

And stable drill and musketry, till your back  
seems full of sores,  
But then "Dismiss" comes round at last, to the  
cook house they do chant,  
And you'll know it if you "get it right," if you  
don't, of course, you can't.  
Osh wa, etc.

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### It's Nine o'Clock; Fall In.

(By Walter Laurie.)

[The new Military Order placing the Hotels  
"out of bounds" after 9 o'clock in the evening  
for His Majesty's fighting and thirsty forces in-  
spired the following]:

Gol darn it, lad, it's tough, I know, and all that  
sort of thing,  
But War is War and Rules is Rules (and new  
ones they will spring);  
I know it's going to hurt at first, for the street  
to make a steer,  
And leave the genial friends behind, and the  
great big flowing beer;  
But War is War and Rules is Rules, though some  
of 'em seems a sin,  
But, nevertheless, you've got to go—  
**IT'S NINE O'CLOCK; FALL IN!**

You know we hate to see you go, but the best of  
friends must part.  
To Hastings Park you must wend your way, so  
please do make a start;  
At ten o'clock 'twill be "Lights Out," and all  
must go to bed,