

We've drunk of dead filled rivers,  
 We've eaten flyblown dirt,  
 We've never changed our stockings,  
 We wear the same old shirt.  
 Inoculation maybe  
 Has kept us in the line,  
 The rum we think it helps us  
 At least we don't decline.

We've played at burial parties  
 When mines beneath us burst  
 But we always boil our water  
 To allay a sizzling thirst.  
 We wear our sweet pea helmets  
 To dissipate the gas,  
 We don't asbestos jackets  
 And let the flame burst pass.

We crawl about in cover  
 And never show a face  
 When the enemy's gentle Taube  
 Hovers o'er the place.  
 We've taken all precautions  
 We thought we knew the game  
 And we never yet were frightened  
 Till the Reinforcements came.

They come to us in dozens  
 And chuck a mighty chest  
 To sit upon the parapet  
 They think a holy jest.  
 They think to please the enemy  
 Attracting of their fire,  
 They smile in gentle pity  
 When we grovel in the mire.

At night on working parties,  
 They indulge in striking lights,  
 They tell how brave they'll Hun him  
 When the Hun comes out to fight  
 They never speak in whispers  
 And always march in time,  
 Physic insolence to danger  
 Is sometimes quite sublime.

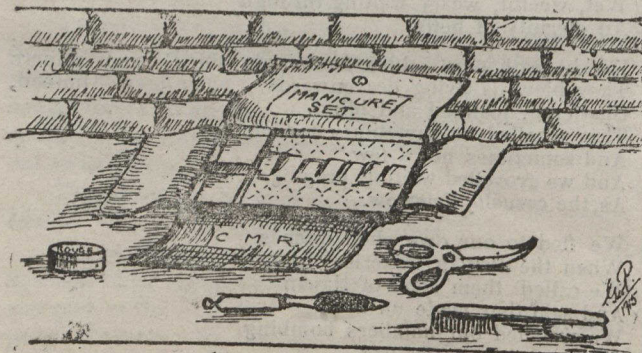
Their bayonets in the trenches  
 Just peep above the top.  
 The man impaled upon them  
 They love to see him hop.  
 They love to drop a pickaxe  
 In the direction of our toes,  
 At times with spades and shovels  
 They like to deal out blows.

Their casualties are horrid,  
 Their sick parade immense  
 They think that we are timid  
 When we try to teach them sense.  
 They always sprain their ankles  
 They get the toothache too,  
 Their knowledge of malingering  
 Its beautifully new.

We'll send them p'rambukators  
 Instead of hand grenades  
 Instead of horrid sergeants  
 We'll indent for nursery maids.  
 They're brave as lions and grizzlies  
 And spoiling for a fight,  
 Our only kick against them  
 Is, they will not do things right.

Herbert Rae.

FOUND!



MANICURE SET. (SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE) initials on case C.M.R.

### SOME-WHERE

Somewhere in the future  
 A Blighty waits for me—  
 And I shall seek a rest cure  
 In a home beyond the sea.  
 With the nurses buzzing round me,  
 And feeding me on sweets,  
 I'll wash with soap and water,  
 And sleep in linen sheets.

Maj. F. G. Scott.

### "The Listening Post"

We've news to-day from the "Listening Post"  
 On the far off battle line,  
 And in fancy we think we can bear almost  
 The cheery song and joke and toast  
 In spite of the bullet and shell and mine.  
 We're each of us at our Listening Post  
 At this other end of the world,  
 Longing and waiting and hoping the most  
 For the peace that is coming through Britain's host  
 When War's red banner's furled.

So think, when you're out at your Listening Post  
 That we are all out at ours,  
 Through the dark mist and rain or through  
 Sickness or pain,  
 The sun will shine after the showers.

A. S. Barton

Victoria B. C.

Sept. 14th 1915.

Out in no man's land in the crater I lay  
 Close to their lines. There were voices there in the dark,  
 "Good-night Fritz, good luck", I could hear them say,  
 And he loomed up there for a moment, a useful mark.  
 But I couldn't shoot and rouse two camps from their rest.  
 Possible? Well, in a sense, but it isn't done.  
 So I crouched to the ground considering which was the best,  
 To stick it or call it a washout, to stay or run.

Fritz settled the matter, for down he came  
 And halted by me in the darkness, knowing no harm;  
 And there as he stood—it was all in the laws of the game—  
 Six inches of bayonet caught him under the arm.  
 And Fritz, the lusty, paused for a moment's space,  
 Sat down like a man grown weary and stretched and sated,  
 And quietly, decently, there in that lonely place,  
 Not knowing the hand that had struck him down, he died.

So we remained till the dawn broke cold and chill,  
 I staring into the darkness and listening yet,  
 And I thought he seemed listening too, he lay so still,  
 And I looked at the man I had killed with a vague regret,  
 Till I spotted his rifle there with the snipers sight,  
 And knew what devil's business my thrust had barred,  
 But I'm glad it is somebody else's turn to-night  
 To go-and sit out by Fritz-listening hard.

