



ALSO IN THE "SEDENTARY" CLASS.

or was the S.R.D. exceptionally generous that morning?

A. H. C.

Christmas, 1916.

Another Christmas Day is here,
The day of kindness and good cheer.
'Spite of many a past misgiving,
There are some of us still living.
So everyone now gladly sends
A Christmas greeting to his friends.
And in a land that's far away,
May we all meet next Christmas Day.

To all whose wounds are such we learn
As to prohibit a return,
You we send a hearty greeting,
Trusting soon to have a meeting.
Then to those who've "worked their ticket,"

The tired ones who couldn't "stick it,"
We wish you luck, you're but a few,
We've got on well in spite of you.

And comrades, you, who hear no more
Bursting shell or cannon's roar,
We turn the leaves of Memory's book,
And in your eyes once more we look.
Then reverently, each in its place,
Salute each well-remembered face.
And as you fade again from sight
We toast you silently, to-night.

A. H. C.

The Pilgrim of the Night.

When you take King George's shilling,
And express yourself as willing
To come out and fight the Hun,
Then your trouble has begun.
For there's another Germ to fight,
Who's called—the little "Pilgrim of the Night."

There are many things out here
That you will mistake I fear,
Hardships that you must contend,
While your Country you defend,
But the thing to make you grouse,
Is the aggravating louse.

When you're getting off to sleep
They are lining up two deep,
And when you reach the land of Nod
They are with you in the squad;
But what you'll find is most annoying,
Is when by sections they're deploying.

You will find little army corps
On your body forming fours,
Always making night attacks
Up the centre of your backs.
Till you shout with all your might,
Gott strafe the "Pilgrim of the Night."

O these pests are simply hell
Worse than any German shell.
Talk about the Kaiser's millions,
How about poor Tommy's billions?
It's enough to send you balmy
Wiping out the hungry army.

There are families in dozens,
Uncles, Mothers, Sisters, Cousins,
And they have their married quarters
Where they hatch their sons and daughters,
But they take a lot of catching
And any God's amount of scratching.

Though a hundred you may kill
You will find a hundred still.
For they hide behind each other
And they're good at taking cover,
And they have a hellish bite,
And, Good Lord, what an appetite.

You can pick them out in batches,
Also burn them out with matches,
You can kill them by the score
But you'll find there's plenty more,
You may scratch yourself to pieces
Just to find your stock increases.

We don't mind the German boasts,
We don't mind the German hosts,
We can always play the cards
When we meet the Prussian Guards;
But it sure does make you grouse
To be beaten by a louse.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

Band Notes.

"Gather round, boys, and keep the
old brazier warm. This roof is as full

of holes as Jim's bassoon that he torments Fred with."

"Some bassoon that, Orpheus, believe me. Some say Noah tootled the tail end of his menagerie into the ark with it."

"Anyhow, Apollo, it adds variety to the Band. Not much variety now the Band are all so saving. Those 'bewtiful Christmas souveneers' that Regina soaked us, 20 and up for, put a big kink in our wads, and gave us the war economy habit."

"S'pose the saving is for leave, Orpheus?"

"Leave—who said leave? Here's a wedding in Scotland waiting, photographs wanted, more flashlights to be bought, the trombone section to swank their G.C. badges, and the Bandmaster to get his glasses repaired. Leave, did you say, Apollo? Leave be —."

"Turn out for practice."

Things We Want to Know.

If a sponge cake rises does a chocolate drop?

If a train ran off the track would the air brake?

If apples are fruit are grape nuts?

If San Francisco is a golden city, is Paris green?

If Sam Hughes ran away, would Jesse Ketchum?

If a cloud burst, would the water-fall?

If the moon had a sun, would the sky rocket?

If a cornet is brass, is a trombone?

If an auto went a mile, would the rubber tire?

If a girl got married, would the match holder?

If a rooster crowed, would the barn dance?

If the dandelion roared, would the cowslip?