

All we need to make us mad enough to keep up this sort of thing is someone to remark that our first is a rum issue.

When we speared them with the bayonet,
And we beaned them with the bomb,
It was muddy,
It was bloody,
Making history on the Somme.

Politically, we stand for a complete overthrow of the German government.

As between this and a climate admittedly disagreeable we are inclined to be neutral.

The information that soldiers on the British front are being fed five hot meals a day, having slipped through to a London newspaper, censors are warned that, hereafter, they must carry their blue pencils always in the alert position. Cramped as we are for space at the present time, conditions of accommodation will be made alarmingly troublesome if the comforts and luxuries of trench life become generally known abroad.

If you have a desire to contribute to the benefit for hungry minds, send your goods in our care. If they pass inspection they will be transported free of charge.

We submit that authors who scramble letters as they do to make names in this country ought to be brought under some law provided for protection of the alphabet.

Peace rumors have had the effect of stimulating business on the shell exchange, with both upward and downward tendencies. Deliveries are in excess of receipts.

Attention of the land clearing theorists of British Columbia is invited to the success of the system in operation in Flanders for the past two and a half years.

Plans for the next issue of The Shell-Hole Advance include a number of illustrations, of which the head-dress will be a feature. We have in hand a number of human interest sketches made by truthful artists who live the life, and see the life, in all its variety, of the active soldier in this shell-shot land.

We have more miles of trenches on the British front in France than they can show miles of public roads in British Columbia. And yet we are not boasting of the achievements of our Public Works department.

A Hun when shelled did once frequent
A deep dug-out, and make safe content.
A nine-point-two, it blew him through
The hole it made as in it went.

If General Sherman could return to enjoy a saunter through a present-day barrage, he might be expected to add "Eclipsed" to that exclamation that gained him perishable credit for having said the last word in descriptive talk about war.

After the Somme

He told us at the field review
Of the great things we had done,
And greater things we would have to do
To finish up the Hun.

We had made a page of history
That Canada would prize,
And were equal to another
Of even larger size.

With the Nation's life and Freedom's cause
And the other trusts imperilled,
It sounded like we had to save
The virtue of the World.

No, our chests didn't swell,
For we knew too well
What we had done in the fighting line.
We allowed what he said
Hit the nail on the head;
That the general's speech was fine.

When you've been over the top,
Where machine-guns pop,
Shells bursting in front and behind,
And you've splashed through red
Of hundreds of dead,
Praise finds a safe place in your mind.

But that finishing touch!
"Will it always be such?"
Alas! We are left to repine.
The Colonel raved
'Cause we hadn't shaved
And our brassware didn't shine.