

## PRIMARY PIECES

### BOBBY'S ANSWER

"Who's that in the pantry?" said Mother quite sharply;

"I've heard that noise now, once or twice.  
Is anyone touching my fresh jar of cookies,  
Rich with raisins and currants and spice?"

No voice made reply, and Mother, impatient,  
Asked the very same question once more,  
Then scared half to death was little, wee Bobby,  
A-crouching behind the dark door.

Silence reigned. Not a sound was heard in the  
pantry.

'Twas so still, you could hear a pin fall.  
Then a thin little voice piped up in the darkness,  
"Des us cookies, dear Mamma, dat's all!"

### A MIMIC BATTLE

Bang, Bang! you're dead! Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang!  
Stop laffin' and die, can't you, Eh?  
I've shot you in several places at once,  
Stop laffin' and die, I say.

You are so,—dead! Bang, Bang! take that!  
You won't be a German! Aw, Why?  
Wasn't I an old German yesterday?  
Gwan, be a good scout, and die!