

The Poet's Corner.

The Simple Sapper.

You never hear of us, I know,
 For we are only sappers:
 No stars upon our shoulders glow,
 To dazzle little flappers.

We sleep on good old beaver boards,
 With trestles two thereunder;
 Our spacious hut a breeze affords,
 That often makes us wonder

If we are not in Arctic zones,
 With Captain Scott or Peary;
 The boys all snore in diyers tones,
 As ones who are quite weary.

We shine from morn till dewy eve—
 These words are quite Miltonic—
 They sometimes even give us leave,
 A thing that isn't chronic.

However, we all carry on,
 For even wars have endings;
 Till then our souls will be in pawn,
 The far-flung line defending.

And when we die at home in bed,
 By grateful friends surrounded,
 They'll call us brave, heroic dead,
 And have the "Last Post" sounded.

For we have done our bit, you know,
 At white-wash and mess-hopping.
 I guess it's time for me to go;
 By Jove! The Army's topping.

W. Q. KETCHUM, JUN.

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Buck Up.

You're sick of the game? Well, now that's a
 shame!
 You're young, and you're brave, and you're
 bright.
 You've "had a raw deal?" I know, but don't
 squeal:
 Buck up, do your darndest, and fight.

It's the plugging away that will win you the
 day,
 So don't be a piker, old pard.
 Just up with your grit! it is easy to quit:
 It's the keeping your chin up that's hard.

SAPPER T. A. POMEROY.

Decimation.

Ten little Fritzie going up the line,
 One stepped on a live grenade,
 Then there were nine.

Nine little Fritzie in No Man's Land too late,
 One walked into our night patrol,
 Then there were eight.

Eight little Fritzie saw a plane near heaven,
 Pilot dropped a bomb on one,
 Then there were seven.

Seven little Fritzie, a bit of trench to fix,
 One showed his head too much,
 Then there were six.

Six little Fritzie, to win the war they strive,
 Ambition made one take a chance,
 Then there were five.

Five little Fritzie joined the Flying Corps,
 Archie's tumbled one to earth,
 Then there were four.

Four little Fritzie observing from a tree,
 One tried some monkey tricks,
 Then there were three.

Three little Fritzie each sailing in a "U,"
 One boat tangled in a net,
 Then there were two.

Two little Fritzie scouting round for fun,
 One got the Iron Cross, the other—
 He got done.

One little Fritzie, bosom friends all dead,
 Began to study Kultur,
 Now he's off his head.

Now, dear readers, that all occurred in the
 short space of ten months: practically one Hun
 per month. According to our special corres-
 pondent, there are exactly 3,987,336 Boches
 opposing us. We may be mathematically certain,
 therefore, that the war will end in 3,987,336
 months. We understand that there are a few
 P.T. Instructors additional, but we may discount
 them, as there will be no one to "Round me
 double." I should be very pleased to get the
 views of my readers on this subject.



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 the three essentials one requires when away
 from home, and these are unstintingly provided
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 veniently close to the sea and station, it is
 a delightful retreat for business men, service
 men, and families at any season of the year.