

who grouse on all occasions. These are for the most part worthless, and are held in small regard by the others, although certain isolated specimens take their full share in the common tasks allotted to the Colony. The great majority, however, are worthless, and never do anything but grouse, and at this at least, they cannot be surpassed. (2) Those who grouse sometimes. A very common and harmless variety, which appears to grouse because it is expected of it. They appear to do their work tolerably well, but our observer notes that this species often degenerates into one of the first mentioned variety. (3) Those who never grouse at all. This variety has not been under observation, and is believed to die young.

Curiously enough, while large colonies of these birds have been seen, wading in the mud in all parts of Belgium where mud exists [Note.—Up to the time of writing this includes the whole of Belgium, no dry spots having been identified], no female of the species has been under our notice, and the male bird alone survives. How the size and strength of the various flocks is maintained is a matter of wonder to many European nations, and especially to our friends the Germans, who are present here in large numbers.

(Next month: "The Censor.")

Aunt Jane's Corner.

Love-knots untied by an Expert.

Heart-Ache ("B" Company) writes:

"I am deeply in love with a young lady who keeps a store in ——. I believe she returns my tender feeling, since she fries my eggs very nicely and puts the exact number of grains of salt on the chips. Moreover, whenever I look at her she droops her eyelid in the teeniest most bewitching of manners and says, 'après la guerre.' What does she mean?"

A.—This is a respectable journal.

Worried ("A" Company) writes:—

"Some time ago I wrote to an English paper as a 'lonely soldier' and invited correspondence. Since then I have received 83 parcels, 275 letters, and 1 postcard. What should I do?"

A.—You've done it.

Maud (Winnipeg)—We have asked Archibald to go over to the German trenches to get that helmet for you in time for Christmas, but regret that he still replies "Certainly not!"

How would a Balaclava do to go on with?

Flapper (Hastings)—Yes, dear, Tony's feet *do* sometimes get wet in the trenches, but we compel the dear lad to take his rum every morning—much as he hates it!!

Moralist (Toronto)—Thanks for your kind wishes. Aunt Jane's presence in the trenches must on no account be taken as a reflection on *his* sex.

Rubaiyat

OF

PRIVATE O. KHAYYAM.

The Tavern light at Eventide is spent,
The Rose her Fragrance to the night
has lent,

The Lily sweeter blows as We consume
Our Belgian beer or Nectar from the
Trent.

Come leave the gloomy World and
all its War,

Let naught the Joy of this one Evening
mar,

Fill up the goblet with the flowing
Wine,

And flip a Five-Franc note across the
Bar.

Methinks in this dread Land no
greater shock

E'er fell upon a simple living Folk
Than that these good *Estaminets* be
closed

To military men at eight o'clock.

'Twas at that witching Time that
Omar fell

To drinking all the *aubergiste* might
sell,

'Tis sad to say that such a famous man
Did lick it up not wisely but Too Well.

He spake unto the Maid in playful
mood,

And in a way no well-bred fellow
should.

He called her "Popsie"; chucked
her 'neath the chin,

And blew a kiss, for he was feeling
Good.

The Maiden smiled, as eagerly She list
And saw the Mouth of Omar subtly
twist,

With blinking eyes he gazed at her,
and said,

"Thou are sixteen; now hast Thou
e'er been kissed?"

What happened? Ah, Our Omar
never knew,

The woeful spectacle was seen by few,
An angry Maid; a beefy Fist; and
then

She buried him in mud, from human
view.

As Khayyam picked himself from off
the ground,

He felt himself and wearily he found
To his surprise; in very truth he
erred,

No earthquakes in this neighbourhood
abound.

Sojourners in Life's Caravanserai,
Ephemeral Creatures lasting but a
Day,

Take heed of K's humiliating plight,
And Drink—but lightly Drink, and
go away! W. W. M.

A Christmas Special.

(By Our Observer.)

I was on observation duty. The night was cold, clear and frosty. The old barn in which I lay was dark and dismal. I looked through my loophole and automatically noted the flash of the guns, the lights of the flares, and the thousand and one

things that make night over the trenches a never-ending panorama of interest.

Suddenly, I grew alert. Behind me I heard a short sharp command, "A vos rangs," and then "garde à vous!"

I crossed the creaking floor and through the crumbling bricks, looked out upon a sight I shall never forget. In the clear moonlight there they stood, straight, stiff and at attention. They were marked or maimed each man of them. Some without arms, some without legs, and some, as I could see, sightless. A full platoon of heroes. "From the right, number," a grizzled sergeant of forbidding mien snarled out the order, and the order passed "Un, deux, trois," down the awful line. "Vingt-six!" A full platoon! "A droit! A gauche! Repos!" The grizzly throng turned right, turned left and stood at ease, waiting. Waiting for what? My hair rose on my head, I stared at them in awe and horror. My nerves were tense, for I was waiting too, waiting for I knew not what. Again the sergeant's bark, "Garde à vous," "Portez armes," "Presentez armes," and through the gate he came, his hand at the salute, a smile on his face, a leader of men. The man whom these men had followed and in following had died. He paused, and as he paused, the order came "Portez armes!" They sloped arms and, as they came to the slope, vanished.

Only he remained and as he looked around, slowly saluted. Then he, too, went, as he had come, in silence. And I went back to my post, leaving this place of the dead to its dead.

The Army fights on, but never can there be braver or nobler men than those who have come and conquered and gone. They do not rest, they cannot rest till we who are left have ended what they began. Then when the victors claim the spoils may my fearless maimed Platoon find eternal rest.

✦ ✦ ✦

Extracts of a letter from Willie Wonder to his former associates, the girls of the Corset Department of T. Eaton & Co., Toronto. This letter was not passed by the Censor.

Mudlarks' Rest,
Belgium.

Dearest Girls,

It sure was good of youse to send me all them cigarettes. I eats cigarettes nowadays to keep my angry so as to fight the Germans. Honest, kids, this here war game is some game. We shoots Germans all the time and when we gets fed up with shooting 'em one at a time we turns the machine gun on 'em and fairly gobbles 'em up. Gee, girls, you would like to see your khaki now. He's some guy now, believe me. Last night I was sentry on the parapet and it was dark as blazes, cause a cloud was over the moon. I got my first sniper that night. I saw the flash of his rifle up a tree and I just turned the machine gun on that tree and it sure did bring Mr. Sniper down. The tree were too thick to