



### In The Trenches.

Dedicated to the Princess Pats.

All day the guns belched fire and death  
And filled the hours with gloom;  
The fateful music smote the sky  
In tremulous bars of doom;  
But as the evening star came forth  
A truce to death and strife,  
There rose from hearts of patriot love  
A tender song of life.

A song of home and fireside  
Swelled on the evening air,  
And men forgot their battle line  
Its carnage and dark care;  
The soldier dropp'd his rifle  
And joined the choral song,  
As high above the tide of war  
It swept and pulsed along.

That night while sleeping where the stars  
Look down upon the Meuse,  
Where Teuton valor coped with Frank,  
Where rained most deadly dews,  
A soldier youth, in khaki clad  
Rock'd where the maples grow,  
Smiled in his dream and saw again  
The blue St. Lawrence flow.

—THOMAS O'HAGAN, in The Globe.

### Trenches.

From an Officer's Letter, in the "Manchester Guardian."  
North of France.

I wonder how many people have a mental picture of the trenches which is at all like the real thing. I have seen photographs of men standing in a trench behind a covering line of mangel wurzels, which are true enough, but hardly characteristic. No doubt many people imagine the trenches to be a regular and formidable series of earthworks which turn a whole valley into a sort of fortress. They have heard of all sorts of elaborations which get mentioned in letters, not because they are characteristic, but just because they are peculiar. As a matter of fact, the surprising thing about the trenches is that, like everything else in this war, they make so little difference to the normal appearance of the landscape until you get quite close to them. If an invisible wayfarer could walk past them during the day he might very easily get through without noticing anything peculiar unless an artillery bombardment happened to be going on. Rifle fire and attacks are nearly all at dawn or dusk or night. He would have to be invisible, for any visible wayfarer near the trenches by day would, of course, be sniped. A few do make their way to and fro—orderlies with messages mostly, who creep along ditches and dash across exposed intervals. But the traffic is by night. Every evening a little party of men and mules go to a point as near as it dare to the battalion and takes shelter behind a house or a wall, where it is met by one or two men of each company to take the daily rations back to the trenches. Every evening, too, the stretcher-bearers make their way into the trenches and remove the men who have been wounded during the day. And every evening all these men are 'sniped' at by the enemy as they go about their work. As you approach the trenches in the dusk the lack of anything abnormal in the whole aspect of things is, of course, even more deceptive than by day. And knowing as one does that one is within a few yards of two lines of men which extend from the sea coast to Switzerland, the black appearance of everything is tinglingly suggestive. You are walking along an ordinary country road. You have just passed the house where the medical officer and his assistants have taken up their quarters and whence they pass on the wounded by motor to the field ambulance. A couple of days ago

he had a house further up the road, but he was shelled out of it. You pass other houses—you are walking crouched in the ditch by this time. By day you would notice that many of these houses have holes in them and that there are patches of tiles wanting in the roof; but by the evening light they look quite normal, except that the windows are lit up in none of them. Cattle and fowls wander about over the fields and across the road. They look quite normal, too, though in daylight you would see that the cows have not been milked and the fowls are starving. By daylight, too, you might notice here and there in a field a cow that has been struck down by a shell and killed or another—poor beast—that has been merely wounded. It was to put such a one out of its pain that an officer of ours crept out of his trench the other morning and was killed as he crawled back. A little further still you may at last come upon the trenches themselves at a point where they chance to touch the road. The reserve trenches these will probably be, and they have perhaps just been lined by a battalion that has marched out to be in support during the night in expectation of an attack and will march back before sunrise in the morning. They are, maybe, an Indian cavalry regiment which has never yet had a chance of fighting on horse-back and can contribute only in this way to the defence.

From your ditch by the roadside will probably be a communicating trench to the first of these reserve trenches, and from here, if the entrenchments have been in existence for some time, you will find yourself at the beginning of a whole rabbit warren. From here you may be able to get to every point, not only in the reserve trenches, but the fire trenches too, without ever putting your head above the ground. Walking in slush (here and there modified by straw or bricks thrown down), rubbing clay on to your shoulders from either wall of the narrow passage, you may pass along a whole series of reserve trenches, which seem to be deserted unless you lift up one of the pieces of canvas fixed against the wall and see a silent Indian cavalryman curled up in his little niche. It will be for many reasons a very tortuous way before you arrive at the fire trenches, or at the colonel's little 'dug-out.' First of all, because the communicating trenches are planned in every sort of zig-zag, curl and twist, to be as little as possible end-on to the enemy, and so enfiladed. The colonel's headquarters, for instance, is entered from the back, and approached by a trench which twists around behind it. Moreover, the line of the fire trenches is broken at intervals by traverses—also to protect against possible enfilading—and connected by little semi-circular trenches which skirt round the solid interval of earth. But the way will be tortuous for other reasons. The whole line of the two armies is tortuous beyond the suspicions of a sheetwriter who sees it twist a little along the frontier. Sometimes the trench is merely a ditch which has been deepened. At other times the adaptation of a pit or a hollow makes it ten feet deep, and the men have to climb up on ledges to fire out of it. Here and there the connecting trench becomes a tunnel, by having been roofed in. At other places a convenient bush or hedge affords cover which has enabled quite a little cavern to be dug under its protection.

