, compelling look and I knew that, as of old, my hero was about to assert himself. He had never been properly disciplined—and a soldier without discipline—! How was I going to make him do the thousand and one superfluous things that an inscrutable War Office so unconscionably demanded?

You will arrange," he said quietly, but forcefully, "to have Lady Ermintrude in the plot. She will hear of my noble resolve to die for my country, and in defiance of her rich but pacifist old father, she will become a nurse in the Canadian Red Cross. It will be the soft music of her voice that lures me back to consciousness after I have been carried, a wounded, bleeding wreck, to the hospital—compre?"

He turned with that incomparably grand air of his and called to his man: "John! my bath—and my grilled bone."

S. G. H.

* * *

Anxious Moments.

When you hear the "I'm coming" call of a 5.9.

* * *

When you are left file at a slim rum ration.

* * *

When the C.O. has silkily asked you if you will take his punishment, and you have coughed an affirmative.



OLD LADY (taking a soldier in to billet for the first time): "Dearie me, what a load! Are you sure you came by all them things honest, my boy?"—London Opinion.

When the most brilliant flare in the world goes up while you are patrolling No Man's Land.

* * *

When the guide of your working party, after leading you into the front line area, seizes the moment you come under shell fire to tell you that he is lost.

* * *

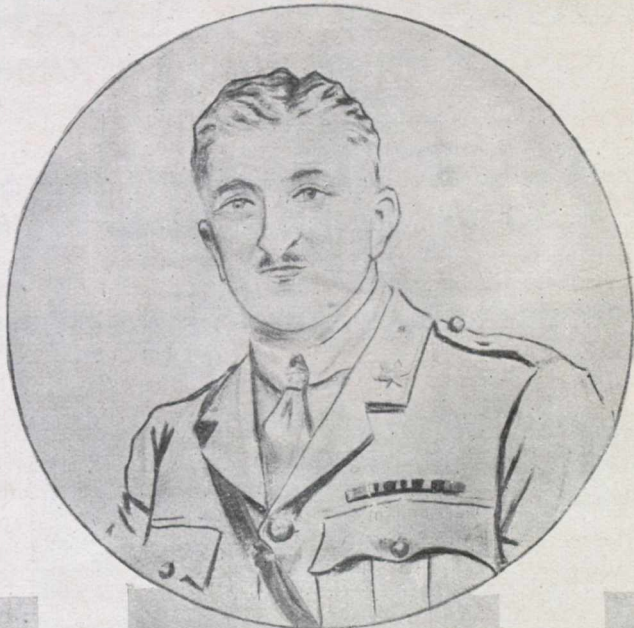
When your companion in the dark tells you that he has dropped a bomb, and he doesn't know if the pin is in.

* * *

When an orderly presents you with the Adjutant's compliments and a request for your immediate presence at B.H.Q.

* * *

When the "sausage" flicks his tail at the culminating point.



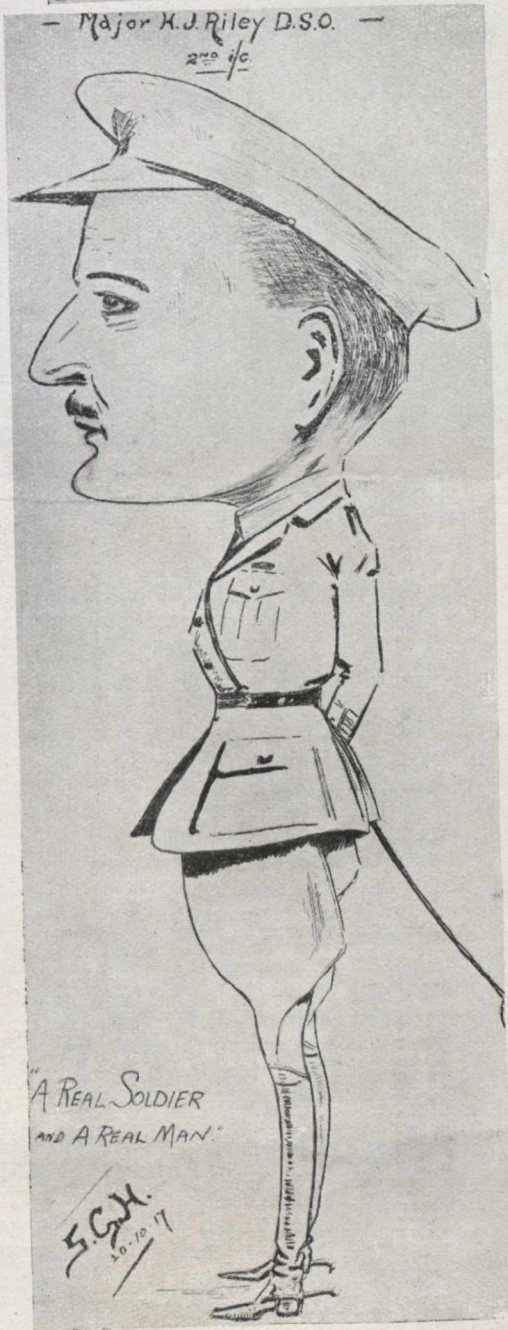
An impression of the C.O.
Lt. Col. P.J. Daly; C.M.G. D.S.O.

— Major K.J. Riley D.S.O. —

2nd / 4c



Major Strinon M.C.
O.C. B. Coy.



"A REAL SOLDIER
AND A REAL MAN."

S.C.H.
10-10-17



Copr. R. Sellar O.C. D. Coy.
"A Scrapper from Winnipeg"

HONOURS AND AWARDS

WON BY OFFICERS, N.C.O.'s AND MEN OF THE CITY OF WINNIPEG BATTALION.

*"Not till earth be sunless, not till death strikes blind the skies,
May the deathless love that waits on deathless deeds be dead."*

LIST OF HONOURS AND AWARDS TO 25th OCTOBER, 1917.

Victoria Cross.

Lieut. R. G. Combe
(killed in action).

Commander of St. Michael and St. George.

Lieut.-Col. P. J. Daly, D.S.O.

