

THE HABITANT RECRUIT

It's only oder day ago
 Dat my boy Aime say,
 "I want to ask you what you tink
 About my goin' away.

"Dis war has got to be big ting
 For France and Angleterre,
 An' now it's for Canadienne
 To even up hees share.

"We've feexed de fences 'round de farm,
 De cordwood's cut in half;
 Enough for winter, an' dere's hay
 For all de cows an' calf.

"I don't like leeve de old place here,
 De trees and reever lot,
 An' we're de bes' of company
 Dat each of us has got."

When Aime spek like dat I go
 An' feed he horses oat,
 It takes me while to mak go down
 De lump inside my throat.

But I feel better on nex' day,
 For den I thought of how
 His moder she'd be proud of him,
 Had she been leevin' now.

So Aime leeve to-morrow night
 On steamer Montreal
 Wit hundred more of oder boy,
 Dat here dere country's call.

I'll feel de lonesome all de tam,
 Won't seem de same place here
 We've mak the chum togedder now
 For nearly twenty year.

I'll pray de Bon Dieu keep my boy,
 Dat when hees len' a han'
 To stop dis murder—he'll come home
 As good or better man.

Dr. LEXIS MORI.

AIME LA GUERRE

Over the crest of the dream hills
 In never never land,
 They say a day is breaking,
 Coaxed by some mystic hand.
 Hearts that are weary its gleam fills
 With hope to do and dare,
 We call this day that's awakening
 Apres la Guerre.

Marie's the girl in my billet,
 She works and smiles like two,
 With many little comforts,
 Making my billet doux.
 Whether my Marie may will it
 Or no, I'm always there
 With the promise to marry Marie
 Apres la Guerre.

Sergeant, my sergeant, I love you.
 And how you love me too,
 You're always seeking my company
 When fatigues are due.
 Pinching me isn't above you,
 When guiltless I can swear,
 Some night I hope to meet you
 Apres la Guerre.

Floundering here in Flanders,
 One day in rain and mud,
 I met a solemn padre
 Just as I fell with a thud.
 Padre who never slanders,
 Said my language was rare,
 So I promised to swear off swearing
 Apres la Guerre.

Here's to the day that is breaking,
 When all good dreams come true,
 When Fritz will quit his strafing,
 And Flanders we'll quit you.
 God in his heaven is aching
 To utter his great "as you were,"
 And only the Hun shall 'slack' then
 Apres la Guerre.

Flanders, December, 1915.

AT THE MORNING SICK PARADE

The M.O. saunters into the dressing station with a bored look and a cigarette. While many on the parade are sick and ailing, they are still soldiers, and an effort is made to come to attention. The stiff joints begin to creak, the lame backs to straighten up, and by the time the M.O. has reached his entrenchment they are more or less at the "stand to."

They are waiting for a command of some kind, and the "carry on" being given, they sink into attitudes that betoken hope, indifference, despair, etc.

The sergeant picks up one from the bundle of sick reports that are of every kind and description, from the official A.F.B. 256, to the back of a much used envelope. He calls out the first name—Private Smith.

M.O.: "What's the matter with you?"

Private Smith: "Sir, I've got a rash all over me."

M.O.: "Take off your shirt." Scratches B.B. on his back which is at first invisible but in a few seconds comes out in brilliant scarlet wheals. "Tin Rash, you've been eating too much bully beef."

Private Smith: "I haven't been eating much bully beef lately, sir."

M.O.: "Well, you should have been. Two No. 9's. Cut out bully beef, Machonochie's, cheese, jam and tea."

Exit Tommy wondering how long he can keep up existence on a diet of biscuits.

Sergeant calls out the next name.

M.O.: "Well, what's your trouble?"

Private: "I haven't slept any for four nights."

M.O.: "You are just the man we want for night orderly. Report to the Sergt-Major."

Third victim—

M.O.: "What's the matter with you?"

Private: "Trench feet, sir."

M.O.: "Take off your boots. When did you wash your feet last, not since (deleted by censor). Take a bath and ask your Q.M. for a box of Walker's Foot-ease."

Enter orderly load of wounded from the advanced. Instantly the atmosphere changes. Orderlies get boiling water, sterile instruments and dressings, an air of quiet efficiency is felt, and the dressings are done with as much care and skill as in the theatre of the best hospitals. When the wounded are made comfortable with hot bovril and cigarettes they are sent to the C.C.S. rejoicing, happy that they are at last safely wounded, with prospects of getting to Blighty. Things settle down again.

