

left Canada a year ago as an officer of No. 4 Field Company, Canadian Engineers.

LANCE-CORPORAL D. M. TRAPNELL.

Lance-Corporal Donald M. Trapnell, a technical assistant on the staff of the Forest Products Laboratories, Montreal, a part of the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior, has been missing since the battle of St. Julien. He was officially "reported missing" last September, but friends have been hoping, almost against hope, that he might be a prisoner and would eventually turn up again. Now, however, particulars have been received which would appear to extinguish the last ray of hope. These particulars state that Trapnell with fourteen comrades, all that were left of three hundred of one of the Canadian units who had withstood the onslaught at Ypres, were retiring from their trench to join what was left of a unit of Canadian Scots across a road. Just as they climbed out a "Jack Johnson" exploded, killing Trapnell and another, the narrator of the incident being the third at that spot, and he was buried by the debris and had a hairbreadth escape. Trapnell was not wounded apparently and was, therefore, probably killed by the concussion. As the Germans were coming on again the survivor was compelled to leave the bodies and crawl to cover.

Corporal Trapnell, who entered the Service in March, 1914, came from St. John's, Newfoundland, and had given promise of a useful and brilliant career.

The highest point of good breeding is to show a very nice regard to your own dignity, and with that in your own heart, to express your value for the man above you.—*Steele*.

THE INEVITABLE.

O let us contemplate the change
that's come to our dear land;
The bitter cold, the frost, the snow,
the biting blast have passed,
And Mother Nature smiles once more
with manner sweet and bland,
For the frigid tyrant's reign has
ceased and we are free at last.

O how the rude and cruel King of
winter tortured us!
Methought that Spring would never
come to cheer each drooping heart;
But, true unto the will of Him who
rules, "be this, or thus,"
The mighty sun, with giant force,
tore Winter's gloom apart.

Cheer up! The Kaiser still contends
against the powers for good,
And some doubters think that he
may even yet prevail;
But, even as proud Winter bowed
to Mother Spring's strong mood,
So will the Kaiser droop beneath the
Allies' fist of mail.

—*Garrett O'Connor.*

Bridgeburg.

THE GIRL WHO WAITS BEHIND.

You meet her in the ballroom,
You meet her on the street,
With a smile so quick and flashing,
And a laugh that's clear and sweet.
But sometimes in the laughter,
A deeper note you'll find,
And her eyes are tear filled, yearning,
She's the girl who waits behind.

She sent him off still smiling,
She stifed down her pain;
Her bit is work and praying,
Till he comes back again.
And out there in the fighting,
In the trench so grim, gun lined,
There's a man who thanks his Maker,
For the girl who waits behind.

—*Irene Murray Dickson.*

Ottawa.