NAVAL RESERVIST GROUPS!

THE GROUP OF THOSE THAT LEFT HERE ON THE "NIOBE".
THE GROUP OF THOSE THAT LEFT HERE ON THE "FRANCONIA".
THE GROUP OF THOSE THAT LEFT HERE ON THE "CARTHAGINIAN".
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Kitchener's Army Sings Popular Airs.

Sentimentality is Scorned by Most of the Men.

Lance-Corporal J. Russell Warren (Queen Victoria Rifles), writing in the London "Evening News" says: The songs our soldiers sing have been a constant source of astonishment to our French and Belgian allies. The French soldier, as he marches, swings along to the lilting refrain full of references to the flag and France and death on the field of honor. But the British Tommy sturdily scorns sentimentality. And this is as true of the Territorials and Lord Kitchener's new army in training as it is of the men at the front. As we of Queen Victoria's Rifles march through Mayfair to Hyde Park, you hear very little patriotic music from us.

True, we do occasionally whistle the "Marseillaise" and the Russian National Anthem, just by way of appreciation of our allies. ("La Brabanconne," by the way, has so far eluded us.) But, fortunately, nobody attempts to sing either of them, and we do not whistle them too often. Too frequent repetition rouses protests from the ranks behind, and an exhortation to "sing some English." We have our own marching songs, and they suit us better than the finest music that was ever created.

TABOO ON "TIPPERARY."

Roughly, our songs fall into three categories—the "popular" song, the meaningless chant, and the improvised ditty. "Tipperary" springs to one's mind as the best known example of the popular song. But we have sung "Tipperary" till we are sick of it and it is taboo now. Our chief favorite now is the chorus that asks pointedly:

Hello, hello, who's your lady friend?
I've seen with you a girl or two,
Oh, oh, oh, I AM surprised at you.
Hello, hello, stop your little games.
Don't you think your ways you ought to mend?
This isn't the girl I saw you with at Brighton,
Who, who, WHO'S your lady friend?

OTHER FAVORITES.

Other favorite gems are: "Who Were You With Last Night?" "Hold Your Hand Out Naughty Boy," and "Take Me In Your Arms and Say You Love Me." An entire company, I blush to say, will lightheartedly hail a pretty girl who passes with the refrain:—

You're my baby, you're a wonderful child,
I'd like to have you round to make a fuss over me.

Of drinking songs our present favorite is this:

The way the wind blows, we'll go.
The way the wind blows, we'll go.
Come along, come along, along with me,
Sing a song, sing a song, along with me.
The way the wind blows, we'll go.
Hail, rain, or snow,
But in case we may get dry,
Bring the Tiddledehiteti.
The way the wind blows, we'll go.

DOLEFUL REFRAIN.

What I have called the "meaningless" chorsuses are most traditional. Their origin is buried in the early annals of the British army. But with no apparent reason for existence they still survive and are handed down intact from generation to generation of soldiers. There is, for instance, the story of the men who want to mow the meadow. Sung to a doleful and almost tuneless refrain it runs like this:

One man went to mow,
Went to mow a meadow.
One man went to mow,
Went to mow a meadow.

Two men went to mow,
Went to mow a meadow.
Two men went to mow,
Went to mow a meadow.

Three men went to mow, etc.

This goes on almost indefinitely. But usually when it reaches ten or a dozen men either the singers are out of breath or the ranks behind demand a change and drown men and meadow in a varied burst of melody.

"WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE HERE."

Senseless and monotonous as this refrain is, there is a remarkable swing in it, and fifty men reiterating, "Seven men, six men, five men, four men, three men, two men, one man," produce a most curious vocal effect, something like an orchestra of jew's harps! Another of these reiterated refrains goes to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and consists simply of this:

We're here, because we're here, because we're here, because we're here.

We're here, because we're here, because we're here, because we're here.

A yet more popular one runs:

Here we are, here we are, here we are again:
Here we are, here we are, here we we're here.
Oh—io—ioioio.
WOW!

The "Wow" comes out with a terrific yelp, a sort of vocal horseplay that delights us immeasureably!

Then there are the improvised songs. You often hear us swinging along to the tune of a well known hymn. I regret to say that the words are not those associated with the air in the hymn book. For instance, to one beautiful refrain we chant the words of "Sing a Song of Sixpence," ending up with

And wasn't that a dainty dish,
And wasn't that a dainty dish,
And wasn't that a dainty dish,
To set before a king?

NOTHING IRREVERENT.

Let me assure you, though, that we mean nothing irreverent. Nor do we mean any harm when, on a wet day, we swing along to the tune of another well known hymn, singing:

Raining, raining, raining,
Always blooming well raining;
Raining all the morning,
And raining all the night.

As an alternative we occasionally chant to the air of "Kind Words Can Never Die" the doleful chorus:

This rain will never stop,
Never stop, never stop,
This rain will never stop,
No! No! Noo!

SONGS OF TOPICAL EVENTS.

Occasionally our improvised songs form quite ingenious comments on topical events. The woes of our Home Defence Company are set forth in this refrain, to the air of "There is a Happy Land" (a tune, by the way, that is a favorite quickstep in our Indian army).

Where are our uniforms?
Far, far, away.
When will our rifles come?
P'raps, p'raps some day!

Our 1st Battalion, indignant at being told off to guard railway lines for a time, instead of being sent to the front evolved a hymn of protest to the air of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the refrain of which was this:

Onward, Queen Victoria,
Guarding the railway line,
Is this foreign service?
Ain't it jolly fine?

