

sword." The Emperor can perhaps explain why the Russians are to be considered crushed, when in six months, according to him, they can recover. A greater soldier than the Kaiser made the mistake of thinking a retreating Russian to be a beaten one. The Kaiser is a bad prophet and guide. He promised his armies that they would be back in the "dear Fatherland" before last winter. He called himself the Admiral of the Atlantic, but the battle of Riga Bay confirms an earlier gibe that the German "High Canal" Fleet would probably turn up its "Kiel(s)" where it mostly lies.

THE KAISER'S FATE.

COME, all ye jolly lumbermen ; to you I will relate,
Unto you all I'll tell the way the Kaiser met his fate—
Just how we took away his crown, and put him on the bum !
'Twas when we marched from Valcartier and went to Belgium.

We'd plenty socks and blankets, and plenty things to eat,
Our cosy little outfit was pretty hard to beat,
We answered to the bugle call, we answered to the drum,
And marched away from Valcartier and went to Belgium.

We fired some rounds of marmalade, some doughnuts hard as rocks,
We wadded them down with blankets, with wrist-bands, and
with socks,
We fired a handsome custard-pie, a dread soft-nosed dum-dum,
We brought it there from Valcartier to use in Belgium.

The enemy was starvin', and they were filled with woe,
We put canned salmon in our gun and fired it at the foe ;
They all come in to breakfast—by millions they did come
To meet the boys from Valcartier that went to Bel-gi-um.

The Germans they surrendered, their eyes were full of tears.
They hadn't had so much to eat for many, many years.
They asked us in amazement, "Where do youse folks come from?"
We said, "We come from Valcartier to visit Bel-gi-um."

Oh ! with our store of doughnuts, our pumpkin pie and jam,
Our stock of food, canned salmon, our bread, cheese and ham,
We all have come from Canada, and we will make it hum ;
We'll capture all of Europe as well as Bel-gi-um.

Thus 'twas sealed.

ANON.