

## Stick to Your Trench

Remember, you've got to stick to your trenchYes, stick like glue to your trench.
You dig while it's dark, and you work while it's light, And then there's the "listening post" at night. Though you're soaked to the skin and chilled to the bone; Though your hands are like ice, and your feet like stone; Though your watch is long, and your rest is brief, And you pray like hell for the next relief; Though the wind may howl, and the rain may drench, Remember you've got to stick to your trenchYes, stick like mud to your trench.
Perhaps a bullet may find its mark, And then there's a funeral after dark; And you say, as you lay him beneath the sod, A sportsman's soul has gone to his God. Behind the trench, in the open ground, There's a little cross and a little mound; And if at your heart-strings you feel a wrench, Remember, he died for his blooming trenchYes, he died like a man for his trench.
There's a rush and a dash, and they're at your wire, And you open the hell of a rapid fire; The Maxims rattle, the rifles flash, And the bombs explode with a sickening crash. You give them lead, and you give them steel, 'Til at last they waver, and turn, and reel. You've done your job-there was never a blench You've given them Hell, and you've saved your trench; BY GOD YOU'VE STUCK TO YOUR TRENCH! CAPT. C. W. BLACKALL.
(Fighting in France.)
We too can and will play the game. WE will stick to our trenches---ours can't be mentioned in the same breath with theirs but ours are not always Paradise. We can save till it HURTS to help these fighting men, and not one day or week, but every day till the war is won, and they come home to the greatest welcome humans ever got. Then they can look us in the eye and say,"By God, you've stuck to your Trench!"
We'll Stick; We'll Save---Till it Hurts.
And will put every sacred Dollar we can save into this Fight. We'll make our part as big as it is possible to make it in these trenches behind the lines.

## Buy Bonds to Your Utmost!

this space subscribed to winning the war by
North ${ }^{\text {FIP Platte's Business and }}$ Professional Men.

