

To My Bed.

O trestled truss of "squared-up" whiteness,
Thou art my comfort and my blight !
Complacently I cherish thee,
Throughout the search-lit, raided night ;
Reluctantly do I abandon thee,
When harsh reveillé rudely rouses me.

Thy baffling clothes I wrestle with,
To tuck and double, turn and thump,
That no "unregulated" fold,
No sagging hollow, careless lump,
Unhappily should chance to horrify
The scrutinising sergeant-warden's eye.

Upon that stern, inspectional morn
I stood by *thee*, O my bedstead !
But when the critic moment came,
Thou stoodest *me* in sorry stead.
"Here, this man's bed is not rectangular !
Three days' blues may make him more particular".

Yes, thou, O bed, art more than I
Who only serve to bear thy number.
Thy rigid surface may not be
Disturbed by any daytime slumber.
But when I get alone with thee at night,
My troubles all pass, heedless, out of sight.

PSMITH.

Blighty, and How to Work it.

A soldier of one of our most esteemed divisions had an unusual desire to return to Blighty, sweet Blighty. For awhile he was at a loss to know how to work it. At last fortune favoured him. He happened to be passing a forward dressing station after a recent gas attack, and, not feeling well, he stepped inside. Looking round he notice a man in the corner on a stretcher; on reading his label he found he was a gas case, but on closer examination found he was dead. So quietly removing the label he placed it on himself and got gently on to the next stretcher. When the M.O. came on the scene and asked him what he was suffering from, he softly wheezed, "Gassed, Sir."

A letter has since been received from this warrior, stating he is enjoying the scenery around Taplow, Bucks, and has no bad effects from his treatment against gas, and has no complaints.

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