

To-Night.

Ten million men in battle trenches,
Shivering, straining, watching, waiting.
Thousands on thousands of lonely sentries
By bridge and cross-road, on guard unbating.
Millions of dayless, delicate toilers,
From lathe and furnace heaping shell.
Scores of councils and staffs assembled,
Planning and ord'ring the morrow's hell.

Myriads of scudding, scouring craft,
Sweeping like spectres through murd'rous waters.
Dim fleets of stealthy, cloud-wrapt shapes,
Freighted with doom for wives and daughters.
Millions of groaning, hospital cots,
With shattered warriors, snatched from the slaying.
Four hundred million hearts at home,
Doubting, hoping, grieving, praying.

One moon whose cold, impartial light
Bathes friend and foe, the living and the dead.
One God above this world to-night,
Who knows alone where all shall lead.

P.P.

Heart Specialist Department.

A contemporary Canadian Hospital newspaper conducts, in all seriousness and good faith, an Introduction Bureau, under the direction of its "Heart Specialist." In this Column appear such ads, as the following:

"English girl vaudeville artist; fair, tall, cheerful and jolly; would like to correspond with a nice Canadian-Soldier." and this:

"A Widow, age 38; in business for self, entertaining, pleasant disposition, would like to correspond with Canadian about same age."

We don't believe our Ramsgate Canadians need any such bated openings as these.

After a hot encounter during the recent offensive an American enthusiast who had come all the way from the land of the free to join the British forces was heard to remark, "SOME FIGHT."
"Yes,— and some don't" added the man on his right.