

Tune, Dolly Gray.

Have you heard the latest out Sergeant dear,
It is full of push and go listen here,
It is new and full of fun
And will surely beat the Hun
In all military skill far and near.

Chorus

Listen to the latest orders
As you fall in on parade,
They will ring across the borders
When we've made our famous raid,
When we've reached our native land boys
And we're safely back at home.
Round the camp fires you will hear the noise,
Frogs singing through the foam.

Change direction to the left hustle up,
Right form your getting out of step,
You are doing worse than me
And I cannot clearly see,
Why they look so much at me in the soup.

Never mind you'll learn it yet Honey Boy,
Then you'll hop, skip and jump for joy,
When you are homeward bound
And the wine is flowing round,
You'll forget you were ever balled up.

Hold your head up like a man try again,
There's no telling what you'll do now and then,
For we've watched you quite a while
And have never seen you smile,
But perhaps by and by you will just grin.

7th Battalion Song.

(Air, Maryland my Maryland.)

Our Army is a motely crew,
In dress and armour duties too,
All other corps are dear to me,
But most of all I prize the Infantry.
In tented field
In lady's bower
Alike they shine,
All fear their power.
Though other corps are dear to me,
Yet most I love the Infantry.

Chorus.

The Infantry, the Infantry,
Who would not love the Infantry,
Though other corps are dear to me,
Yet most of all I love the Infantry.

The Engineers with science crowned,
In action traces out the ground.
Artillery at a distance play,
While troopers often clear the way.
A skirmish sharp, a pistol shot,
A quick retreat at rapid trot.
The foe advances, light and free,
Who meets them now, the Infantry.

And see that gallant host move on,
Their bayonets glittering in the sun.
On! On! they hold their glorious sway.
Though death shots madly round them play,
Their comrades slain,
Their banners torn,
Those noble hearts
Still proudly form.
But hark! A shout! "Tis Victory."
Who would not love the Infantry.

No Man's Land

The Editor is pleased to publish the following poem kindly donated by the author, who says in part:

"The enclosed lines were mostly composed while on 'Listening Post' duty a few nights ago." Those of our readers who fully understand the nerve racking strain of 'Listening Post' will appreciate them the more.

There's a barren tract that lies between
The German lines and our own,
'Tis overgrown with tall, rank reeds:
As "No man's land" it's known.

This stretch of country is not safe
At night, much less by day,
So that unless stern duty calls,
'Twere best to keep away.

As darkness falls and night sets in,
Men go forth, without a sound
To listening posts and on patrols,
To reconnoiter round.

When star-flares burst, then all is bright
And bullets whizz around,
At such a time 'tis "safety first,"
To drop prone on the ground.

Shell holes out there are numerous,
They come in handy too,
In case patrols are detected,
They crawl there out of view.

This wasted land contains barbed wire
Entanglements galore,
And tho' our side is thickly strung,
The Germans have much more.

The wire needs much replenishing,
And looking after well,
For often it gets cut away,
By rifle shot and shell.

A dreary sight the stretch presents,
'Twixt the contending foes,
Yet it will surely smile again
And blossom as a rose.

For when the dove of peace returns
To dwell, like days of yore,
Then "No man's land" will flourish soon,
With fighters there no more.

So let us all keep up the fight
Until the ruthless foe,
From every portion of the land,
In haste is forced to go.

No. 9592 Pte. J. H. Mills,

3rd., Canadian Battalion.



J.L. HOLIDAY

GOT HIM.