

I was going through some Surrey lanes the other day and pointed out the glory of the scene, the flowering shrubs, the ancient firs, and the Norman church. One fellow said, "Ah, give me old Queen's Park."

St. Louis of France married Margaret of Provence, and had a ring all his life upon which these words were written, "God—France—Margaret." Somehow I feel as never before that these words sum up the best influences in the life of the Canadian soldier four thousand miles from home. The unspoken sense of the Divine. The magic of native land more dear than ever, and Margaret—whatever her other name may be.

"MY BIVVY."

It's only some rags and canvas nailed to a blooming tree,
There ain't no name on the fanlight, 'cos there ain't no fanlight, see,
It's a shanty knocked up quickly, with wire and bits of string.
It ain't no Buckingham Palace; "The Limit" I call the thing.

For my bed, an old, torn oil-sheet, one blanket to roll around,
While the insects, ants and beetles find a happy hunting ground:
On the floor fag ends are lying, to waste them would be a sin,
To-morrow I'll have to smoke them with the aid of a blooming pin.

When the boys march past, "Oh, Crikey, that takes it!" you hear
them say,

But to me it's a dear old "Bivvy," where I wait for sleep and pray.
And I'm fond of my dear old "Bivvy," for what the walls contain,
They're just chock full of photos of those I would see again.

C. L.

Found on the Orderly Sergeant's Notice Board.

Some folks come here to chew the rag,
This ain't no Ingle Nook:
Just say your bit, then light your fag,
And sling your blooming hook.