

under fifty years of age; the clergy have given up talking about the war, and are *preaching the Gospel again*; a maiden aunt of mine can't sleep at night because the Kaiser *prowls about her room*; and church-goers are asking God to "confound the politics, frustrate the knavish tricks" of the Germanic devil and all his angels.

To all of which the *Sydney Bulletin* adds:

"The plumber boy to the war has gone,  
In the army ranks you'll find him;  
His soldering iron bravely shone,  
And his spirits of salts behind him.  
Dear was the plumber boy to all,  
Mean was he as a miser,  
Oh! let him not in the battle fall  
Until he has charged the Kaiser.

Shorncliffe is alive with French and Belgian refugees who insist on hailing Canadians as their deliverers. It's a trifle embarrassing to be called a Saviour when you haven't done anything more heroic than keep your military instructors from calling you a blithering idiot. We all desire to wear crowns of glory, but *we expect to feel the thorns of a soldier's life* before coronation. The poor refugees can't understand that, and appear to count it a privilege to touch