

KILTS IN CLONMEL.

The ticket collector never took my ticket : that was the first intimation I had.

Then when I jumped upon the side-car to drive home the jarvey said : "Would yer honour like the rug for yer knees ?" As the day was roasting hot, "his honour" didn't. When the jarvey asked 4s. for a 2s. drive I thought I must at least *look* like a Scotsman ! I told him I was no "towerist," but was brought up in the South of Ireland ; and eventually we compromised for half-a-crown.

But the fiery cross had gone round, and the first time I showed my nose in public I was met by an advance guard of ten curious children *waiting*, if you please, to see the "High-Lanther." Inside of half an hour the ten had increased to a hundred (the Irish are terrible people for "childer"). Fortunately they kept at a reasonable distance ; but even then it was embarrassing, particularly as one could hear the comments not only of the children but the women. Blinds were drawn aside, doors opened, and bonnie blue-eyed girls giggled.

"Run, Mickey, run quick ! lave ye see the High-Lanther !"

"Hurry wesht the shstreet now, Dinny, and ye'll catch another glimpse of himself."

"Wisha, my God ! Isn't it a fright !"

"He must be cowl !"

"Does he wear annything benathe thim ?"

"Neragh hould ye'er whisht, Mrs. Cronin : he'll hear ye."

"Glory be to God ! But thim Scotchmen is quare entoirely."

The next day I wore trews.

"SABAIID."

"A Victorious Fight to a Finish."

We win the fight, so fear not Death,
We battle for a principle, a cause.
With sinking body, fading breath,
Still press ye on without a pause—

"Sabaid."

Struggling hand to hand, or, like a beast,
Snarling and biting—"seeing red"—
Glorying in brute strength and ghoulish feast,
Till finally we kill—"He's dead !"

Sabaid."

Count not the lives of comrades lost,
Who come not back from out the strife.
They gave their all—nor counted cost
In Death, they've justified their life.

"Sabaid."

When at the last our aims are ended ;
Our hopes, our aspirations all attained,
Minds at rest, and bodies mended,
We'll say—halt, blind and maimed—

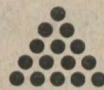
"Sabaid."

And if in this never-ending glutony of blood,
You find your death, from Hand on High—
A grain of sand to stem a flood—
Exulting to the last, still cry

"Sabaid."

C. B. SCHREIBER, Capt.

There is a considerable increase in Canada's trade for the months of April and May, showing a total of 284,000,000 dollars, or nearly double for the same period of 1915.



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