

If you do you can't complain,
 You must say through all your pain,
 GOD rang me up.

OTTAWA POST-OFFICE CLOCK.

Man's life is short, 'tis like a race,
 Or just one round on life's clock face,
 At 12 o'clock His life's begun,
 He scarcely knows it has at ONE,
 And before he's learned his hours are few,
 The clock again is striking TWO,
 In fact at two he cannot see,
 How very soon it will be THREE,
 Before his play and schooling's o'er
 The clock again is striking FOUR,
 From four o'clock we see him strive,
 For pleasure till it's after FIVE,
 Now how live he's in a fix,
 He wonders how from five till SIX,
 He hears a deal of GOD and Heaven,
 But business holds him till it's SEVEN,
 He finds in business few are straight,
 And goes on without GOD till EIGHT,
 Then often through the love of wine,
 He's stupified until it's NINE,
 Now his hair is gray, he stoops again,
 Back towards the earth at TEN,
 Yet still he does not think of Heaven,
 The world still charms him at ELEVEN,
 And now it's time his grave to delve,
 His day is o'er, the clock strikes TWELVE.

MARCHING THROUGH BELGIUM.

The Germans made a great mistake
 So it is thought by some,
 There was a better way to take,
 Than going through BELGIUM.
 They very heavy had to pay,
 Just for that little kaper,
 For they ignored, that very day,
 That famous scrap of paper,
 This caused the Lion to help the Bear,
 To the Eagle's aggravation,
 Taught her that she should play fair,
 Not strike a little Nation.
 While Huns were smashing Belgian forts,
 And towns and cities burning,
 The French were getting these reports,
 And lessons they were learning.
 When Belgian forts went down like fun,
 The French the warning heeded,
 And in the fight around Verdun,
 We see how they succeeded.
 Now what's the lesson we may learn?
 If we learn none, it's a pity,