

In the last days like earth thy throat shall be,
Thy lips a dusty desert, dry and drier,
Sharp-set with savours of the sterile sea:
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of the races. When the gun
Shall bring but new disgrace from day to day,
And men shall speak of such and such a one,
And thou shalt answer weeping, "Where are they?"
Lo these are fled along the world's highway,
At rest from all the toils and travels dire
Which bruise and break thy body for a prey:
This is the end of every man's desire.

L'ENVOI.

Coxswains, and ye who reck not of distress,
Mark well my words: Before your days expire
Ye too shall taste our work and weariness;
This is the end of every man's desire.

THOSE IN AUTHORITY.

MR. R. N. R. BLAKER, SEC. C.U.A.F.C.

RICHARD NORMAN ROWSELL BLAKER was ushered into this troublous world on the evening 24th of October, 1879. At a very tender age he exhibited a marked propensity for throwing stones in spite of the protests of the nurse and gardener. His youthful arms thus strengthened stood him in good stead in the various branches of athletics he took up. At the early age of six he went to a private school, where we hear, but can hardly believe, he obtained a prize for spelling. He says he played Rugby there, and imagines his forte was place kicking, as he has hazy recollections of having kicked a goal on more than one occasion.

From here he migrated to Westminster, where he soon began to show signs of more than usual ability on the Cricket and Football field. Before he left Westminster he captained the school teams both at Football and Cricket; in the former game he appeared with more than ordinary success for the Casuals, and in the latter for Kent. He was considered worthy of a place in his County team for his fielding alone. In October, 1898, he entered Jesus College, where he soon asserted himself on the Football field, gained his Blue the following Term, and scored one of the goals against Oxford.

Success on the Cricket field was no less marked, his batting for his College being most consistent. On several occasions he represented the University, and it

came as a shock to his many friends that he was not chosen to play against Oxford.

He is now Secretary of the C.U.A.F.C., and hopes again to be on the winning side at Queen's. We must earnestly trust his hopes may be realized. He has played for the Corinthians on several occasions. He says he has never been out of England, except to Scotland.

He rather fancies himself as an oar, his favourite place is an "eight," being, as he terms it, "up in the front."

At home he finds a bike most convenient for getting about, certain streets knowing him very well. No sketch of him would be complete without a mention of "Scamp," his wire-haired terrier, and devoted and constant companion. His greetings to his friends are numerous and characteristic.

His hair has never been known to be ruffled even under the most trying circumstances.

He has lately been seized with the war fever, and has joined the C.U.R.V.C., and hopes in time to pose as a leader of "Ghoorkas." He is very moderate in his habits, smoking little and drinking less.

To conclude, a more unassuming man could hardly be found, and one has only to know him to like him.

THE PRESS—IDEAL WAR OF THE FUTURE.

Deduced from actual criticisms and suggestions in the Home and Foreign Press.

BY reason of the well-known partiality of the Censor for your Organ, I am able to place you in possession of the sole description of our late fight. The General, to whom, in accordance with the "Home Press Regulations," I submitted the account, that he might profit by the remarks of your Military Critic, made some objections to passages he deemed derogatory to himself; but on my representing to him your views on this subject he properly withdrew them, only requiring me to insert the customary Resignation.

My presence at the previous Council of War enabled me to select the best view-point for the coming struggle, and at 7.37 a.m. I moved into the quarry, where stands the 27.5 inch gun which forms the advance guard of our Flying Column.

Picture to yourselves the scene!

Below, on three sides, the great precipices, from whose summits we have been strategically attacking for the last five months, sweep down to the vast Entrenchment Canal, excavated with so much labour.