

The Poet's Corner.

The Call of "Home."

[NOTE.—Written for "The Farmer's Advocate" on New Year's Day, by the noted dramatic singer and reciter whose name is subscribed below. Readers will be interested to know that he is not only an actor and poet, but also a farmer, having purchased a farm some years ago in Glencarry Co., Ontario. On the stage he was connected with the late Sir Henry Irving Co.—EDITOR.]

When you're rushing, roaring, rattling around the cities of the earth,

Do you ever hear the gentle "calls" of home?
When the "special" lifts you here, roars along and sets you there,

Just wherever it may chance you have to roam,
When the "footlight" glare burns low, and "last curtain" ends your "show,"

And you pass into the silence of the night,
Don't they creep into your ear,
The "calls" you hold so dear,
Can't you see afar your little homestead light?

Ah, the calling, calling, calling from the dear old home afar—

Don't it pull your heart strings tight and make them ache?

Don't it set your brain agonging,
Don't it fill your soul with longing,
Don't you wish that you had wings for its dear sake?

Ah, amid the whirl and turmoil, and the bustle and the rush,

I can often hear the lowing of my kine,
And in fancy love to trace each simple gentle face,
Wending home at eventide in solemn line.
I hear my horses whinny when I shake the old oat pall,

And "coltie," the most roguish and most dear,
Knows well there's no resisting,
Him an "extra special fisting,"

When his velvet muzzle gently rubs my ear.

Ah, the calling, calling, calling, as you wander home at night—

Don't it pull your heart strings tight and make them ache?

Don't it set your brain agonging,
Don't it fill your soul with longing,
Don't it wring your heart until it's like to break?

RUPERT MAR.

Philadelphia.

New Year's Day.

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Medals.

Not for me the praise of nations,

Not for me the extra risk.

Far beyond all decorations,

I will hold my old red disc.

I shall do as you may bid me,

If you wear a stripe or two.

But this "Glory stuff" can't kid me,

If I bring the old disc thro'.

"The Ration Party."

What is it makes us curse and swear,
Our Non-coms madly to declare,
We are a grouching, no good lot,
Always behind, ne'er on the dot,
Ever intent on filling their life
With every kind of bitter strife,
That comes from a Sergeant-Major grand,
The terror and chief of the Non. Com. band?
"The Ration Party."

What makes us groan and freely sweat,
Our clothes and rifles dirty get,
Our backbones nearly break in two,
Our shins to bruise all black and blue,
Through falling down by rough tough luck,
In holes all full of filthy muck,
When with the rations we're borne down?
Is it a wonder that we frown,
When they shout out, "You, Private Brown,
Turn out at once, your name is down"
"For Ration Party."

Why do they always turn us out
At 9.30 p.m. or thereabout,
To wait till midnight at the dump,
In terror of shells and things that jump,
Like bullets, or rain that soaks you wet through,
When you might have kept dry and in safety, too,
Had a quiet sleep or a two hours' smoke?
To leave a warm dug-out, then's, far past a joke,
"For Ration Party."

Why is it the guy with the strongest back,
Insists on taking the lightest sack,
And rushes in front to make the trench,
While to keep in touch your limbs you wrench,
In falling over rugged tracks?
Is it a wonder your language lacks
The polish it has in Society's light?
I tell you it's hard to be merry and bright,
"On Ration Party."

When do we curse most the bright "star shell"
And wish we were home, away from this hell;
When a move in that light might be your last,
And leave your identity disc to be classed,
Amongst the wounded, missing, or slain,
If that much the Hun allowed to remain,
Of your wrecked frame if hit by a shell.
And leave other lips the tale to tell

"Of the Ration Party."
SAPPER LANGHOFF.

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Up and Down.

Where snipers snipe and bullets pipe,
With a "wheep"—ing note o'erhead;
Where whizzbangs thud in hard-packed mud,
With a flash of vicious red;
Where star-flares soar, trench-mortars roar,
And shrapnel splinters whine;
We're busy then, we Signal men,
There's trouble UP the line.

Where crops still grow we soldiers go,
For a "REST" once in a while.
Parades all day, no signs of pay,
It's hard to raise a smile.
Where men must scrub, polish and rub,
Their boots and buttons shine;
We're busy then, we Signal men,
There's trouble DOWN the line.

SAPPER H. K. LANCASTER.