

THE CHARGE OF THE MAD BRIGADE

HALF a block, half a block,
Half a block onward!

Packed in the trolley-car,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Maiden and matron hale,
Tall spinster, thin and pale,
On to the bargain sale,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Carriage to right of them,
Auto to left of them,
Trolley in front of them
Rattled and thundered.
Forward through all the roar,
Straight through the crowd they bore,
To the T. Eaton Store,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Once at that Mart of trade,
Stern faced and unafraid,
Oh! the wild charge they made
All the clerks wondered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to pacify,
All the Six Hundred.