Distinguished Service Order.

Lieut.-Col. A. A. I. Heyman.
Major J. A. Cross.
Major H. J. Riley.
Major F. M. Steel.
Major A. P. O. Meredith.
Major A. E. McElligott.
Major A. J. S. Taunton.
Lieut. J. H. McCormick.

Military Cross.

Major P. J. Montague
(now Lieut.-Col.).
Major W. H. P. Collum
(killed in action).
Major W. M. Macaw.
Major W. B. Forster.
Major C. R. Stinson
(killed in action).
Captain K. L. Patton.
Captain A. Wilton
(killed in action).
Captain T. B. Lane.
Captain A. A. Aiken.
Captain S. P. Lough.
Lieut. S. B. Harris.
Lieut. G. S. Clarkson.
Lieut. J. A. Hamilton
(killed in action).
Lieut. G. T. Brown (killed in action).
Lieut. G. H. Tufts (killed in action).
Lieut. A. Lawson.
Lieut. J. P. MacKinnon.
Lieut. J. B. Wood.
Lieut. H. A. Robertson.
R.S.M. Underwood, E. B.

Mentioned in Despatches.

Lieut.-Col. P. J. Daly, C.M.G., D.S.O.
Major W. B. Forster, M.C.
Major J. A. Cross, D.S.O.
Major H. J. Riley, D.S.O.
Major A. E. McElligott, D.S.O.
Major E. C. Complin.

Distinguished Conduct Medal.

71410 L/Cpl. Milne, J. J. (now Lieut.)
72176 Pte. Bonner, A. V. (now Lieut.)
71860 C.S.M. Patterson, T.
(killed in action).
72037 Sgt. Haines, F. W.
71409 Sgt. Mackie, J. M. (now Lieut.).
72038 Cpl. Hancock, A. P.
186513 Pte. Blowers, L. J. C.
424448 Sgt. Snape, H.
71051 R.S.M. Underwood, E. B., M.C.



*Late Lieut. R. G. COMBE, V.C.,
whose gallantry posthumously won him the soldier's
premier honour.*

Bar to Distinguished Conduct Medal.

71860 C.S.M. Patterson, T.
(killed in action).
72037 Sgt. Haines, F. W.

Military Medal.

71131 Pte. Jessiman, A
71339 Sgt. McRae, J
96 Pte. Dawson, W.
489276 Pte. McAvoy, J. M.
71548 Pte. Burrell, H. C.
71198 Sgt. Muir, G. S.
(now Lieut.).
71836 Pte. Rogers, J.
71689 C.S.M. Fraser, H.
424448 Sgt. Snape, H.
71206 Pte. Paterson, S. D.
72073 Pte. Charest.
430618 Sgt. McIlvride, R.
71544 Pte. Robson, J. S.
71923 Pte. Mackie, A. K.
71517 Sgt. Stewart, H. R.
426053 Pte. Kennett, H.
446538 Pte. McInnes, H.
71252 Cpl. Dick, W.
72079 Pte. Grant, J. H.
438055 Pte. Earnshaw, J.
71700 C.Q.M.S. Collingwood, J. W.
71084 Sgt. Adams, J.
71439 Pte. Wakeman, H. H.

Military Medal—continued.

71171 L/Cpl. Kilborn, A. R.
71352 Pte. Bowden, H.
71443 Pte. Withell, H. P.
71409 Sgt. Mackie, J. M.
(now Lieut.).
71848 Pte. Wright, J.
622424 Cpl. McNabb, P. W.
71304 Cpl. Ross, W. S.
622500 Pte. Burditt, S.
71444 Pte. White, R. M.
50800 L/Cpl. Pozer, R. B.
71089 L/Cpl. Pillage, E.
524488 L/Cpl. Winstone, W.
874022 C.S.M. Hodgson, C.
72072 Sgt. Brooks, L. L.
71621 Sgt. Mitchell, G. G.
72088 Pte. Lindsay, G. C. D.
71074 L/Cpl. Jones, D.
71459 Sgt. Caye, G. R.
71872 Cpl. Blowers, F. J.
113263 C.S.M. Green, G. W.
71521 Sgt. Titherington, J. M.
71255 C.S.M. Eakin, F. W.
71487 L/Cpl. Hill, J.
71778 Cpl. Griffin, F. A.
622891 Pte. Miller, W.
71869 C.S.M. Atkinson, H.
552640 Pte. Bell, J.
115936 Cpl. McPherson, A. J.
622202 Pte. Atwool, F. C.
71455 Cpl. Turner, C. S.
622648 Pte. Dick, A. M.
423498 Cpl. Quinn, J. J.
622285 Pte. Cullen, S. F.
874488 Pte. Stone, R. R.
160381 Pte. Cousins, T.
186226 Pte. Rogers, C.
624634 L/Cpl. Brown, H. D.
71300 Pte. Paget, J.
115446 Pte. St. Jacques, I.
874616 Pte. Adamson, L. D.
552965 Pte. Rickett, W. H.
186207 Pte. McPhee, G.
71672 Cpl. Brown, R.
72049 Pte. Row, S. A.
71451 C.S.M. Atkinson, C. B.
186320 L/Cpl. Fieldhouse, F.
622968 C.S.M. Boddington, N.
1000191 Pte. Case, W. J.
622094 Pte. McKee, W. P.
71713 Pte. McLaughlin, M.
186108 Sgt. Flavell, E. G.
502463 Pte. Campbell, M. L.
186660 Pte. Palmer, F. W.
425325 Pte. Skinner, W.
186224 Cpl. Ratcliffe, H.
186112 Sgt. Fraser, P.
438908 Cpl. Edey, W. K. C. D.
871444 Pte. Popple, H. G.
439052 Sgt. Mongrain, F. A.
874288 Pte. Briscoe, R. W.
171787 Pte. Guertin, W. J.
1001258 Cpl. Chudley, A. C.
105808 Pte. Bundy, E.

HONOURS AND AWARDS (*Continued*).**Military Medal—continued.**

71789 L/Cpl. Cousins, L.
71169 Cpl. Johnstone, J.

Bar to Military Medal.

