

MY MOTHER

I am forming fours allover, I have tramp-
ed the wide world over,
From Teeswater to England, over land
and over sea;
But wheresoe'er I've tarried there's a
picture I have carried,
Just a sweet sort of a picture that has
crossed the pond with me.
I have seen it in my sleeping, I have
traced it in my travelling
On the oceans wide it has followed me
mid rain and storm and wind;
Stronger far than time or space is, it
has shone in far off places,
Just a word from the homeland and her
shadow on the blind!
Yes, my mother's voice in Teeswater,
is what makes the homesick feeling,
At eventide come stealing wherever I
may be;
Just a word and a kiss and at home a
smile that's certain,
To be there with a girlie that is beckon-
ing to me.
Oh, the lure of travel calls me, and
adventuring enralls me,
I'm forming fours, a vagabond, to gipsy
life inclined;
But however far I wander, sure my
heart is in Teeswater, yonder,
And my eyes are seeking ever for a
shadow on the blind.
Scenes of wild and awesome splendour,
tropic loveliness, they lend a
Kind of glamour to existence, I'll allow
you, but you'll find,
That the picture that will hold you, is
the one that I have told you,
Just a word and a kiss and at home a
smile that's certain,
To be there with a girlie that is beckon-
ing to me.

“Good-bye Mike” said an Irish
woman bidding her husband farewell
before he left for the front. “And if
you bate the Germans like you have
bate yer poor old wifé sure you'll come
back a general.”

Advertisements

Lost—French watch. Couldn't tell
the time without moving its hands.
Honest looking face but does everything
on tick. Good watch, been soaked
several times but still kept running.

“House” for sale. Apply to Stewart
& Pettaplace, real estate agents.

To Let—A beautiful shell windowed
dugout furnished in good style, new
straw, etc. All modern arrangements
within easy reach of pump, overlooking
first line of trenches, shell proof (some-
times.) Owner away. Apply Bed 1,
Ward 6, Base Hospital, France.

Lost—Between the 160th officers mess
and the 161st wet canteen, one Taylor.
Description: rather tall, bald headed,
but a very Tony guy.

The cooks have been taking their
turns in going on leave. This week L.
L. MacCartney, the green grocer, and
Tommy Galbraith, “A” Company's
little Highlander are away to bonnie
auld Scotia. Frank Waechter, the
butcher, arrived home on Sunday night
from London, where he says he sure had
some time. Unlike one of the other
cooks who went on pass, he had enough
kale to see him through and didn't have
to come home for more money to finish
his pass. Sergt. Sparling we see has
secured the services of his old time store-
man Sergt. M. Brown during Macart-
ney's absence.

Sergts. N. F. Hoover and Wm. Ruhl
returned from Scotland Wednesday
night. There are still several in the bat-
talion who have not been to Scotland.