

THE TERRIBLE BARRAGE.

The Junior Officers of the Famous C.O.R. were setting about, after the day's arduous work, in the usual way,—and throwing the usual line. But as Lieut. Baldwin, his golden badge of honor gleaming on his left sleeve, began to speak, an audible hush settled down through the soft blue haze. "Ah, yes," he began, in a wistful reminiscent tone: "it was at the Somme, that the misfortune occurred which, for many months, was to reprove the Higher Command of my military services. You all recall the general situation, the preliminary bombardment,—gas and H. E.,—that established a record even in this war of bombardments. And then the creeping barrage. Finally the barrage was halted just behind our front line, and it was then I made the error that was to have such unfortunate results. Worn out by the unremitting tension, I had relaxed sufficiently to lean,—though only for a moment,—against their barrage, when suddenly it lifted. Taken by surprise, I lost my balance, falling headlong into a nearby communication trench. You already know the rest,—the twisted ankle,—the months in 'Blighty'. But even the Hun gunners could hardly have hoped that their thoughtless handling of that barrage would ultimately land me in St. Johns, P.Q."

"THE MEN WE ARE PROUD OF"

'Way back in 'Old 'fourteen',
When the whole world was happy and bright,
When Peace which lasted fourteen years,
Was broken; and one horrid night,
At eight, on the fourth of August,
In the Parliament house, 'Over there',
A bill was passed, and in a short time,
Posters were up everywhere,
Calling for men for the colours,
Young men, old men, and all,
And in less time than you can say it,
Ten thousand men answered the call.
From a mansion here, and a cottage there,
Came a volunteer. A hero for the flag.
To keep up the old reputation,
Tho' it's only an old coloured rag.
With a scanty soldier's training,
But a short time in the game,

They were sent to France, to defend our laws,
Where most of them lie,—buried in fame.—
Some of them are still at the Front,
And cannot keep out of the 'fun',
They are fighting with others from all o'er the earth,
To conquer the barbarous Hun.
The call reached here, the call reached there,
To Canada's shores it came,
To Australia's cities, and India's hills,
Crying for men to get into the game.
They answered it nobly, and now you can see,
In every place you go,
A soldier—or a hero's picture,
That family's share to show.
New allies joined us one by one,
More volunteers answered the plea,
Our ships left Port, to cruise the foam,
And guard our flag on the sea.
Do all of us think of the ships that sail,
On the ocean, day and night,
Of the men in the boats that guard their loads,
On the stormy billows—foaming white—
With raging tempests to face all the while,
And their eye ever watchful keep,
On the Hun submarines which threaten to sink,
Every vessel that sails on the deep.
Do we think of the duty that these men perform,
Do we think of the battles they fight,
Do we know the conditions they're under out there,
For Liberty and the right?
A name is a thing we all cry for,
A fame spread all over the earth,
But the men in the blue and the khaki,
Bore a famous name right from their birth.
That name was "a son of old England",
They're grit and real courage to the core,
Which they brought to the top—and enlisted—
—And still they are going to get more.—
For Willie now claims he can beat us,
But General Haig—It seems to me—
Is going to bring once again to the world,
Lasting PEACE and LIBERTY!
E. R. Darwin,
R.C.H.A.

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