

THE SOLDIERS' DREAD.

(With apologies to the shade of George Whittier.)

Now in myself I notice take,
What life we soldiers lead,
My hair stands up, my heart doth ache,
My soul is full of dread;
And to declare
This horrid fear
Throughout my bones I feel
A shivering cold
On me lay hold
And run from head to heel.

It is not the loss of limb or breath
Which hath me so dismayed,
Nor mortal wounds nor fear of death
Have made me thus arrayed;
When cannons roar
I start no more
Than mountains from their place,
Nor tremble I
When from the sky
"Jack Johnsons" fall apace.

A soldier it would ill become
Such common things to fear.
A cheery word, a tot of rum,
His courage up doth cheer:
Though dust and smoke
His passage choke,
He boldly marcheth on,
And thinketh scorn
His back to turn,
Till all be lost or won.

That whereupon the dread begins
Which thus appalleth me,
Is not that troop of crying sins
Which rite in soldiers be.
But in my mind
This fear I find—
I hope my fears deceive—
That "all leave stops"
When my name tops
The list to go on leave.

OBEYING ORDERS.

Major: When did your men change their shirts?

O.C. Coy.: A week ago, sir.

Major: Have they changed again to-day?

O.C. Coy.: They can't, sir. They have no spare shirts.

Major: H—ll, it's a divisional order. Tell them to change shirts with one another.—*Exchange.*

Lewis, Hyland & Co.,
93, HIGH STREET,
ASHFORD.

Outfitters, Hosiery,
and Tailors.

ALSO AT
FOLKESTONE,
HASTINGS,
RAMSGATE.

AMONG THE CAMERONS.**WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.**

If Pte. Tyre will always be tired or is it a weakness in the small of the back?

If Bugler McConnell broke that cheque he recently got from Winnipeg?

Why did the buglers feel sore when the bayonet squad occupied their hut for a short time?

Did it interfere with their repose?

If Pte. Hargreaves is ever going to get a little life into his bayonet fighting?

If Bandsman Waskosky transferred purposely to get out of wearing the kilt, seeing he developed a "grave-yard cough" in wearing them, or did he not want to be a semi-barbaric blend of Scotland.

If Pte. Taggart is in Heaven, being on pass.

What Corporal Weir did in Winnipeg to make him enlist, and why he makes those awful noises through the still hours.

Who is the bandsman, recently transferred, who went to sleep during instruction lectures, and who, on being awakened, said he was sea-sick from walking over the parade ground?

Why is it that a certain hut never runs short of fuel?

If we should offer congratulations to Bandsman Nokes in his tribulations.

If he was married while on pass, why did he overstay his pass two days.

If Pte. Minhimick would order a ladder from the pioneers to climb those bronchos of his, and if the band should play slow music until he got aboard.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

THANKS to the activity of the Toronto Parkdale Ladies' Institute, the homeless boys of the brigade will not be forgotten this year, and it is only due to the delays of transport that they have not already received more than 200 Christmas stockings, each of which is filled with all good things to eat. The stockings were sent from Toronto in ample time to be here for the holiday and were intended as a jolly surprise for those who have no friends in Canada who might have made their Christmas a pleasant one.

Each battalion in camp has been asked to furnish a list of names of the men who have no next of kin and the stockings will be distributed immediately on arrival.

The following advertisement appeared in a local paper recently—"Two respectable girls need washing." Phone—

A is for Appleton and Allen, too,
Both are officers of the truest blue.

B is for Butler, on time on parade,
An R. S. M. of whom all are afraid.

C is for Cameron and *Clansman* as well,
Neither forgets the straight truth to tell.

The **D** is for Doc, who gives castor oil,
Whether you're lame in the foot or have just a boil.

E is for Emmett, who plays in the band,
If you need help in "mooching" he will lend you a hand.

F is for Frank, who cooks the bacon and beans,

H is for Humphrey, the bugler so gay,
He is now in the ranks and begins to look gray.

I is the Innes, who has gone to the front

J is the Jackson, who helps bear the brunt.

K is for Knight, so steady and firm,

L is the Lake, who has money to burn.

M is for Murray, the doctor's aid,
Who gives castor oil or uses the blade.

N is for Nuttall, who helps us sometimes
And therefore makes us buy him the wines.

O is for Owens, on time every day

P is the postman, who takes cares away.

Q is the query, what will come next?

R is the Right which we use as a text.

S is for Smith—we have them galore,

T is the Tompkins sometimes quite a bore.

U is the Union, of new lands and old,
Which fast drives the Kaiser out of his hold.

Y is for Young at the signalling base
It makes you feel good to see the smile on his face.

Z is the Zeppelin, which no longer we fear

For when once they come we keep them all here.

Sergeant (to private on the parade ground)—Here, my man, you've got that rifle in the wrong hand.

Private.—I ken that. It should be in your hand.