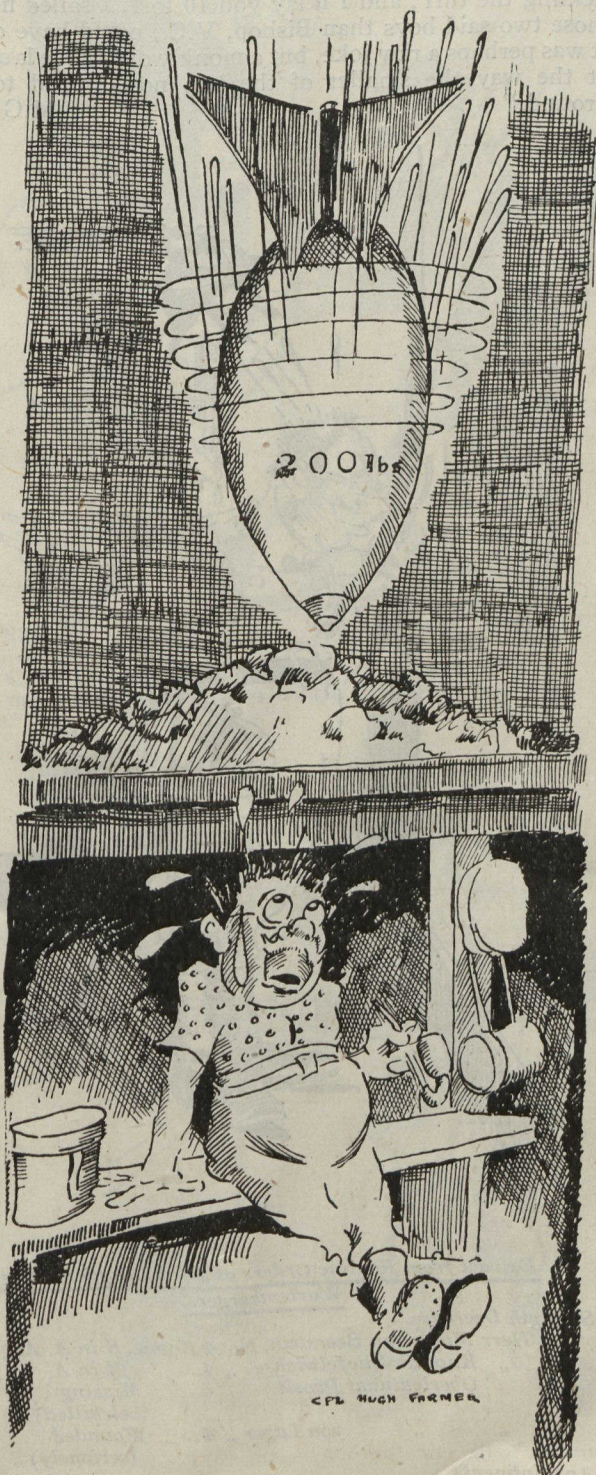


Culture and Carnage.

WHAT of your German culture?
 What of your Christian creed,
 With corps annihilated
 To glut Ambition's greed?
 The brave are hurled in millions
 Against the drumming death,
 The name of God and carnage
 Are muttered in a breath:—

Spatt'ring hail from the shrapnel shell, bombs from aero-
 plane,
 Dry-shod bridging rivers deep over comrades slain,
 Soggy trenches filled with dead, piled in layers high,
 Boom of blasting battle heard on ocean, land and sky.



SOMETHING UP.

"A premonition of disaster pervades the German army. They never know where the next blow may fall."—Reuter.

Was all your vaunted culture
 None else but thin veneer
 To hide the brutish passions
 That rampant now appear?
 That those who follow after,
 In scanning hist'ry's page,
 Will deem this warring epoch
 Dark as the darkest age:—

Multitudes of refugees fleeing with their loads,
 Every type a city rears choking up the roads;
 Crash of splendid statuary known to ancient fame,
 Harvests trampled in the mud, classic towns aflame.

* * *
 The masses move as marshalled,
 No question yours of Right,
 The Despot's shadow standeth
 Between you and the Light;
 Like pawns you're placed in battle,
 Like pawns are thrown away,
 Your Mighty planned the havoc,
 And toasted, "To the Day!"

Splashing storms of leaden rain, screams of passing shell,
 Fostered hate and lust of blood making earth a hell;
 Liners filled with human freight sunk by submarine,
 Fact'ries taking from the dead fat for glycerine.

L'ENVOI.

When swords are sheathed in scabbards
 And every gun is hushed,
 And those who caused the chaos
 Are with their power crushed;
 Will then the darkness vanish,
 The newer era dawn,
 And no more through the ages
 Man be the Despot's pawn?

Nation leagued with nation, battle standards furled,
 Army international—peace throughout the world!
 Fleet of cruisers to protect commerce of the ports,
 Cobwebbed then would be the guns gaping from the forts.
 ROCKE SAVAGE,
 Canadian Engineers.



OH YOU CHILLY W.A.A.C.
 When a B.C. guy feels like a toy soldier,