

A NOBLE ARMY OF MART(H)AS

(Having spent several months in various hospitals, opportunities have shown us the work of about 100 nurses. We are glad to testify that a most benevolent Providence has endowed at least 98 3-4 per cent with a splendid devotion to their duties—a fine record of percentages. The exception it is said, proves the rule, as we see in "Turpentine"—(tune "Clemantine.")

In a sick ward, at the Jubee met a lady past her prime;
She was hot and sharp and burning, so we named
her "Turpentine."

Chorus

Oh the parling and the snarling of that scorching
"Turpentine!"
If you go and come back never, none be sorry,
"Turpentine!"

Mustard plaster—burning faster; tongue so long, (it's
number nine,)
She was raspy, and so waspy, none so keen as
"Turpentine."

Chorus.

(12 p.m. and 3 a.m.)
Head on table, snoring able, dreaming sweet of love so
fine,
Let her finish — no diminish; fast asleep was
"Turpentine."

Chorus.

(Supposes wedded bliss(ters)
Drove her man to drink (not water); every eve till
after nine,
So she fought him, for she caught him, drinking whisky,
beer and wine.

Chorus.

Sour of lips—he never kissed 'em—growling, grumbling
all the time.
She'd no dinner on the simmer, so he "fired" his
"Turpentine."

Chorus.

Never missed her—took her sister—glad to cool from
"Turpentine."
This one's nice, though cold as ice, quite a change from
"Turpentine."

Chorus.