

## GREEN & CO. REFRESHMENTS

Teas, Luncheons, Dinners  
Home-made pastries,  
Pork Pies, Delicacies  
Cigars, Tobaccos and  
Fresh Confectionery  
Every courtesy to the men  
in uniform  
Bramshott Camp

## J. M. Balfry

Bramshott Camp

*News Agent*

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Canadian and American  
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Publications Not in Stock  
May Be Secured On  
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## The Original Refreshment Room

Mrs. J. Edwards, Prop.

Pork Pies, Sandwiches, Tea  
Coffee or Cocoa

A large and complete line of  
Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos  
Our confectioneries are the  
talk of the camp  
ASK YOUR COMRADES

## England

A song of hate is a song of hell,  
Yet some there be that sing it well.  
Let them sing it loud and long—  
We lift our hearts in a loftier song.  
We lift our hearts to Heaven above  
Singing the glory of her we love—  
England.

Glory of thought and glory of deed;  
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;  
Glory of things that sought far goals;  
Glory of sword and glory of souls.  
Glory of songs, mountings as birds.  
Glory immortal of magical words;  
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,  
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott.  
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,  
Glory transcendent that perishes not.  
Her's is the story, her's is the glory  
—England.

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may  
The Spirit of England none can slay.  
Dash the bomb on the dome of  
Paul's:

Deem ye the fame of the Admiral's  
falls?

Pry the stone from the Channell's  
floor—

Deem ye that Shakespeare shall live  
no more?

Where is the giant shot that kills  
Wordsworth walking the old green  
hills?

Keats is beauty while earth spins  
round.

Bind her, grind her, burn her with  
fire---

Cast her ashes into the sea.  
She shall escape, she shall aspire,  
She shall arise to make men free.  
She shall arise in a sacred scorn  
Lighting the lives that are yet  
unborn---

Spirit, supernal, splendour eternal.  
England.

(Helen Gay Cone, Professor of  
English in the New York Normal  
School.)