

The Front Line

In front, a ragged sheli-torn waste, barbed wire and noisome weeds;
 The grave of many a gallant man who died for his country's needs;
 The bar between two mighty foes, alert, watchful and still,
 Like savage beasts as they pause and wait, 'ere they spring to rend and kill.

The rattle of the machine guns spraying death along the line;
 The boom of a distant field gun, then a shrill increasing whine.
 A crash—an acrid blinding smoke, a shower of stones and dirt—
 Then casually someone asks, "Is anybody hurt?"

A dazzling streak of light shoots up and bursts, a pretty sight,
 Transforming No Man's Land into a fairy-land of light;
 'Tis hard to think a thing so fair is but a means of death,
 Yet as each "star-shell" shoots aloft we crouch and hold our breath.

And then a low-voiced call comes down for "stretcher bearers here."

Men hurry by and soon a moan falls on the listening ear.
 "Somebody hit," you merely think and no one stops at all,
 Because out here one soon gets used to seeing comrades fall.

Inside the dug-out, damp and foul, a candle's flickering light
 Shows sleeping forms oblivious of the ever ceaseless fight;
 Their pillow just a haversack, their bed is only mud:
 Maybe a cast-off overcoat, damp with a comrade's blood.

Day after day, night alter night, the same grim, wearing strife:
 Men come and go—some stay; those who for right gave up their life:

For yes, we know the right is ours, our cause is just and true,
 And so we care not what we bear or what we have to do.

No matter what our task may be, what sacrifice we make
 For Honour, our Religion and our Liberty's at stake.
 Our comrades too, both dead and maimed, also demand that we
 Fight on until the very end, to Death or Victory.

—R.E.B.

They Still Want More

Ten smart men from Montreal, went to toe the line.
 One joined the Princess Pats, then there were nine.

Nine plucky men from Montreal knew Huns were at the gate,
 One joined the Highlanders then there were eight.

Eight athletic Montreal men would not wait till driven.
 One joined the Grenadiers then their were seven.

Seven lads from Montreal, enraged by enemy tricks,
 One joined the 24th, then there were six.

Six sturdy men from Montreal, to help did nobly strive.
 One joined the 60th, then there were five.

Five nimble Montreal men, patriots to the core.
 One joined the artillery, then their were four.

Four husky Montreal men, saw how things would be.
 One joined the 73rd, then there were three.

Three manly Montreal men, knew what they could do.
 One the Mounted Rifles joined, then there were two.

Two lonely Montreal lads, would not be outclassed.
 Went and had their papers fixed, and soon the doctor passed.

Now these ten brave Montreal men, gone proudly to the war,
 Send this message to their chums, "Come boys, they still want more."

A Suggestion For a Field Post Card

Why not introduce a series of Field Post Cards and thus reduce letter writing to a minimum? A series of cards along similar lines to the following would be welcomed by most of us. Even the wants of the Lonely Soldier and the lovesick lover could be catered to a similar way.

<p>We { are having have had expect to have } a { rotten lively fair good } time</p> <p>I am { in the pink short of cash expecting leave next } { week month year }</p> <p>Been on working party { last night every night for a } { week month }</p> <p>Have just finished doing.....days Field Punishment No.....</p> <p>Please send some { cash (.....)* Cigarettes Tobacco</p> <p>* Fill in the amount in writing.</p> <p>Have been { promoted reduced } { to.....</p> <p>Have been { awarded the } { V.C. D.S.O. M.C. D.C.M. M.M. }</p> <p>Remember me to {</p> <p>Love to { } From your { Loving Son " Bro.</p> <p>Date.....1917 Signature.....</p>	
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DECEMBER—More weather this month. Should the war not come to an end this month, hostilities are certain to continue into the year 1918. Christmas may be expected to fall on the 26th as usual. The end of the year may be looked for on the 31st of this month.