

CHATS FROM CHATHAM

Does Corp. Davidson really own the rank of Corporal? Sometimes we are inclined to think he is a Captain.

Can anyone tell us if Corp. Jay is training for the Heavyweight Championship, or merely indulging in an "Every-morning-before breakfast stunt"?

Hope you had a good time Corp. Shear. When are we to offer our congratulations. But we hear Corp. Clark is going to beat you to it.

Can anyone tell us the name of the Corporal of the Instructional Staff who was seen parading High Street Saturday night with his face calcimined after the fashion of a ballet-girl?

Overheard after Saturday's ball game.

Captain B— (to dainty Masseur) :—
"What did you think of the game?"

"D. M." (Sarcastically) It was great! but I did not see you do much.

For Honour and for Her

Somewhere a woman, thrusting fear away,
Faces the future bravely for your sake,
Toils on from dawn till dark, from day to day
Fights back her tears, nor heeds the bitter ache;
She loves you, trusts you, breathes in prayer your name;
Soil not her faith in you by sin or shame.

Somewhere a woman—Mother, sweetheart, wife,
Waits 'twixt hopes and fears for your return,
Her kiss, her words, will cheer you in the strife,
When death itself confronts you, grim and stern;
But let her image all your reverence claim,
When base temptations scorch you with their flame.

Somewhere a woman watches, thrilled with pride,
Shrined in her heart, you share a place with none,
She toils, she waits, she prays, till side by side
You stand together when the battle's done.
O keep for her dear sake a stainless name,
Bring back to her a manhood free from shame.—J. T. A.