71339 C.S.M. McRae, J.
71084 Sgt. Adams, J.
71459 Sgt. Cave, G. R.
446538 Pte. McInnes, H.
424448 Sgt. Snape, H.
71089 L/Cpl. Pillage, E.

Medaille Militaire.

72037 Sgt. Haines, F. W.
71228 C.S.M. Thorpe, J.

Mentioned in Despatches.

71159 C.S.M. Williams, H.
71564 Sgt. Moring, T.
(now Lieut.).
71478 Pte. Griffin, F. A.
71398 Sgt. Hunter, G. G.

N.C.O.'s and Men of the City of Winnipeg Battalion who have been granted Commissions in France.

Major A. E. McElligott, D.S.O.
Captain J. D. Thomson,
Paymaster.
Captain A. Wilton, M.C.
(died of wounds).
Captain J. W. Reith.
Lieut. C. B. Johnston.
Lieut. J. D. McClintock
(killed in action).
Lieut. D. L. Cameron.
Lieut. G. S. Muir.
Lieut. T. H. Dudley.

Lieut. A. B. Rowe.
Lieut. T. F. O'Flaherty.
Lieut. M. Pollock (killed in action).
Lieut. J. A. Law-Beattie.
Lieut. J. M. Mackie.
Lieut. W. C. H. Pinkham.
Lieut. F. M. Pulford.
Lieut. V. L. Davies.
Lieut. J. B. Wood, M.C.

Lieut. W. Darling.
Lieut. C. H. Brown
(killed in action).
Lieut. J. E. Dorey.
Lieut. A. V. Bonner.
Lieut. R. S. Black.
Lieut. H. V. Lewis.
Lieut. A. R. Hill.
Lieut. R. Palmer
(killed in action).
Lieut. H. Adamson.
Lieut. G. S. Clarkson, M.C.
Lieut. W. Jameson
(killed in action).
Lieut. J. H. Price
(killed in action).
Lieut. A. C. Newell.
Lieut. S. G. Fildes.
Lieut. T. Moring.
Lieut. C. D. McKenzie.



Major A. E. McELLIGOTT, D.S.O.
Officer Commanding "D" Company.

N.C.O.'s and Men of the City of Winnipeg Battalion granted Commissions serving with other units.

Lieut. A. R. Kilborn.
Lieut. J. Cave.
Lieut. D. McGregor.
Lieut. A. M. Arklie.
Lieut. J. Lintot.
Lieut. S. Morris.
Lieut. A. M. Lyone.
Lieut. D. K. Turner.
Lieut. E. J. Boughton.
Lieut. V. Maxted.
Lieut. E. Legge.
Lieut. N. C. Watson.
Lieut. M. C. Cockshott.
Lieut. J. J. Milne.

OVER THE BAGS.

THE ground is shuddering in actual torment, and the great shells, bursting with a tearing, roaring crash on every hand, rend the air into a panic of flame and flying shrapnel that screams and whines through a sea of Gas, which, foul and sickly, wreaths through the pungent, blinding clouds of the vomiting smoke bombs. As the barrage falls ahead, they crouch, these storming troops, up to their aching bellies in slimy mud, quivering and shivering. It is a bad time this waiting. Every nerve is feeling the strain. Eyes are blurred and hearts pounding in a suffocating ecstasy of excitement. Then it comes, that vibrant signal, and over they go into a land swept by rifle and machine-gun fire, clamorous with a million appalling sounds, the ground riven and torn by high explosives that come hurtling through the air with strange wailings, with unholy, venomous "swish" and ear-rending roars to add their quota to the song of battle.

"... the long black Dogs of War,

With pigmies pulling their tails for them, and making the monsters roar

As they slithered back on their haunches, as they put out their flaming tongues,

And spat a murderous message long leagues from their iron lungs."

Of a truth this is "No Man's Land." It is a place only for gods and fiends. It seems incredible that men can live through it—something beyond the limit of human endurance. It is Hell, a Hell beside which the one we read about were "the veriest school of peace." But the mentality has undergone an

entire change; all personal feeling and individuality seems to be something unreal—vague and misty. The minds of men are fused into a common whole. One impulse dominates all—to close with the enemy. Nothing else exists but an all-consuming desire to come to grips with Fritz. There is no fear. The strength of the spirit was tested to the utmost in that first white heat of terror and apprehension. Fear is gone. These men who press forward have had the last quiver of it wrung out of them, and with it, for the moment, went their humanity. They are transmuted into raging devils. Nothing but death can stay them now, and death is unthought of. Some fall, but others go on, keeping the line "dressed" and firm. Suddenly, with a yell that penetrates even the raucous challenge of the guns, they leap forward upon the demoralised enemy, an enemy that either retreats in confusion or stays, governed by that strange doggedness that he sometimes so splendidly displays, to meet the fierce menace of naked steel that ripples towards him. Here follows the ring of metal, the piercing crack of rifle and revolver shots; they lessen sounds that yet cut through the drum-like volleys of exploding bombs. The Prussian line is gained and held, and the enemy, fighting desperately, forced farther and yet farther back ere there comes a lull in the battle noise. Then "the tumult and the shouting dies," and the dust of the conflict settles on a scene so unsightly, so violently unreal, that the maddest nightmare is logical by comparison.

"That's that!" says Pte. Brown, wiping the sweat from his face. "Give us a Player's, Fred."

BRUTUS.

OH MARS!

(O'MARKHAM AT THE FRONT.)

ONE of the many curious phenomena of the great world-struggle has been the recrudescence of poetry, and scarcely a month passes but there is published a notable addition in verse to the literature of the War. The latest of these—and one which is assured of a wide circle of readers—is a small brochure issued by Messrs. Backwoods under the title of "A Rubayat of the Trenches." The writer is a Canadian soldier who looks on life at the Front with something of the studied detachment of vision and philosophic aloofness of mind of an Oriental. We confess that it appears somewhat incongruous to us that a man of such delicacy of mind and refinement of intellect should be found in the uniform of a volunteer army! That he ever enlisted seems from his opening verse to be due rather to inadvertence than design. This is how he speaks of his visit to the recruiting office:—

One day as down the thronging street I bent
My aimless steps, I saw with wonderment
A crowd of men before an open door,
And, scarcely knowing wherefore, in I went.

