

**"Going In."**

THE golden russet twilight,  
The long straight line of trees,  
Shattered and torn by shrapnel,  
Immobile in the breeze.

The broken flags of the pavement,  
The clattering tramp of men,  
The swaying jog of the pack-mules  
In strings of nine and ten.

The dismal honk of the lorries,  
As they lumber and splash along;  
The galloping hoofs of the M.M. P.'s,  
The steam-roller's rattling song.

The shattered, broken steeple,  
The crosses—wooden and stone—  
Uprooted and torn and broken,  
The crucifix standing alone.

**THAT BIG OFFENSIVE**



The falling shades of evening,  
The last dying light in the west,  
As the first faint stars peep slowly  
On a world of strange unrest.

The blinding flash from an iron mouth,  
The tearing roar of the guns,  
As the screaming shell goes over the line  
To burst 'mid the cowering Huns.

The whine of a peevish five-point-nine,  
As it grates through the darkening air,  
The sickening crash, the answering bangs  
From the batteries everywhere.

The earthquake, terrible rending crash  
Of a "minnie" on business bound,  
As if giant hands were tearing the sky,  
To judge by the ghastly sound.

The peering eye of a vagrant flare  
With its white and ghostly light,  
As it glares o'er the ruined landscape  
And pales the face of night.

And here the wreck of a ruined house,  
And here a farm once rose;  
A broken chair and a rusty plough  
Mark the trail the destroyer goes.  
And over it all the deep old stars  
Look down on the curious sight  
Of the extraordinary places  
People will go at night.

D. F. M.

**At the Base.**

THE Colonel entered his office. Upon his desk he found a cold cigarette butt, three burnt matches, a scatter of ashes and the tag off a plug of chewing.

Who had been guilty of this outrage? Investigation established that one Lance-Corporal Binks had feloniously, and in direct defiance of 94 rules and 37 bylaws, committed this sacrilege.

Private Binks soon bore a stripeless sleeve, not to speak of a pack, a rifle, and sundry other love tokens from a provident Government.

And he went up the line. A week later the Colonel again entered his office, and looked around for his W.A.A.C. office-girl. She was not to be seen, but on the surface of his desk were visible: a trace of powder; three hair pins; one safety ditto; a handkerchief (perfumed); a key; puffs, powder, one; a small mirror; one car ticket (out of date); a recipe for hair wash; a crumpled glove; two artificial flowers; a snap-shot of Sir David Beatty; and a field post-card full of contrary statements, alleging that a person by the name of "William" was quite well, had been admitted to hospital, was sick and going on well, wounded and hoped to be discharged soon (no doubt of that), was being sent down to the base, had received a letter, telegrams and parcel, that a letter followed, that he had received no letter either lately or for a long time.

There was no investigation. The Colonel merely rang the electric bell, and when it was answered by Privatress Mabel Smith, asked her as a favour to refrain from using his desk as a boudoir.

That was all!  
Moral: Be a W.A.A.C.

**The Entente Cordiale.**

"'ULLO, Jack!" said a tiny voice, and a grimy hand plucked at my tunic. "Cigarette?"

I looked at the infant who clung to my sleeve and demanded nicotine. He could not have been more than five or six at the outside. His large black eyes peered out of the enveloping folds of a dilapidated balaclava, but the greater part of the little pinched face was entirely lost to sight. He wore an ancient pair of army boots, from which his puny legs protruded like straws.

"I have none," I replied. "I smoke always the pipe."  
"Give me tobacco?" he implored.  
I pondered. At times he varied his demand with requests for a penny, but tobacco was his main theme.

I produced a pouch of "Frightfulness Mixture," the latest issue, and let him help himself.  
He took a pinch, and, drawing out a fragment of newspaper, rolled a cigarette. Before he could ask for them I handed him matches, and stood in awe while smoke poured from the balaclava.

With the "Merci" of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity he departed, handling the raw herb with the ease of long usage, and with a suggestion of swagger in the play of the large boots.  
I am almost afraid to meet that child again; he may ask for a cigar next time.

**Canada.**

YES, she heard your call from her snug retreat,  
And she sent her bounteous store;  
She offered her gold, her cattle and wheat,  
And she gave you something more:  
Motherland, that you might be free,  
She has sent her sons o'er the boundless sea:  
Aye, this is her priceless gem.  
The heroes of many a bloody fight  
And many a contest grim,  
The sons you sired of the bull-dog brood,  
The grim-jawed boys of the fighting mood,  
May God watch over them!