

JOCK HAS ARRIVED.

Well Jock! Welcome to the E. T. D. The last time I saw your old phiz you were in a much warmer clime than this, and I am sure all readers of our paper will extend the hand of friendship to such an estimable and distinguished soldier.

Your good old stories of your life in the army in all parts of the world are still fresh in my memory.

It is claimed on your behalf, Old Bird, that you held the rank of Deputy Assistant to a Lance Corporal's chum in the army of our old friend Pontius Pilate in his expedition to discover the source of the Nile.

When you first joined the Army is not clear even to our historians. Some go as far as to say that you helped to lay the keel of the Ark and that you were in charge of the Engineers' working party, when that vessel was being constructed, and here you are again, still smiling and as vigorous as ever, feeling young enough to take another crack at the enemies of your country.

By the way, Jock, have you still in your possession the button belonging to Noah's haversack?

And is it a fact, Jock, that you are the feller that engraved the Heiroglyphics on Cleopatra's Needle?

Do you remember the time you came into Barracks at Chatham? It must have been shortly after the Crimean War, I think, and you were feeling pretty—thirsty, you picked up what you thought was a bowl of nut brown four-'arf, you downed the lot, and then you found you had swallowed old Nobby Clark's pipeclay.

Those were the days, Jock, when a soldier lived on Pipeclay and Bathbrick. I remember the time you were stationed in Sierra Leone. You were absent for a time there and when you turned up again the sentry on the gate chased you, you were dressed as a native and your body was all covered with burnt cork, if I remember correctly a fatigue party was detailed to restore you to your natural colour. What happened the day you chased the Colonel there? You once, I remember, almost married a Kaffir Princess when you were in South Africa.

I remember the time in the Tropics when you took religion and became an Evangelist, the time that Sierra Leone went dry, you were called in to officiate in your clerical capacity, at the death of some poor old nigger; you got badly mixed and commenced to chant the marriage service, it's a

wonder you came out of that trouble alive.

However, Jock Ewing, we hope to be further entertained with your good old stories. If only your old barrack room chums, Wellington, Pontius Pilate, Caesar, Hannibal, Napoleon and Rameses I. could see you now, coming back into the game to show the young fellows how it is to be done, they would burst with pride as they did in the old times when you helped them out with your sage advice.

Keep the old mustaches flying, the war won't stop until you get there, and besides don't forget that you have an appointment on the other side with Bairnsfather, who will categorise you with "Old Bill" and 'Erbert.

Cheerio, old thing.

TO JOCK.

(The Curfew shall not ring tonight.)

Canada's Sun while grandly shining o'er the hills so far away,

Filled the land with misty beauty, at the close of one sad day.

And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man so fresh and fair,

Who, with steps so slow and weary, stroked his very scanty hair; Dragging footsteps, sad and thoughtful, and with lips so cold and white,

Struggling to choke back the murmur, St. John's must not go dry tonight.

Poor old Jock's white lips faltered as he dragged his weary way, Thoughts of things like Prohibition, filled his young soul with dismay.

Sighing for the Tropic's gaiety, and the lively times he'd had, Soldiering with Pontius Pilate, from Chatham to Secunderabad.

Thoughts of one large beer or so Sir, or e'en a snort o' Black and White

Brought this passionate outburst from him, St. John's must not go dry tonight.

Reminisces of friendships, recollection of old times,

With the greatest of our soldiers, in this land and other climes, Filled old Jock with much foreboding, as the clock began to chime,

I have got to get a move on, or I shan't meet Boyd at nine,

And we've got to kill a couple, or he'll get an awful fright,

Can't we stop the clock, or something, St. John's must not go dry tonight.



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