

FAID ET ARMIS.

(LIEUT. C. L. ARMSTRONG IN "THE WESTERN SCOT,"
DECEMBER 18, 1915.)

Whene'er your heart this task repels;
When kindlier fancy, born of peace,
The mission militant expels,
And from that mission seeks release,
Recall the German deeds of hate—
Their dastard deeds on land and foam;
Then hasten lest we be too late,
And strike—for Canada, and home.

Not soldiers we—plain men who know
The love of home, the fruits of toil.
But who his manhood holds so low
That his heart's blood does not recoil
From wanton murder? Hear the Call,
And lift the shout to Heaven's dome:
"We go, we go—Canadians all,
To strike for Canada, and home."

Upon the authority of the oft-quoted guide, philosopher, and friend, the sergeants started a beauty competition some time in January, 1916, with prospects of a keen contest. An abrupt ending came, however, just as Sergt. Banks was getting off with a small lead over Sergts. J. Smith and Steele. The sudden termination was due to the entrance of C.Q.M.S. Jones, in whose favour all retired.

"GOOD-BYE, WESTERN SCOTS."

(B.R., VICTORIA, IN "THE WESTERN SCOT," MAY 8,
1916.)

"Good-bye, Western Scots," we say with a sigh.
As we watch the long line for the last time march by.
"We are sorry to lose you, but we know that within.
You are longing for action, on the road to Berlin.

"There are others to follow, we admire them all,
So willing, so anxious to hear the same call;
And don't you forget, they will think it no sin
To give you a race on the road to Berlin.

"In fancy we hear the many 'Mein Gotts,'
And the whispers in German: 'There's the Western Scots.'
But don't think they'll duck, they are still in the swim,
And you'll have a hard fight on the road to Berlin.

"But you know you are spoiling for just such a scrap,
And will follow your leaders all over the map,
And hold your end up through thick and through thin,
Then Good-bye, Western Scots: may you go to Berlin."

FIRST TRENCH EDITION.

From somewhere in France, Nov. 18th, came the first trench edition of the Battalion paper. It is reduced in size and bears a somewhat unkempt appearance, due partly to the fact that the printer did not get all the shrapnel out of the ink. The staff is the same and publication day subject to events. The issue tells of Sergt. Charles Stronach receiving the Military Medal.