

weeks before, in an attempt to supply the demand of the boys who, caring for the Dominion, and for verse, cared for these. Such enquiries as could be answered in the midst of the main business that occupies everybody in Europe to-day brought evidence to the delighted transcriber that his tattered copy had passed through many hands. And I would care little for Canada, or for the verses I write, if, on hearing of this incident, I was not at least equally pleased.

Repeated requests from members of the Canadian Contingent for copies of "B.C." (crowned with that jolly episode) have caused me to gather these verses together into a little book. The day of the broadsheet is not our day, and "B.C." must go out with others, instead of alone. I trust that some of the others—two of which, I have to state, with acknowledgments to the Editors in question, have already been in print: "Inventory" in *The New Statesman* (London), and "River Saint Lawrence" in *The University Magazine* (Montreal)—may also find friends.

F. N.