

A Peep Into the Present.

To all Canadians far and near.
These verses will convey,
The way we help to win the War.
Way down in Rue Dufay.

Our Billet is a mansion great,
With Circus fine attached.
Where work is done both day and night,
And plots are never hatched.

Before we start our daily toil,
From Office Staff to Gate,
They sound a bugle once or twice,
To make sure none are late.

Our Buttons sparkle in the sun.
Our Boots they simply glisten,
And if they don't, make no excuse,
The O. C. will not listen.

Inspection o'er, we take a trot,
To shew we're keeping fit,
And if by chance it fails to rain,
We're bound to shew some grit.

As pants the heart for cooling streams,
We thirst then for our stools,
Four solid hours we work — peut etre,
According to the rules.

There is no time for idle jest,
Or for a cup of tea,
You've simply got to lose no time,
But mark your 103.

O. 1810 and other Forms,
Are just to pass the day,
We know full well that what we earn,
Some « Captain » we must pay.

Where has that blinking Corporal gone?
Says Jarvis to his mate,
As time is valuable he just
Refers him to the gate.