

To some Canadians we know.

By Sergt. Brown, T. Officer.

We are over here in Belgium,
 With our face towards the Huns,
 Doing our bit for the Empire,
 Like all true British sons.
 We have left our homes and loved ones,
 Which to a man means all
 To answer to the Motherland,
 Who sent out "Duty's Call."
 There are some from far-off India,
 And some from Canada came,
 Some from the wilds of Africa,
 To shield old England's name.
 But before some British-born men,
 Would rally to the flag,
 Lord Derby set a scheme afloat,
 And started in to drag
 Each slacker to the colours,
 Which have stood the test of years,
 Who preferred the cuff and collar
 To the bloodshed and the tears.
 The life it must be very hard,
 Many people no doubt say,
 And this I think one reason
 Why so many stay away.
 Our food is not the daintiest,
 That point I will admit,
 And our dugouts and our billets
 Could be improved a bit.
 But it was not for a picnic
 To partake in that we came,
 So we buckle to and do our work
 For dear old Britain's name.
 Some try to come and fail to pass,
 And they are turned loose,
 But the men who never try at all
 Deserve the hangman's noose.
 To think that men of British birth
 Would hold back to the last,
 Is something new in history,
 And unknown of in the past.
 Let every mother say to them,
 Enlist, you're wanted there.
 To help to crush the Hounds of H—
 And drive them to despair.
 So do not sit at home, young man,
 But come and do your share,
 In case someone should ask you
 What you did, "Well, I was there."
 No better answer could you give

Between your puffs of baccar,
 Then you would say when he had gone,
 Thank God! I was not a SLACKER.
 By one in khaki, January 16, 1916.

The Returning Canadian.

(Tune "Tipperary").

1
 From out the "Rabbit burrows" of the
 Allies' battle front,
 In other words—the trenches—where
 he's bourn the heaviest brunt,
 A Soldier, scarred and plastered, come
 from out the battle storm!
 And though he's sore and tired, loves
 to feel he's going home.

Chorus.

It's a long way to reach the Prairie,
 It's a long way to go,
 To the long wide and open Prairie,
 It's the finest land I know,
 Good-bye continentals,
 Farewell, England dear,
 It's a long, long way to reach the Prairie,
 But my hearts right there.

2

He's gone thro' many hardships and ex-
 perience "War is Hell,"
 His comrades fell around him, men
 who served their country well,
 And now he's coming home again; con-
 tent, he's done his share,
 In fighting for his country's freedom,
 King, and loved ones dear.

Chorus.

3

He's seen the deadly shrapnell burst, and
 many a hero fall,
 In trying to help a noble cause, he
 went at duty's call,
 He's helped to punish coward Huns, who
 slew a noble nurse,
 And butchered harmless babes on
 land and sea, which makes us curse.

Chorus.

J.B.S.