

**CROWN AND ANCHOR.**

The army's like a game of « Crown and Anchor »,  
A thing of coloured cloth and gleaming bones,  
Where temporary blokes and old time rankers  
Into the gilded upper class are thrown.

The coloured cloth of red and gold we see  
Upon the gallant Staff, a soldier bold ;  
The driving force, the leading brain is he  
Without which we'd be helpless, we are told.

The bones are those of men who play with death,  
The foolish-ones who throw the dice with fate.  
Their bones lie bleaching where the trenches  
stretch.  
All mangled by the blows of Hunnish hate.

When crowns come up the sergeant of the staff  
Is made into a swanking sergeant-major ;  
A youthful captain with a ready laugh  
Promoted to a mule inspecting major.

The diamonds show the money that is thrown  
Into the laps of Gods — or Western farmers ;  
The gems that deck the war contractor's thrones,  
Or ornament the Piccadilly charmers.

Hearts play up for love and jolly laughter,  
Sweet mademoiselles in bright estaminets  
Gay promenades, before the morning after,  
And other charms that drive dull care away.

Clubs stand for discipline, iron laws and rules ;  
The power to punish those that « get in Dutch » ;  
To hand out to defaulters, drunks and other fools  
Such things as « 1st F. P. » « C. B. » and such.

The anchor shows our navy over all,  
All Channel raids to contrary, notwithstanding ;  
The cruiser that answers to the call  
To give the soldiers home on leave safe landing.

The spade comes last, digs trenches, forts that  
stand ;  
The best friend of our sanitary sections.  
It may mean jobs for those now in command  
When Staff jobs vanish at the next elections.

Chas. J. Olson.

**ADVICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

by « Sister Smiff. »

« Old Subscriber ». — « How are tanks made ? »  
Quite simple. A rum issue along with a drop  
of Scotch.

« Fed Up ». — « Please tell me what is the best  
thing to spring on the M. O. to make Blighty ? »  
Your question is impossible to answer. I have  
only one good idea and I want to try it myself,  
but best of luck, Fed Up.

« Original Alf. » — « I went sick a few days  
back and received a white pill. What is the  
druggist's Latin for — 4 by 2 plus 3 minus 2 as the  
M. O. ordered ? »

I am very sorry, Alf, but my education was  
neglected. Perhaps it was an asperin tablet.

« Troubled ». — « I was given 14 days pay for a  
drunk. Is it fair ? »

How much do you want for a drunk ? Consider  
yourself lucky. I have been « soaked » that  
amount. Who is your O. C. ?

**NEW MAXIMS.**

A bullet in the hand is worth two in the head.

People who live in shell-holes shouldn't throw  
flare-lights.

« All is not gold that glitters. » Remember a  
bayonet in moon-light.

Half a rum issue is better than ten beers.

It's a long communication trench that has no  
furning.

A roaring shell gathers no moss.

Discretion is the better part of R. I. P.

Let sleeping duds lie.

16264.

**YOU SHOULD READ**

« Sixteen Months in Four German Prisons »,  
Wesel, Klingelput,  
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**No more aches, pains, rheumatism, lumbago,**  
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**Try the Lees method**  
**Instant relief through the power of suggestion.**

A Private writes :

« I have nothing but praise for the Lees method  
of cure by suggestion. The time of my deliverance  
dates from the hour I approached the Battalion  
Medical Officer with a severe case of trench foot  
of long standing.

I remember the circumstances so well. The de-  
tails of my case were already in the possession of  
the renowned medico through the kindly offices  
of the Orderly Corporal. The M.O. asked me to  
state my symptoms. I did so at some length.  
Toying idly with his clinical thermometer, he  
replied :

« IF ANY MAN COMES TO ME WITH  
TRENCH FOOT, OVER THE TOP HE GOES. »

Simultaneously with the utterance of this for-  
mula, pain left me. From that moment I have  
never had a relapse however slight. I returned to  
my dug-out with a sprightly step — cured. »

**Try the « Lees way »**  
**Endorsed by the Army and naval authorities.**  
**Consultations free.**