

"NOW AND THEN"

I was walking down the street one day
 In a town in the good old U. S. A.
 And in a window, I espied
 Three flags a floating, side by side.
 With steady step and honest pride,
 I boldly turned and walked inside
 And said, "If this war must be won,
 Please let me go and fight the Hun."
 So, I enlisted there and then,
 As the son of a true born Englishman.
 The doctor passed me, as you know,
 Said, "To the war, yes you can go."
 To Cleveland then I went by train
 And was examined once again.
 'Twas there, in spite of all my fears,
 They put me in the Engineers,
 So once again in train by heck,
 Came to St. Jeans here in Quebec.
 Once here, to the Depot I hiked with glee,
 Hoping that France, I soon would see.
 My hopes, alas, were cast down flat,
 I might have known as much as that.
 So in St. Jeans I had to stay,
 And pass my idle hours away.
 While others boldly went to France,
 I didn't even have the chance.
 So, I was left to "carry on",
 Yet, I would rather far have gone,
 For woe betide the boys who stayed
 As here "Ye canna find a maid
 Who, wi' a Sapper would be sae'd!"
 Of course that was in time o' war
 But now it's not so any more,
 For see as down the street ye pass,
 Most every brae an' bonnie lass,
 Will wink her eye, as we all know,
 But, we're content to leave 'em go.
 We should worry now, "Oh well!"
 As Sherman said, "Yes, war is hell,"
 Although I never saw a trench,
 And parlez-vous, but little French.
 The girls here are in a class as Foch's brave heroes were
 I really think, "They shall not pass in my good
 judgment, Sir."

By a "Looker On".

TOO MUCH FOOLING.

He had been courting Mary for a long time. It happened on Sunday night after church. They were sitting on the sofa, and she looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.

"Tom," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any act of heroism for my sake?"

"Yes, Mary; and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I."

"Speak, darling! What is it?"
 "Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."

An Oversight.

1st. Private: "Say! Have you heard that Ted Smith has got the DCM?"

2nd. Private: "What for?"

1st. Private: "I dunno."

2nd. Private: "Blimey, why ain't I got one too? I hid in the same dug-out."

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