

and urged the Dominion Government to "build strong." We welcome this opportunity to reaffirm our words: "Whatever action is taken by the Federal Government the effect on the future life of the Dominion will be of vital importance. In a nutshell, the situation is this:—Will Canada, by wisely making grants of land to those who have seen active service (in the Allies' cause) build up her future prosperity on the sure foundations of patriotism and self-sacrifice? Or will she, by continuing to give away to alien races—and possibly potential enemies—the best and richest of her homestead lands, permit the entry of an insidious poison which, slowly polluting the arteries of our political, social, and economic systems, will one day be strong enough to destroy the entire fabric of the national life?"

The future is fraught with vast possibilities for Canada. Let Canada see to it that those possibilities are not menaced or prostituted.

### The Citizen Soldiers' Demand.

WE men of the Canadian Contingent are Canadians either by birth or by adoption, but our very presence here on the battlefield is sufficient proof that in thought, sentiment, and loyalty we are thoroughly and openly British. Based on the logical assumption that a nation's truest representatives are the defenders of its honour, it follows that we have an unquestioned right not only to speak for Canada, but also to demand that Canada shall people her vast territories with, as far as is possible, British-born men and women, extending in all legitimate cases preferential treatment to such immigrants.

R.W.T.

### "News from the Front."

(With apologies to the Censor.)

THE Army has suffered an awful rout  
In the terrible battle of (place left out),  
But the enemy's hordes have been defeated  
On the banks of the River (name deleted).  
The Austrians, under General Dank,  
Attacked the Russians at (name left blank).  
On the road near ("Cut") they fled in fear,  
But they turned and fought at (Blue-pencilled here).

Our men have had but little rest  
Since the fighting began at (name suppressed).  
But a funny thing happened—we had to laugh—

When (word gone) we (missing paragraph).  
If the Censor destroys this letter, well—  
I wish the Censor would go to —.  
(Deletion by Censor.)

The Krupp Works last year made a profit of \$21,500,000, and a dividend of 12 per cent was declared.

## The Battle of Langemarck.

(This remarkable poem was written by Mr. Thaddeus A. Browne, of Ottawa, Canada, and first appeared in the *Free Press* of that city.—EDITOR, *Gazette*.)

WHEN men shall say who saved the day,  
in years that are to be;  
When veterans back from war's grim track  
again abide with me;  
When peace regains her throne and reigns,  
and silent are the guns;  
I'll think with pride of those who died, and  
say—These were my sons.

I sent them from their peaceful tasks, these  
strong young sons of mine.  
I saw them swinging down the street, I saw  
them stand in line.  
My unbronzed of the counting-house, my  
sun-tanned from the farms:  
I sent them forth, sons of the North, my  
gallant men-at-arms.

With summer's fading rose they went, I well  
recall the day.  
The gold was on the maple leaf, the birds  
were on the spray.  
And through the long white winter time I  
waited for the spring  
For word to tell me how they served their  
country and their King.

## In Memory of Fallen Comrades.

And then I heard the tolling bells, and saw  
the flags half-mast.  
Why should I weep in springtime, with the  
long white winter past?  
And why are all the people stirred, and what  
is it they say?  
My boys have dared and fought, and shared  
the glory of the fray.

Across the sea, afar from me, they've met the  
dreaded Huns,  
At Langemarck in Flanders, my gallant  
Northern sons;  
Near Ypres, in the lowlands, three thousand  
miles away,  
Across the wave my children brave have  
died—but saved the day.

In grim array that April day entrenched the  
Allies lay,  
To bar the path of Prussian wrath that fumed  
to reach Calais,  
And Ypres town, half battered down, they'd  
sought with longing eyes,  
And they had sworn that very morn to take  
it as a prize.

And breathing there the battle air, beneath  
the warm sunshine,  
From Peschendelle to Polcapelle Canadians  
held the line.  
Then, sudden as the avalanche that rips the  
mountain side,  
The battle broke, and through the smoke they  
met the German tide.

They watched the fume-filled cloudbanks rise  
and spread their stifling rack.  
They saw the Afric veterans and gallant  
French fall back.  
They heard them cry, they saw them fly, as  
men by fiends pursued.  
They heard the shout, they saw the rout,  
before that cloud, hell-brewed.

In such a plight, as veterans might have  
blanched before and failed,  
They stood uncowed, with spirits proud and  
hearts that never quailed;  
Surprised, amazed, a moment dazed in that  
tremendous hour,  
Like living rocks they met the shocks of mad  
Germanic power.

They saw the wide breach wider grow, when  
men in terror fled,  
They saw the eager foe leap o'er the dying  
and the dead.  
And by that foe, and through that gap, they  
saw an Empire fall;  
Then in the breach, to front the foe they  
threw their living wall!

They threw their living breasts between, to  
stem the German tide:  
My volunteers of Canada, they fought as  
veterans tried.  
They fought the boast of Wilhelm's host, they  
met them hand to hand,  
My young men of the counting-house, my  
ploughboys of the land.

They came from ranches of the West, where  
plain and mountain call;  
From down East way, by Fundy's Bay, from  
Don and Montreal;  
Their feet had known the sea-walled street,  
where ocean mists hang grey;  
And one to four, though stricken sore, they  
kept the foe at bay.

The air rained death by bomb and dart, the  
earth belched death below;  
By shining blade and hand grenade, and  
death by poison slow.  
Three days of hell and shot and shell they  
fought 'neath moon and sun;  
The Belgian plain was strewn with slain,  
Canadian and Hun.

Ye troubadours who sing of wars and brave  
deeds handed down,  
When you will sing how for the King they  
strove near Ypres town—  
Tell how they fought and nobly wrought like  
Paladins of old;  
Tell how my sons retook the guns, and won  
their spurs of gold.

And you will tell how Birchall fell as calm as  
on parade,  
As on they bore, amid the roar, in that wild  
charge they made,  
Where Julien's wood in moonlight stood  
when midnight met the morn.  
Tell how they died, my brave, my pride, on  
that field battle-torn.

They went not forth for gain or gold, 'twas  
not for that they died;  
They fought for right, 'gainst armed might  
that covenants defied.  
Pure was their quest, to serve the best, my  
banner they unfurled  
For that high plan, the rights of man, the  
freedom of the world.

The feet that pressed my ample breast, the  
eyes that loved my pines,  
Shall know no more my welcome shore, but  
still their glory shines!  
Sing, troubadours. Let thy notes soar; sing  
with a voice divine  
Of how they saved the day, and braved the  
despot of the Rhine.