

THE AUSTRALIAN.

("The bravest thing God ever made."—A British Officer's opinion).
The skies that arched his land were blue,

His bush-born winds were warm and sweet,
And yet from earliest hours he knew

The tides of victory and defeat;
From fierce floods thundering at his birth,

From red droughts ravaging while he played,
He learned to fear no foes on earth—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

The bugles of the Motherland
To call him and his lean brown band
To shape Imperial destiny;
He went, by youth's grave purpose willed,

The goal unknown, the cost unweighed,
The promise of his blood fulfilled—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

iWe know—it is our deathless pride!

The splendour of his first fierce blow;

How, reckless, glorious, undenied,
He stormed those steel-lined cliffs we know!

And none who saw him scale the height

Behind his reeking bayonet-blade
Would rob him of his title-right—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

Bravest, where half a world of men
Are brave beyond all earth's rewards,

So stoutly none shall charge again
Till the last breaking of the swords;

Wounded or hale, won home from war,

Or yonder by the Lone Pine laid,
Give him his due for evermore—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

W.H.O.

WHEN WE LEAVE THE TRENCHES.

When we get through the enemy's line of cleavage in Northern France, our army will be committed at once to an endless campaign of village fighting. The whole country is as flat as a prairie, and every yard is under cultivation. There is a group of cottages at every cross-road. When our new army sweeps forward, each one of these buildings will be tenaciously held by the Bosches, and must be captured house by house, room by room, and used as a base for a further rush. How is this to be done? A cottage cannot be emptied by firing a Lee Enfield at the back door; a score of Germans in a fortified back parlour cannot be exterminated by the thrust of the bayonet. The answer to the conundrum is bombs.

PEACE BY VICTORY ONLY.

TEXT OF ALLIES' FIGHTING AGREEMENT.

The following declaration, by which Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and Russia engage not to conclude peace separately during the present war, has been received from the Foreign Office:—

The Italian Government having decided to accede to the declaration between the British, French, and Russian Governments, signed at London on September 5, 1914, which declaration was acceded to by the Japanese Government on October 19, 1915, the undersigned, duly authorised thereto by their respective Governments, hereby declare as follows:—

The British, French, Italian, Japanese, and Russian Governments, mutually engage not to conclude peace separately during the present war.

The five Governments agree that when terms of peace come to be discussed, no one of the Allies will demand conditions of peace without the previous agreement of each of the other Allies.

In faith whereof the undersigned have signed this declaration and have affixed thereto their seals.

Done at London, in quintuplicate, this 30th day of November, 1915.

(L.S.) E. Grey.

(L.S.) Paul Cambon.

(L.S.) Russia.

(L.S.) Italy.

(L.S.) Japan.

ONE MAID.

A maid there was in our town
Whose modesty was rare;
Of autumn leaves she'd never speak
Because their limbs were bare;
When night its sable shadow threw
She'd tumble in a swoon
If curtain did not side from view
The man up in the moon.
A plumber caused her death one day,
For so the story goes—
By asking in a careless way
To let him see her hose.

She ordered a cross for her departed hubby, writing the marble cutter as follows:—"Please put on the Cross 'Rest in Peace' and, if there is room on the other side, 'I will meet you in Heaven.'"

On visiting the grave she was horrified to find the Cross erected with the following inscription on it—
Rest in Peace, and if there is room on the other side, I will meet you in Heaven.

"THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE" IN LOVE.

"But, 'er? Oh, strike me pink! She is a peach!
The sweetest in the barrer! Spare me days,
I can't describe that cliner's wimm'n' ways.
The way she torks! 'Er lips! 'Er eyes! 'Er hair! . . .
Oh, gimme air!"

MISSED THE START.

How long has it been raining?" asked the passenger as he alighted at Belgium.

"Don't know," said the canuck
"I've only been here 11 months."

Suggested that the Germans paint jokes all over their submarines so the English can't see them.—"Wall Street Journal."

Co-operation—"What you must do, son, is to lay the foundation for a solid business success."

"That's my idea, dad. Now, first of all, I require sound financial backing."

"I get you, son. I'll provide carfare until you land a job."

In the giant statue of Von Tirpitz which will shortly disfigure Wilhelmshaven, the eyes are described as gazing into space far away over the distant seas. About as far, for instance, as St. Helena.

Who has succeeded Field-Marshal Sir John French in the supreme command of our army in France. Sir Douglas Haig was one of the best-known men in the British Army even before he covered himself with distinction by the masterly way in which he saved the situation at the Aisne. It was Douglas Haig who commanded the First Corps of our army at that very bloody three weeks' battle, and it was because he got his little lot, into the right position that we were able to hang on by our eyelids as we did, and finally win by a short head. Sir Douglas was, in his day, a front-rank polo-player and was in that fine 7th Hussar team that everyone found so bad to stop a many years ago.

The inscription of a New England tombstone reads as follows:—
Here lies Mary Ann at rest;
With her head on Abraham's breast;
It's all very well for Mary Ann,
But it's mighty tough on Abraham.

It was a slippery day, and Paddy being a "bit the worse," had come a cropper. A minister passing stopped and said, "Ah, Paddy, sinners stand in slippery places."
"So oi see, yer riv-rance," said Pat, "but bedad oi cant."

The Editor, "Growler."

Dear Sir,—Could you tell me if the smell of rum is bad for the health?

When there is a short issue of rum, as I am junior private, my share is to smell the cork, and I was afraid that smelling the cork so often might be bad for me.

Yours truly,
No.....Private.....

Maybe some of our readers can inform the inquirer regarding the effects of the smell of rum—we ourselves always swallow our rum so quickly that the smell has never reached us.

The Editor.

When I'm up before the O.C. an' he asks if I will take me punishment from him, can I say how much I'll take?

Last time he giv' me more than I wanted.

No.....Private.....

For Sale.—One perfectly sound, physically, German Prince, slightly warped mentally and morally. Would sell cheap or exchange for a corresponding weight in cheese or four unused British shells. Apply to Bethmann-Hollweg, Reichstag, Berlin.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Could you tell me if our Battalion uses armour piercing bullets in the Machine Gun?

And oblige,
Enquiring Foot Slogger.

Editor. No, we use the regulation .303.—You seem to have mixed the M.G.O.'s name up with the ammunition.

Reciprocation—He—There goes the honestest girl in the world.

She—How's that?

He—She won't even take a kiss without returning it.—"California Pelican."

Tommy (to his prisoner), "Do you understand English?"

German: "I a leedle understand."

Tommy: "Well, then, blimey! you try an' 'op it, and you won't 'alf bloom'n' well cop it!"

Expected—Traveller—Isn't this train pretty late?

Station Master—Yes, she is a bit behind, mister, but w're expectin' her every hour now.

Touched—"I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that \$50 easy chair for your den."
"I was touched before she gave it."

Matrimonial.—German woman, young, refined and romantic, would like to meet Canadian; object marriage. She has German estate and large income. Her present German husband could attend to the farm.—Apply Hausfrau, c/o "Growler."