

## Our Colonel

Referring to Col. Sutherland of the 71st Battalion, now Commander of the Bruce Battalion. Lieut. Leslie Young, composer of these lines, was a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Campbell of Bruce. It will be remembered he was killed in action last fall.

A man that can fight, a fighter who's fought,  
 A man to whom danger to self counts for naught,  
 A man all the way with a conduct sheet clean,  
 As a man and a soldier our Colonel's beloved  
 A man: Colonel Sutherland, that's whom I mean.  
 And admired by those among whom he has moved;  
 Admired, beloved, yet regarded with awe,  
 A man and a soldier, sans blemish or flaw.  
 A man and a soldier, man stamped on his face;  
 As a soldier, his record decades won't efface.  
 Insignificant, lowly and humble I feel,  
 When I look on his manhood, his grey eyes of steel.  
 To-day Canada's proud of the sons that she bore,  
 Proud as she is of her heroes of yore,  
 Proud of the man who will stick with the game,  
 Proud of the soldier upholding her fame.  
 In but six of His days God created all earth,  
 Saved himself but the seventh to rest from his work,  
 And while resting from care on the seventh He planned  
 The man of the stamp of the Sutherland clan;  
 He moulded and made them and placed them on earth,  
 And the best of them all leads the 71st.

## What I Think

As a boy who has a good home and good parents I would like to take advantage of your columns by having a heart to heart talk with my comrades. Boys, did you ever think that the only thing worth living for by your parents is that letter from you? I know you have other ways of filling in your time but don't you think that you could spare one hour a week to lighten the burden of those at home who wait and watch. When you came over here it was glorious, you felt all the thrills of the warrior out for the hunt and the anticipation of seeing things that you little dreamed of seeing when you were on the old homestead. But wait, way back yonder is the same old place and the same loving memories that cling to every stick and stone of the old place. What must the old folks feel like when they come to think that all they treasure on earth is thousands of miles away from them and the only link they have to cling to is that letter. They are surrounded by things which only make your absence more keenly felt. You have new scenery, fresh faces and a hundred and one other things by which you can keep your mind busy, but don't forget that letter. I know of boys who will spend a half holiday writing to Dolly or Grace or some lady friend but they hate tackling that letter home. Boys, get down to that letter and don't be afraid of telling mother how much you love her and would give anything to be with her. She is suffering in silence, why not do your best to lighten the load.

Signed,

A BROTHER IN KHAKI



Saw the Chaplain conversing with Sergt. Norman the other day. Wonder which of them makes the better job of saving soles.