

NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

WHEN the dawn of Nippon flashes
 On her bamboo window sashes,
 And the amber sunlight splashes
 Nagasaki by the sea,
 Wide apart her casement flinging,
 Where the lanterns hang a-swinging,
 Stands a little Geisha singing,
 Nagasaki, songs of thee.

When from out her secret places,
 Darkness gathers, westward races,
 And the ebon night effaces
 Nagasaki by the sea,
 One lone heron, westward winging,
 Hears above the ships' bells ringing
 Someone in the silence singing,
 Nagasaki, still of thee.

A. S. T.

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PRO ARIS ET FOCIS.

THE first Canucks had gone away
 To boost old England's fame,
 Before arrived that wondrous day
 When soldiers we became.

The Doctor, in his sessions,
 Many prospects did reject,
 But our subsequent confessions
 To his judgment paid respect.

We were training all the winter
 Over home, amidst the snow;
 And no matter what the weather,
 Round the mountain we would go.

There were times when life was dreary,
 And I think we will admit
 We began of drill to weary,
 And we longed to "do our bit."

After months of wear and worry,
 There came a day in May
 When the hustle and the flurry
 Indicated moving day.

On our journey o'er the ocean
 To Old England's sunny strand,
 There were some who liked the motion—
 There were more who longed for land.

So for several months we settled
 In among the hills of Kent,
 Till our boys were fully metalled;
 Then to France at last we went.

But from this point on the story
 Is more difficult to tell:
 There are trenches, mud and glory,
 But the Censor—mustn't tell.

H. L. B.

SPORTING COLUMN.

THE Machine-Gun Section and the Signalling Section played a very fast game of baseball on the afternoon of May 10th. A big crowd of spectators were kept on their toes because of the spectacular fielding on both sides. The result was in doubt until the last ball was pitched, the Signallers winning by 10-9. Dickson (with 2 home runs), Webb (second base), and Struthers (pitcher) were conspicuous for the flag-waggers; and Portwine (second base) and Murphy (third base) did good work for the Machine-Gun Section.

The return game was played on May 12th. There is a great deal of intense rivalry between the two sections, and a large crowd of enthusiastic rooters witnessed the game. We were honoured by the attendance of General Alderson and his Staff, who witnessed the greater part of the fray. This game, even more than the first one, was marked by numerous instances of brilliant individual play. Up to the fifth innings the Signallers held the lead, but the Machine-Gunners rallied, and a violent bombardment by their heavy artillery placed them in the lead. The Signallers, however, came back strong, and, after repeated counter-attacks, recovered the lost position, and breezed in as winners to the wonderful score of 20-17.

L. A. B.

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GERMAN POET'S WARNING TO THE KAISER.

SINCE the beginning of present cordial relations between Germany and most of the rest of this mismanaged planet several German *savants*, in keeping with their pleasing national habit, have "proved" (to their own satisfaction, at least) that the late William Shakespeare was really a German—more exactly, a Teuton. Accepting this theory at its face value, we wish to call the attention of the esteemed Kaiser to the following lines in "King Henry V.," a play by his distinguished countryman, Wilhelm Shakspear:—

"But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, 'We died at such a place'; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeared there are few die well who die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when their argument is blood? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection."

As usual, when one wishes to confute a German, it is only necessary to quote some other German—even one naturalised *post mortem*!

A. D. S.

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WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

IF spurs are a regimental issue to Company Quartermaster Sergeants in infantry units. And if so, why?

Who the Sergeant is who reported active enemy sapping under his hut.

Why the Company Quartermaster Sergeants are always in such a hurry to get away from the Battalion dump.

Who the Sergeant is who was relieved of ten francs in the village not long ago.

Why the 24th has no band.

Who is to be the new "Wire King" of the Battalion.

Why the canteen can't supply us with beer when all estaminets are out of bounds.

Who the old soldier is who doesn't talk about his previous campaigns. (Fr. 100 reward for this information.)

What scrupulously truthful tale Sgt. Butteris told to an Australian corporal about the water in the trenches.

Whether Sgt. Jasper's listening post is responsible for the shortage of flares in the front line. (We can supply him with some barbed wire if he wants it.)

C. S.