

SOLDIER SONGS."BEHIND THE CLOUD THE SUN'S STILL SHINING."

A bunch of Canadian soldiers were talking in an English railway carriage, on their way home.

They were only on their way home, you may be sure, because they were no longer fit for service at the front. One had lost an arm, a few had been disabled by various wounds, and several suffered from rheumatism aggravated by the combination of weather and war.

Were they talking about their ailments, then?

Not a bit of it. They left that sort of fashionable conversation to comfortable people who had never been under fire.

No, they were talking about songs and song-tunes. You would think they were a lot of musical critics.

"'Tipperary' was a good one," observed Private Blank, "but what it had got to do with the war, blamed if I could see."

"That was the beauty of it," said Corporal Dash.

"Keep the Home Fires Burning' was all right, anyway," put in Private Blank.

"Too sentimental, for my taste," replied the Corporal.

"I don't mind a bit of sentiment," said Private Blank "but I don't think much of the tune. The words don't seem to matter, if you can let 'em off with real good music."

"You're too mighty particular, you number one musicians," said the one-armed sergeant. "Any old tune's good enough for me, if the words have some sense in them. 'Keep the Home Fires Burning' is all right. And they're doing it, too. D'you know the Patriotic Fund's paid out \$9,000,000 this year to our wives and families, and going to raise \$13,500,000 next year?"

"That's all right," said the Corporal, "while we're away. But when we get back we'll have to keep the home fires burning ourselves."

"There's a lot of wood where you come from," put in Private Blank.