

not transplant it lock, stock and barrel to Bruce.

And now we enter our second year, and although we know not what it will bring forth we insist on being optimistic. We must be faithful to our teachings and has not Sergt. Jack with his Brass Banders taught us quite religiously to sing "from the stummuck"

"What' the use of worrying,
It never was worth while.
So pack all your troubles in your
old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile."

HERE AND THERE

Pte. A. N. McCannel of the tailor shop is spending a week with his cousin, Rev. A. Macphee, at Kilfinad Manse by Tighnabuaick, Scotland. He left on Thursday and expects to have a most enjoyable time.



Pte. Mike Siegfried, one of "A" Company's cooks returned Sunday night after spending four good days in the big smoke. Mike says he had a good time all right, but could have spent more money.



How many members of the 160th are Congregationalists? Quite a number were at service in Guildford last Sunday and our friend Crow is thinking of joining the choir.



Conductress—You know which one boys, the one that uses her feet when 38 try to get on the bus that holds 32: "Now boys, make a noise like the wind and blow."



Flight Lieut. William J. Clifford, of Hamilton, Ont., one of the finest rifle shots in Canada, and the winner of the King's Prize at Bisley in 1911, has been killed in action.

VIMY RIDGE

This is a poem which came to Mathew Wayman, late Q. M. S. of the 169th Battalion.

Farmer, tary yet awhile
Er'e you plough on Vimy plain,
Let the sun bestow her smile,
Let the song birds sing again.
Let the rooks that swing on high
Keep unbroken threnody,
Let the wind with solemn dirge
Or by gentle waftings urged.
Spring flowers from a shattered ground
Decking many a Holy mound,
For my chums are sleeping there,
You must do no reaping there.

Do not sow on Vimy Ridge
For the earth is sadly torn,
Bowls of tears you'll have to mourn,
Crimson tears of Easter morn.
Though the kindly earth would grow
Every little seed you sow,
Wait a while nor take your bread
From ground that shields my dead.
Brave were they and noble blest,
Chums of mine from golden west
Leave the harvest, God will reap,
Let my tired Comrades sleep.

Battered mounts of St. Eloi,
Tattered fields of Ville au Bois,
Guoy, Servins Neuville, St Vaast
There your spring seeds may be cast.
But from vale to pointed hill
One-four-five and parallel,
Canada the price has paid
Now her sons must rest in peace,
'Till the belching cannons cease.
And my heart goes sighing there,
For my chums are lying there.



Bob Fitzsimmons, the former heavy-weight pugilist champion of the world, was buried at Chicago. The public funeral service was attended by many prominent in the sporting world, including some of his old-time ring opponents.