

ODE TO « BILLETS ».

—
This was the song of Sergeant K.
As he crouched in the dark alone,
And the fire went out, and the cold crept in,
And the Haggis ceased to moan.
« Oh I'm getting auld, and I'm awfu cauld,
And my heid is splittin' in twa,
I'll be sairly greived, if I'm not relieved,
For I'm anxious to get awa.
Oh I never thocht when relief I sought,
From Bacchus the god of beer,
That I'd land forsooth on a place uncouth,
But the trouble is I'm here.
So I'm going straight, you watch my gait,
For here's where they break your heart,
You may talk as you please, ('scuse me while I sneeze)
From now on I'm « on the cart ».

REINFORCED BY K. R.

—
One of a draft, marching towards railway station, to Canadian on passing street-car :

« Hey ! mate, you're well dug in, aint yuh. »

Canuck (who has already been up and had some) :

« You bet, and so will you be, tomorrow night. »

—
STAFF-OFFICER : — « Do we know the reason why they dropped that application. »

REINFORCEMENT CLERK : — « Yes, Sir. »

S. O. : — « Well then, we have no fault to find with them. »

R. C. (stuttering) : — « Yessir, but it isn't a reasonable reason. »

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