

Our Future Policy.

A wish has been expressed by a great many of our readers that the LISTENING POST should not cease with the War.

The jump from trench journalism to commercial journalism is a pretty wide one, but it has been decided to attempt it, and, as an initial measure, issue the LISTENING POST once a month for six months after reaching B.C.

The paper will be issued on the 15th of each month, commencing on June 15th. The price will be 25 cents (Canadian, please—not French centimes) per copy. It will be sent each month, post free, to any address, on receipt of subscription rate of \$1.50 covering the last six months of 1919.

It is hoped to publish twice a month and to reduce the price when the present exorbitant costs of paper and printing have subsided to more reasonable levels.

The present features will be continued, with the addition of current news of interest to soldiers and ex-soldiers generally. No political questions will be dealt with by the paper except in so far as they affect the interests of the soldier or demobilised man, the general policy being to remain absolutely independent of party politics. Its columns will be open for correspondence, and information on all military matters supplied where possible.

It is intended to place the paper on sale in all the principal towns in B.C.; but to avoid disappointment, fill in the subscription form elsewhere in this issue and mail to—The Editor, The LISTENING POST,

912, Vancouver Block, Granville Street,
Vancouver, B.C.



Jock (to solicitor of alms): "Ma Goad, mon, hae Ah tae feed ye as weel as fecht for ye?"

Tommy to his Nurse.

HAD I the gold that Mammon sought
And all the wealth beneath the seas;
Had I the spoils barbarians brought
To lay before their deities;
Had I the moonlight's limpid rays
That from the vaulted heavens dart,
I'd spin each tiny one that strays
And weave a spell about your heart.

Had I the luminous star of night
That hangs resplendent in the sky,
I'd give it only that I might
Perceive the tear-drop in your eye.
Had I the vivid hues that paint
That sky ere yet the Sun-God dips,
I'd give them all without complaint
Could I but kiss those lovely lips.

These would I give, and giving still
Be humble, low, contrite and meek,
Could I by listening drink my fill
Of music when your sweet lips speak;
But, oh, my love, I have not these,
Of gold below nor jewels above;
But I'm a man, and if you please,
I have a heart and I can love.

JOE SULLIVAN.



THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER.

(Regarded with the utmost contempt by Old Bills, but in high favour with the opposite sex of any country—particularly Germany).