

**EASTER.**

The promise of spring is with us, the birds favour us with their song, the flowers blossom forth in full beauty, Dame Nature awakens from the lethargy of winter, and after the manner of the fair sex, strives to display her varied charms in most attractive garb. The significance of the festival is definitely impressed upon us, resurrection is everywhere manifest.

Applying these lessons to ourselves, we likewise feel their influence. We are imbued with a spirit of cheerfulness, of sympathy, of confidence in the early completion of our mission.

Cheerfulness, because work is so much more easily performed when the spirit of happiness permeates the whole, carrying on our allotted tasks, always smiling, laughing away the hours which, under different conditions, would be so weary.

Then "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," sympathy smooths the road which might otherwise be so very hard. Our neighbour may not have the same ruggedness as ourselves, he may be a "weaker brother," but the kind word, the helping hand, at the critical moment, lightens the load, and renews the spirit of the tired traveller.

Confidence also is one of the most important qualities in a good soldier, it keeps us "playing the game" first, last, and all the time. The worst is past, the best is yet to be. Our task is not yet completed, the time to lay aside the khaki, and return to peaceful industries, has not yet arrived, but it is well on the way, and we are ready to do our portion to hasten it along. Working for the universal and undying principles of Democracy and fair-dealing, we go upon our way, "with charity for all, and enmity towards none."

CENTURION.

**PASSCHENDAELE.**

Back to the old battle ground again, "the hell-hole of Ypres," went the old First, reinforced by more of Canada's manhood, and finding the ground from where Fritz had looked down on them won back by other troops, they "hit the line hard" and carried Fritz back to the edge of the ridge, and well down the other side.

The tales of the Pill-boxes and shell holes has already been told, but we cannot tell of the thoughts of the old-timers who went through Ypres and up the Wieltje road, and after their success looked down on the Flanders plain to where in the distance lay Ghent, Bruges and the open sea.

Here, where each division got its baptism of fire, and where our dead lie thickest, we finished the third battle of Flanders in a way that won the approval of the Army Chiefs.

There may have been worse weather for a battle, but you can't make the stretcher bearers believe it, and Flanders mud, Fritz's pill-boxes, and plank roads will always be damned individually and collectively by them.

PAUL.

**A SOLDIER'S REPLY.**

(Tune: "Oh, Canada.")

Oh! Canada! Thy soldiers overseas  
Send back herewith  
Our warmest thanks to thee.  
Through hopes of reinforcements  
Our courage is sustained.  
With men and guns to aid us  
Thy name will be maintained.

Chorus—

Oh! Canada! Oh! Canada!  
Oh! Canada! To us is victory sure.  
May we have strength  
To further yet endure.

Oh! Canada! May yet thy teachers tell

Tales of the lads  
Who first at Ypres fell,  
Or bore the brunt of Vimy Ridge,  
Of Passchendaele and Somme.  
Who gave their blood ungrudgingly  
To save their own dear home.

Chorus—

Oh! Canada! Oh! Canada!  
See that their memory will never die.  
And write their names  
On rolls of honour high.

Oh! Canada! Thy soldiers fondly pray  
That earth's true peace  
May shortly have its sway.  
To their dear homes and loved ones  
Their soldiers all restore  
In health and wealth to rest with them,  
And ne'er be parted more.

Chorus—

Oh! Canada! Oh! Canada!  
Oh! Canada! Thy soldiers overseas  
Send out the hope that all  
Is well with thee.

HARRY W. CLARKE.

**OUR CANADIAN CASUALTY CLEARING STATIONS.**

Some time ago I gave myself the pleasure of a visit to the — Canadian C.C.S., where I received a very warm and hearty reception, as did our little journal, "N.Y.D.," and I sold a great many copies in a very short time.

Some people have a very poor conception of the work the men at the C.C.S. have to do, and for their benefit I will try and enlighten them.

The work at one of these stations is not what it is "cracked up" to be. It is not a cinch by any means.

When a big drive is on, these Red Cross men work day and night carrying the wounded from the cars to a hut prepared for them, where they are cleaned up and given hot nourishment and a clean change. One would not recognise the same man after he has been given a clean up.

If a man is in need of an immediate operation, made necessary by his wounds, he is at once prepared and carried to the operating room, which is as up to date in every way as modern science can make it.

Thousands of men are saved by these immediate operations when otherwise they might have died.

These stations are the most important factors in the Medical Establishment, and too much praise can never be given to its Doctors, Nurses, and other ranks, who so ably carry on their work of mercy, and the tender care they give to our wounded men.

E. D. F.