There are not many verses dealing with his training as a soldier, as he did not find that the "dull mechanic exercises" had a stimulating effect on his imagination; but he had not long been in the trenches before his emotions are thoroughly stirred:—

Into this Inferno, and why scarce knowing,
Through stinking mud and water ever flowing,
And out of it through "Blighty's" crimson door,
Grudging no price—so long as I am going!

Those of our grumblers at home who cavil at the Food Controller's restrictions will find solace in seeing how they sometimes fare in France, where—

No place is this for epicure or glutton,
With skilly tea and butter something rotten;
Where only change from bread and bully beef
Is merely one to bread and bully mutton.

The quality of the butter seems to have affected the quality of his generally unimpeachable rhymes!

A twenty-four hours' bombardment he writes of in great disgust; but he is more upset with a night or two in front of our barbed wire:—

I went myself patrolling No Man's Land,
To learn of Fritz' movements at first hand;
But all the knowledge that I gleaned was how
The bottom of a big shell hole was planned.

A bag of bombs, a Lewis Gun, my brow
Bedewed with anxious sweat amidst the row,
I crouch in muddy holes with one clear thought—
That I were back again behind a plough!

Beware! for Heine in the bowl of night
Has cast the flare that makes the darkness light,
And lo! the L.G. in the east breaks loose,
Sweeping the parapet from left to right!

We thought at first that the letters L.G. were a cryptic reference to our versatile Prime Minister, but our military critic informs us that they refer to the famous Lewis Gun, for which the writer seems to have a great veneration.

I sometimes think that never was a shell
One half so big as that which by me fell;
And every bomb that's hurled by Fritz' hand
Is like the Pitcher's throw from "Base"—in Hell!

We acted once as "striker" in a Charity game of Baseball in a match against the Canadians, and we thoroughly appreciate the allusion.

His experience in the trenches, however, seem to have served as a sauce for his enjoyment of the simple life in billets, as—

Here in these battered remnants of a House,
Where once both shot and shell did make Carouse,
(But now, thank heav'n, is well behind the line),
I sleep and eat in peace and idly drowse.

I sometimes think there never was a bed
One half so soft as this beneath my head,
Nor other joy deem worth a Pipe of peace,
With skin both dry and clean—and eke well-fed!

"How sweet is rest in Billets," mutters one;
Others: "For me a 'Blighty,' and the Hun
With all his kind for aye be damned!" And oh,
Oh! the brave music of a *distant* gun!

The respite, however, is all too brief, and he gets his marching orders for the trenches again; so—

Come, fill the Stokes, and in the nest of Fritz
Lob sundry bombs and give the blighter fits:
For see, his T.M.B. is close, and know
'Twere better he than we were blown to bits!

—a sentiment with which, save for the possible exception of Their Graces of Oxford and Ely, our readers will cordially agree.

R. W. H.



A picture similar to this in some Canadian paper is described as: "Canadians fresh back from the trenches, making urgent repairs to their clothes. They are experts with their housewives!" (Oh yes, quite so!)

THE BAY COLT.

VIBRANT with feeling and courage
Was his sensitive high-flung head,
As he hurled his challenge to rivals
To test what his sires had bred!

Shone the light of a steadfast spirit,
The faith of a soul in the gaze
That yearned with a youngster's ambition
For the triumphs of coming days.

In the sheen of his golden beauty
As he galloped with kingly air,
Glowed the star of all Art's inspiration—
The flame of the artist's despair!

On the turf his backers were legion,
Be his field the pick of the land;
He was voted "the best of the season,"
A horse with the speed and the "sand."

The King's Plate claimed proof of his mettle.
"Too fast and too far," they professed;
But he bore the blood of great racers
That knew not defeat from the best.



*"Vibrant with feeling and courage
Was his sensitive high-flung head."*

The horses pranced out from the paddock,
Their colours ablaze in the sun;
Amongst them a Black and a Chestnut,
Strong favourites both in the run.

Soon a cry went up from the watchers
As the horses streamed up the track,
With the Black and the Chestnut leading,
And the Bay Colt many lengths back.

Six furlongs he stayed with the rabble,
Till the field here opened out wide
When, knowing that this was his moment,
The Bay Colt leapt into his stride.

A few lengths ahead the Black and the Red
Galloped neck and neck in a bolt
For the winning-post goal, gleaming white up the track,
While cries intermingled: "The Chestnut!" "The Black!"
Then every eye turned to the colt.

The Bay had come through like a bolt from the blue,
And strained at the tail of the Red,
As she flew with her head all ablaze in the lead,
For the Black, though a good 'un, was slackening speed,
While gamely the colt fought ahead.

With his nose at her girth, for all he was worth
He strained the half-length to diminish.
Like a flame in the wind the mare strove to out-vie
The speed of this rival dropped out of the sky
To threaten her place in the finish.

And now neck to middle! Which wins? 'Twas a riddle
That sent the crowd wild to decide.

For the pace was terrific, the distance was slight,
But the colt came of stayers who knew how to fight
With "punch" for the last telling stride.

As they flashed by the post 'twas doubtful to most
Till the numbers went up with a run.

Then a roar rent the air from every man there,
Sportsman and sinner saluting the winner:
"The Bay Colt!"—"The Bay Colt has won!"

The season passed by and a dark crimson sky
Reflected an Empire's pain.

Loud sounded her trumpets in rallying blast
A call to her children for proof of their caste—
An appeal that was never in vain.

Soon the Bay Colt stood in a land of blood,
Tossing high his royal head,
Though the shrapnel screamed with a sickening sound,
And the great shells gored up the shuddering ground
Sowing wide their countless dead.

Through the awful hell of shattering shell
Came the trumpet's silvery breath,
When they charged through the horror of guns and mines,
And the Bay Colt won through the Prussian lines,
Where he died a Thoroughbred's death!

