

The Regret of the Cadet in the Hall of the Commandant.

"In buying your uniform avoid eccentricity in dress."

Why does he shudder
And turn so pale,
The bloom fade from his face?
Does he fear the flail
In the hand of the Hun,
In the days he has to face?
Ah, no!
In many a dream he has drifted down
The good old gay old Strand,
In the house on the river he cut a dash,
And on Brighton Pier he has made a mash,
And nothing left to chance;
For allurements lay
In caps negligée
And pale pink passionate pants.

BRUCE ROBINSON.

Looking Ahead.

I am sitting here thinking of the things I left behind,
And I hate to put on paper what is running through
my mind;
We've destroyed a dozen dug-outs and cleared ten miles
of ground,
And a worse place this side of hell, I know, is still
unfound.
But there's still one consolation, gather closely while I
tell:

When we die we're bound for Heaven, for we've done
our time in Hell.

We've built a dozen kitchens for the cooks to stew our
beans,
We've marched a thousand miles, and cleared the camp
latrines,
We've washed a million mess kits, and peeled a million
spuds,
We've rolled a million blanket rolls and washed a
million duds;
And the holidays and Sundays that we've worked is
hard to tell,
But there'll be no work in Heaven, for we've done our
time in Hell.

We've killed a million Germans, the name makes us
darned hot,
We've shook a million lice from out our Army socks,
We've flown a hundred thousand miles, and made a
thousand camps,
And patched a million bullet holes in our Army coats
and pants.
But when our work on earth is done, our friends behind
will tell,
When they died they went to Heaven, for they did
their time in Hell.

When the final call is sounded, and we put aside life's
cares,
And we make the last gallant charge over the golden
stairs,
And the angels make us welcome, and the harps begin
to play,
And we draw a million pay checks and spend them in
a day:

It's then we'll hear St. Peter tell us with a yell,
"Take a front seat, Canadian boys,
For you've done your time in Hell."

Our Machine Gun.

There are many kinds of music,
Of many different lands,
From Hawaiian ukeles,
To military bands;
But the very sweetest sound,
We all agree on that,
Is the ripping, zipping rattle
Of our dinky little "Gat."

And the little band of 'eroes
That nurse the little one,
Can shoot the male bovine
Fifty-fifty with the gun.
Were they in the Artillery
T'would be worth an Army Corps,
For they could gas Fritz out of France,
And end the ghastly war.

Oh, it's "Stoppage this" and "Stoppage that,"
And "What's the range, old top?"
And "God help poor old Heinie"
When our gun begins to pop."

Here's to our gallant gun crew,
And their work so nobly done;
Whether with "bull" or bullets,
We hope they gun a Hun.
May they long be spared to cheer us
With their cheerful chitter-chat,
And the humming, thrumming, drumming
Of our happy, snappy "Gat."

❧ ❧

"Rather a Slam."

We note the following in the *Canadian Gazette* of
May 16th:—

"CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.—A new order from
Ottawa regarding the treatment of conscientious objec-
tors, states that such objectors will, in future, be sent
overseas to serve in the Canadian Engineers, Army Ser-
vice Corps, Army Medical Corps, or Canadian Ordnance
Corps, or on clerical duties. Provision is made for the
transfer from any one of these branches to another."

One thing appears clear, anyway, and that is, that if
the status of our branch is ambiguous, we at any rate
stand at the head of a list.

❧ ❧

Roman Catholic Army Club.

Cardinal Bourne recently opened a Roman Catholic
Club at 24, Grosvenor Place, London, for men of the
Forces of the Overseas Dominions and of our Allies.
The funds for starting the club were raised in Canada,
and it will be conducted by the Catholic Women's
League. Beds are provided for 50 men, and as many
more will shortly be provided in another house close at
hand.

Sir George Perley congratulated Father Workman
and his colleagues on the success of their efforts, and
Sir Richard Turner said that these clubs supplied
accommodation, the lack of which would have been a
serious danger.

❧ ❧

I was on leave, and in Birmingham with an Anzac.
We passed an officer, who turned and called out to my
companion: "Here's half a crown for you, my man.
I want to tell you you're the first Australian who has
saluted me in the last two weeks."