

A Worse Trouble.

Oh, dear, go away, with your wars and things,
Why come telling me of your Kaiser and Kings?
Your Bolos and Bolsheviks, Trotskys, and sich
Are nothing to me; I don't know which is which.
I mean no affront, but alas and alack!
I am lying in bed with a pain in my back.

Conscript all the wealth, it is nothing to me;
Conscript all the universe, corner the sea!
If people are starving, and coming to harm,
A big mustard plaster is keeping me warm.
Why grouse and declare that the day's looking black,
To a fellow in bed with a pain in his back.

Don't tell me the number and weight of our guns,
Nor how soon the Yankees will doodle the Huns;
The number of men they have mustered and how—
I'm mustard enough, and it's biting me now;
The blow de la-knock-out has come with a crack,
I'm lying in bed with a pain in my back.



The Canadian Sapper.

He may have been a rancher in the wild and woody
West,
With a bunch of yearling heifers of his own,
Or maybe just a "Puncher," breaking bronchos with
the rest,
Where it took a week to send a letter home.

He may have been a "Knut," holding down some city
job,
In a "hard-boiled" shirt, a "swagger," and a ring;
Or he may have been a "Bum," who had never earned
a "bob,"
Who could soak up gin and whisky like a king.

He may have been a "skidder," in the timbers on a
"skidway,"
With a belly full of hot fat pork and beans;
Or he may have been a showman, with a "line of bull"
down "Midway,"
With a troupe of laughing, dancing "fairy queens."

He may have been a barber—a Union man, too—
Who would talk "war" while he filled your mouth
with soap;
Or he may have been a deckhand on a "lugger" on the
"Soo,"
Who could make a Chinese puzzle with a rope.

He may have been a "flunky" in some "swagger" up
town "pub,"
Juggling plates and dishes for his tips;
Or he might have been in real estate, selling "good"
land in the "scrub,"
Making fools of other people by his wits.

He may have been a preacher, with his "trials and
tribulations,"
Who found it very hard to make ends meet;
Or he might have been a "cop," tired of perambulation,
And of standing like a dummy on the street.

He may have been a "Drummer," highly gifted with
the "gab,"
Who used to sell sugar by the ton;
Or he may have been a driver of a Ford taxi cab,
When petrol sold for twelve "beans" a drum.

He may have been a porter in a "sleeper" on the
"Trunk,"
An "Information Bureau" for the swells;
Or maybe just a "chucker out" of "inebriated drunks,"
In the bar rooms of the down-town hotels.

He may have been a miner, with a lust for hoarding
gold,
Who had worked his "Klondike" claim and failed;
Or he may have been a "stevedore" in an ocean
tramp's hold,
In some West Atlantic port before she sailed.

He may have been a trapper, who could stalk a cariboo,
Or could "call" a moose up to him in the dark;
Or perhaps he was a sweeper, or a keeper at the Zoo,
In some ornamental recreation park.

But they've dressed him up in khaki, and with British
made red tape,
They dill him out each month his 30 "greens."
They've put him on the grindstone, and ground him
into shape,
And fed him up on "Mulligan and beans."

And now he's out in France, in the mud way up the
line,
Making roads where angels fear to tread;
Building trestle bridges out of spars just lashed with
twine,
While the bullets sing and whistle overhead.

HAROLD F. MARTEN.



The "Whys" Men's Corner.

SAY, TELL US, NOW!

Why is the telephone always out of order when Capt.
Mason wants to use it? (D— this telephone).

If being employed in the Ross rifle factory is con-
sidered national service?

Who was the man who apologized to an officer when
asked why he did not salute, and said "I saw you had
a stick in one hand, and your coat in the other, so I
didn't want to bother you to salute me"?

If S.Q.M.S. Douglas has accepted the good job
offered him by the old farmer at one hundred dollars
a month? We understand this job had something to do
with camouflaging cows.

Who is the Staff Officer who must have been a great
chess player? (check) or is he thinking of the kind of
suit he will wear in civil life?

Where are all the rabbits that S.M. Carpenter was
going to bring back from Billericay? He certainly did
some shooting, but we think it was only the "bull."

Why was Sergt. Quinn so mad when Lambden was
sent to London instead of him? Why didn't the latter
spend the night in London? We know he is bashful.

If McKibbin fell in love with Hilda Glider when he
heard her song "Oh, Jimmy" at the Hip?