

GERMAN EXPANDING BULLETS



A COUPLE of German base explosive bullets are here reproduced, having been extracted from a wounded man. The photographs were received from Mr. George H. Brown, Major, Canadian Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The smaller photograph shows the actual size of the bullet, and the other an enlargement of same.

LINES

Written in the trenches by the
 Capt. Wm. R. Ross, 1st year of war, son
 of Capt. Wm. R. Ross, 1st Regt. Grenadiers,
 1888-1891 of the 2nd Regiment, Norfolk
 1891-1892.

When a wounded man, he staggered
 on the snow
 Shone to us
 The cool air throbbed with distant
 sound of gun.
 The rippled grass
 Stirred in the weak edge and the
 pebbles blew
 Among the wheat
 He staggered to a bank where mosses
 grew,
 And faced defeat;
 Broken by shell and worried with
 the fight;
 With thickened face,
 And timid red-tinge in the evening
 light;
 Show his heart's pain,
 Facing his death, he sat on the green
 bank
 With head erect
 His life-blood ebbing on the red sun
 bank;
 He plucked and dashed
 His crimson breast with a spray of dew
 And speaking—died.
 "Oh God! how hast Thou partimed
 out my share
 Of the great feast.
 I have sipped deeply at thy world
 so fair,
 Alas—I were least.
 The I have known the dawn of sum-
 mer days
 The crimson eyes;
 How I have loved to track the forest
 ways
 The very leaves
 Rained benediction on my sleep as
 now
 They will in death,
 O earth how hast thou given to me
 Now
 My soul with breath,
 I cry thee greeting—and farewell I
 say,
 (The sun dropped low)
 I cry thee greeting for another day,
 And now—I go."
 The strong dark brother of the poor
 and weak
 swept gently past
 And bore a soul away, alert to seek;
 finished—its past.
 The white gate lay behind the bound-
 less soul;
 A poor drooping rose
 Wept incense from a fragrant break-
 ing bowl.
 At the day's close,
 Red poppies lighted, crimson after
 lights,
 And stars came out,
 And the kind moon so shone, that
 sights
 wavered in doubt.
 A perfect day had sunk to perfect
 ends
 and peace and joy
 Sang with the note that only glad-
 ens, lends
 without alloy.
 When the grey dawn broke in the
 waiting east
 his comrades came;
 "Still eager (said) to taste the whole
 great feast;
 In death the same;
 Peace be to him that knows no longer
 war,
 A strong true soul,
 He faced the brunt, and all the labor
 ours,
 Forward—made whole."

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