

Brantford Expositor, November 14, 1916

### **Poetic Tribute to a Brant Boy - T.E. Richard Gordon Tells of Death of Capt. Shaver Eadie in Action**

In the Penticton Herald, Penticton B.C. on October 26 appeared verses written by Pte. Richard G. Holmes, of the 8th Battalion Canadians, who lost both his legs through the bursting of a German rifle grenade in the trenches in March, and who is now in No. 1 War Hospital, Reading England. The verses are in commemoration of the death of Capt. Eadie. of the 8th (Winnipeg) Battalion, who enlisted in Penticton.

Captain Shaver Eadie is a Brant County boy, having been born in Brantford Township. He is a brother of Mrs. J.C. Watt, 296 Dalhousie Street. In years gone by he clerked in William Grant & Sons store and then went to England. where he was employed in Robinson's big departmental store. Although close to 60 years of age the call of King and Country was so strong he enlisted in Winnipeg. For some time he was at Shorncliffe with Lt. Col. F.A. Howard of this city. His son, Private Reg Eadie was also at the front and was returned home on account of his eyes. A brother of Capt. Eadie is now at the front.

The verses follow:

Though your heart is torn with anguish  
And your body wracked with pain,  
Now your hopes all seem to languish,  
And you wonder If you're sane.

Do you remember Charles Eadie, who  
in the trenches fell?  
With seventy odd pieces of high explosive shell.  
Leg broken in three places, and his  
arm in several more,  
Thigh shattered, and through chest  
and back wounds more'n a  
Score?

Now stretcher-bearers double, and  
double was their cry -  
Here lies a man who is a man -a man  
too brave to die.

Then up they came, those dear old  
lads, the best in all the land.  
And work with might and main and  
skill, and strong and steady hand.

Now the enemy was shelling, yes  
shelling with might and main.  
We could not move him from the  
trench, where he's been gently lain.

Now did any bear him mutter? Or  
did any hear him groan?  
The man who did's a liar, that's a  
truth I'd drive straight home.

Now -A pleasant word for everyone,  
who passed him as he lay.  
And the way he smiled I'll ne-er forget –  
not to my dying day.

At eve they gently bore him from the  
trench-the mud, the wet;  
But as they carefully carried him-  
his soul its Maker met.

God alone knows all the anguish he  
bore without a whine.  
But a cheery word for everyone  
throughout that long and  
weary time.

Now I've told my story badly, but  
read it if you can.  
Not for the sake of the story, but  
just because of the man.

Now forget your pain and sorrow.  
And do the little you can,  
A patient smile to borrow.  
And live and die like a man.

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