

A WIDOW'S WILES.

There was a widow,
A gay wild widow,
O fearfully gay was she.
And she was young, not old,
And yet her years if told
Might number forty three.
And she knew by heart
Without any chart
What the wiles of a widow should
be.

She came to a dance
By fortune's chance,
In a town where she wasn't known.
Men basked in her smiles
And fell for her wiles
As many another had done.
So she gurgled and gushed,
And flirted and blushed
With a wildness quite her own.

Now there was a major,
A shy young major,
Both fair and shy was he.
He was really old,
And yet his years all told
Were few more than twenty three.
And he lost his heart
At the very start
To the widow's wild gaiety.

Together they whirled
In a reeling world,
And danced till they couldn't see.
The map' might have been caught
If he hadn't been taught
By widows much older than she,
That their ways are wild,
Not the ways of a child,
And they love in the limelight to
be.

With sudden disgust
He left her to Rust,
For sick of all widows was he.
And he showed in his face
As he quit the mad race,
That from widows he longed to be
free.

He now knew by heart
What he'd learned in part
Of the widow's pedigree.

But the widow undaunted,
Her draperies flaunted,
And never a care cared she.
She cried, "In his frock
I can surely vamp Jock,
'Twill be easy as easy can be."
So through hazy smoke rings
She murmured sweet things
For his dear ears only to be.

Thus Captain Jock
Succumbed to the shock.
And the widow, much gayer grew
she.

She had known Jock long before
He went off to the war
To return alas, minus one knee.
And she felt in her heart
That she owned him in part,
And she hoped that with her he'd
agree.

The very next morn.,
Tired and worn,
And weary as widow could be,
She left on the train,
Though it gave her a pain,
To return to her native citee.
And she knew in her heart
Before e'er she did start,
That Jock would join her at tea.

In Montreal at a cabaret
Once again met they,
Jock and the widow you see.
As a magnet she drew him,
With one look she slew him,
No longer he felt himself free.
But in the light of her smiles,
And her gay widow's wiles,
He was happy as happy can be.

Oh there was a widow,
A gay wild widow,
The gayest you ever knew.
With Jock at her arm
She sparkled with charm,
A wild wild charm 'tis true.
But she knew by heart
Without any chart,
What the wiles of a widow could
do.

Observer.

Wagner.

There was nothing much doing
in a certain sector on the Western
front, and both sides were doing
their best to relieve the monotony.
Mouth organs were the order of
the day, and every evening a fine
impromptu concert was in pro-
gress, each side doing its best to
drown the other, for at that point
the Boscche trench was only sixty
yards from the British.

One evening after an hour's
silence there came from the Ger-
man trench the most awful noise
imaginable. It seemed as though
a dozen street organs were com-
bining to inflict torture upon some
one or other. After putting up
with the funeral march from
"Gottterdammerung" and the pro-
cession of the masters from "Die
Meistersinger", a Tommy yelled
out:

"What the blazes are you playing
over there?"

The music stopped.

"What you say?" came in a
guttural voice.

"What's that hellish noise
you're making?"

"It's Wagner!"

"Oh, is it?" snorted Tommy.
"Then I don't wonder that we're
fighting you about it."

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