

## FAREWELL

*(On the Departure of the Canadians from Ramsgate, Sept., 1917)*

Were I a Bard my favourite theme  
Would "Brave Canadians" be  
Of how they hurled those Germans back  
From Ypres to the sea ;  
And how they captured Vimy Ridge,  
The thrice-stormed Huns' stronghold,  
So like the men who kept the bridge,  
In those far-famed days of old.

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Farewell ! ye worn and battered boys,  
'Tis sad indeed to part from thee.  
Good luck go with you, and all joys,  
Wheree'r you roam, o'er land or sea.—K.W.

Maple Leaf Club,  
Broadstairs, September 15. 1917,

Dear Sir,—I should like to express, through your paper, the feeling of regret with which we have parted with the boys who came to us at the Sign of the Maple Leaf. During the few months we were together I made many friends, and met the true gentlemen of the Canadian Army. I hope we shall meet again, if not in person, in the spirit of rejoicing, when the Maple Leaf and the Rose of England are interwoven on the great day of peace.—With  
Greetings, yours sincerely, FLORA AMES.

## AN ALARMING NIGHT

A Gotha comes, I know not whence,  
But lie and listen in suspense,  
I hear it come, I hear it go,  
Its horrid buzzing, deep and low,  
Makes my old heart go pit-a-pat.  
I grab my pants, put on my hat,  
And rush while dressing down below.  
When in the cellar stop to find  
That I have left my coat behind.  
My pants I swear have shrunk a lot,  
And now only have one leg got.  
But hark ! The buzzing starts again.  
Great Caesar's Aunt ! This is a strain.  
Its overhead ! Now for the jar !  
Honk, Honk ! It is a Motor-Car.—E.H.