

TRENCH COMMANDMENTS.

1. When on guard thou shalt challenge all parties approaching thee.

2. Thou shalt not send any engravings nor any likeness of any airship in Heaven above nor any postcards of the earth beneath, nor any submarine of the sea, for I the censor am a jealous censor visiting the iniquities of the offenders with 3 months C.B., but allowing mercy unto thousands by letting their letters go first who obey my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not use profane language unless under extraordinary circumstances such as seeing thy mate shot or getting petrol in thy tea.

4. Remember the soldiers week consists of seven days, six days thou shalt labour and on the seventh do odd jobs.

5. Honour thy KING AND COUNTRY. Keep thy rifle well oiled and shoot straight that thy days may be long in the land thy enemy giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not steal thy comrades kit.

7. Thou shalt not kill time.

8. Thou shalt not adulterate thy mess tin by using it for a shaving mug.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy comrade but preserve silence on his outgoings and his incomings.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy Corporals post nor thy Sergeant-Majors but by thy duty and perseverance thou shalt rise to position of FIELD MARSHAL.

LEST WE FORGET.

When you've shouted for Conscription, and you've madly cheered the king,

And your Patriotic fervor stands at par,
And, while "Keep the Home Fires Burning" you medodiously sing—

Don't forget the boys returning from the war!

It is good to greet these heroes, when returning with a cheer,

But a better thing remains for you to do—
You can make it easy for these men to find employment here,

These lads who fought in freedom's cause for you!

They have toiled, and they have suffered in a way you cannot know,

And with gratitude to them your heart should throb,

So, while you cheer the boys who go to fight your Country's foe,

Don't forget that those returning need a job.

And, don't forget, Employers, while your business grows and thrives,

And your earnings are e'en larger than of yore,
That you owe it to the Soldier Boys who offered up their lives,

Just to keep the German peril from your door!

And if on your Staff at present there's no vacancy to fill,

Then awake some dreamy Slacker from his trance,
And when you fire him, tell him, there's an opening for him still,

In the ranks of Britain's fighting men in France!

And remember, all ye people you have naught too good to give,

To the men who've given everything for you,
And to find those lads employment when they come back here to live,

Is the very smallest thing that you can do!

And you Gentlemen in touring cars who round this City roam,

And of Canadian soldiers speak with pride,
Don't forget to steer your auto to the Convalescent Home,

And give the boys who fought for you a ride!

Then let this grateful country show she prizes these, her sons,

These lads who left us strong and well and gay,
And who've come back maimed and shattered from their battle with the Huns.

For she owes a debt to them, she cannot pay!