

Our Trench Bookshelf.

Contingent Ditties. By the late Sergeant F. S. BROWN, "Princess Pats." Published by Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Ltd., London, at 1s.

THIS book of poems, written by a Canadian whose fate it was to meet death during his first day in the trenches, is vested with a certain amount of distinction on account of the fact that it has been edited by Holbrook Jackson, Editor of *T.P.'s Weekly*. The most ambitious of the poems is "The Convoy," into which the author has put much that appeals to the patriot, and in particular to those who came overseas with the First Contingent. Here is one truism appearing in the poem entitled "Glory":—

"For every deed rewarded,
For every laurel crown,
Unknown, unsung, forgotten,
A hundred lives go down.
Then in the final reck'ning,
Share with the ones unknown
The glory; give not the living
The bread, to the dead a stone."

The little volume sounds the true note of Imperialism. We feel, however, that as far as Canadian readers are concerned, that part of the book which will make strongest appeal are those intimate pen-pictures of the "khaki life" of our citizen-soldiers. These are couched in language the men of the Dominion best understand, and the appeal is personal and direct. In "Fall In," for example, we are introduced to men whose prototypes can be seen any day of the week in any "outfit." Take the Section Sergeant whose

"Rifle is carefully curried;
He's a voice like Kingdom Come;
He was a clod who carried a hod,
But can talk a drill-book dumb."

Or

"That fellow in the ulster—
He used to be a Civil Clerk,
Perched high upon a stool,
But dropped his tome to learn to comb
An ammunition mule."

When peace arrives, "Contingent Ditties" will be one of the books to be freely thumbed and one that former comrades-in-arms will grow reminiscent over.

Britannia's Answer. By Rev. L. MACLEAN WATT. Published by Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Ltd., at 1s. nett.

A little volume to "the memory of the brave," and containing much fine and patriotic sentiment. It lacks, however, the personal touch which characterises most of the work in "Contingent Ditties."

Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy. By Prof. STEPHEN LEACOCK. Published by John Lane, London, at 3s. 6d. nett.

A Naval Chaplain who asked for books and magazines for the men of his ship suggested that "no tracts were desired." It is much the same with the men at the front. They desire not tracts, neither do they wish for books on subjects that are as heavy as a young wife's first attempt at pastry-making. There is enough and to spare of tragedy here; too little indeed of the frivolities that help to maintain the equilibrium of the brain against the forces that threaten it with

partial paralysis. That is why every man who can snatch a few hours for reading will welcome with both hands Professor Stephen Leacock's new book. The happily-inspired foolishnesses of these moonbeams have already converted more than one Subaltern of this Battalion into passable human beings; brought pay day appreciably nearer by softening the adamant will of the C.O. and the heart of that arch-conspirator, the Paymaster; and reduced to a reasonably pliable condition an unusually phlegmatic Medical Officer. Having accomplished these things, the Canadian Professor has achieved what we imagined to be the impossible. Hence this welcome to France and Flanders.

NOTE.

IN our next and subsequent issues we hope to give the history, in verse, of the 4th Battalion from its inception at Vaucartier to the present day. The various "chapters" of the life of the Battalion both at home and abroad will provide a very interesting souvenir of the record of the Battalion. Our valued contributor writes over the initials of "D. H."

The "Hoodoo."



Extract from letter by Private C—— to friends at home, explaining his recent trouble:—"I goes to the Pioneer Sergeant and sez, 'Have you any trench boots?' And he sez, 'No; I don't keep 'em.' So I goes to the R.S.M. and sez, 'Have you any trench boots?'—and he sez, 'No; don't keep 'em.' I sez, 'Well, Who do?' (Hoodoo?) and he goes 'up in the air' and puts in a crime agin me for insolence. I never meant no insolence!"

WAR'S REFINING FIRE.

(Lines found on the body of an English soldier.)

They say that war is hell, the great accurst,
The sin impossible to be forgiven;
Yet I can look upon it at its worst,
And still see blue in Heaven.

For when I note how nobly natures form
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and the storm
Perchance made battles, too.

"Reveille" to "Lights Out."

THE DAILY ROUTINE OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE TOLD BY A FEW WELL-KNOWN HYMNS.

- 6-30 a.m. Reveille, "Christians, Awake."
- 6-45 a.m. Roll Call, "Art thou weary?"
- 7 a.m. Breakfast, "Meekly wait and murmur not."
- 7-15 a.m. C.O.'s Parade, "When he cometh."
- 8-45 a.m. Manœuvres, "Fight the good fight."
- 11-45 a.m. Physical drill, "Here we suffer grief and pain."
- 1 p.m. Dinner, "Come, ye thankful people, come."
- 2-15 p.m. Rifle drill, "Go, labour on."
- 3-15 p.m. Lecture by officer, "Tell me the old, old story."
- 4-30 p.m. Dismiss, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."
- 5 p.m. Tea, "What means this eager, anxious throng?"
- 6 p.m. Free for the night, "Oh, Lord, how happy we shall be."
- 6-30 p.m. Out of bounds, "We may not know, we cannot tell."
- 7 p.m. Route march, "Onward, Christian soldiers."
- 10 p.m. Last Post, "All are safely gathered in."
- 10-15 p.m. Lights Out, "Peace, perfect peace."
- 10-30 p.m. Inspection of Guards, "Sleep on, beloved."
- 11 p.m. Night manœuvres, "The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended."

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