BRUTUS.

FÊTE DAY, June 24th, 1917.

THIS was a red letter day, on the lighter side of the Battalion's life. It was decided to make some return for the hospitality extended by the people of the village (somewhere in France), where the Battalion was stationed in June, and the brilliant idea was conceived of giving a Grand Fête with Exhibition Sports for the amusement of the community, and the benefit of the funds of the Croix Rouge Française.

A good site was selected, and the lay-out and gay decorations of the ground invested a charming little clearing in the woods with a real gymkhana air. The weather was perfect, and the fête was honoured by the presence of the Divisional and Brigade Commanders, Staff Officers, representatives of all units in the neighbourhood, and a large number of civilians who had walked and driven from the surrounding countryside.

The band, made up with much originality as clowns, niggers, highwaymen, etc., paraded the village to begin with, and also pulled off a variety of comical "stunts" during the afternoon.

Horseback wrestling, tilting at the ring, tent-pegging, pillow fighting, sack races, tugs-of-war (mounted and dismounted), and V.C. races were all contested with great spirit, and proved a novelty to the civilian element amongst the crowd, and an interesting exhibition to the military visitors.

During the afternoon, the ladies, escorted by their cavaliers, sold little tricolour favours for the benefit of the French Red Cross, and smiled and cajoled no less than one thousand and fifty-five francs from a most willing and cheery crowd.

As a concluding item, the Band put on an inimitable "Mock battle of Farbus," and kept the audience in fits of laughter with their motley costumes, quaint antics, and their conception of how an attack, covered by a barrage from a fearsome-looking T. M. battery, and also an ambulance service, should be conducted. The system adopted will not be found in any of the official text books.

A couple of aeroplanes passing over head, dropped messages, and gave the people a closer look at a British machine than they had probably ever had before. In one of these planes was Lieut. Driscoll, late of our own Battalion.

The great day closed with the playing of "La Marseillaise," "The Maple Leaf," and "The National Anthem," and as the dusk of a beautiful summer evening was falling, a delighted crowd left the grounds loudly acclaiming the novelty and success of the Fête.

R. O. W.

A LITTLE CELEBRATION.

ON September 17th, the battalion celebrated the second anniversary of its arrival in France by a banquet given under the generous shelter of the beeches at —. It was a jolly spread and particularly appealing to those who had known the unforgivable repetition of Mulligan in the line.

In the after-glow, as we benevolently regarded each other through the circling fumes of cigar smoke, it felt good to be alive and one of so happy a gathering. Colonel Daly, in his quiet and direct way, spoke simply of the battalion's past, his pride in its achievements and his great hopes and faith in its future conduct in the winding up of the War. There was a fine pride in his eyes as he spoke, and his words carried a certain vibrant conviction. During the remainder of the evening his personality was never more happily expressed nor felt than in his untiring efforts to give every one a good time.

In replying to the toast to the guests, Major Steele spoke feelingly of his association with the battalion. Although the spirit of the battalion was felt and shared by all, there were all too few present of the originals, and those whose intimacy with the battalion had been long and vital. Still, those few were men to be proud of. They were soldiers tried and proved in the furnace heat of battle; men of strong deeds, of quick thought and action, keenly alive to the urgency of the moment, yet withal they retained their boyishness and simplicity of bearing. The Adjutant, Major Taunton, had, by his unfailing courtesy and consideration to all ranks, won a regard that was sincere and lasting; and, acknowledging Major Riley, he spoke of that gallant officer's long influence in the far-flung fame of the City of Winnipeg Battalion. One saw in it the result of a splendid foresight. The key to the battalion's many successes was that which is the essential element in any undertaking—a thorough preparation, a fine determination, the will to win and a firm belief in ultimate victory. When the "Silent Toast" was drunk more than one eye turned in quiet acknowledgement to Captain Combe, of the Chinese Battalion, who is a brother of our late brother officer, Lieut. Robert Combe, V.C.

As to the subsequent proceedings Truth is inclined to hide her face in modesty. Suffice it to say that the French woods rang with "the shouts and laughter of our humour." Who will ever forget the gentle grace of our impromptu two steps, or the refreshing abandon with which we danced the Highland fling. But the waltz was very popular that night, and though the absence of "lady friends" was sadly deprecated, we managed very well. By the way, we congratulate our O.C. on his waltzing. To see him and Colonel Homer Dixon stepping a lively measure was a sight for the gods.

Though we Gaby-glided and fox-trotted far into the night, our amusements were not entirely confined to this form of revelry. For instance, Mr. Abbey Coo's imitation of a circus manager speling to an apathetic audience was so realistic as to leave us in some doubt as to the real nature of his business before the War. Then the wonderful performance at the piano by dear Petrie. He left rather too much to the imagination, but on the whole displayed remarkable ability for one so young.

Mr. Darling—known to fame as "Raspinorious Bill"—refreshed our memories with the exploits of one "Gunga Din." He also refreshed—but no, I must not digress too much. I merely want to say that when he got to that touching but emphatic line "But of all the drinks I've drunk—" his face took on a look of reminiscent delight, and he almost forgot poor old Gunga Din.

Not for nothing has Major Stinson been referred to as a Gatling Gun. Let the party flag for a minute and his electric energy at once came into play. But there came a time when even his fire grew dim and the Unquenchable Dorey took the lead in a jolly little rag that put an end to the evening.

But when "O Canada" was played all recklessness fell from the tone and every eye saw but a vision of its own, and a minute later, with every man standing straight and steady as the most exacting Commander could desire, the band played "God Save the King."



KING SOLOMON: "You're a cute little thing. Where do you live?"
 "I'm one of your Majesty's wives."
 "I thought your face looked familiar"—Life.

A GREETING FROM LADY DRUMMOND.

It is with particular pleasure that we publish the following Christmas Message from Lady Drummond, whose War-work—especially in connection with the Canadian Red Cross Society—has had such far-reaching influence in relieving the inevitable tragedies, the miseries and monotones of the last three years. The thought of this lady's many gracious acts, her fine sympathy and practical help, will remain with us to warm the heart of memory for many years to come.

