

JOLLY JINGLES by BLACKIE DAW

*"When the war is over a soldier I'll be;
But until that time, don't count on me."*

The Slacker, of whatever kind, if you'll investigate you'll find, a prevaricator's he; he'll lie like blazes trying to show good reason why he doesn't go himself and wear khaki. Though he plays baseball every night, if you should chance to mention "fight" this tale of woe he tells: "My lungs are weak, my heart's not strong, I can't do anything for long without I've fainting spells. I'm healthy looking, well, I know, my trouble's inside and won't show itself to layman's eyes. If you but knew the hours I've spent, as pains through my poor members went, 'twould be a great surprise. For goodness knows it's not that I don't wish to fight, or fear to die, nor to my duty shirk. I'm willing, even anxious, too, to go and fight as others do, but I can't stand the work. You ask why don't I go and try and let the Doctor prove that I am physically unfit. But why to doctors should I go and waste their time to let them show what I myself admit? Though I look strong I know I'm not; there's half a dozen things I've got that put me 'hors de guerre.'" Such is the line of talk you hear, and always will, I greatly fear, from Slackers everywhere. The Slackers may be chuckling now but "he who laughs last seems somehow to really laugh outright." And when conscription comes, ah me! we'll laugh most heartily to see, the Slackers MADE to fight. Let's bide our time and hold our peace, and while we pray that war may cease, we'll show the men who shirk, their place is midst the shell and smoke, not here at home with women folk. Let's pray, BUT ALSO WORK.

HAWKINS IS HOME.

"Billy" Hawkins, winner of the King's prize at Bisley in 1913, Toronto customs officer and veteran of the 19th Battalion, is home. He will be employed as musketry instructor at Niagara camp.

Sergt. Hawkins went to France last fall. At Messines on October 6, while sniping, he was first shot in the right arm, and later, when a "coal box" exploded near him, had his left leg broken between the knee and ankle. The Bisley hero spent one week in hospital in France, and was then removed to Bagthorp Hospital, England, where he remained

until April, when he was taken on the pay staff in London.

While in hospital at Nottingham, Sergt. Hawkins was visited by the Duke and Duchess of Portland, a representative of the King, and received hundreds of letters of sympathy from all parts of England.

Ommundsen, the Bisley man who gave Hawkins such a hard race for the honors, has been killed, while Clifford, the other Toronto Bisley hero, is now serving with the Royal Flying Corps, having been transferred from the 19th.

Although he had thirty-three pieces of shrapnel removed from his body, Sergt. Hawkins looks to be in