



# La Vie Canadienne



IN presenting the second volume of **La Vie Canadienne** to our numerous readers, we hope that we have fulfilled our promise of a better copy, each succeeding issue.

An editorship, however, is at best a thorny path. Canadians have many gifts, still, it would scarcely be expected that poetry was one of them. Nevertheless a harrassed editor is obliged to bewail the fact that his public appeal for contributions brought him little beyond lyrical efforts. Are all our boys poets? If we had dropped a Jack Johnson on the summit of Parnasus, we could hardly have stirred up more poetical bees than have swarmed in our letterbox. So far we have only had two prose contributions.



This phenomenon is commented upon by nearly all the Editors at the front or on L. of C.

Notwithstanding this one of the poetical offerings to the *Hangar Herald* (a defunct publication of the Army Service Corps) served a good purpose since it authoritatively sets at rest all doubts among the Intelligence department as to the correct pronunciation of the difficult word « YPRES ». This runs as follows :

*There was a young lady of Ypres,  
Who was shot in the back by some snipers ;  
And the tunes that she played  
Through the holes that were made  
Astonished the Cameron Pipers.*