
 IONE.

In Erin's Isle thou hadst thy birth,
 The fairest jewel of all the earth,
 The Emerald Isle proclaimed in song,
 Where women are fair and men are
 strong.

Would that I had thee for my own,
 Thou, fairest of them all, Ione!

Savage? Yes! I think you said,
 Are men from the West where I was
 bred,

But savages have hearts, they care,
 No monocle or silk hat may wear,
 Our trousers 'praps not Bond-Street cut,
 None of us look the part of "Knut."
 Uncouth—a broncho—that's the word,
 No refinement—culture—dress absurd.

We live the same, we die the same,
 As many a high upstanding dame,
 Or noble with high sounding name,
 Who when in Mayfair as we pass,
 Will proudly raise lorgnette or glass,
 And in the Park or Rotten Row.
 Say "Beastly Colonial, don't cher
 know!"

Yet at Festubert by their rally,
 They kept the Germans out of Calais,
 But Mother says in haughty tone,
 "How dare you stoop so low, Ione!"

Methinks that somewhere out in France,
 One dear to thee doth take his chance,
 And dreams of thee 'mid battle's roar,
 O'er Flanders' field, now drenched in
 gore;

And in his sleep I hear him moan,
 "Shall e'er we meet again, Ione!"

Ah, me! In merry dance and revels,
 You laugh and flirt with lucky devils,
 While I in mudsoaked trenches wallow,
 Iron rations and bully beef I swallow.
 No bath I've seen for weeks and weeks,
 My clothing all with vermin reeks,
 While dainty fingers at the dance,
 Opera—supper—or ball perchance,
 Will tenderly put on thy cloak,
 Such thoughts will surely make me
 choke,

To think that such a thing as he,
 Should perhaps caress thee tenderly,
 Sheltering in a Government post,
 While at the front we need him most,
 Well, all of us must die, that's true,
 Which will you choose to wed with you,
 The Slacker—dapper—sleek and suave,
 Or the Man from France 'praps maimed
 but brave?

Would that I had you all alone,
 I'd endure all ills for thee, Ione!

Pte. Harold King, C.A.S.

WORD PICTURE OF THE MORNING AFTER XMAS.

Time 6.05 a.m. Reveille has just sounded. Most of the fellows are sitting on the side of their beds holding their heads with both hands. The two stock phrases seem to be, "Ooh! What an awful war," and "Gee! What an awful head!"