



(From London Punch)

THE TWO IDEALS.

In August, 1915, the above masterpiece from the pen of Bernard Partridge, appeared in London Punch. In this remarkable cartoon, the artist portrays with intense realism, what may be summarized as "The Two Ideals".

During the last twenty centuries, two ideals have striven continuously for supremacy. One has but to

turn the pages of history, to learn with what bitterness and at what appalling cost, the struggle has been waged.

Today, on the war torn fields of France and of Flanders, the culminating struggle of all these centuries is being fought out. In the tragic shadow of this conflict, all other controversies, however important they may have appeared, sink for the time being, into utter insignificance.

On the one hand, and at appalling cost, the Allies are straining every resource to establish the ideals for which they stand, and to save to the world the teachings of Christianity. On the other hand, the Hun is making a last desperate effort to establish the sinister principle that 'might is right.' In ruthless ruin of thousands of innocent lives, in the desecration of all that we most truly venerate, in the unspeakable violation of the woman-

hood of the conquered territories, he has written in letters of blood the creed for which he contends.

No greater honor can ever come to any man than to have a part in this struggle which will inevitably mark the turning point in the history of the human race. In preparation for their part in this struggle, the men are training at the St. Johns Depot.

A duel is on, and it is to the death. The world is to be German ruled or freedom ruled. The rival Ideals of life and civilization cannot exist. The world is to be all slave or all free. The war, as it is the greatest in the mobilization of men, is the purest in human history.

At times the great issues at stake may appear clouded. At times we may shudder at the terrible cost that is being paid. But through the rifts in the smoke of battle, our Ideal still stands revealed,—a steadfast beacon to the armies of the Allies.

THE KAISER'S PRAYER.

(The following poem has been submitted to "Knots and Lashings" by an anonymous writer from the W.O.R. We regret that the inventor did not append his "nom de guerre" as we entirely sympathize with him in the sentiments he so ably expresses.)

Mine Gott, will you be mine partner?
Vat! you don't know who I am?
I am the German Kaiser,
The Emperor, Will-i-yam.
You know, I whipped them Belgians,
Und mitt bullets filled Russia full,
Und I will whip France and Italy
Und blow up Johnny Bull.
Now for all dem udder Nations,
I don't gif a damn,
If you chust be mine partner
Und whip, dot Uncle Sam.
You know I got them submarines
All Europe knows dot well,
But dot Edison got a patent now,
Vot blows dem all to hell.
Now Gott, if you will do this,
Den you I will always love,
Und I will be Emperor of de earth
Und you be Emperor above.
But Gott, if you refuse me dis,
Tomorrow night at leven,
I'll call mine zeppilins out
Und declare war on Heaven.
I wouldn't ask dis from you,
But it can be plainly seen
Dot ven Edison push dot button,
I got no submarine.

"Her mouth is like a rosebud."
"And like a rosebud, it's bound to open."