

THE POETS' CORNER.

TWA PIPERS.

As I walked down the Strand one day,
I heard two bonnie pipers play.
They played so well that I could see
Quite full of spirits they must be.
Now, neither had his pipes, and so
They trolled a merry tooralo.
And, as I followed the happy pair,
They disappeared in Leicester Square.
The night came down, the lights went out,
And put Dame Grundy quite to rout.
* * * *

What happened to our pipers twain
You can't expect me to explain!

C. LELAND.

TO MY LOVE, "MARGARINE."

(By C.H., 67th Military Band.)

Oh, Margarine, I love you,
There is no other one,
That makes me feel so happy
And forget awhile the "Hun."
I love your Leing graceful
In sliding on my plate.
And Tickler's jam and bully beef
I'm learning now to hate—
My rifle you keep glistening,
And on my boots you shine,
Your beaming presence cheers us all—
Except at dinner-time.

Oh, Margarine, don't leave us,
Stay with us to the last,
And when the shots are flying
About our trench so fast,
We'll think of what we're fighting for
Our King and country—sure!
But also for our Margarine,
So sweet—so clean—so pure.

Miss Paine has sent a copy of the following excellent little poem to her friend Pte. T. R., of "C" Company. It appeared in "Answers" and appeals to us:—

BROTHER O' MINE.

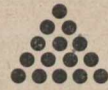
Brother o' mine, on the grim field of battle,
Fighting for honour and all that is true,
Heedless of danger, of cold and privation—
We in the Homeland are thinking of you.

Brother o' mine—these same stars shine o'er you.
This wind caresses your fair curly hair;
Would it could whisper a message of comfort
To you keeping vigil 'midst Death over there.

Brother o' mine—in our gay, laughing childhood,
We roamed the green meadows, and bent to the oar,
You with your strength were the leader—I followed,
Would I could follow you now to the war.

Brother o' mine—whether tending the wounded,
Or in the trenches 'midst shrapnel and shell,
I know you'll be British, and never will falter,
In doing your duty, and doing it well.

Brother o' mine—you're a Soldier and hero,
Risking your splendid young life without fear,
With ever a bright cheery word for your comrades,
Brother o' mine—we all long for you here.



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