

Sing me to sleep

Sing me to sleep where bullets fall,
Let me forget the world and all.
Damp is my dugout, cold are my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,
A dozen rat holes around my head,
Stretched out upon my waterproof,
Dodging the raindrops from the roof.

Far, far from Ypres I long to be,
Where German snipers can't pot at me.
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for sergeant to sing me to sleep.

Stop Press News.

We hasten to welcome back to our midst Capt. L. E. Haines.

Capt. Haines returns to us (after being wounded at Festubert) to take temporary command of the Battalion in the absence of Col. Odum.

"GOOD LUCK" to him.

Mentioned in Despatches.

We regret that our guide, philosopher, and friend Col. V. W. Odum has been ordered across the water for a few days holiday. Put the blame on the Medical Authorities. He is Quite the most unwilling emigrant that ever left Belgium, and the most cheerful. We have good news about him; he says he will be back in a very few weeks and wild horses won't hold him when he makes up his mind to come.

We are pleased to welcome among us Major Ormond from the 10th Battalion. The "10th Legion" was always Caesar's Favorite and we know the 10th Battalion, are carrying on the good work.

Major Ormond has already made a hit, and we know that the Battalion will derive much benefit from the fostering care of one of Canada's best soldiers.

We beg to congratulate Capt. Humble on his new dignity. We humbly submit that it has certainly not come too soon. Every inch a man and thirty years a soldier is our best description of one, who, before many of us were born was taking tea with Louis Reil at Batosh.

We would sympathize with Lieut. Gilson, who has also emigrated perforce. Those d..... Doctors again. We hear he will soon be back: We hope so - We miss him sorely.

Major Bruce Powley rejoined the Battalion on 28th July. He was wounded at Festubert on the 24th May, and has been in hospital in England.

We cannot forget the serious loss to the Battalion and personal loss to Officers and men, of Major Cooper who has left on duty to England - "Bon Voyage" Major and a quick return is our fervent hope.

One of the most important events in the last fortnight has been the return of the genial, ever - young Sgt. Robinson.

We felt a thrill of pleasure in again shaking him by the hand and seeing him looking as fit and well as ever.

Rich in the spoils of war, that men call glory,
Oft at his country's call in battles gory,
Both brave and cheerful, filled with a fearless wit,
In the midst of shot and shell, ready to do his bit.
Now after five campaigns under a southern sun,
Swiftly in his country's need returning to see the fun,
Others may turn and fly, sick with the German gas,
Never will Ireland's Spirit yield while foemen pass.

HERBERT RAE.

Returning to duty at his own request,
Out here in Flanders with the boys from the west
Brave as of old, and in spite of his years
Into the thick of it, No German he fears.
Notice the ribbons on his manly chest
Several engagements he has fought with the best
One more medal he's ready to win
Now you Bosches, when you're ready, start in

Despatches regarding Naval and Military Manoeuvres, usually run to considerable length, but a few in existence are noticeable for brevity, if for nothing else. Caesar dismissed a small campaign in three words, "Veni, Vidi, Vici" (I came, I saw, I conquered), and Clive, after capturing Scinde in India, was grimly humorous when he despatched the one latin word, "Peccavi", (I have sinned). After defeating a French Squadron in the 17th century, Admiral Blake made a sort of invoice of his despatch and wrote "Please your Honour, met with French Fleet; beat, took, killed, sunk, and burned as per margin".

Our thanks are due to Miss. F. Davidson, (Windsor Ward Branch of the Q. M. N. G., Belfast, Ireland), for the gift of eighteen dozen sun shields.

The local shooting season for Cranes, Herons &c; opened successfully on wednesday July 29th, and a fine specimen of the Heronus Belgicus (accent on the cus) was brought down behind No 3 Coy's trench. The man who brought it in gave a life-like imitation of a well trained black retriever. The shooting season for Germans is continued indefinitely.

A form of racing which is prevalent along the British Front is in several ways quite interesting. We refer to going into or coming out of the firing line via a long communication trench, particularly the coming out. A platoon or company in full kit led by an officer, an N. C. O. or a guide enters a trench and proceeds to race through to the other end. When the order "Move on" comes we get away nicely to a good start. At first progress is steady, but before long the leader steps out and the pace increases: with little or no equipment he easily negotiates telephone wires and bad boards, but the seventh and eighteenth men get tied up in wires and number twenty-six stops the way by stumbling at a bad hole, so there is a delay of five to thirty seconds in parts of the procession. This delay has to be made up or the men will lose touch, so every one hurries after the man in front. Not only this, but trench racing fever has now attacked the leader. It always does. He imagines he is just out of reach of a bomb-throwing German in the trench behind and must strain every nerve to reach the open where safety is his: in aggravated cases the patient has extraordinary delusions, such as that he is unarmed and naked and being chased along the trench by a piece of brown paper, but fortunately these instances are rare, and occur principally among the kilted regiments. The men are by this time at good racing speed, but still have to make up that lost time, and, as the bomb-throwing German is getting nearer the N. C. O. in front, it is not long before everyone is dashing along the straight bits, making two cushion cannons off the corners, and scraping equipments on the sides where the trench is narrow and never quite catching up with the man in front who is always disappearing round the corner. It is curious that the narrower the trench the greater the speed; a wide bit of trench and the speed decreases, a narrow trench and the speed increases. It makes quite a nice little mathematical problem, Let's see. If the speed is 2 miles an hour in a trench 4 ft wide by 7 ft deep on a fine day, what will the speed be at night in a trench 2 ft wide by 4 ft deep, slippery underfoot, with shrapnel every 3 minutes, for a man 6 ft 3 taking No 13 boots, and what will he say when he rushes round a corner and places his eye against a rifle muzzle, owing to a sudden halt? The answer may seem difficult but is really very simple. It is X the unknown quantity, but Ha: Ha: what is X? (See note at end) The race in now in full swing and all are running violently along the trench: the man in front gets two traverses ahead and is lost, and Oh, horror there are two diverging trenches. Which is the one to take - Left? Right? Left? Right, Left, - Say, dont "marktime" but "move" and quickly.

We crowd madly past a ration party coming the other way and speed on with laboured breathing. At length the stragling line breaks into the open and the strain passes