To the Officers and Men of the
City of Winnipeg Battalion,
Canadians, B.E.F., Christmas, 1917.

CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY,
14/16, COCKSPUR STREET,
LONDON, S.W.1.

22-10-17.

The fourth Christmas of the Great War—Peace coming, but not here yet, and patience still holding our hearts—the hearts of the men at the Front and of the women at home!

I wonder if you know how much the women's thoughts are with you, the thoughts of those who are working and waiting for you in Canada, and of those who have crossed the sea, and are working and waiting for you here. Indeed, we have no other thought than you, and no desire but to lighten in such small ways as woman can, the great and heavy, and heroic task which you have taken upon you. Most of us might say, with a wider application, what Thomas-a-Kempis said, when he deplored his wandering thoughts in Church:—“I confess that I am wont to be exceeding distracted. For often-times I am not where I am bodily standing or sitting, but there I am, whither my thoughts do carry me”—and for us all, thought goes the same way—to the men who are fighting our battles, by land, or air, or sea.

I was in Canada for the early part of September after an absence of nearly three years. What a wonderful Country it is—with wide rivers, and vast sparsely peopled spaces, and blue unclouded skies—with coasts on three great oceans—with broad prairie lands and fruitful valleys, and deep forests, high hills, and lakes like inland seas! I thought of the men, who, when the war is over, will go back to it, and of those who will not return because they have died for Canada and the Empire and a great Cause, and I said, “These are the pledge that there will be a still greater and nobler Canada after the war. These are the pledge that she will cast out of her all that is unworthy, and will honour only honourable men. If, since her great resources were discovered, she has been tempted to take short cuts to wealth, by the way of the speculator rather than of the producer, she has learnt by experience that this is to build her house upon the sand. That the heart of her people is sound, we know—for she has sent forth her hundred thousands to fight, and if need be die, for great spiritual ideals, for freedom, right, truth, honour, and an Empire whose supreme claim to allegiance is that it stands for these.”

At this crisis of our country's character and destiny, those who know and love her best cannot be afraid,

Sitting in my office at 14, Cockspur Street, I see many people, and get, without asking, their impression of Canadians. Some days ago, a Scotsman came in, who had been much in Canada, East and West, and was enthusiastic about it. He said he had been talking of it to an Imperial Officer, and the Officer spoke like this: He could not give an opinion about Canada for he had seen too little of it—but he thought that there was nothing finer than the Canadian soldiers. When they first came over, they had had little discipline; but they had done a fine thing; they had not been disciplined, they had disciplined themselves, the finest thing men can do. They reminded him, he said, of the English public school boy, in their high spirits and the “esprit de corps” which made them, for the honour of Canada, keep these under control.

I give the words as they were told me. I don't think they were far wrong!

Now, to the Officers and men of the City of Winnipeg Battalion, and to all Canadian soldiers at the front, may I wish the old, old wish, “A Happy Christmas”—with, for all its hardship and trial, a kindly humour in it and good cheer?

The Christmas that you come home—and pray God it may be the next—all the bells in Canada shall be set ringing—ringing and pealing—because you are back, and Peace is come on the earth, and the Christ child is born again in our hearts.

Julia Drummond

THE C. H. Q. CHRISTMAS EVE.

IT was Christmas Eve, and we sat at an improvised card-table, consisting of a short length of duck-board with a ground sheet covering.

"Who opened it?" demanded the Junior Sub.

"I did," the C.O. told him. "For two."

"I'll stay for two," said Bombs modestly. "Hallo! What's that?"

"That," was a sickening crump above, a swift beating of the air that put out the candles, and the dim patter of scattered earth failing to ground again.

"Mice," suggested the C.O. picking himself up and re-lighting the candles, "or Father Christmas. Anybody hurt?"

"No," said I, "but where is Bombs?" Bombs was clawing his way laboriously up the entrance shaft, and he called back a reassuring "Here! teacher," ere he butted into the gas sentry above. In a few minutes he reported—

"A sausage, sir, landed just behind us."

"Dear old Hun," murmured the C.O. "It's really very thoughtful of him. Rum jars, flying pigs and sausages. What other gifts could a man wish for on such a night. "Peter, my bonny youth, give my compliments to the O.C. Talk Emma and ask him to give largely of his abundance to our contributor."

I was never really fond of the noisome sausage and mentally thanked this one for its pleasing diffidence. After all, it had merely knocked at the door, when it might have violently intruded upon our privacy. I looked round the dear old dugout, grown familiar during my three days' stay in its hospitable bowels, and again felt glad that the sausage had not marred the beauty of its unexpected contours, nor upset the smiling radiance of its slimy walls. Handsome is as handsome does, and that delightful, dark, damp dugout was a great solace to my offtime anguished soul.

"I wonder what they are doing at home just now," speculated the junior sub, thoughtlessly.

"Thinking of mother's darling," suggested the second-in-command, with an air of tender sympathy.

"Think rather of Mars than of Ma's," Bombs said brightly, thinking himself witty, until the J.S. deftly filled his eye with that which went under the alias of "butter."

"Children! Children!" admonished the C.O. in pained surprise. "Remember your temporary title of Officers and Gentlemen. A little less robustness in thy fun. At what time do we dine, by the way?"

"Oh! yes, dine," Bombs echoed, brightening up again. "Let's see, didn't Peter get the odd parcel to-day?"

"He got one, but the odd one was mine," said I with a little pardonable pride. Four pairs of eyes regarded me with touching wistfulness.

"Just food"? the Second-in-Command asked lugubriously. I tilted my parcel up and it gurgled.

"It listens good."

"Did I hear a cork?" demanded Peter hopefully, as he came in a few minutes later.

"Just grape-juice, old thing. 'Come fill the cup that clears to-day of past regrets.'"

"Haven't any," Bombs declared with unnecessary vehemence.

"And future fears!" the C.O. concluded darkly.

"As to those ————."

