

THE 8TH BATTALION'S PAGE

A Ballad of Love and War.

By 438825

Where the shells are falling thickest clear from Arras to the sea,
Where the Bosches bomb the quickest, that is the place I want to be.

I'll leave off my respirator, let them send the welcome gas.
I'm become more desperator, as the leaden rest days pass,

Send me up, and at the double, up to bomb at Deutschland Fritz,

I'll be done with all life's trouble, when his old machine gun spits!

Where the Pacific waves so high, wash, lived a maiden, young and fair.

She was 'bout a quarter Siwash, but that's neither here nor there.

On the fair Isle of Vancouver, where we strolled along the beach,

I was her accepted lover, she was like a Vernon peach;
But a letter now has found me, post-marked from Victoria Town,

All the world seems dark around me, for—she's gone and turned me down.

Nevermore I'll see my Maisie's loving long-lashed, down cast eye,

Let me go to push the daisies, let me like a soldier die!
Send me out to face the dangers, (first I'll take that snort of rum).

Happiness and me are strangers, now old Fritzie let'er come.

To the Boys at Home.

When war came to our Canada fair,
We joined at once to do our share.
And all the "First", they stood the strain,
Of Valcartier and Salisbury Plain.
We came through Ypres, our honours flew,
Through Festubert, Givenchy too,
But some for aye in Flanders stay,
On their account I write this lay.

The response so far's magnificent,
But thousands more must yet be sent,
If Canada would still retain,
Her great and glorious freedom's strain,
One man in three they have to get,
Don't say conscription's needed yet.
So, come on, boys from every trade,
Show them of what our Canada's made.

The Call has gone from East to West,
And every man is put to the test.
We want your help to cross the Rhine,
So jump in boys, the water's fine.
Come hastening to your country's call,
Commissions can't be held by all.
To avenge our chums we've all promised,
And we can do it if YOU enlist.

Pte. C. T. Cooper,
1st Can. Div. Cyclests Co.

The Unseen Comrade

Oh leave me not when far away.
But let your thoughts abide,
That I may find you every day
Unseen, but by my side.
I cannot bear to leave you there
That parting cannot sever us,
Unless this hope be true,
But I am still with you.

Your voice I'll hear when others speak
Though none will ever guess,
And yours the presence I shall seek
In all my loneliness.
But this the blessing of the night,
The comfort of the day,
Your love and nearness be my light
When you are far away.

Wire Kinks.

Q. M. Stores.

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When the soldier arrives back to his Company, he hears the fatal message "Fall in for inspection of iron rations". He offers a silent prayer that a "coal box" or "Minnewurfer" may come over and bust up the parade, before the officer reaches him; but before his prayer has time to be answered, he hears, "Where's your iron rations?"

Cain's reply "I know not" is no good here, so the only excuse worth a trail is "I've eaten them Sir".

"Were you not told that that you must not eat your iron rations until you are so weak from hunger you can't eat them". "Yes, Sir".

"Sergeant, give this man an indent for iron rations and a few hours work so that he wont die from indigestion".

Armed with indent he marches triumphantly back to the Q. M. Stores. The Q. M. Sgt. holds the indent up to the light, bites it, gives it the acid test, and places it on a file. "Alright" he says, "Come back in three weeks, if you don't find one in the meantime".

Answers to Correspondents.

Got 'em,

No, we do not advise you to advertise the fact that you are a relative of the Kaiser—to be a relative of that gink is decidedly bad taste at present.

Hungry,

Yes, we quite agree with you that the best pork and beans we ever tasted came from Montreal, Canada. Of course that was a long time ago. We could all appreciate a few tins of them now.

Fruit Lover,

Worms in tinned fruit? How particular you are; personally we are always glad to get the fruit, and we don't have it analysed either.

Inquisitive,

Your theory that the Germans put peace messages in the noses of the shells they send over does not interest us in the least. We can't read German, and anyway we have always made it one of our principles never to pry around German shell noses and fuses. We advise you to adopt the same principle.

Brazier,

No, we can't refer you to any particular coal merchant in these columns for several reasons two in particular. In the first place we advertise for no one, and in the second we do not know of a coal merchant except the Q. M. and he seems to be out of this very desirable class of fuel these days; we always did have plenty of coal in the summer.

Beno Porko,

Strange, I almost took you to be one of our Allies on seeing your name. However in answer to your question, we refer you to our reply to "Hungry" given above.

Easy Mark,

You seem to have been bit too. Well, we sympathize with you very much, at the same time we have a lingering suspicion that the people of this country never have change as a business principal, so the poor soldier must needs spend the five francs or go without.

Anxious,

We too, were quite surprised to hear that the Canadian Parliament Buildings had burned "in a flash" as it were, but on thinking the matter over in our "Comfy bed" we came to the conclusion that the timbers in the building had become dry, as we understand the building was poorly ventilated. No doubt the architect who has charge of the new building will take a liberal view of the uses the structure will be put to, and will install a ventilating system of generous capacity, as a special safe guard for the future.