A GROUCH

It's rumoured we'll soon be over the seas,—
England, or Egypt, or "Somewhere in Greece,"
Any place on the map,
We don't care a rap,
We're ready and eager and willing,
Just give us a chance,—
Be it Balkans or France,—
We want to be in at the killing.

You say that we've still got some wrinkles to learn,
How the bullet to speed and the bay'net to turn,
We've had "parry and point"
Till our arm's out of joint,
And we've "grouped" pretty well at the range,
We've spent days in the trench,
And got soaked to a drench—
Give's a bit of the real for a change.

In muscle and brawn we'll venture to state,
The "Scots" are a mighty hard bunch for to mate,
Is there any more need
For this drill of the Swede?
And we're weary of polishing buttons,
It gives us the pip;
Why not let all that rip?
We're keen to be ripping up Teutons.

It's true that we sometimes kick over the trace, (Resulting in fourteen days "C.B." to face—
Gives one time to get dry
For more by and by).

P'r'aps it's only a failing for "fun,"
Or a touch of ennui,
Sets us off on the spree,
We'll be there when there's work to be done.

So we hope that for once Dame Rumour is right, That we soon will be off to take part in the fight,

We earnestly hope
She's got the right dope;
We're ready and eager and willing,
Just give us a chance,—
Be it Balkans or France,—
We want to be in at the killing.

J. ROBERTSON.

THE POULTICE WALLOPERS

We're only "Poultice Wallopers," a-bringing up the rear, A-picking up the step that's lost between the band and here; And when we're out upon the "Route" we aye can raise a cheer As we go marching on.

No! We are not downhearted.

No! We are not downhearted.

No! We are not downhearted,

As we go marching on.

We're only "Poultice Wallopers" a-bringing up the rear; And at the "Diarrhoea Squad" you sometimes throw a jeer. But how about that "No. 8" when you were feeling queer? As we go marching on.

We're only "Poultice Wallopers" a-bringing up the rear; But in prompt "first aid" or at "sick parade," when your works

are out of gear,
You bless the "No. 9" that cured effects of last night's beer,
As we go marching on.

We're only "Poultice Wallopers" a-bringing up the rear; But with fractured bones or blistered heels you're pleased to

have us near; You'll want our splints and bandages before another year, As we go marching on.

We're only "Poultice Wallopers" a-bringing up the rear; We can't enjoy the martial strains that cheer the Pioneer; But we'll be there in step, my boys, without a doubt or fear, When we get to Berlin.

> No! We are not downhearted. No! We are not downhearted. No! We are not downhearted,

As we march to Berlin.

J. R. (S.B. Section).

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