Whoof—whe—whe—whoof—whish—wang, and again the air became animated and struck us with the sledge-hammer blows of a Mortardactyl, and again we floundered in Stygian darkness.

"More stuffing for the Christmas turkey," spluttered Bombs as he spat the mud from his mouth.

"Surely, said I, surely that is

Some one at my window lattice."

It was my turn for duty, and as a fitful flicker of the candles was renewed, I groped my way above and sought the extent of the damage, which proved nothing more serious than a few scattered sandbags and a hole in the parados. A fine, silvery rain was falling and the trenches looked very pretty in the half-light of a moon that sprayed dimly through a film of drizzling rain clouds. I looked fondly down the fire trench and thought how closely it resembled putrid Cheddar cheese. The rats, too, seemed to think so, for I heard their enthusiastic rustlings all around me. I made my tour and found all was

well in spite of Fritz's restlessness. Our lines were quiet, but he, poor nervous beggar, was evidently anticipating a jolly rush "across" to wish him the Compliments of the Season, judging by the number and amazing variety of flares and gun-cracks that he was filling the air with. Poor old Fritz, how can we hate him, poor, rabid chink of war-worn protoplasm.

I burrowed my way down to C.H.Q.

"How goes the war?"

"Oh, passing fair," said I. "It's a beast of a night, makes you think longingly of snow shoes and miles of dry white snow, and the tinkle of sledge bells."

"Or the raw edge of a fifty below!"

"I'd like to feel the sting of it."

"And overhead, green, yellow and red, the North Lights swept in bars"—Peter quoted.

"Order! Order!"

"What about the odd rum ration?" I asked plaintively. As it was on its way to my lips came the odd slip, for the night air was rent by the blast of a Strombas Horn, and the gas sentry yelled the odious warning of "GAS!"

In a trice we faced each other with our gas masks on, looking for all the world like members of the Klu Klux Klan in the 'Birth of a Nation.'

The J. S. performed a *pas seul*.

"But, I say, Oh! John——. You look so funny with your helmets on."

There was a silence, then the O.C. glanced at his watch and his voice came in a muffled growl:—

"I say, you fellows—A Merry Christmas!"

S. G. H.

To Our Master Cook.

Who gets up early in the morn
And wakes the cooks before the dawn;
Else for our breakfast we would mourn?
Why——Ramsay!

Who, with a can of M. and V.,
A biscuit and some Bully B.
Contrives a Veal and Ham Paté?
Why——Ramsay!

And also with a little flour,
Some Raisins (hardly in a shower!)
A Rainbow Pudding in one hour?
Why——Ramsay!

With Boeuf Rote and Pomme de Terre,
Salade, Fromage, Chocôlat Eclairé,
Plum Pudding a la Angleterre.
Oh——Ramsay!

And so to us it is quite clear
Of Honors, he should have a share,
For him the "Medaille Cuisinaire,"
Our——Ramsay.

So here's to him, our Master Cook—
He knows it all, just like a book,
We crown him King, all have to look
To——Ramsay!

But since he runs the wet Canteen,
The only time he can be seen
Is Pay Days, and they're long between!
Why——Ramsay?

GAS.

D for "D" Coy. the best in the Batt.
D is for "Dash" and you bet we have that!
D for the "Daring" we ever have shown,
D for "Defeat" we never have known.
D is for "Darling" or "it's getting worse."
D is for "Damn"—a comforting curse,
D is for "Dore," whose noise we deplore—
[D for "Don't" think we shall print any more.—Ed.]



No. 16 Platoon being inspected by Lieut. D. G. Cameron, after returning from the trenches.

SPORTS.

FOOTBALL.

THE Battalion football team completed a most successful season on September 29th by winning the Corps championship from the —th Field Ambulance team by a score of 1 to 0.

This was the seventh game in this series in which the Battalion had taken part, and throughout the entire season the Battalion did not suffer a single defeat, but divided honours in the first game with the Vancouver Battalion, when the score was one all.

In the second game with this team our opponents were forced to take the short end of a one to nil score.

The Brigade final was played against the North-West Battalion, and this was an easy victory, the score being 3 to 0. The fourth game of the series was played against the Field Ambulance of our Brigade, and after an exciting match the Winnipeg Battalion came out on top, having three goals to their credit, while their opponents were only able to get the ball past Simpson the once.

An Eastern Battalion team was a formidable one; they were met in the Divisional final, but they also had to bow before Simpson's crack outfit, the final score in this game reading 2 to 1.

The hardest game of the year was played against the Engineers of another Division in the semi-final of the Corps Championship. This match was witnessed by an immense crowd, and it was anyone's game until the final whistle blew, when we had the one necessary point, while the Engineers were unable to solve the defensive scheme of the Pegs.

The Corps final, although there was so much at stake, was not such a hard-fought game as had been expected; but in this game, also, only one point was scored, Pte. Robbins being successful in landing the ball through the posts and thus giving

the City of Winnipeg Battalion the championship of the Canadian Corps for the 1917 season.

Robbins was well to the front in all the games, and in the Divisional final he also scored, while Pte. Gillies added the second tally. In the Brigade final, Gillies was at his best, and managed to notch two of the three goals, while Cooper added the third.

The team which played all through the season was composed as follows (the teams in which they played in civil life also being shown) :—

Pte. W. Simpson, Captain (Norwood Wanderers)
 Sergt. Chamberlain (Norwood Wanderers)
 Pte. Milne (Brandon)
 Corpl. Chudleigh (226th Battalion)
 *Pte. Dickinson (Vancouver)
 Lce.-Corpl. Johnson (Toronto)
 Pte. Howell (90th Winnipeg Rifles)
 Pte. Robbins (West Bromwich Albion)
 Pte. Gillies (Brighton and Hove)
 Pte. Millar (Norwood Wanderers)
 Lce.-Corpl. Cooper (Ulster)
 Pte. Derkx, the Trainer
 Corporals Hill and Watson, Reserves.

(*Pte. Dickinson has since been killed in action.)

The medals for this championship were presented to the members of the team on November 16th by Lieut.-Colonel P. J. Daly, C.M.G., D.S.O.