WOULD NOT CHANGE THEM.

These are the songs we sing, and we would not change them for all your high-toned music. We know they are in deplorable taste, and that they are very far from being "Art." But we do not care. They are excellent to march to, everybody knows them, or if one does not, he can learn them in two minutes. And that is all we want. When we want good music we know where to go and hear it, but we do not need it on the march. People are talking about teaching us some of the French soldiers' songs—the magnificent "Chant du Depart," the first bars of which Dibbin "cribbed" when he wrote "The Death of Nelson," and the stirring "Sambre et Meuse" But we do not want to learn them. The result would please neither us or the French. But for all that, do not think us conservative. We are always open to learn anything fresh. Have we not taken to our hearts and lungs a chorus that, according to "Punch," is sung in the camps of Kitchener to the tune of the 'Soldiers' Chorus' from "Faust":

All soldiers live on bread and jam,
All soldiers eat it instead of ham!

And every morning we hear the Colonel say,
"Form fours! Eyes right! Jam for dinner to-day!"

Have You an Itchy Spot?

Somewhere on your body? If so, attend to it at once. In Eczema—and itchy spots, whether dry and scruffy, or moist and inclined to "weep," are generally eczematous—delays are foolish, allowing the disease to spread and affect more of the good skin. Your best chance for a cure is to use Zylex, which will give almost instant relief, and if used in the earlier stages of the trouble will almost certainly bring a cure, and in any event will greatly ameliorate the trouble. Ask your druggist about it. Price 50c. a box. Zylex Soap, 25c. a cake.

ZYLEX, London.

Charge on Skis Put Germans to Flight.

St. Die, Department of Vosages, Jan. 8.—Charging on skis down the snow-covered mountain slopes at Bonhomme, a post in the Alsatian frontier, French Alpine troops forced the Germans to retire on Orbey, five miles down the valley of the River Weiss toward Colmar.

The Germans held the railroad from St. Marie to Ste. Croix, menacng St. Die, where the French heavy artillery opened fire on Jan. 3. This led the Germans to expect an attack from their direction. At the same time the Alpine troops advanced on the Germans at Diedolshausen, near Bonhomme.

A strong German detachment with quickfirers held the route, but the winding road prevented them from firing more than 700 yards along it. The French advanced to within this distance, while the Alpine troops began to climb the heights to attack the Germans on their flank.

They lost many, but once at the summit began an exciting charge on the mountainside at a dizzy pace, while the infantry in the road below opened fire on the Germans. Caught between two fires, the Germans gave way.

Indian Island Notes.

Despite the fact that the festive season was one of the severest for many a year, the past ten days we have been experiencing most delightful weather, dry and clear. The harbor is frozen over and, as the saying is "as slippery as glass" many have availed themselves of the opportunity and are having a grand time on Nature's skating rink.

Like most places this settlement has also felt in some way or other the effects of the cruel warfare. Four of our young men are at the front, and two have volunteered quite recently. We feel proud of them and pray that they may return again to the country they love, and to the relatives who gave them up, so that we may still enjoy the liberty which our dear old flag the Union Jack gives us.

Messrs. Carnell and Gale captured a live fox a little while ago, a white one. They say it is getting quite tame and its actions are not unlike those of a dog.

Mr. E. Kindon arrived from Dog Bay to-day; he is going back again to-morrow accompanied by five young men who go there to seek employment in the lumber woods.

Two families who left here about nine years ago returned again this fall. One of them is building a new house and both families intend staying. After all there is no place like home.

—COR.

Jan. 15, 1915.

Obituary.

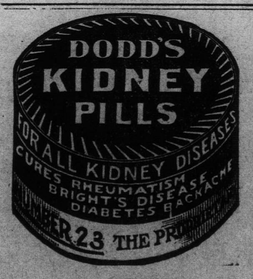
The Angel of Death visited the home of Nora Dobbins and claimed as its victim her beloved husband James Dobbins, aged 44. The deceased had been suffering for the last three months, but he bore his sufferings with Christian patience. All that could be done to relieve him was done, and on Monday morning, Jan. 18th, he closed his eyes to this world. Fr. O'Flaherty was at his bedside last week. Jimmie, as he was familiarly called, was a favorite of young and old. He came here from the Tickles last spring, where he had his home for the last nine years, and made his home here amongst his own friends. Deceased leaves to mourn him four brothers, a loving wife and six children.

Mosquito, Jan. 19, 1915.

THE ICY WALK.

I slipped and fell; you heard me yell, you heard me scream like thunder, as I fell flat and spoiled my hat, and broke the sidewalk under. I lie in bed with pouliced head, and legs done up in plaster, and all the day I roast the jay who caused that dire disaster. He knew the glare of ice was there, and yet he strewed no ashes; I score his gall, and use up all the asterisks and dashes. An easy thing it is to fling some ashes on the planking; do that, and then the sons of men your kindness will be thanking. But those who slip and break a hip or sprain a neck or ankle, on naked ice, will not act nice; the words they use will wrankle. The thoughtful act that's born of tact is like a benediction; it takes the smarts from troubled hearts, and lessens grief and friction. The kindly deed will for you plead when from this world you've skated; the little things will give you wings, when you're at last translated.

Neckwear is appearing in heavier materials than heretofore. Cream panne velvet, white mohair and pussy willow taffeta are taking the place of the sheer organdie.



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