

THE BULLY SONG.

We've tasted all fashions of elegant rations,
We've feasted on lashings of viands, but now
Up here in the trenches alongside the Frenchies
We wrestles and wrenches petrified cow.

CHORUS—

Sing Hey! for the bully,
Sing Ho! for the bully,
Sing Ha! for the bully,
The bully beef tin.

With loads of Fray Bentos, and biscuits momentous
The Government sent us to argue with Fritz;
They gave us instructions in various destructions
To propagate ructions and blow them to bits.

Chorus—

Sing Hey! for the bully,
Sing Ho! for the bully,
Sing Ho! for the bully,
The bully beef tin.

We chew at the bully enjoying it fully,
Till thirsting unduly for porter and fun,
We fill to the lid tight, with shrapnel and lyddite,
And hurl them at midnight to tickle the Hun.

Chorus—

Sing Hey! for the bully,
Sing Ho! for the bully,
Sing Ha! for the bully,
The bully beef tin.

En Passant

Our admired contemporary, *THE LISTENING POST*, publishes an account of a banquet given by Canadian Officers at the front to Major General L. J. Lipsett, C.M.G., on the occasion of his promotion to command of the 3rd Canadian Division. After a menu which, even here in England makes one's mouth water, and after The King had been toasted, Col. Rattray proposed the health and success of Major-General Lipsett, who in reply give an excellent review of the work and history of the first Canadian Division, interspersing humour for which he is famous.

We desire to tender our sincere though belated congratulations.