boot-shine and shave so ingrained that it will be second nature. We haven't noticed that sort of thing amongst the old "regulars" which are scattered throughout all the battalions. But how about the morning rum habit?

When the soldier's a soldier no more; When at last he has done with the war,

Don't take it too ill, If you find that he still Has a terrible habit of "soldiering."

A.J.T.

ODE TO A RATION BISCUIT.

O! TWICE cooked one!
Twice cooked and overdone!
Oh! Hardest tack!
My teeth—both front and back—
Are sorely put to it, in vain assailing
Thy stony substance—every effort
failing

Until, imagining thy name is Fritz, I bare my bayonet, and thou art bits.

They say in thee
The Cabbage and Green Pea
And Haricot
And Spud are blended so
Neatly, completely that one can't
detect 'em

(As good things happen when we don't expect 'em).

Insert at least the thin end of the wedge

And let us teste some old familiar Veg.!

Of nourishment
I know that thou hast plentEous store of meat
And useful things to eat;
Thou art the cleverest conglomeration

Of much in little! but an ideal Ration

In spite of beans and farings and

In spite of beans, and farinas, and fats,

Thou bears't too close a likeness unto Spratts!

Oh doubly baked, How have my molars ached After a bout

In which they've suffered rout On thy inexorable flanks! Oh ruthless

Bane of the dentist! Spectre of the toothless!

One can but re-attack, and start anew

To hammer off thee more than one can chew!

I call to mind,
In years long left behind,
On Trail and Track,
How Damper and Flapjack
For Grub or Tucker I have cooked
and eaten;

And staked a fine digestion, aye and beaten

The woeful messes. But 'gainst thee to risk it

Giving thee Victory as I take the biscuit!

'Gainst hunger's prick
True thou hast proved a brick;
Oft hast thou saved
A life or two and staved
Starvation off; and those who
question whether

More efficacious were a chunk of leather

Are ingrates, or have never felt the pinch

Or known the hour their belly bands to cinch.

They label thee Iron,—Emergency.

Thou with thy chief companion—Bully Beef—

Hast done thy bit in this dire Armageddon

And when all's over, and I have a spread on

And feeling mellow, then I may recall How true thou wert a Comrade after all. R.M.F.

With apologies to The Brazier.

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