

Our Land of the West

Away, far away, midst scenes that are strange,
Our thoughts wander back to the wide spreading range
Surrounding our homes, as they peacefully rest
In her bosom of beauty, the Land of the West.

Great mansions we've seen, with old fashioned dome,
And paths that were trod, by the children of Rome,
With flowers and hedges, where birds love to rest—
But they ne'er have the charms of the Land of the West.

Parks that have shaded our ancestors gone,
Leicester Square and the Strand, their gay passing throng,
And the Abbey that holds the Mighty at rest—
But our thoughts still return to the Land of the West.

Shrines that are sacred, and towers we've seen,
Through valleys we've passed, with their rich evergreen :
Our wonder awakened, and ever impressed—
But our hearts still return, to our Land of the West.

Our Land of the West, where loved ones abide
And angels forever their foot-steps shall guide ;
Midst wheat-seas and prairies and orchards they roam,
There is no land so sweet, as our dear Maple home.

Corp. W. J. Crowe.

Well Done, Scotts !

When Sapper Scott, a Chatham House patient, was suddenly given a resounding thump on the back the other day, and turned sharply to see who the aggressor was, his scowl was suddenly transformed into an astonished and expansive smile. For he found himself confronted by a new blue, in the person of Pte. Scott of the 7th, a brother whom he had long believed missing. Then was there great rejoicing and comparing of biographies.

This surprise meeting of two wounded brothers in the same hospital is remarkable enough. But that's not the whole story. For over behind the lines in Flanders are buried the five brothers of the two wounded, but very much surviving Scotts. The family belongs to New Westminster, B. C., and after the war broke out, every one of the seven husky boys enlisted as a private, with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, the eldest giving up a lucrative post as mining engineer in Bolivia. And now the father of them all, a marine construction engineer, is coming over from the Fraser delta to do his bit in a British shipyard.

This story was not told for publication, but it is too splendid to remain unrecorded. It is an example that ought to make an unenlisted Canadian squirm in his civies.