

A COMMON-SENSE SUGGESTION

Now that it has been officially announced that Canada is to raise an additional 250,000 men, bringing the total up to 500,000, it is to be hoped that the Government will take a different view regarding the re-enlistment of wounded soldiers.

There are in Victoria today several returned wounded soldiers who feel well enough to re-enlist for service overseas, providing that they don't get too strenuous work, and if the youth of the city cannot see its way to come forward, why not take them on? In every battalion there are several jobs that do not require from the men the most arduous of work, and yet they are filled for want of Government action with able-bodied fighting men. There are men in the first division, which has been in continuous action for nearly a year now, that have never done any real fighting, their work having been around stores and cooking for the first line troops. This work is of course essential to the lives of the men, but why not get down to the German system of having the medically unfit do these jobs and release the many thousands of good healthy fighters for work where they are more needed?

SONG OF THE TRENCH

(By Capt. Blackhall.)

This is the song of the blooming trench;
It's sung by us, and it's sung by the French,
It's probably sung by the German Huns,
But it isn't all beer and skittles and buns.
It's a song of water, and mud, and slime,
And keeping your eyes skinned all the time.
Though the putrid "bully" may kick up a stench,
Remember, you've got to stick to your trench—
Yes, stick like glue to your trench.

You dig while it's dark, and you work while it's tight,
And then there's the "listening post" at night.
Though you're soaked to the skin and chilled to the bone,
Though your hands are like ice and your feet like stone;
Though your watch is long and your rest is brief,
And you pray like hell for the next relief;
Though the wind may howl and the rain may drench,
Remember you've got to stick to your trench—
Yes, stick like mud to your trench.

Perhaps a bullet may find its mark,
And then there's a funeral after dark;
And you say, as you lay him beneath the sod,
"A sportsman's son has gone to his God."
Behind the trench, in the open ground,
There's a little cross and a little mound;
And if at your heart-strings you feel a wrench,
Remember, he died for his blooming trench—
Yes, died like a man for his trench.

There's a rush and a dash, and they're at your wire,
And you open the hell of a rapid fire;
The Maxims rattle, the rifles flash,
And the bombs explode with a sickening crash.
You give them lead, and you give them steel,
Till at last they waver, and turn, and reel.
You've done your job—there was never a blench—
You've given them hell, and you've saved your trench—
By God! you've stuck to your trench!

The daylight breaks on the rain-soaked plain
(For some it will never break again),
And you thank your God, as you're "standing to"
You'd your bayonet clean and your bolt worked true.
For your comrade's rifle had jammed and stuck,
And he's lying there with his brains in the muck.
So love your gun—as you haven't a wench—
And she'll save your life in the blooming trench—
Yes, save your life in the trench.

MINOR NOTES

Officer—enthusiastic over pipe music to Pipe President:
"My, that's wonderfully stirring. I only wish they'd play the
"Cock o' the North."

Pipe President: "That's it they've just finished playing, sir."

Apropos a certain prize recruiting poster with picture of
Kaiser, who has apparently been issued a double ration of
"No. 9" pills by the S. B. Section—"Western Scots! the few
silliers are coming!"

DRINK

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