



“Sacred is life” you heard the cravens cry,  
They wrought upon your woman’s weakness  
thus.

You dread to send another’s son to die,  
But—WHAT OF US?

Is all your pity for the laggards—all?  
Have you no tears to flow, no heart to bleed,  
Except for those who would not hear the call—  
Or will not heed?

Is all your tenderness for such as they?  
You who would send, war-worn, with wounds  
scarce healed,  
Us who have borne the burden of the fray,  
Back to the field.

“Sacred is life.” Out on the phrase that brings  
Comfort to cowards and soothes the faltering  
will!

Bethink, before it dupes you, there are things  
More sacred still.

[Written by Andree Hayward and drawn by Stan Cross.]

Honor and faith—endurance to the end;  
The shield unstained, the pledge inviolate,  
The bond of kin to kin, of friend to friend,  
Of mate to mate.

We mourn the dead. Should we not rather mourn  
The living, if the price for life they paid  
Were loyalty besmirched and faith forsworn  
And trust betrayed?

“Help us,” they cry, the cruel gaps amid—  
The men for you and yours who face the foe—  
“Fill up these shattered ranks.” Now, God  
forbid,  
You answer “NO”!

## VOTE YES ON DECEMBER 20.

(Authorised by Reinforcements Referendum Council)  
WILLIAM LESLIE, Chairman. WM. D. CAMPBELL, Hon. Secretary.

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