

Montgomery was a farmer
In civil life they say,
And he very quickly showed them how
To make the garden pay.

Major Mills, our worthy Adjutant,
Unto our garden came,
Told Pipey that from henceforth
This land would bear his name.

"The Garden of Eden" it then was called,
Although the fruit was missing;
No finer garden can be found
If in it there's no kissing.

I think I have given you all the facts
Of our famous band to date;
We are now transferred to the I.B.D.,
And like the place first rate.

PIPER GEO. D. MONTGOMERY.

THE CALL.

LISTEN! Do you hear it calling?
The insistent call of the wild—
And when old mother Nature calls me
I am but an obedient child.

I was born and bred in the city,
With instinctive love for a life
Unfettered by social conventions
Away from all bick'ring and strife.

And so I am leaving to-morrow—
I don't know just where I'll go—
But I am leaving this life of slow poison,
For a life where a man's mind can grow.

A life in the wild open places,
Where a man is away from the strain
Of always scheming and plotting
For some paltry, moneyed gain.

I suppose you will say I am crazy
To leave the glare and the lights,
But to me everything here is as tinsel,
And I want to get away from the vice.
Thank God for this new lease of life.

So it's good-bye to this mode of existence,
Farewell to this mean, petty strife,
Hurrah! for the future awaiting,

SERGT. E. L. ROGERS, *Canadians*.