

## VIMY RIDGE.

By prairie homestead, by mountain peak,  
Where'er they honour and glory seek,  
With awe and reverence men will speak  
Of Vimy Ridge.

There sons of the maple leaf, side by side,  
Met thrust by thrust with nations' pride;  
They laughed at death, and glorious died  
On Vimy Ridge.

What though a rude cross may mark their grave,  
Not tablet in a cloistered nave,  
If for their land their all they gave  
By Vimy Ridge?

Ye Canadian people, do not weep—  
These are not dead, but only sleep;  
Though Flanders' clay their bones may keep  
At Vimy Ridge.

Think ye that mortal flesh and blood  
Could bind such souls to earth for good?  
They fly to Heaven as heroes should,  
From Vimy Ridge.

Throughout Canada their names will roll,  
Will stir to the depths the Empire's soul,  
While bells in Heaven their requiem toll  
O'er Vimy Ridge.

H. KING, C.A.S.C.

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## SICK PARADE AT YPRES.

WE were on advanced duty and about thirty patients had gathered from the various units around, on sick parade. The Orderly Officer was a well-known personage, very blunt in his questions and remarks, which very often contained a great amount of unconscious humour. The patients were all sitting on the form in the barn, which was doing duty as the admitting room, awaiting the coming of the M.O. In half an hour or so he appeared, cigarette between his lips and making gestures around various parts of his anatomy very similar to those of a man suffering from the too marked attentions of those parasites which seem to be a necessary part of a soldier's equipment out here. The sick reports he picked up