Though the hardship is severe enough, the men manage to make themselves more comfortable than might be supposed. They have charcoal braziers, which help to keep them warm, and there is even talk—serious talk—of installing electric light. The adjutant has made quite a little office of his 'dug-out,' and pins up

notes and orders and telegrams on to the clay wall in front of him. When the trenches have been in existence long enough there is communication everywhere, though it is often difficult to squeeze by and as for sleep—well, you can take a little of that as soon as the shelling starts, for you know there will not be an attack till that is over! The only thing you can hardly anywhere do is to stand up. If you try it, 'ping' almost at once, and you are lucky if you only get your face splattered with mud. And just out there—sometimes only fifty yards away—they are taking the same precautions about all of us, and peeping with the same curiosity. And between the lines is fifty yards of ordinary field, where no one dare venture by day, and only at imminent danger by night. In that fifty yards is now lying one of our officers, killed in last night's attack! To-night we hope to get him back, but to-day we can but peep at him. His hand is hanging down, and on his wrist is his watch. It is still going, and from where we are we can see the time.

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In closing it may be necessary to explain that the soldiers in the trenches are relieved at regular intervals, and allowed to rest and recuperate for a few days before again taking their turn on the firing line. It is also reassuring to hear that, notwithstanding the hardships, in comparison with other wars, the men are exceptionally well cared for, and, as a consequence, enjoy better health than in any previous campaign. The possibility of baths and clean clothes at fairly regular periods, and the greater care in sanitation, are to be thanked for this.

### "The Dollar Chain".

Many appreciative words in regard to the Dollar Chain and the opportunity which it offers for helping to alleviate suffering in the war zone, have come in during the past week. We have space to publish but one:

"Your paper is taking subscriptions for the War Fund and Belgium Relief, and I am glad, for there has been so much said about the rural districts not doing their share in giving. This is rather unjust, because so much of the money from these districts goes into the city funds. I am enclosing \$2.00."—E. H., York Co., Ont. The list this week is as follows:

Contributions over \$1.00:—

"A Friend," \$1.50; "From an Unknown Humble Spot," \$10.00; W. Clark and Sons, N. Wiltshire, P. E. L., \$2.00; Elizabeth S. Armstrong, Paisley, Ont., \$3.00; "Morganston," Morganston, Ont., \$2.00; Alice E. Fuller, Sherbrooke, Que., \$2.00; Fred H. Ellis, Fenelon Falls, Ont., \$2.00; J. S. Cole, South River, Ont., \$2.00; B. and M. May, Hornby, Ont., \$2.00; A. A. O., Port Lambton, Ont., \$2.00; John J. Harvey, Clinton, Ont., \$1.25; R. S. Sutton, Ida, Ont., \$10.00; J. H. and Chas. Bowen, Williamstown, Ont., \$5.00; Wm. Parke, Caledonia, Ont., \$2.00; J. McD., Bluevale, Ont., \$2.00; "Helen," \$2.00; Edith Hope, Newmarket, Ont., \$2.00; Mrs. S. M. Thom, Elma, Ont., \$5.00.

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Previously acknowledged.....\$597.25

Total up to Feb. 26th.....\$700.00

Kindly address all contributions to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont.

## The Windrow.

"TIPPERARY'S" SUCCESSOR—Doubtless the new song will never attain over here the popularity that has brought "Tipperary" the unquenchable fame of being sold on Broadway for five cents, side by side with the latest war extra; and yet, we are assured by the Chicago Post, "Tipperary" is now completely outshone in the British trooper's favor by a new ditty entitled "Who's Your Lady Friend?" Of this song The Post remarks:

Like most of the songs Tommy sings, it has nothing to do with war. The British soldier does not vent his patriotism lyrically. He puts it all into his shooting and his bayonet-charges. A stanza of the new song runs as follows:

Hello, hello; who's your lady friend?  
Who's the little lady by your side?  
I've seen you with a girl or two,  
Oh, oh, oh, I AM surprised at you.  
Hello, hello; stop your little games,  
Don't you think your ways you ought to mend?  
This isn't the girl I saw you with at Brighton,  
Who, who, who's your lady friend?

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Speaking before the Industrial Relations Commission of the United States, recently, Mr. Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer, told how his company, with a capital stock of \$2,000,000 does a business of \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 yearly, with yearly profits of from \$25,000,000 to \$28,000,000. Under his system of profit-sharing, no one in his employ receives less than \$5.00 a day. Emphasizing his contention that the right work and justice would keep any man straight, Mr. Ford said he could "guarantee to take every man out of Sing-Sing and make a man of him." To substantiate this he said there were many ex-convicts now "making good" in his employ.

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The re-establishment of the ancient glories of Zion as a result of the present war, is very much more than a possibility. The change in the status of Egypt renders it desirable to England, that Palestine be in the hands of some Power