

CONSCRIPTION.

(By William Henry Taylor.)

His name in full is Reginald-Albertus-Gosling-Downe,
 But better known as Reg. the Dude, when sporting through the town;
 He's the latest thing in togs and ties—a walking fashion-plate,
 And near the edge of brittle vice our Reggie likes to skate;
 He never earned an honest meal, it makes his shoulders ache
 To carry coal or mow the lawn, or use the hoe or rake;
 He's big enough, and smart enough, at tennis, golf or pool,
 And when he went to college was the winning champion fool;
 He's popper's boy, and mommer's boy,
 And grandma's darling joy.
 A sissy idol is our sport, of silly girls the pet,
 And the cutest gander gosling of Irene or Florizette.

The Boys in Khaki march along, the drums and bugles blare,
 The GOOD ONES join the colors now, to win or die they dare;
 They wait not for the enemy to crush the motherland,
 So overseas they go to smash the Kaiser's iron hand;
 But Reggie loves not work nor war, it's really dangerous,
 Those horrid Germans shoot to kill, they're very murderous;
 He cannot suffer heat, you know, the cold he can't endure,
 The sight of blood would make him faint, a scratch will kill him sure.
 He's popper's son, and mommer's bun,
 And grandma's only one;
 If he could go as colonel now it wouldn't be so bad;
 But as a private; oh, dear, no! that would be very sad.

Conscription? no, we want it not; it would not bring relief
 To THOROUGHBREDS who shoulder arms, and wear the Maple Leaf;
 If fifty thousand Reggies went to mix with volunteers
 They'd never "save the day" again, but run like frightened steers;
 So let the Reggies stay at home and knit the boys their socks,
 When war is won they'll hide their heads—but popper's got the rocks;
 Let's thank the Lord, there are but few such slackerjacks as they,
 Our best and bravest, who are fit, are marching on the way;
 Excuse the boy, his parents' toy,
 And doting grandma's joy;
 For shop or field he is not fit, nor cannot play the part
 Of Reg. the hero, live or dead, because he lacks the heart.

*—Toronto World.***HIT BUT NOT HURT.**

Charlie Olmstead, of the Lands Patent Branch of the Interior, now a sergeant of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, has been on the firing line for months. Some time ago he was struck by a fragment of shrapnel, but the force of the missile was spent and Charlie was not injured. He has sent the fragment home to his wife for a souvenir.

OFFERS BATTALION.

Wilfrid Gascon, of the Translation Branch of the House of Commons, has offered to raise a battalion of French-Canadian troops in Ontario, and suggested Ottawa as the place of mobilization.

Mr. Gascon is a former newspaper man, is forty-five years of age, and entered the Government service in 1908.