M.O.: "Next man?"

Private: "I have a sinking feeling, doctor, every time a shell comes over."

M.O.: "Sergeant, give him castor oil, an ounce, followed by lead and opium."

M.O.: "Next?"

Private: "I have a running in my ear and a sore heel."—"Anything else?"—"I can't get my breath at night."—"Yes, anything else?"—"Pain in my back."—"Yes, go on."—"My varico vein troubles me." The M.O. marks him down as gastritis and wonders why a medical officer at the Base who has everything from a test-tube to an X-ray apparatus, and plenty of time can pass an N.Y.D., while one at the front cannot let a man go through without a diagnosis.

The next man may say—"I'm not feeling badly, but am not up to the mark."—"You are sick and will have to go to the hospital. Get your kit." He comes back with about seven hundred and fifty pounds distributed over his anatomy and trailing his rifle.

Next man comes up: "I c-c-can't lift anything h-h-heavy with this hand, sir."—"Can you lift fifteen francs?"—"Oh, y-y-yes sir."—"Well, that's all you have to do to-day, go and see the Paymaster."

And so it goes on. To a civilian doctor it seems a crude way. But one gets so accustomed to sizing up the situation that it becomes second nature. The only sore point with the patients is that they couldn't put one over on the M.O.

A CANADIAN TWILIGHT—MAY, 1915

BY ONE UNFIT.

Peace . . . peace . . . the peace of dusky shores
 And tremulous waters where dark shadows lie;
 The stillness of low sounds—the ripple's urge
 Along the keel, the distant thrush's call,
 The drip of oars; the calm of dew-filled air;
 The peace of after-glow; the golden peace
 Of the moon's finger laid across the flood.

Yet, ah! how few brief fleeting moments since
 That same still finger lay at Langemarck,
 And touched the silent dead, and wanly moved
 Across the murky fields and battle-lines
 Where late my country's bravest kept their faith.

O heavenly beauty of our northern wild
 I held it once the perfect death to die
 In such a scene, in such an hour, and pass
 From glory unto glory—Time, perhaps,
 May yet retrieve that vision—Oh! but now,
 These quiet hills oppress me: I am hedged
 As in that selfish Eden of the dawn
 (Wherein man fell to rise); and I have sucked
 The bitter fruit of knowledge, and am robbed
 Of my rose-decked contentment, when I hear,
 Tho' far, the clash of arms, the shouts the groans—
 A world in torment dying to be saved.

Oh God! the blood of Outram in these veins
 Cries shame upon the doom that dams it here
 In useless impotence, while the red torrent runs
 In glorious spate for Liberty and Right!
 Oh, to have died that day at Langemarck!
 In one fierce moment to have paid it all—
 The debt of life to Earth, and Hell, and Heaven!
 To have perished nobly in a noble cause.
 Untarnished, unpolluted, undismayed,
 By the dank world's corruption, to have passed,
 A flaming beacon-light to gods and men!
 For in the years to come it shall be told
 How these laid down their lives, not for their homes,
 Their orchards, fields, and cities. They were driven
 To slaughter by no tyrant's lust for power.
 Of their free manhood's choice they crossed the sea
 To save a stricken people from its foe:
 They died for Justice—Justice owes them this:
 "That what they died for be not overthrown."

Peace . . . peace . . . not thus may I find peace:
 Like a caged leopard, shaking at its bars
 In ineffectual movement, this clogged spirit
 Must pad its life as an unwilling drone,
 In safety and in comfort; at the best,
 Achieving patience in the gods' despite,
 And at the worst—somehow the debt is paid.

TO THE MEN WHO STAY AT HOME
(Selected)

Oft in my trench I think
 Of the poor chaps left at home,
 And the perils that surround them
 Where'er they choose to roam.

There's train and tram collisions,
 The juggernaut motor 'bus,
 Bacilli in the cow's milk,
 And Zepp raids which are worse.

How awful it must be at night
 To sleep on a feather bed,
 And find at breakfast in the morn
 There is butter on your bread.

With all these shocking worries
 A man's life must be sad;
 And to know that I am missing them
 Makes me exceeding glad.

Now out here things are different,
 Life is funny and is free;
 There ain't butter on our bread
 Or cow's milk in our tea.

There are no car collisions,
 Or feather beds at night,
 All we have to trouble us
 Are bullets, bombs, and shells,
 Bully beef and biscuits,
 And nasty horrid smells.

So to the chaps in Canada
 I send my sympathy,
 And tell them for their safety's sake
 To come out here with me.

W.