

The DUG OUT.

Oh! The little, little dug-out that we built at Fleurbaix,
 And tried to make like home with touches deft.
 We dug and walled and roofed it in the course of half a day
 And learned to almost love it e'er we left.

Five by six of floor-space,—and none too dry at that.
 Corrugated iron overhead.
 Walls of slimy sand-bags, broken bricks to form a mat,
 A wisp or two of straw—by way of bed.

Telling old stories again and again.—
 Laughing at somebody's jest.—
 Whimpering softly in deadly pain.—
 Luxuriating in rest.—

Silently mourning a fallen chum.—
 Gulping through letters from home.—
 Shouting on extra issues of rum.—
 Watching the starlit dome.—

Painfully scrawling by candle-light.—
 A message of cheer to Her.—
 Sleeping, exhausted, after the fight —
 Dreaming of things that were.—

Puffing away at an ancient briar.—
 Winning in words the war.—
 Boiling up tea on a charcoal fire...
 Yearning for friends afar.—

Oh! The little little dug-out that we built at Fleurbaix
 And made a second home with touches deft.
 We tasted there the comradeship the war brings into play,
 And learned to almost love it e'er we left.

KRITICOS.

SCENE—Ward. I OCCASION—C. O's inspection.

C. O.—“Sergeant, this man says he has'nt had an egg for a week—
 why is this?”

Sergeant-in-charge—“Well, Sir, it's to cut down eggs-pense.”