

A JUST-SO STORY—contd.

could make such a fine village with all its natural advantages in the way of camouflage, and so on, more important. And what do you think, Best Beloved, they made up their minds to do? Why, they determined to hold a weekly market, and so get a pull over all the other fine villages that had never thought of anything so grand.

So they told all their friends, and the day came round for the first market to be held. But everyone was disappointed, for the market was a complete wash-out, Best Beloved. For il-y-avait des bêtes une seulement toute la journée dans le marché; and so they called it Bethune.

But what's that—you don't know what that means? Well, neither do I, Best Beloved; but that is how it happened all the same.

W. J. R.

The Cradle Snatchers.

When I was a child, I thought as a child, I spake as a child, I acted as a child; but since I have put away my civvy clothes I am rushing a child.

THERE is a lady in our town,
She has a little store,
She has a daughter Doris,
Just thirteen years—no more.
'Tis there the troops buy tea and cakes,
All on account of her,
And smile around to see the child
With frankincense and myrrh:

The artillery, the infantry,
The engineers, the dudes—
The flying bunch, the medicals,
Who know the best of foods;
The transport guys and others,
In waves or forming fours,
And Doris puts on olden airs
To please her army corps.

Love changeth not; 'twas ever thus;
The world just loves a lover—
Their greatest strategy is first
To get in right with muvver.
Since tea and sugar are so scarce,
And other things are dear,
She slides the prices on light teas—
She is a profiteer.

The yard is cleared for action now
With barrels, clothes-lines gone,
And rustic chairs and tables there
Appear upon a lawn;
With friendly ferns and paper palms
Where Doris makes her bowers,
She serves the patrons and they slip her
Jewellery, candy, flowers.

They ask her to the movies,
Or a party to the show,
But muvver needs her in the trade—
She cannot let her go.
Should one get sore and turn her down,
He never would be missed,
'Cause Doris has some thousands now
Upon her waiting list.

H. M. NELSON, *Canadian Engineers.*

To a Pugilist.

YOU'VE been in the prize ring, they tell me,
You've had many a gruelling bout,
You've struggled and fought with never a thought
Of the end, be it sponge or knock-out;
You've stood knee to knee with the quarry,
Swapping blows till you felt like to drop;
But tell me, old boy, just a word on the sly,
Have you ever been over the top?

You'll know what it is then to conquer—
The joy in a job that's well done,
When you've stood out to win, and your glove meets
the chin,
And the cheers answer back that you've won;
But say, have you ever been out there,
Where it's bullets, not cheers, that you stop,
In that hideous dream where the deadly shells scream—
Have you ever been over the top?

Have you stood day by day in the trenches,
Where the hell-blast of shells ringed you round?
Have you stood in the mud, have you smelt the life-blood
Of your mates as they writhe on the ground?
Can you see that poor chap on the stretcher,
As you crouch where the shell-fragments drop;
Can you see his pale face—are you taking his place?
Have you ever been over the top?

If you haven't, then, son, you've not lived yet—
You don't know the motive of strife,
Where there's just one condition in a war of attrition—
And that's yours or the other chap's life;
As you stand in that bleak desolation,
And it wrings your heart's blood drop by drop,
You'll know then what's thrilling, the joy there's in
killing,
The day you go over the top.

JOE SULLIVAN

The Soldier of Fortune.

WHEN I think of the man I might have been,
And the things I have left undone,
The wasted years, the profitless life,
The honours I might have won;

When I think of the girl I loved and lost,
And the happiness that might have been ours—
O God! it hurts with a stinging pain
Through the long, dark, dreary hours.

A Knight of the Road, King Wanderlust—
A dreamer, idle and free;
But the dreams are those of what might have been
If the future we only could see.

And I'll go through life with a song on my lips,
With a good fellowship grip of the hand;
But in my heart there will be the ache
For the Home in the distant Land.

C. H. BURKMAN, 931436.