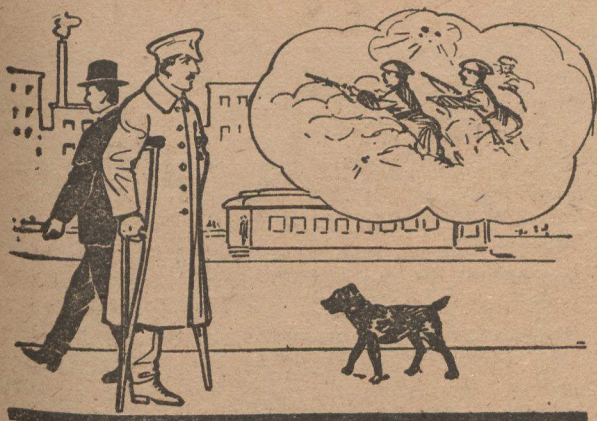


ACCORDING TO HOW YOU FEEL



The Return

We see him now in crowded street,
Avoid our pitying glance;
Our eyes seek his—they do not meet—
His thoughts are still in France.

A crutch assists his crippled way,
His limbs have felt the lance;
And tho' he's home from war's dread sway,
His soul's away in France.

The trolley'd cars and traffic's din
Do not disturb his trance;
They merge in mind to sounds so grim
That once he heard in France.

The ceaseless sound of tramping feet
That pass him, but enhance
His dream of marching, marching fleet
Still speeding on in France.

And now midst fashion's fancy hues
Comes Khaki's quiet advance;
His eyes their far off look now lose—
Though nearer drawn to France.

A war-wrecked comrade slowly comes;
They join—in happy chance
To talk of war, the fate of chums,
Ah, yes! they're still in France.

H. L. JONES.



The Ballad of the Battery Boys

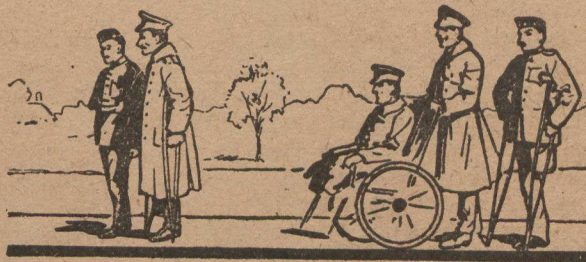
They camped across the road from me,
And through the sultry weather
It made the heat less hot to see
The Battery march together.
"Fall in! 'Tion! Quick march—Forward—
HALT!"
Altho' the Sun was grilling,
They never faltered in their work,
Or funk'd their daily drilling.
O they have marched away to War
To fight for me—and others!
But they have left my heart as sore
As tho' I were their mothers.

I used to watch the numna ride
At practice very early,
They always passed the garden side
Just when the dawn was pearly.
Once, like ghost riders—through a mist—
I heard their horses going:
While black against a blood-red sun
Each rider's head was showing.
O they have ridden off to France
To fight the Nation's Battle,
And other hearts than mine will dance
To hear their bridles rattle!

SOME people like to take poetry in homoeopathic doses. Others prefer to forget everything else once in a while and take it in large instalments. For those who prefer a combination of both we submit these six or eight short poems culled from about nine times as many sent to the editor. They are all made in Canada. The war is responsible for most of them. Some people say the war has produced a new era in poetry. Whether or no, it has surely increased the number of poets.

Day after day, the limbered guns
Went jolting past my gateway.
Green riders grew to seasoned ones,
Raw drivers learned the straightway.
In spite of all the dust and noise,
I miss their daily daring.
How glad I'd be to hear once more
That Junior Sub. a-swearin'!
O they have gone to face the Hell
Where firing never ceases.
But the guns that never fired a shell
Have shot my heart to pieces!

KATHLEEN K. BOWKER.



Returned Soldiers

Sometimes, when looking at the crippled lads—
The happy hobblers, the cheerful limpers, the ready
wheelers of helpless comrades,
Tossed back to homeland streets from fields of
France;
Or maybe standing close to one—shoulder to shoulder
with his empty sleeve—
My mind can only follow where they prompt it.

They give me the ends of thoughts,
That stretch forth from the ordered rank of the
maples here—
Where the aureoled hose is sprinkling the lawn,
And the baby sleeps in his shaded cart—
To coasts and over seas;
Until they come to the mutilated land of trenches,

Of bloodshed, and clash of deviled forces that blast
and destroy;
Where other ruddy lads are being crippled as were
these.
And then the spangled shade of the maples,
And the silvery flow of the hose on the sparkling
grass,
And the cool, trustful sleep of the child.
Seem like Heaven itself.

They are gone to the Celestial city beyond us,
They must be well-known on the golden streets they
throng by now,
They and their brothers of all nations.

I wonder how the old inhabitants regard them.
I think kind eyes beam on them everywhere in
praise and welcome,
I think their wounds and losses shine on them in
glories and achievements.

And the heaven-folk look back with a tear to the
sore-stricken land of trenches and bloodshed.
But they turn again with a smile, knowing full well
the worth of the outcome.

J. E. H. MacDONALD.



Returned

Yessir, I bid her "Good-bye" and I turned my back.
At break o' day I took my way down the narrow
track.

Somehow I knew we could not fail
And I whistled along the trail.

She was alone in the cabin, not that she cared:
Where the forest yields to stump, strewn fields, she
wasn't scared.

It was the same as any day
Only for me—going away.

But when they sent me home again to take my
chance

Half afraid, I wished I'd stayed and died in France.

You see, the girl I'd left behind
Hadh't married someone blind.

She scarcely spoke when first she met me,
'Cause of trying to stop crying so's not to fret me.

Then all of a sudden she turned
And the touch of her fairly burned.
She kissed me right between the eyes.
Heaven's not only in the skies.

EVE GRAHAM DOUBBLE.



The Reserves

Back of the beating "Jack Johnson,"
By which such havoc is wrought;
Back of the battle's clamor,
The seeker may find the Thought—
The Thought, that because it was master
Of iron and steam and steel,
Sought to bring world-wide disaster,
And grind Peace beneath its heel.
His soldiers must fight and suffer,
And labor until they fall—
For back of them stands the Kaiser
Who thought to be lord of all!
And with every bomb and sabre,
Every poisonous fume that curled
He gambled the blood of his people
That he might rule the world!

Back of that "scrap of paper"
Swift British bullets sing;
Back of the trust of Belgium
True British swords all swing;
And back of them, Mother Britain,
Surrounded by loyal sons,
And the British bull dog, waiting
To close jaws upon the Huns.
Back of the roar of shrapnel,
Back of the bayonet's thrust,
A people in unity toiling
For a cause that is right and just;
And there is an eye that scans them,
That watches, but does not brag,
'Tis the Lion of Britain, guarding
Her Honor, and her Flag!

JANE C. B. METCALFE.

(Concluded on page 21.)