

A CANADIAN WOODLAND.

(A Springtime Wish from Flanders.)

A myriad trillions raise their heads
 Within the sylvan glades,
 The wild arbutus gently clings
 Beneath the woodland shades.
 The maple shoots its buds with glee
 At coming of the Spring,
 And with the cries of countless birds
 A million echoes ring.

Far from the conflict and the strife,
 Within a peaceful dell,
 Glad nature blossoms as of yore,
 And casts her subtle spell.
 O, gladsome woodland of delight,
 So peaceful and so fair;
 Just for one hour of sweet repose,
 I would that I were there.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A CANADIAN WAR CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT.

Monday.—Having been fired from the "Montreal Moonbeam" and the "Ottawa Owl," have been successful in being employed by the "Winnipeg Whisper," and "Calgary Calliope" to represent them at the front. To-day arrive in France, but the name of a town from which I am writing, wrapped in secrecy. Book a room at an hotel, but cannot sleep very well when I realize that the enemy's trenches are only 50 miles away. Fears are unfounded however, for one day at least, as I am quite undisturbed by enemy's *whiz-bangs*, of which one reads so much about.

Tuesday.—Take a walk round outskirts of town and marvel much at what are apparently marvellous preventatives against enemy air raids at different points.—Long poles placed at intervals with wires stretched across—surprised at wonderful manner in which these very necessary precautions are kept out of the papers. Nevertheless wrote long article upon them, trusting it might pass the Censor.

Later.—Learn that poles in question are used for the purpose of growing hops.

Wednesday.—Am sitting in my room when a shell from enemy's artillery falls with a considerable report on street outside. Regardless of danger, feeling that my first duty is to those influential papers that have employed me, run off 15 foolscap pages of copy describing the thrill and emotion of being under shell fire for the first time.

Later.—On going into street learn that report which I mistook for a shell was caused through the puncturing of a tyre on a Ford Car.

Thursday.—Absolutely marvellous in the manner in which sound travels in this country. Hear distinctly machine-gun fire coming from the first line trenches, although they are two score and ten miles distant. Write of this remarkable phenomenon fully for the "Whisper" and "Calliope."

Later.—Am afraid prognostication with regard to sound slightly incorrect. It appears that what I heard was infantry at machine-gun practice, two fields away.

Friday.—Rather quiet day until walking down side street, come across evidence of terrific havoc wrought by

German guns upon a row of cottages. Take photographs from 19 different view points of disastrous consequences of warfare upon the civilian population, and sent them to Winnipeg and Calgary papers.

Later.—Learn that the cottages were wrecked by a motor lorry backing into them.

Saturday.—Am told to-day by the Censor, much to my surprise and indignation, that I am giving the people in Canada an absolutely false and inaccurate idea of things as they are at the front, and he gives me 12 hours to get out of the country. However, "It's an ill wind, &c.," for I intend embodying my wonderful experiences of the past week in a book to be entitled "The Great War as I saw it," and I hope to first produce the same in serial form in the columns of "N. Y. D."

(*Nuthin' doin',* Ed. "N. Y. D.")

"FINE AND DANDY."

A short time ago we were required to fill up a form in which we had to state for the umptieth time, our name, rank, regimental number, length of service and so on. A popular character in "No. 1," who has had considerable publicity in the columns of the "I. C.," filled out the form with the exception of the item at the bottom, which was entitled "REMARKS." He gazed at the word with indecision stamped on his noble features for a few moments and scratched his head, but feeling at peace with all the world, a brilliant inspiration suddenly seized him, and he wrote in his usual flowing hand, "Fine and dandy." Having so satisfactorily solved the problem, he handed the form in accompanied with that honest smile of his which has made him so famous.

ANNIVERSARY OF ST. JULIEN.

(*This beautiful hymn was sung in Canada at a Memorial Service held on the anniversary of the Second Battle of Ypres.*)

O God, the strength of those who war,
 The hope of those who wait,
 Be with our sons gone forth to fight,
 And those who keep the gate.

We drew the sword to kept our troth
 Free from dishonour's stain,
 Make strong our hands to shield the
 weak,
 And their just cause maintain.

Give to our hosts in battle's hour
 Firm hearts and courage high,
 Thy comfort give to those who fall,
 Thy peace to those who die.

Breathe on our land the spirit calm,
 Which faith in right bestows,
 And in the hour of dark suspense
 A faith which stronger grows.

In Thee alone we place our hope,
 Thou keeper of the just,
 And Thou, through fight and fire and
 tears,
 Will justify our trust.

Thy ways are wonderful, O God,
 Who makest wars to cease;
 O, let this be the final war
 That ushers in Thy peace.

A LEAP-YEAR PROPOSAL.

A certain member of No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance has received the following Leap-Year proposal, contained within a typewritten envelope, bearing the postmark of a certain city in Ontario, Canada. The "fair unknown" is evidently a regular reader of No. One's Family Journal, for she requests the recipient (spare his blushes) to "Get busy your brain so clever and comical, and print your answer in 'Iodine Chronicle.'"

"'Tis Leap-Year and each bird down
 South
 Is now bethinking her a spouse!"

My dear and most respected Sir,
 I send you this your love to stir;
 I know I have not lands or money,
 But I've a nature sweet as honey;
 I'd love you until life should close;
 I'd patch your socks and darn your
 clothes.

Now I'll recount my virtues rare—
 As to my fortunes you don't care—
 First must I dwell upon my looks,
 For dainty maids mean more than cooks;
 A cheek in bloom is wealth untold,
 Combined with heart which ne'er grows
 cold.

My eyes are blue, and passing kind.
 My hair is red—with gold entwined:
 My form is lithe as any elf—
 You see I think much of myself.
 In fact I am so full of charm
 To marry me don't be alarmed.

My feet are small, and dainty too;
 I know the fashions through and
 through;

I only wear the latest mode—
 To see my Spring suit you'd explode—
 But 'twill enhance my beauty rare,
 And then, who cares if people stare.

Now as to cooking I'm a wonder;
 At every meal you'll sit and ponder,
 And try to guess what's in the soup
 That makes you feel like "loop the loop";
 My pies and cakes are most delicious—
 They make you feel like something
 vicious.

Bethink you of your lonely life,
 And tell me, may I be your wife?
 'Tis leap-year and my duty is
 To make some man get down to biz.
 In single gloom you've spent your years,
 While I have waited long in tears.

With beating heart and anxious mind
 I'll wait your answer true and kind;
 My waking thoughts shall be of you,
 My dreams will picture us as two
 Who soon will be as only one—
 Oh, joy! when I a man have won!

Now hurry up and send your answer,
 And let it be Silk Dress or Yes, Sir.

THE REPLY

(to foregoing Proposal).

Which will it be? A dainty ring?
 Or else a silken dress?
 A point so weighty to decide
 Fills him with dire distress—
 Sweet maiden of so many charms
 That writeth from afar!
 How can he rightly answer ere
 He knows *just who you are?*

SCOTS WHA HAE.

Two Scotchmen very much in evidence on our Western Front:—MAC-HINERY and MAC-ONOCHE.