

SING ME TO SLEEP

Sing me to sleep! When the bullets fall,
Let me forget the war and all;
Damp is my dugout and cold my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuit to eat.
Sing me to sleep when bombs explode
And shrapnel shell is a la mode.
Over the sandbags helmets you'll find;
Corpses in front of you; corpses behind.

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

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,
A dozen rat holes around my head;
Stretched out upon my waterproof,
Dodging the raindrops through the roof.
Sing me to sleep when camp fires glow,
Full of French bread and cafe a beau;
Dreaming tonight of home in the West;
Somebody's overseas boots on my chest.

Far, far from Plug Street I want to be;
Light of old Plymouth I want to see;
Think of me crouching where all the worms creep,
Waiting for sergeant to sing me to sleep.

BONNIE DAVIS,
B.C. Horse, C.M.R.
Belgium.

EXCLUSIVE TO THE WESTERN SCOT

STAFF LINES, Nov. 27.—Your correspondent has been successful in obtaining an interview from Private Paddy, the best known and one of the most popular beings in the 67th Battalion Western Scots.

The famous Airedale has never before consented to receive a newspaper man, and his words are therefore of considerable interest to the readers of the "Scot."

I was ushered into the august presence and found Paddy lying out enjoying an after-parade snooze. He yawned as I was introduced, and I began to fear that I would have little luck from a news point of view. However, I made a bold start.

"How long have you been in the army?" I asked.

"Let me see," said Paddy, while he meditatively hunted for an elusive flea with his left hind paw; "about fourteen months, more or less."

"What made you join the junior branch of the service?" I ventured to ask.

"Well, while my ancestors were great fighters, there were no old sea dogs amongst them, and when the time came for me to do my bit I just naturally chose the army. Of course, I was never meant for the service at all. My first master had intended that I should be a "Show Dog," but being a wayward pup, I soon got fed up with the continual round of hugging and applause—for you know I carried off several prizes—and ran away to go for a soldier."

"What do you think of the Western Scots?"

"Fine," replied Paddy, with an enthusiastic wag of his tail.

"They are the best yet, and I've seen them all. Believe me, the others were good, but I never found a finer fighting lot than the Western Scots, and I only wish that I could go overseas with them. You know, I've tried to get away with every battalion to date, but I've got curvature of the tail and am therefore not fit—or at least, so they say. I think that after my various performances with Pte. McHugh's bull dog that I'm fit enough for anything. However, Ottawa knows best."

"You know," he went on, "there are a great bunch here. Why, only a short time ago I was presented with a collar with my name on it and all, and even Mac, the cook, forgets to be peeved sometimes and comes through with a bone or two. And that's a great pipe band we have. I like pipe music, as all good soldier dogs do, and I can speak with authority on the subject of bands, for I have in my time marched beside every one that has left the Willows. The brass band promises to be some class, too, although the drumming is sometimes a bit off. Jove! It's tea time. I must dash. So long!"

With a bark he was off behind the draft, and I decided that the pleasant interview was ended. It is rumored on excellent authority that if the youth of the city does not come forward very soon that Paddy, with several of his friends, will apply to Ottawa for permission to raise a battalion to be known as the Highland Hell Hounds. Of course, this may be only unfounded rumor.

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