

On the road to Tipperary
With the Army to Berlin.

When from Mons they fought each footstep,
When their lips with pain were dumb,
'Twas the hope which held their trenches
Never doubting you would come.
Through the frozen hell of winter,
Midst the shrapnel's racking din
They have waited, never fearing,
You would join them in Berlin.

On the road to Tipperary,
There's a crimson debt to pay,
There's a land of awful darkness,
Patient faces, tired and gray.
Sobbing women, ruined girlhood
Strew the trail of Cultured Sin,
Can't you hear their call for vengeance?
Won't you join us to Berlin?

On the road to Tipperary
Sleep the boys whose day is done,
Don't you hear the voices calling
To complete their work begun.
There are ghostly fingers beck'ning,
There are victories yet to win,
On the road to Tipperary
With the Army to Berlin.

On the road from Tipperary,
When the boys come home at last,
Won't you wish that you had listened
E're Old England's call had passed?
But the gate of manhood's open,
You, your part, can still begin,
On the road to Tipperary
With the Army to Berlin.

LOST—A BOY.

'Not kidnapped by bandits and hidden in a cave to weep and starve and rouse a nation to frenzied searching. Were that the case, one hundred thousand men would rise to the rescue if need be. Unfortunately the losing of the lad is without dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real. The fact is, his father lost him! Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer his trivial questions during the years when fathers are the only great heroes of the boys, he let go his hold upon him. Yes, his mother lost him! Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners, and club programmes, she let the maid hear the boy say his

prayers, and thus her grip slipped and the boy was lost to his home. Aye, the church lost him! Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who pay the bills, and having good care for dignity, the minister and elder were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew, and made no provision in sermon or song or manly sport for his boyishness, and so the church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking earnestly for the lost boy.—Author unknown.

MITTENS TO AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

The following pretty little war poem is from the French of Adrienne Cambry, a French volunteer nurse, and translated by G. V. Williams, of the "Daily Mail":

Soldier, Soldier, dear Unknown,
I wonder as I knit,
Will you be a corporal
Who will wear this mit?

Will you be a captain?
Tell him, Mitten, pray,
That in your simple meshes
I wove my heart to-day.

Wove it warm and throbbing,
O gallant soldier mine!
Praying that it strengthen
That strong right hand of thine.

Strong to strike, and swift to strike,
And drive the foe away,
Lay on, lay on, my Soldier,
Lay on, and win the day!

And if my little mitten
Be dyed a deeper red,
Its saffron turned to crimson
With blood in honor shed,

The radiance of that scarlet,
The glory of that stain,
Would make my little work box
Seem like a sacred fane!

So here's my little mitten,
Wool to keep you warm,
Kisses in its meshes
To keep you, dear, from harm.

When stewing prunes add a spoonful of marmalade to them. This gives a most delicious flavour.