

THE SACRIFICE

I let you go at your' country's Call,
 My love, my life, my very all.
 It seems like years to me, dear boy,
 And life is robbed of all its joy.
 When WILL they let you come to me?
 When, dearest heart, will you be free?
 To come, to live, to dream with me,

YOUR WIFE.

This war is Hell, so men declare,
 And England's dull when you're not there.
 In France you have excitement rare,
 Shells, Victories, death, hope, despair.
 Ah God; I've tried to take my share,
 To be near in spirit and of good cheer,

YOUR WIFE.

And if you come not back to me,
 When all is o'er and victory suppresses strife,
 My heart will break.
 My arms still yearn, and lips still burn, my breath of life.
 But GOD is good, and HE will bring,
 You back home safe to me.

MY KING.

PAT-GRIFFITHS

Extract from Routine Orders by

*Herr Kommandant Karl Fritz Annheiser-Busch,
 Commanding 15th Limburger Regiment.*

For the information of all concerned, it noticed is, that the Kanadian Choo-Choo Troops in France carry the following regimental distinguishing mark on the backs of the tunics sewn : —

A picture of a flying switch worked in blue with a yellow background, with an inset of a Railway Bull chasing a derisive hobo around the stack of the locomotive.

These troops very ferocious and vicious are, and an award will be given for the capture of any of these men, but great care should be taken when attempting to capture one, as they extremely tuff are, so tuff that for a long time they would not be allowed to join the ranks of our perfidious enemy.

The reward will consist of 1 mark, 1 sausage, (wintage of 1988), and a position as Superintending Clerk at the Kadaver-vertung Station.

Gott mitt uns, and Gott Strafe tout-le-monde.