



**TO A SOGER'S LOUSE.**

When through the shirt of Sister Sue  
I search maist carefully for you,  
I smile to think the busy wench  
Nair dreams her seams mak' sic a trench  
Tae gie ye cover.

What Labyrinthine dugouts, too,  
Ye're makin' in oor kilts the noo!  
Ye're reinforcements take the bun,  
Encouraged by the Flanders sun,  
Tae keep us lively.

Wee scampering, irritatin' scunner,  
Hoo dare ye worry me, I wunner;  
As if I hadna lots to dae  
Blockin' the road to auld Calais  
Without ye.

Ye hardly let me hae a doze,  
For ye're paradin' richt across  
Ma back, ma neck, an' doon my spine,  
Thinkin', na doot, ye're dain' fine,  
Sookin' ma bluid.

When at ma country's ca' I came  
Tae fecht for Beauty, King an' hame,  
I read ma Yellow Form twice—  
But it said naught about fechtin' lice,  
Or I'd hae gibbered.

When "Little Willies" skif ma heid,  
An' me about tae draw a bead,  
I fain would stop tae scart ma back  
Tae shift ye aff the bitten track  
Afore I fire.

Gott straffe ye, little kittlin' beast,  
Ye maybe think ye'll mak a feast  
O' me; but no, ye'll get a "had"  
When next ye try to promenade  
Across ma kist.

The mixture in the bottle here  
Is bound tae mak' ye disappear.  
Nae mair I'll need tae mak' ye click:,  
Ain dose, they say, will dae the trick  
As share as death.

A Member of the 9th R.S.

Into my mind there comes the  
thought as through a haze,  
"The folks at home will think I  
did no glory reap;  
But they will also know that I died  
game, at least."  
And with these words of comfort  
in my mind, I try  
To walk erect, and not to crawl like  
frightened beast.  
O'erhead the anti-aircraft shells be-  
deck the sky  
With small festoons of pure, white  
smoke against the blue.  
Behind six-inchers bark defiance at  
the foe;  
Ahead a rifle spits; I shake with  
fear anew.  
"Hah! What was that? Five feet  
away or so?  
A bullet? (Well; it made me lose  
my metre!  
I'm scared, and think that we had  
better go  
Back to where we came from, by  
Saint Peter!)  
But no, I must go on, and see this  
through;  
So on I go, as sheep led to the  
slaughter,  
Devoid of thought and sense and  
feeling too,  
Now walking high and dry, now  
waist deep in water.

And so, with many twists and turns,  
we come at last  
To that great land of sand-bags,  
dug-outs, bombs and guns,  
And breathe more easily than in the  
past,  
And squint through periscopes in  
hope of seeing Huns.

Alas! My eyes are greeted by a line  
of mud,  
That marks their trenches, where  
they live and die;  
But presently things brighten, as,  
with deafning thud,  
One of our shells sends everything  
sky-high.  
I hurry on. (This is no place for me!  
I must get back)  
And so along the trench I wend my  
devious way;  
On bricks, through mud, o'er slats,  
I make a hasty track,  
And soon forget my fears, take  
hope and cease to pray.  
At last, I walk upon the ground, not  
through it; then  
I take one long, deep breath, and  
look around and strive  
To analyse my luck, most fortunate  
of men,  
I've visited the trenches and, my  
word! I'm still alive!

**The Souvenir.**

The sun was peeping cautiously  
from time to time from behind his  
parapets of clouds, stealing stealthy  
glimpses at the city of the dead,  
noticing also a small group of  
soldiers who had eluded the vigilance  
of the military police. They were  
bent on plunder.

Looking indifferently upon the  
magnificent ruins they confined their  
efforts to the less pretentious houses  
in the streets. They ransacked attics,  
dived into smelly, darksome base-  
ments, and, in hopes of hidden  
treasure, even pulled up floor boards  
and looked up chimneys.

Their energies were useless.

Little there was worth taking  
away. Pinkie found a small wine  
glass; the others were unsuccessful  
and disgusted. Suddenly, an elated  
voice, from the depths of a cellar,  
made the hunters hurry down, and  
there they came upon Bud.

What a find! A gold ring! What  
stories they could build round it for  
the edification and envy of the  
fellows back in the shack! It had  
a history—at least it might have;  
it ought to have.

With their right hands to the  
heavens, they swore it would not be  
their faults if it did not.

Bud's oath was particularly im-  
pressive; he swore by all the deities  
past, present and to come,

"If I don't sling a line round this  
here ring may me gol-darn eyes roll  
on the ground an' stare me in the  
face."

They hurried back leaving a string  
of M.P.s and Battery Majors shaking  
their fists in impotent rage, and  
bursting upon a rum-jar jamboree  
started to relate their trials and final  
victory.

With a world of self-conscious  
pride—Behold Babylon, which I  
have built!—Bud drew from the  
string of his identification disc his  
precious trophy. The boys were  
interested. They were amazed. As  
the story grew in gruesomeness, in  
frightfulness, they became horrified.

Bud was tickled. This was his  
day; the glory of the rear-ranker's  
life.

The senior corporal, particularly,  
examined the prize, went to the door,  
unpinned a notice and handed it to  
Bud.