

THE HIELAN' DIVISION.

(Note.—On general principles "Knots and Lashings" does not publish anonymous verse. It is however, useless to deny that legitimate reference (in the abstract) to "parritch, haggis and whuskey" finds the weak spot in our editorial armor. The following anonymous poem has been handed in during the week, though whether it originated among the men of the E.T.D. we are not in a position to state. It is herewith reproduced entirely on general principles.)

When war was declarit, the chief
of the Huns
Thocht he'd march across France
wi' his men and his guns;
But he made in his plans an un-
lucky omission,
He didna' tak count o' the Hielan'
Division.

Men frae the Tweed up to Johnnie
o' Groats,
Trained upon parritch an' haggis
an' oats;
Ah Willie, wee mon, 'twas a
mournful omission,
Ye didna' tak count o' the Hielan'
Division.

Beaumont Hamel, Festubert,
Wipers, an' Roeux,
When they're owre the bags,
they're a cert to get through;
And they mop the Blue Line wi'
unco precision—
The bonny bold lads o' the Hielan'
Division.

Laddies frae Johnnie o' Groats to
the Tweed,
Brought up on whusky, an' a'
hairy-kneed;
They mop up the trenches wi'
awfu' precision—
The bonnetted lads o' the Hielan'
Division.

If the Jocks are wa' back for a bit
o' a rest,
Then the Army wi'oot them is
waefully pressed;
An' wee Duggie Haig mak's a
sudden decision
To send up the lads o' the Hielan'
Division.

Frae the braes o' the Somme to the
banks o' auld Wipers,
The Army is cheered by the sound
o' their pipers;
They're glad Duggie Haig made
the sudden decision
To send up the lads o' the Hielan'
Division.

You can cut doon our bully, and
dock us our jam,
Gie the cheese to the corbies—we
don't care a damn;

An English Poet on Canada and War



R. E. VERNEDE AT FRENCH RIVER, ONT.

SIX years ago an English writer, R. E. Vernède by name, spent a summer in Canada and wrote under the title of "The Fair Dominion" one of the happiest descriptions of this country, from the Old Country point of view, that has yet seen the light. Vernède had married a Canadian girl and had a sympathy for things Canadian, which led him to appreciate rather than criticize the New World which he found stretching between Atlantic and Pacific. Although by no means of fighting temperament, he enlisted in the Public School Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers on the outbreak of the war, gaining a commission in the Rifle Brigade early in 1915. A number of poems from his pen attracted much attention in the columns of the "London Times" and other publications—one of which, entitled "To Canada," was widely quoted on this side.

"Canada, Canada, is not thy face most fair?
Is there a land men know fairer than thee?
Where is heaven half so vast? Where blows a lovelier air?
What are thy sons doing here o'er the sea?"

So runs the first of six beautiful verses. Wounded in 1916 he went back to the trenches only to fall mortally wounded in an attack on Havincourt Wood in April, 1917. Like Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger, and the young Canadian poet, Bernard Freeman Trotter, R. E. Vernède reached his highest powers of expression under the intense emotion of "The Great Adventure," and his verses were eagerly read by lovers of fine poetry. Edmund Gosse, the great English critic, volunteered to edit a collection of these "War Poems," a Canadian edition of which has been issued in Toronto. They contain some truly inspired lines, notably the opening dedication to his wife:—

"What shall I bring to you, wife of mine,
When I come back from the war?
A ribbon your dear brown hair to twine?
A shawl from a Berlin store?
Say, shall I choose you some Prussian hack
When the Uhlans we o'erwhelm?
Shall I bring you a Potsdam goblet back
And the crest from a Prince's helm?

Little you'd care what I laid at your feet,
Ribbon or crest or shawl—
What if I bring you nothing, sweet,
Nor maybe come home at all?
Ah, but you'll know, Brave Heart, you'll know
Two things I'll have kept to send;
Mine honour for which you bade me go
And my love—my love to the end."

But there's aye thing to mind when
ye're makin' provision—

A ration o' rum for the Hielan'
Division.

If you're gunner, or sapper, or
follow the drum,

Ye're a' o' ye better o' a guid tot
o' rum;

So look to it, mon, ye'll be makin'
provision

For a bon tot o' rum for the
Hielan' Division.

When the fechtin' is done, an' we
gang awa' hame,

Even Mr. Beech Thomas will hear
o' oor fame;

And then, if the Army should need
some revision,

They'll tak for their model the
Hielan' Division.

Men from the Tweed up to auld
John o' Groats,

Brought up on whusky, an' par-
ritch, an' oats,

Ye ken ye were wise when ye made
ye're decision

To throw in ye'r lot wi' the Hielan'
Division.

THE MODERN VERSION.

The following Ten Commandments for Soldiers, were written by Private Peat, who went with the First Canadian Contingent and returned after serving with the colours for two years. He has one lung left and his right arm hangs useless. He is at present addressing M. S. gatherings, seeking new recruits for the British forces.

1.

When on guard, thou wilt chal-
lenge all parties approaching thee.

2.

Thou shalt not send any en-
gravings, nor likeness of any air-
ship, in heaven above, or any post-
card of the earth beneath, nor of
any drawing of any submarine
under the sea, for I, the Censor,
am a jealous Censor, visiting the
iniquities of offenders with three
months C.B., but showing mercy
unto thousands, by letting their
letters go free, who keep my com-
mandments.

3.

Thou shalt not use profane lan-
guage except under extraordinary
circumstances, such as seeing your
comrade shot, or getting coal oil
in your tea.

4.

Remember a soldier's week con-
sists of seven days. Six days shall
thou labor, and do all thy work,
and the seventh do all thy odd
jobs.

5.

Honor your King and country,
keep your rifle oiled and shoot
straight, that thy days may be long
on the land which the enemy giveth
thee.

6.

Thou shalt not steal thy com-
rades kit.

7.

Thou shalt not kill—time.

8.

Thou shalt not adulterate thy
mess tin by using it as a shaving
mug.

9.

Thou shalt not bear false witness
against thy comrade but bear strict
neutrality on his out goings and
in comings.

10.

Thou shalt not covet thy ser-
geant's post, nor the corporal's,
nor staff major's, but do thy duty,
and by dint of perseverance, rise
to the high position of major
general.