

Cubicles are driven off the gallery on either side or both, and pillars of earth, at least 2 feet wide, are left between adjacent cubicles. Fig. 2, Plate 2 shows plan, and Figs. 3 and 4 sections of typical cubicles, one made with 1 beams and pit props, and the other close timbered.

Bunks.

These are usually of chicken wire, two or three ply, stretched on 2 in. by 3 in. frame nailed to props (Fig. 1, Plates 1 and 2). Size usually 6 ft. by 2 ft. Double or triple in height as shown: preferably double.

These plates show typical and sound examples of dugout construction, but are not necessarily adhered to under all conditions.

The Poet's Corner.

R.I.P.

(Written to the memory of a Canadian Engineer Officer, who died of wounds in France, Aug. 16th, 1918)

Since you left us, back at Gouy,
In the spring of '17,
We've remembered you, old timer,
Though away from us you've been.
True, you've come amongst us sometimes,
With your quaintly tilted cap,
And your drawled and pithy sentence—
Now, somehow, you leave a gap.
Work you lived on—your religion
Seemed to be to work all day,
Do a little work at meal times,
And then work the night away.
Not for you was quick promotion;
Not for us to fathom why.
Guess you did your bit—and then some!
Shake, old timer! Shake! Good-bye!

A.T. CANADIAN SAPPER.

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Lines from a Listening Post.

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From the moon a feeble glimmer;
Where the dimness seems the dimmer
As each descending star-shell dies away,
Faintly comes the measured rattle
Of our guns in distant battle,
Just before the dawning of the day.
But hark! Another sound I'm hearing,
Far off still, but quickly nearing;
I am frightened, and I cannot understand—
Ah! No need to rouse the others,
'Tis the host of my dead brothers,
The March Past of the men of No Man's Land.
For here, where Hun has burned and looted,
Hath the gory earth recruited
Thousands for the legions of the lost:
See them stretching mile on mile,
Noble men in rank and file,
A ghastly grim reminder of the cost.
Stiffly erect with martial tread,
Pass on the ranks of living dead,
Glorying in the sacrifice they made;
They're marching to their final rest,
To be with God at His behest,
A just rewarding for the price they paid.

H. C. BATE.

The Girl He Left Behind.

We used to think her frivolous, you know how parents
are—
A little quick to see the faults and petty flaws that mar
The girl their son is fond of, and may choose to make
his wife,
A little over-jealous of the one who'd share his life.
But the girl he left behind him when he bravely
marched away,
Has blossomed into beauty, that we see and need to-day.
She was with us at the depot, and we turned our backs
awhile,
And her eyes were sad and misty, though she tried her
best to smile;
Then she put her arms round mother, and it seemed to
me as though
They just grew to love each other, for they shared a
common woe.
Now she often comes to see us, and it seems to me we
find
A heap of real comfort, in the girl he left behind.
"She's so sensible and gentle," mother said last night
to me;
The kind of girl I've often wished and prayed his wife
would be;
And I like to have her near us, for she understands my
sighs;
And I see my brave boy smiling, when I look into her
eyes.
Now the presence of his sweetheart seems to fill our
home with joy:
She's no longer young and flighty—she's the girl who
loves our boy.

R.M., 1st C.E.R.B.

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A Mother's Cry.

(The following poem is reprinted here by kind permission of the author, Miss Beatrice Chase, whose work in connection with the war is well known to all.)

My lad, my lad, you must go with the rest,
And I would not have you stay;
But oh, my own, who drew at my breast,
How will you answer the terrible test—
How will you keep the way?
There are ills that are worse than bullet or blade,
And those are the ones I dread.
I shudder to think of your dear limbs torn,
Flesh of my flesh, of my agonies born;
But what I most dread is not steel or lead,
But your virgin soul foresworn.

Heart of my heart, I would sooner you dead,
Than home to me maimed of soul:
Ravaged and marred by that terrible thing,
That is death in life, and life's worst sting.
Oh, my boy. come back to me whole.

Remember, your mother was once a girl.
Oh, son, what would you have thought,
If you knew that some man had wrought her shame,
And withered her youth with his fiery flame,
And upon her such woe had brought?
Son, remember, these girls were innocent once—
Dare you further their souls defame?
You cannot—you may not do this thing!
It is death in life; it is life's worst sting;
And the price you pay is everything.