

### LINES WRITTEN ON THE GRAVE OF A BRITISH COLUMBIAN SOLDIER

Where row on row the mountains rise,  
And monstrous valleys loom between ;  
Where glacial rivers seethe and dance,  
Riot and roar their icy spleen,  
And shiv'ring poplars fringe the bank  
With furbelows of rustling green ;

There, where the flutt'ring insects ply  
Their tiny trades, and clear the cry  
Of homing wild-fowl fills the air  
When sunset stains the western sky,  
And faint the northward mountains lie  
Inexorable, gaunt and bare :

There was he bred who lies beneath  
This little mound of new turned clay.  
Free as the wind he lived until  
The Call came, and he did not stay  
Nor cast one ling'ring, backward look,  
The Empire called — enough ! away !

Where lurid light'nings cleave the gloom,  
And crashes like the Crack of Doom  
Beat on the senses thund'rously ;  
Where pallid flare-lights rays illumine  
The shell-torn earth and shallow tomb  
Despoiled and ruined wondrously :

Here, where the driving bullet hail,  
The roaring shell and shrapnel flail  
Defile the tattered woodlands grace ;  
And faint and foul the whimpering wail  
Of tainted winds whose sighing tale  
Hints at the horrors of the place :

Here lies he dead, o'er whom the pine  
More fittingly had reared its crest  
Laved by the cleanly northern wind,  
Yet, let this riven oak attest,  
Broken like him before his time,  
Here lies he, well content — at rest !

J. W. C.

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### TUNE — « TENNESEE ».

Way back in old B. C.  
That's where I long to be  
When Fritz is shelling me  
With heavy artillery.  
My one thought tonight,  
Will a great big shell alight ?  
Napoo — fini ! NAPOO — FINI !  
The thought brings no delight.  
The shell holes round the door  
Make me love Blighty more.  
I see the flare-lights glow  
As o'er the top we go.  
O, they'll be right there to meet me,  
With machine-guns they will greet me.  
Take me right back : take me right back.  
To my home in old B. C. !

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### THE SON'S LETTER.

« Roses are red,  
Violets are blue ;  
Send me five quid  
And I'll think of you. »

### THE MOTHER'S REPLY.

« Violets are blue,  
Roses are pink ;  
Enclosed is five quid  
I don't think ! »

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### YPRES

A certain young lady of Ypres  
Had a face that would give you the creeps.  
When seen by the Bosche  
He beat it, by gosh !  
And so we hold Ypres now for keeps.

There was a young girl of Ypres  
Who always would pray night and day,  
But one night her shrine  
Was blown up by a mine  
Now she prays in the crater, they say.

There was a young fellow at Ypres  
Was abnormally scared by the snipers,  
But afraid he was not  
Of getting half-shot  
Which he said was protection from vipers.  
Chas. J. Francis.

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