FOOTBALL RECORD.

Since coming to France the City of Winnipeg Battalion football team has played 36 games. Of this number they won 26, lost 5, and drew 5. In these games the team scored 79 goals, and had only 30 goals scored against them.

SPORTS (Continued).

BASEBALL.

WHEN "B" Company discovered it had a baseball team at the Battalion sports, they immediately issued a challenge to the world! "A" Company, believing that they were the real world's champs, at once said "come on." "B" Company "came on," and when they walked off they were still boasting, for the score-board read 14 to 10 in their favour. "A" Company supporters, for lack of good excuses, attributed their loss to the consistent support given to the winners by the O.C. and the Second-in-Command.

"B" Company, not content with these honours, became rather cocky, and it was up to "C" Company to take them in hand. They did. The score was something like 17 to 7, but it is understood the scorers became tired of their work when they saw how things were going. This victory was secured by "C" Company's uncovering some dark horses, and then they had the enthusiastic support of "A" Company, who in this manner managed to recuperate their depleted fortunes!

BATTALION SPORTS.

ON June 14th the Battalion sports were held, including track events, as well as baseball and football tournaments. Perhaps the most interesting item on the programme was the veterans' race, in which Captain Taunton, the Quartermaster, distinguished himself by winning a hard race from Sergt. Smart, the Post-Sergeant. It was suggested by one of the onlookers who envied the speed of the Q.M. that the latter saw visions of adding the pile of shirts belonging to the contestants, which were piled behind the finishing line, to his stock.

Another feature was the horseback-riding competition, the riders providing plenty of amusement by reversing their positions and using the horses' tails for reins. "D" Company's quartette carried off the honours in the horseback wrestling; "B" Company walked off with the baseball honours, and the football trophy was captured by the Details team.

Lieut. Abbie Coe endeavoured to show some of his old speed and managed to get away with the Officers' 100 yards.

Following the completion of the sports, Brigadier-General Ketchen, C.M.G., presented the prizes to the winners.

The Brigade sports were held on June 16th, and the City of Winnipeg Battalion horseback team was successful in securing the wrestling championship. This team was captained by Lieut. D. G. Cameron, and included Corpl. Henderson, Corpl. Wesley, and Pte. Dudgeon. K. C. C.

* * *

Who was the runner with a rum jar in his hand, swearing and stumbling across muddy no-man's-land, who met his pal and offered him a drink with a very cheery greeting—I don't think?

* * *

Can't a more appropriate name be found for Rest Camp? Its present one is a delusion and a snare.

* * *

Who was the genius who was responsible for sending up the solidified soup ration during the last show, at a time when all water bottles were empty and every throat like a lime-kiln?

The Canadian.

The look with which you sped him, standing there
Amidst the golden fields,
Sustained him, builded round his soul when sorely tried
An armour of protecting memories and pride.
No craven thought he yields
When death screams doomful through the air.
If he should fall, remember always this—he gives
With loyal zeal and steadfast faith
The ardent blood of youth, clear-eyed, undismayed, the best
That's born of England; by England given the yearning West.
Remember, too, the radiance of his gift—
Brave thoughts, dear dreams of love that bridge the rift
Of immortality.
He lives. Know that he lives while all he died for lives.
In the passionless peace of the prairie,
Midst fields of flowering grain—
When the meadow-lark sings his requiem,
Your soldier will breathe again.

S. G. H.

"The Price."

O Peace, how may we win thy sovereign reign—
Where find thy solace from surcease of pain?
In that far-flung and quivering hell—the Line?
But how shall warm, wet sword and flaming brand
Make plans of men bear qualities divine,
To serve the scheme of things by Nature planned?
What offering must we make, thou'll not deride?
. . . . And came the Voice o'er tortured land and sea:
"Smoke-wreathed, the ruins of the Prussian pride
Shall drip in crimson sacrifice to me!"

OBITUARY.

It is with keen regret that we announce the death of MAJOR STINSON, M.C., who was killed in action but a short time before our going to press. He had been with the Battalion a long time, and his loss is a personal grief to all Officers and Men.

L'ENVOI.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME,
Here are hearty greetings from "the boys" in the trenches, with their love and good wishes for a happy Christmas and a grand and unprecedented New Year. That 1918 will go down to all time as the year of victory for the Allies we do not for a moment doubt. The doom of the Hun is sealed. Already the hand-writing has appeared on the wall. Prussian militarism is reeling under a smashing blow, and the whole infamous structure is tottering on its foundations; and well the Despot of Europe and his satellites know it. It only remains for us to keep hammering away until this ruthless and barbaric power is entirely overthrown, and the Hun driven back within his gates. May this be sooner than even the optimists among us dream of!

Well, dear people, as "the Festival of the Home" draws near, our hearts turn with a deeper and more persistent longing to be back among you all, to see the dear familiar faces, to hear the happy laughter of the little ones, to sit in our old corners by the fire—to be Home. Never before have we appreciated so thoroughly all that this simple little word implies as after these years of trench life and the gruesome experiences of modern warfare, its remorselessness, its destructiveness, its sheer and revolting cruelty. Surely, after passing through this fiery ordeal and assimilating its lessons, we shall return to you better and more tolerant men—men cast in a bigger mould, built on a nobler scale; for no one can go through the crucible of war and remain just the same. Life's horizons are enlarged, a loftier vision is attained, the great Verities stand out clear-cut and distinct, and rightly it will be our constant endeavour to promulgate those great Ideals for which we have been ready to give our lives. Thus should we all become better patriots, better citizens, better husbands, fathers, brothers.

You, too, at Home have undergone a period of growth and development, for to you has the lot of weary watching and endless waiting fallen; and this quiescent or negative side of war is to most natures the hardest of all to bear. So when we return to the dear Dominion—that land of Romance and infinite possibilities whose sheer magic allures and compels—we shall find awaiting us the bigger mate for the bigger man: surely a fitting omen for the dawn of that Golden Age which will be fully heralded by a great and victorious peace! God bless you all.