

THE KAISER'S LATEST ULTIMATUM.

By Van de Todd.

Gott, Gott, dear Gott, attention please :
Your bardner Vilhelm's here,
Und has a word or two to say
Indo your brivate ear ;
So durn away all udders now
Und listen vell to me,
For vat I say concerns me much,
Meinself und Shermanny.

You know, dear Gott, I was your friendt,
Und from mein hour of birth,
I quietly let you rule in Heffen,
Vile I ruled here-on earth,
Und ven I told mein soldiers
Of bygone battle days,
I gladly split the glory,
Und half gave you of praise.

In every way I tried to prove
Mine heart to you vas true,
Und only claimed mein honest share
In great deeds dat ve do.
You could not haf a better friendt
In sky, or land, or sea,
Dan Kaiser Vilhelm number two,
De Lord of Shermanny.

So vat I say, dear Gott, is dis,
Dat ve should still be friendts,
Und you should help to send my foes
To meet deir bitter ends.
If you, dear Gott, vill dis me do
I'll nothing ask again,
Und you and I will bardners be
For evermore, Amen !

But listen, Gott, it must be quick
Your help to me you send,
Or else I haf to stop attack
And only blay defend.
So four and twenty hours I gif
To make de Allies run
Und put me safe into mein blace—
De middle of de Sun.

If you do dis, I'll do my bart :
I'll tell de world dot fact,
But if you don't, ven I must tink
It is an hostile act.
Den var at once I vill declare,
Und in mein anger rise
Und send mein Zepp'lin ships to wage
A fight up in de skies.

Dis ultimatum now, dear Gott,
Is von of many more,
Mine mind is settled up to clean
De whole world off de floor.
Because you vas mein bardner, Gott,
An extra shame is giffen ;
So help at vonce, or else I'll be
De Emperor of Heffen.

"THE PASSING OF A MAN."

Gassed he had been, and the doctors said
He'd never recover his health,
And he thought just then, he'd rather be dead,
Than seek for worldly wealth.
In a world so full of the joy of life,
To one with ambitions of youth,
For he knew 'twould be but struggle and strife,
Since they had told him the truth.

He must live alone, the doctors agreed.
"Consumption," they called it, I think.
A bachelor's life he vowed to lead,
A homestead way out on the brink.
So the trail he took for the great North-West,
To a land by man unknown ;
And for years he stood the acid-test
Of a life of seclusion—alone !

But slowly the deadly posionous germ
Set free by the cowardly Boche,
Accomplished its purpose with cruel but firm
Methods which nothing could quash.
And thus we find him, a broken man,
In body, but not in Soul :
For he's made his peace with his Maker, and can
Look forward towards the goal.

Alone he sits in his shanty,
Its nineteen-twenty-eight.
His fire is out, and his grub is scanty,
And the hour is getting late.
And his thoughts wander back to the past,
Ten years ago, and more ;
His pulses quicken and his heart beats fast,
And he thinks of the days of the War.

He hears once more the roar of guns
And the weird shriek of a shell
As it cleaves the air, by desire of the Huns,
To create its own little Hell.
He hears the groans and moans and cries
Of his comrades as they fall ;
And deeply he drinks from memory's cup,
Filled with the bitterest gall.

Oh God ! have mercy upon me,
In this my fleeting hour.
And take these memories from me,
Give back my manly power.
The power that I had in the old days,
To stand like a man and fight ;
And he falls to his knees, and thus he prays,
Oh God ! Hear my prayer to-night.

For a moment a deathlike stillness
Within those shanty walls.
He shudders, for he feels the chillness
And struggles to rise—but falls.
A moment he lay, like one in a trance,
But only a moment, for see !
He's up on his feet, back there in France,
Fighting to make the world free.

He heeds not the fact he's covered with blood.
He thrills with the joy of the fight.
But sudden he falls in the Flanders' mud,
Though his eyes with a glow are alight.
His pal was kneeling beside him,
"Jack ! speak to me," he said,
"I did my best, but I'm finished,
So long." And he fell back dead.