

What god will bless the hideous flood
Which drown the world in human blood?
The vengeance of a broken trust
Will grind your empire in the dust,
Till Hohenzollern crowns are cast
Upon the refuse of the past,
Emperor!

The cries of multitudes unfed,
Emperor!

The curses of the millions dead,
Emperor!

Will these not heap on you the scorn
Of generations yet unborn?
Are there no murmurs in your ear
Of contribution drawing near?
The fingers of a hand that write
Inscribe your doom upon the night,
Emperor!

Frederick George Scott.

August 20th, 1914.

A machine to deminish the sound of a kiss has been invented by a Pennsylvania man with three kissable daughters.

This must be on the principle of the machine gun silencer. Send them on to us Oh Mr. Pennsylvania man, burn your old machine give it to the woodpeckers, we'll look after your daughters, we dont wish their kisses silenced.

Oh Sadie Mame and Masie
Your troubles are not light,
Your father must be crazy
Or else he's full of spite.

Perhaps your dear old Mater
Could say a thing or two
About your dear old pater
And things he used to do.

Maybe the noise annoys him
Or wakes him in the night
Maybe he thinks of burglars
And feels to proud to fight.

If kissing gives you pleasure
And you dont mind the shells
Come to Flanders at your leisure
We'll be right there with bells.

Pray lose your silencer
Come over as you are
Just kiss our dear old censor
And kick your dear papa.

(NOTE: — "Right O" Cencor).

Song Suggested for a certain R. O. to sing to Fritz

Tune of "You shan't play in our back yard"

Your boss old Kaiser Bill
Cant play the game
He uses poison gas
Germs and liquid flame.

Chorus.

You shan't come and play near our lines
You shan't tamper with our wire,
You shan't throw your bombs at our post
Or my gun at you I'll fire.

Your boss does many things
Which our boss forbids
Your boss can only kill
Poor old dames and kids.

Your boss can only sink
Small merchants boats
If he don't cut it out
We'll send him some notes.

The charge of "Maconochie's Horse" at Festubert.

After the 7th. had made their charge and won themselves such fame,
The "Maconochie's Horse" who were jealous, of course wanted to get in the game.
So they looked around and spotted a trench that didn't look hard to take,
No wire in front, no ditches to cross, to them it sure looked jake.

All night they worked, at gathering bombs and preparing things for the fray,
Their Officers made them a little speech,
"How to do and how to die".
"On: On: Maconochie's dismounted Horse" was to be their battle cry.

The daylight comes, at last they charge, the trench shows dim ahead,
What is that glimmering steel they see? "Good Lord we're as good as dead".
Too late to turn back, they must go on, the worst they soon will know,
So with a last disparing yell, into the trench they go.

A bunch of Canadian Engineers were gathering up their tools,
After a hard night's work in a sap, were charged by a bunch of fools.
They defended themselves with pick and spade, "Someone has blundered sure" they said.
So went after the men who made that mistake and busted many a head.

Long will the name of Maconochie's live, and their great and glorious charge.
But the Engineers swear, they'll work no more, if such fools are left at large.



We would like to know who it was that, when the orderlies were bricking the floor of their new dug-out suggested using trench mortar to keep the bricks together.

And who it was that gave the information that mortar does not keep bricks together but keeps them apart.

Father to son from college. "Does your headmaster give you any military training?"

Son. "Oh Yes. He caught me writing a letter during class hours and asked me who I was writing to. I told him Private business and then he immediately introduced me to Corporal Punishment.

A private when in the line
Fell over and injured his spine
But he near died of shock
When our gallant old Doc
Felt his pulse and remarked "number nine".

Who was it that suddenly developed a mad desire to hear the music of a regimental band in preference to that supplied by Krupp, Krupp & Co.