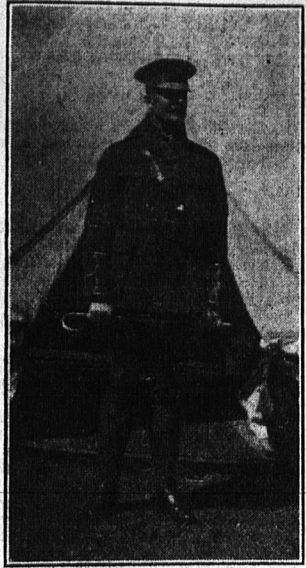


# ARTILLERY SIEGE BATTERY No. 2, SOME OF THE BOYS



OFFICERS AROUND 9 POUND GUN



LIEUT. T. W. MACDONALD



CAPT. W. B. PROWSE



LIEUT. J. F. STERNS



D. NICHOLSON, M. P., AND OFFICERS OF SIEGE BATTERY



GUNNERS AND MASCOT



Another Mascot, Master George Peake



"MY BOYS!"

Air—"My Queen"

Leo Britannicus loquitur:—

When and how I may have to meet them,  
 My banded foes in a mighty fray,  
 Where I shall have to face—and beat them—  
 I know not, but 'twill come some day,  
 And what care I whilst I see around me,  
 Mustering up with a manful noise,  
 The lads who in love-links fresh have bound me,  
 These whom I look on, my Boys, my Boys!

Long have I dreamt of them growing greatly  
 The lads I love getting big and bright;  
 And the way they have shot up and strengthened lately  
 Must fill a father with fond delight,  
 And we all are proud, from our Royal Lady  
 To the humblest hind who the sight enjoys,  
 To see them, loyal, alert, and ready  
 To do their devoir, My Boys, my Boys!

Croakers chilly and melancholy  
 Prophecy ill to the Isle I love,  
 But genuine Britons, high-born or lowly,  
 Have pluck such a ruling spirit above,  
 And I'll trust my home to their stalwart keeping,  
 But, upon my honour, it swells my joys,  
 And sets my blood through my veins swift leaping,  
 To see you coming, my Boys, my Boys!

Look at them, look at them gally trooping



COLONEL G. PEAKE Commanding

Up to the Standard, the old, old flag!  
 Slips of the stock there is no up-cooping,  
 Talking the tongue that no tyrants gag,  
 Like young lions to help the old one  
 Swift of footfall, and firm of poise,  
 By Jove, that foeman will be a bold one  
 Who'll face us banded, my Boys, my Boys!

They fancy, do they? Old England's slightsers,  
 My claws are cut, and my eyes are dim,  
 That he aforetime the first of fighters,  
 Is slow of spirit and slack of limb?  
 Well, well, they maybe will find their error,  
 And needless roaring is empty noise;  
 But they'll hardly strike me with abject terror  
 When I see you round me my Boys, my Boys!

Who was it said I was fond of snubbing  
 The stalwart slips that should be my pride?  
 Duffers! The war-drums rub-a-dubbing  
 Soon finds us ranged on the self-same side,  
 Here's their answer! Such Volunteering  
 As this should shame them, My I heart it joys  
 To see your muster, to hear your cheering,  
 Best thanks, and bless you, my Boys, my Boys!  
 I'd trust my honour to your stout keeping  
 I'd—well, on manhood gush quickly cloys;  
 But chill in my heart must the blood go creeping  
 Ere I cease to love you, my Boys, my Boys!



THE SUPPLY OFFICER



THE MEDICAL OFFICER



THE B. S. M. IN CAMP



SERGT. C. D. STEWART



SERGT. JOHN MCKAY



B. S. M., J. LEIGHTIZER



FAR. SERGT. GORDON WORTH



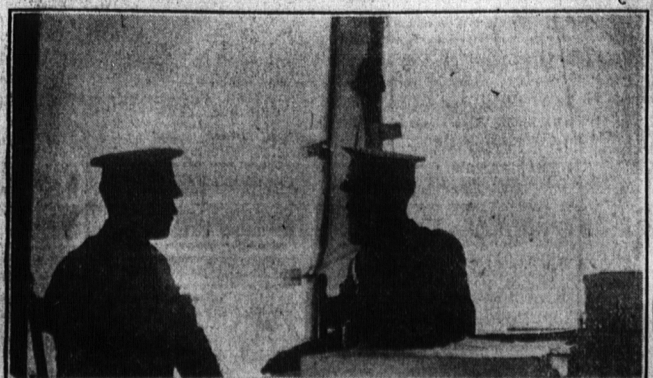
SERGT. INST. COX



THE COOKS



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT



MAJOR BARTLETT AND LIEUT. RITCHIE IN SUPPLY OFFICERS QUARTERS



LIEUT. G. E. RITCHIE



LIEUT. J. P. HOOPER



LIEUT. J. CHEVERIE



GR. C. C. HEESCHEN



GR. SCOTTIE WILLIAMSON

These Pictures are Reproduced from Photos taken by and kindly supplied us by Major Bartlett.