



The Cannibal Kaiser.

The Kaiser at his breakfast sat,
And like a German ate
With bestial sounds the bacon fat
That lay upon his plate;
Its flavour striking him as queer,
He called his chamberlain,
Described the taste, expressed a fear,
And asked him to explain.
The chamberlain a crust of bread
Dipped in the greasy mess,
Chewed it in solemn wise, and said
"It's nauseous, I confess;
It has a tang that likes me not,
A stench that reeks of tan;
In other words, it stinks—great Scott!—
Like a Bavarian!"
The Kaiser frowned, and stirred the salt:
"By whom was it supplied?"
"Kadaververwertungsanstalt,"
The chamberlain replied;
"The herds of swine these people breed
Are generously fed
With food that satisfies their greed—
The bones of German dead!"
The Kaiser pushed away his plate,
And started to his feet:
"I've lost my appetite of late,"
Said he, "for any meat.
But never was a joke so good
As this, nor instance odder—
My soldiers now are human food
As well as cannon fodder!"

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The hours passed, with sombre gloom
Advanced the shades of night:
The Kaiser, brooding on his doom,
Shuddered, and called for light.
The lamps were brought, but soon their
flames
To smoky glimmers sank,
And (not to be too nice for names)
In their expiring, stank,
The Kaiser called his chamberlain:
The fumes whom made recoil;
He trimmed the blackened wicks in vain,
Then said: "It is the oil.
Not with the usual kerosene
These reservoirs are filled,
But with a substance more obscene—
The fat of soldiers killed!"
The Kaiser sneered, and shook his head:
"Mine is a pretty plight;

My soldiers, both alive and dead,
Methinks are far from bright;
Neither their rank and lifeless grease
My darkness can relieve,
Nor, living, win a German peace
Or victory achieve!"
"But, Majesty, this human fat
Is no illuminant;
I have just been instructed that
It's but a lubricant."
Then from the Kaiser's pallid lips
A cryptic sentence fell:—
"Then lay it thickly on the slips
And grease the way to Hell!"

Current Events.

We must sympathize with Captain Baulf our D.D. Paymaster who broke his arm recently. He tried to advertise the qualities of an Indian by colliding with a Ford. The Ford, however, stood up excellently under the Test.

A certain popular N.C.O. of this Depot is gradually getting "blind." He even tried to light his cigarette from his wrist watch a few nights ago. Still one never knows what "may" happen does one?

Two of our popular depot officers will be seen shortly with a Cinema Company. Very good substitutes for Charlie Chaplin and little Mary Pickford.

Q.M.S. Mackie is the possessor of both a Dog and a Bone now.

A certain Lieutenant was overheard recently straffing the "Cook."

Private Braird o/c (in this case it means otherwise called) "The Gentleman from Australia" is in an awful predicament. Which is it to be "Bravidy" the Army or the Navy?

Private Chalmers o/c Paderwsky will in future storm his "Hill" in France.

We just received information that one of our motor cycle riders successfully looped the loop with a Major in his side car. This is not surprising as the M.T. contributes regularly skilful men to the Flying Corps.